DAKOTA TERRITORIAL NEWS

Dakota Land Entries

HURON, Dak., Special, Oct. 12.-The reports received by the territorial commissioner of immigration from all but two of the United States land offices in Dakota for September show an increase in homestead and pre-emp tion entries, indicating a corresponding increase in the immigration for the month. The following table shows the business transacted at eight land offices, from which reports were received:

Totals	Deadwood Yankton Watertown Huron Aberdeeu Bismarek Devil's Lakc. Grand Forks	Districts.
351	88883425	Homestead entries
12	-126-12	Soldier's declaratories
12 358	312174 563	Pre-emprion entries
333	28848299	Timber culture entries
117	Zec 18852.	fommuted homestead
162		Final homestead proofs Internet
242	4:	Pre-emption proofs
10	:::::::::	Timber culture proofs
172.507	18,297 13,777 40,475 35,840 24,920 13,513 12,733 12,952	No. acres newly entered
59,665	7,719 11,270 13,913 20,960 9,600 2,404 4,555 9,244	No. acres acquired by final
280	100	No. Acres acquired by land

The total number of homestead and preemption entries at the eight offices reporting is 721, and estimating the number of similar entries at Mitchell and Fargo, from which no reports have been received to date, at 191, the figures of last month, would bring the total number of homestead and pre-emption entries for September up to 912. At the rate of three persons on an average to each claimant, this would indicate an increase in population of 2,736. Estimating the increase from other sources at 1,500, as against the estimate of 1,000 for August, would give 4,236 as the total increase in population by immigration during September. It is believed that these figures are too low rather than too high, as the estimate of increase from other sources than the public domain is purposely kept within conservative bounds, in the absence of exact placed in that category. information.

Col. John D. Benton of Fargo is credited with being the coming governor of Dakota.

A second flouring mill. to cost \$13,-000, is to be built at St. Lawrence.

E. W. Miller is made receiver and John McFarland register of the Huron land office.

A coroner's jury at Big Stone City find that Henry L. Barnet killed Willis W. Morgan.

Chief Justice Edgerton of Dakota denies that he is a candidate for any of fice.

ice. The Dalrymple-Cheny farm produc-ad more than 210,000 bushels of wheat. Picket Brothers of Steele county ed more than 210,000 bushels o' wheat

Picket Brothers of Steele county seeded 2,100 acres this year, and they are now threshing out 33,000 bushels of wheat

Clarence Roberts, living near Casselton lost his new barn, costing \$2,000, and other valuable property by fire.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

When things run smoothly and my mental sky Is clear of clouds and there's no cause for

sighs, That is, when all is lovely and serene, then I Philosophize.

But when the little ills of life appear, To pester, worry, and pile care on care. When mere existence is sand-papered as it were. Why, then I swear.

When on the right side is my bank account. And great good luck my efforts seem to crown Then upward toward the sky my spirits

mount: I own the town. But when misfortune never seems to let Up on me, and each move appears a blun

der. And life seems one "domnition grind," I get As mad as thunder

Tis so with most: we all can smile at strife At cares and trials from which we are free And calmly reason o'er the ills of life We never see.

But when the clouds obscure our daily skies And evil's from Pandora's box fly thick, Instead of stopping to philosophize, We mostly kick,

-Texas Siftings

POSTAGE NOT STATED.

I was tall. overgrown. awkward. and sixteen, with a pervading consciousness that my hands and feet were very large, and the added misery, in the case of the former members, that they were always red, and I never knew what to do with them when in company. I was making avisit at grandmother's delightful, old-fashioned. country home. when, one morning the dear, old lady called me to her.

"Here is something for you, Jim," she said; "an invitation to a children's party at Mrs. Edwards'.

'Childrens' party," I repeated, probably with a shade of scorn in my voice. as indicating that I was no longer

"Not children, exactly," corrected grandma, with a smile at my masculine dignity.

"Young people, I should have said. Mrs. Edwards' daughter, Florence, is fourteen, and all the boys-young men, I should say," with a twinkle of amusement, "will be there."

