

Official Directory.

**TERRITORIAL OFFICERS.**  
 Governor—Gilbert A. Pierce.  
 Secretary—J. H. Taylor, of Yankton.  
 Auditor—G. L. Cady, of Yankton.  
 Treasurer—J. C. McVay, of Yankton.  
 Superintendent of Public Instruction—H. H. Beadle, of Yankton.  
 Surveyor General—Courtney Fessenden, of Yankton.  
 Judge District Court, Sixth District—Francis, of Bismarck.

**COUNTY OFFICERS.**  
 Commissioners—R. C. Cooper, chairman, N. Rukke and Ole Halvorson.  
 County Clerk and Register of Deeds—H. P. Smart.  
 Clerk of District Court—J. N. Jorgensen.  
 Sheriff—Allen Pinkerton.  
 Treasurer—Anton Enger.  
 Surveyor—Martin A. Ueland.  
 Supt. of Schools—Dr. T. F. Kerr.  
 Judge of Probate—Geo. B. Clark.  
 Coroner—Dr. G. F. Newell.  
 Commissioners of Insanity—Geo. B. Clark, T. F. Kerr and David Bartlett.  
 Justices of Peace—P. A. Melgard, Cooperstown; Harry Clark, Willow; A. H. Sangre, of Helena; M. Davidson, Galletin.  
 Constables—J. H. Atchison, Allan Pinkerton, C. H. Johnson, M. L. Michaels.

The Wage War.

Throughout the United States what is now the laboring element has risen against capital. The Knights of Labor started the grand ball to redress the grievance of a Texan comrade; but the movement has gained an avalanche like impetus until it has affected all manufacturing and railroad cities in the land, and all laboring classes. It is now demanded that ten hours pay be given for eight hours labor.

What will be the result?  
 Is this to be a year of riot, rapine and murder, after which, when the movement shall have exhausted its strength, the poor man shall find himself poorer and more helpless, and the rich man poorer.

True, political economy tells us that wages will regulate themselves; that when business is flourishing in a country,—when agriculture is being forced,—when the factories are laboring under pressure,—when the railroads groan under their traffic, wages will be high. That when all business languishes the workingmen must suffer. This has been the rule since the days of Adam. Again, if the increase of capital be more rapid than the natural increase of the human race, wages will rise until production can yield no profit. Again, (and we use the language of an eminent writer on political economy), "If the increase of capital be less rapid than that of the human race, wages will fall, and distress in the working classes will issue." This seems to be a brutal theory, but it is true. Death itself is objectionable, but the statement that it is inevitable does not effect the remorseless progress of disease. To state the law in a somewhat different form, let it be said that "wages will rise and fall with capital." That they are dependent upon each other. The intelligent working man will admit this law; yet allege that it is only by the extra exertion of laborers, in the way of united action, that this proper relation is maintained. This is the very question in dispute. It is not alleged, much less maintained, that capital is combined against labor, which might render united action among laborers necessary. If the law is true at any time, it is true to-day. Competition, although it is a thing beyond actual computation, is as great among capitalists as ever, and greater than any competition among working men. If we are not building railroads, government fortifications, or draining marshes, and rip-rapping rivers, to-day, it is not by the conspiracy of our Goulds and Vanderbilts. There are other and natural causes for it, and the laborer suffers while capital lies unproductive.

As to the eight hour demand, it can never be granted without a reduction in wages. Labor cannot dictate to capital. They are joint partners in the economy of life, and neither is dominant. In the mean time capital, by enforced stagnation, is growing less, and the actual value of a man's labor, while the strike continues, is decreasing. The movement has been fostered mainly by nihilists, socialists, etc., who have been accustomed to earn ten sous a day in Europe, and yet who kick against a dollar and a half in America. The king killer leads the procession, and rides in the band wagon. Property is theft, and he isn't averse to bearing a hand in distributing, even if a little sticks to his fingers. It is a sad fact that manual labor must be done by somebody. It is a cruel, brutal fact. It is a granite wall against which humanity kicks, until it is crippled with rheumatism, and weakened with age. But the sunlight gleams through the chinks. The wall may be surmounted by us, or by our children. Skilled labor develops into capital. The son of the ditch digger rides in a chariot with princes. The grandson of the prince mixes the mortar for his grand sire's monument.