I had sundry misgivings that I should not enjoy the party at all, being as yet very much afraid of girls, though beginning to admire them as The Queen Bee mill at Sioux Falls mysterious and fascinating beings. was sold for \$3,771 delinquent taxes. However, I accepted the invitation, as The first controller of the treasury offsets Dakota's census bill with ar old claim against the territory. I found that all the boys I knew were going, and the party was to be quite a "swell" affair for the village

When the evening came it found me with the rest seated in a large parlor,

black-eyed girl, whom I knew to be Tom Byrne's sister. She sat some distance from me. but

she had given me a smile when I first came in, and now from time to time cast glances at me which increases at once my bliss and my confusion. Various games were suggested and

"What do you want?" he asked. "There is a letter here." "For whom?" "For Mr. James Hill."

"How much to pay?" "Postage not stated." was the faint

reply. They all laughed loudly and looked at me, for that was my name. The blood rushed in crimson floods to my face. I got on to my feet somehow. and with my heart torn between a wild desire to go into the hall and a wish to sink utterly away from human kind, I stumbled out of the room.

The door was closed behind me, and I found myself almost in darkness, as the hall was but dimly lighted. I paused a moment and then I heard the faint sound of quick breathing; another heart was beating as violently as my own. For oncemmy life I knew what to do with my arms. I caught hold of her. The darkness gave me courage and I held her in a close clasp and pressed my lips to her cheek in three or four rapid, half-freightened kisses before she could free herself from

my embrace. "There, there, Mr. Hill," she said," with a merry laugh, "don't be bashful again. I'm sure you're bold enough now

"Have I paid my postage?" I stammered

"Indeed, yes; enough and to spare Come, let us go back to the parlor. She led me in, a willing prisoner and the rest of the evening I was her bond slave; her partner in all games, her companion in the dance (wherein I excelled the country boys, and gloried in my accomplishment) and at last, crowning delight of the evening, her escort home.

That was all. The next day I returned to my home in the city, and Mabel Byrne became only a memory: strong at first, fainter as time went on, but sweet always. When I saw other girls I compared them mentally with the picture my imagination painted of Mabel, and they never seemed half as fair and sweet as she.

But then I did not see many other girls. My bashfulness, instead of diminishing, seemed rather to increase as the years went by. I avoided society and was so much of a recluse from ladies that my mother was quite worried lest I should become a confirmed bachelor. Perhaps one reason why I retained my diffidence was that my pursuits were among books and not among people. I had made the science of geology my study and at twenty-seven found myself in a comfortable position as assistant professor in one of our best colleges, the salary of which, with my own income added, making me so far at lease that I resolved to devote my summer vacation to a tour in Europe.

Equipped with bag and hammer, August found me making a pedestrian tour of Switzerland, with a special view to the study of its glacial and well-traveled ways, thus escaping the society of other tourists, and I was therefore utterly amazed, when one evening, as I drew near the little house, which was my temporary abiding place. a tall form strode toward me out of the darkness, and a hearty voice cried:

"Jim! Jim Hill!" "What is it?," I replied, with a half nervous start.

"Ah. I thought it was my old friend. Have you forgotten Tom Bryne? Of course not, for I have met him

occassionally since we were boys, and I was heartily glad to see my former comrade, always one of the best of companions.

"I saw your name on the book at

There was no school-girl weakness in her handling of the brush, but a force and poetic thought that had won her already honorable recognition in the world of art.

"And you have never heard of Mabel's paintings until now?", asked Tom.

"No, I confessed. "You know I have been quite absorbed in my special studies

"Yes' and you have not seen Mabel for ever so long, have you?

"No," I replied, "not since that summer ten years ago, when I was at my grandmother's.

"Jolly times we had, too," said Tom, reflectively. "Remember that party at Mrs. Edwards"

A sudden rush of blood to my face utterly confused me. 1 stammered a reply, and Tom, to my relief, went on with some rambling reminiscence. It was some seconds before 1 dared to look at Mabel. Surely she was blushing, too.

The next morning we all went on a trip up the slope of the mountain. Mabel in a short gray suit, alpine hat and stout boots; Tom carried her drawing materials. Thus we made this and many another delightful expedition.

Life took on new colors for us. There was a radiance and glory about it that I had never dreamed of before. Every day I found fresh reasons for admiring my beautiful companion, and our walks up the rough mountains and through the deep valleys were to me like enchante l journeys. In this lovely country, with this most glorious woman by my side, I was indeed as one transfigured by the light of the grand passion that took possession of my soul.

At first I knew not what had befallen me. I only thought that my pleas-ure in Mabel's society sprang from a similarity in tastes and pursuits and the charm of her couversation; but gradually I woke to the overwhelming fact that I loved her with the one great love of my life, that seemed to me now to date from the days of long ago, to have been always with me, and to stretch out into the future to make it transcendentally glorious, or a long despair.