The socialist has views which are broad and enlightened (to his purblind

eyes); but, unsuspected by him, are natural laws which, if incidentally crushing to him, are far reaching and wise beyond the legislation of man. There seems to be no special grievance to move the laboring men at this period, save that "times are dull;" and it does not appear that any good will be accomplished, although there are things that are not dreamt of in our philosophy, and the very cyclone which devastates, may, in some unaccountable way, be a harbinger of good. If the strikers overdo their business they will kill the goose that lays the golden egg, and the wheels of the factories will cease to hum. If they secure their demands, arbitrarily, the increased expense of production will come from them, among other consumers. It is like the case of the man who tried to lift himself over the fence by the straps of his boots. He broke the straps; but the fence was still there.

Our Totem.

The President having declined to send a minister to the Austrian court, the Austrian government has withdrawn its minister from Washington. This is as it should be. A clump abroad is likely to be spat upon, and get us into trouble. The Secretaryship of State is a plum dropped into the yawning mouth of a political slyster as often as that of a statesman. Our foreign service is a consolation cup for defeated political hacks, tangle haired poets, or musty historians. A man may be working a free lunch route to-day, and, to-morrow, be a United States minister to the court of St. James. A poet, all foam and wind, who's credit is not good for a sack of flour, to-day, may, to-morrow, be eating pork with Bismarck, in Berlin. The ward politician, or state wirepuller, could he decide all questions of diplomacy with the dice box (which is the same in all languages), might be a success. The poet, were the moor green cheese, might also hurl a sonnet into King William's window with effect. But as diplomacy is, our ministers have about as much show with foreign diplomats, educated to their business, as a poodle dog in a coursing match. The salaries are equal to their average abilities. In the lands of wine, terrapin, birds' nest, caviare, frogs' legs, and humming-birds' tongues, they are compelled to live on potatoes and corn mush. They are everywhere regarded as barbarians, and snubbed and insulted at every turn. They are a chip on the shoulders of the nation. We can poorly afford to run the risk of keeping these things abroad. We are not prepared for trouble with the most insignificant nation. Corea, in naval equipment, and coast defense, is in advance of the Great Republic. Our army is a handful of tramps, with as many officers as privates. Any nation could devastate our sea board, from Galveston to Bangor, from San Francisco to New York, before we could make a showing of defense. Our country in thirty days might have a blackened strip about its heart like the three inch mourning border on a widow's pocket handkerchief, and our antagonists suffer loss neither in men nor property. We, of course, can not be conquered, for we can take to the woods. When a boy, on a New England river, we learned that a mud turtle may be split wide open, and still live. After withdrawing our ministers from foreign courts, it might be well enough to change our totem—to trim the American eagle up into the shape of a fat, featherless squab, that lives because it is so weak and mushy that the hawks will not prey upon it. We have had political accidents for presidents since the Grant regime. The policy of each administration has been to "let the hen set." While we have grown fat and lazy, we have also grown weak. Of the last four presidents one is honored at home and abroad because his official future was problematical. The Republic recognizes James G. Blaine, and Samuel J. Tilden, representing the two great parties, as statesmen. The latter is old and decrepit, and the former is in the prime of life. It is a forlorn hope that when the political whirligig turns around in 1888, we shall elect a statesman president.

The Confederacy.

The gradual canonization of the defunct confederate government, as one of those good institutions that have died young, is arousing considerable attention just now. Jeff Davis last week laid the corner stone of the confederate, or, to speak plainly, the rebel monument, at Montgomery. The whole hill top and premises were covered with people gathered to witness the ceremonies, or as some expressed it, "the official burial of the confederacy." The foundation of the monument only was ready, presenting a surface of thirty-five feet square. Near at hand stood the corner stone, on which, in raised letters, was the inscription: "Corner stone laid by ex-President Jefferson Davis,

April 29, 1886."