But as soon as I had learned my own secret, my former bashful-ness came back upon me with ten-fold intensity, and I found myself often embarrassed in her presence, while at the thought of telling her my heart's story, I was so greatly overwhelmed that utterance would, I was sure, be an impossibility. And Mabel? Hereyes were very kind

to me. They turned to me with a softened lustre that thrilled me with hope; and yet, if I attempted even a compliment, I blushed, floundered, and

One evening we were talking of all manner of subjects, grave and gay, and so strayed to marriage in general, and especially the matoimonial lot of some of our old friends.

"You remember Boyd, don't you, Hill?" asked Tom. "Tall, bashful fellow, like me?" I

added. "Yes," replied Tom laughing. "He married Miss Cutting, our former school

teacher, I always supposed she proposed to him."

"Sensible girl!" I exclaimed. "I "Sensible girl" 1 exclaimed. "I think it is positively a woman's duty sometimes to help a man out. You remember that book of the late Dr. Horace Bushnell, published some years ago, called 'A Reform Against Nature?' In it he denounced the woman's rights movement, but maintained that every woman ought



FOR

FURNITURE.

FURNITURE.



He is now prepared to supply all sorts of furniture and

HOUSE FIXTURES. AND DO



AT THE

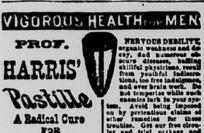
PIONEER FURNITURE STORE.

IN THE

DAVIES & PICKETT BUILDING. Burrell Ave. Cooperstown

Mervous Exhaustion, Premature Decay,

Loss of Manhood. An 80-pare Cleth-bound Boek of Advice to Young or Middle-aged Men, with prescriptions for Self-treatment by a Regular Physician. SENT FREE on most of three boards to three boards of three boards T. WILLIAMS & CO., MILWAUKEE, WE.



was lost.

association at Minneapolis adopted resolutions and calls for the removal of Gov. Pierce of Dakota.

The people of Pierre, Dak., vote not to bond thecity for a new school house.

school board have been indicted, but it is claimed that their action in issuing warrants was legal.

The gun store of James McLaughlin. at Fargo, was broken open and a large amount of guns and ammunition city fellows don't know anything. secured.

Recent reports from the cattle men 'y in the Bad Lands, says the Mandan asks for a letter for some boy, and Pioneer, show that the first accounts of the damage to the ranges from prairie fires were greatly exaggerated.

Henry Cartwright, a farmer, aged forty-five, living eight miles southwest of Flandreau, was adjudged insane, and taken to Yankton.

Bishop Ireland secures the reappointment of Maj. Craman as Indian agent at Devil's Lake even though an ap-pointment had already been made her as often as you like. Hush! they out for somebody else.

Register Armstrong, of the Huron land office, will resign and enter the was appointed postmaster, and one field of Minnesota journalism.

commenced a few miles south of the ed for, sheepishly followed her into the town Cavalier, and swept to the west, hall, and to judge from the sounds of consuming eight or nine farm houses and fifteen or twenty stacks of wheat, beside a quantity of hay.

lek of Ellendale were burned. Insured for \$1,000.

A jealous wife in Central City publicly cowhided her husband before an audience which loudly encouraged her.

the family of Mrs. Buck, ten miles postmaster opened the door a few south of Tower City.

acter, such as "Twenty Questions," etc., so that I had no opportunity of I would start out and meet you.' approaching any nearer to Mabel, who showed herself very brilliant in her questions and answers during the quired progress of these intellectual amuse-

ments. Then somebody suggested Two members of the Hyde county chool board have been indicted, but is claimed that their action in issue that we should play Postoffice. "Postoffice! What is that? How do you play it?" I whispered to Tom

Byrne, my nearest neighbor. 'Don't you know how to play Post office?" he asked, with a scorn of my ignorance. "Oh, well. I suppose you

"I never heard of this," I said meek "Well, I'll tell you how it is; a girl

then you have to ask her how much postage, and if she says one cent, you | man of science. must kiss her once."

"Oh!" said I. "Yes," replied Tom; "and you kiss her twice for two cents and three times for three cents. It's quite fun if its a

pretty girl;" he added. "I suppose so," I replied, vaguely.

are going to begin."

To be sure, one of the oldest boys girl after another went out into the entry, each knocking at the door ask-A prairie fire in Cavalier county ing for a letter, whereon the boy callscreaming and scuffling, which generally followed, paid postage under con-siderable difficulty.

The stable, two houses, live stock, hay and farm machinery of Dan Stoh-call on me? But no one did, and I was half disappointed, half relieved that I was exempt, when it was Mabel Byrne's turn to go out.

She left the room with a lovely blush on her face. The door was solemnly closed upon her, and then after a brief A case of smallpox has developed in pause there was a faint knock. The inches.

The National Woman's Suffrage played, but they were of a quiet char- inn," he explained; "and was sure i must be you. At any rate, I thought

"But how came you here in this out of-the-way corner of the world?" I in-

Because it is out of the way. Ma bel and I are making a trip in search of the picturesque. You know she is quite an artist.

So Mabel was with him. My heart gave a curious thump, and for a moment I could hardly make a sensible reply.

"Yes," he went on: "she is so devot ed to her art that it seems to quite absorb her life. She has not thought of marriage, and does not care in the least for the ordinary run of society She will be glad to see you, though, he added, consolingly, "as you are a

We walked back together to the little inn, and presently I was shaking hands with a beautiful and stately woman, whose dark eyes flashed with the strange intensity and fire that I had never seen in any other eyes but those of Byrne.

She greeted me very cordially, and after we three had taken an evening meal together there followed a delight. ul evening in the little parlor that

Tom and his sister had secured. For once in my life I felt at ease in a lady's society. In the first place there was Tom to keep me in countenance by a predominance of my own sex in the company, then Mabel did not expect me to talk of airy nothings, that light foam of the social whirlpool which I never yet had been able to skim. She spoke first of my scientific pursuits; she showed so much knowledge of the subject that I found my self talking with earnestness and en

thusiasm of the formation of the country, and especially of the glacial system borne by the specimens I had collect-

ed. She, in her turn, contributed to the evening's interest by telling me of her work, and showing me her sketches, which were really of artistic merit. echo in hers.

to have the right to propose marriage to the man she liked. I think he was scientifically correct."

I spoke with great eagerness, looking always at Tom; but at the last words my glance turned to Mabel; her eyes were fixed on mine, and the look I met there sent the blood to my heart with such a swift, tumultuous rush that I grew faint with confusion, and presently went out of the room and to bedthough not to sleep.

The next day I went out in the afternoon by myself for a scramble through a damp and very rough gorge, when Tom and Mabel did not care to accompany me. I was half glad to be alone for I was nervous over my audacity of the night before; yet at thought of Mabel's kindly eyes, so overwhelmed with blinding happiness, that I had to look many times at a bit of rock before I could see the striæ that denoted glacial action.

It was late sunset when I reached the inn. I made my way without pause to Mable's parlor, led by a power beyond my control. The room was quite dusk and she was alone. As I entered she came toward me with a quanity of letters and papers in her hands.

"These came while you were away," she said.

Mechanically I took the papers. Among them was a large package on which I dimly discerned the word due," followed by an illegible stamp. "You have paid something on this, I said; how much was it?" looking up. "Postage not stated," replied Mable

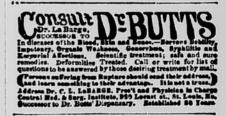
Promptly, smilingly, she uttered the words. Then her dark eyes softened and faltered. The papers' and letters were scattered over the floor. I try, and especially of the glacial system caught her in my arms with all the and the curious marks of its action audacity that had been mine once before in my boyish days. Only now, I pressed passionate kisses on her brow and lips. I found voice at last to utter yearning that was consuming my heart, and that found a responsive

SPERMATORRHEA IMPOTENCY. Tested for over 6 years by use in thou sands of cases. a see PACKAGE. SEND ADDRESS HARRIS REMEDY CO., M'fg Ch 808% North 10th St., St. Louis, He THE MONTH'S TREATMENT, \$3 : 2 MONTHS, \$5 : 3 MONTHS, \$7



PROF. HARRIS' PASTILLE REMED PROF. HAiting Free inter who ended Young Hon and others who ended from Nerveus and Physical Debib from Nerveus and Physical Debib

The Remody is put up in horse. No. 1 () Fo. 2 (conuch to effect a cure, unires in or furthing three months). §7. Seen by main furthing three months). re quickly and re res. No. 1 (lasting







Purely Vegetable; He Griging. Price S5s. All Dragits