Mr. Davis' remarks were of the unconstructed kind, and would have been tolerated by no government, except a republic, where liberty is allowed to verge on license;—nor could a monument with such a corner stone stand in any other country on earth. The wisdom of allowing hydra-headed rebellion to resurrect, even, the point of its nose, in a land where there is union now and forever, is questionable.

The Oswald Case.

The Oswald murder case is on trial at Devils Lake. The defense is that the man died of the heart disease, in consequence of his exertions in knocking Oswald down, prior to the shooting, for calling him a dirty name. It seems that the surgeons did not find the bullet that penetrated the heart, while the other wounds were not mortal. The defense is worthy of the ingenuity of W. W. Irwin, and must be as surprising as pleasing to the defendant. The Devils Lake Evening News is published daily during the trial, and is an interesting little sheet.

LATER—The body of McWeeney was disinterred by the prosecution, Wednesday, for further examination.

The crime for which Wm. Oswald is being tried was the killing of Patrick McWeeney, night watchman of Devils Lake, December 31, 1885. On the evening of that day Oswald had been drinking in Bering & Doyle's saloon, and previous to his encounter with McWeeney, shot at a Mr. Kops. When McWeeney entered the saloon Oswald insisted that he should join him in a friendly drink, at the same time applying an opprobrious epithet. McWeeney resented the appellation, whereupon Oswald struck him in the face with his revolver. McWeeney then knocked Oswald down, and while lying upon the floor the latter fired three shots, the second one piercing McWeeney's heart, and causing instant death.

Doped.

Edwin Booth is said to have played Iago to Salvini's Othello, in New York April 28th, while intoxicated. This is the first report of the kind that has ever been made of Mr. Booth, and the chances are, as in the case of Andrew Johnson, when inaugurated, that he was simply prostrated by excitement while in ill health; or else was doped by the Dago.

"The sun do move," and dead things do crawl and creep away, before the eyes of the spectator. That Duluth May wheat would drop below 90 cents, was regarded, but a few weeks since in this section, as the wildest kind of "bear" talk. May wheat at 94 was a good thing, but at 90 it was a dead cinch, and yet the bones of the cinch bull have been crunched by the bowless bear, from 90 way down the desolate eighties, until he received his coup at 81. If gamblers are capable of profiting by experience, the lesson of '85 and '86 will prove invaluable to North Dakota. In Chicago, to-day, they are feeding their hogs out of the granaries of Smith, Brown, Nokes, Stokes, and other hard working Dakota farmers.

The Valley City municipal election is over, and all candidates still live. A. H. Grey was elected mayor, and D. McDonald, treasurer. The fight was between Mr. McDonald and B. W. Benson, for treasurer. The contest between these parties was rendered interesting by the suspicion that it was a preliminary skirmish, to test the relative strength of McDonald and C. A. Benson, who will tug away for the county treasurership, this fall. Mr. McDonald is well fitted for the office; and "when the smoke of battle clears away" the result will be satisfactory to all parties.

The Dakota wheat crop is two weeks earlier than it has been in the history of the territory, with the exception of the season of 1878. It is safe to say that there will be no trouble with frost this year, and that, with an ordinary season hereafter, the wheat yield will be a magnificent one. Altogether, the prospects for this section of Dakota are brighter than for three years.

The reported liabilities of the Lenham Elevator company are \$350,000, with secured debts of \$220,000, leaving a balance, unsecured, of \$130,000. The elevators have passed into the hands of the Van Duzen Elevator company. N. L. Lenham offers his individual note to holders of the unsecured claims.

Upon the exhumation of Pat McWeeney's body, at Devils Lake, the heart bursting theory of Irwin was knocked higher than a kite.

The Jamestown Daily Alert is again to the front, and has evidently "come through in good condition."

John Flitte has flitted to Duluth, where he will go into real estate.

SHOES:  
NEW INVOICE!

We are again on deck with a large and well assorted stock of Boots and Shoes, comprising everything, from a heavy cowhide Boot to a find hand made, sewed, French kid shoe.

CHILDREN'S SHOES.  
An elegant line in all grades.

SOME FINE BARGAINS!

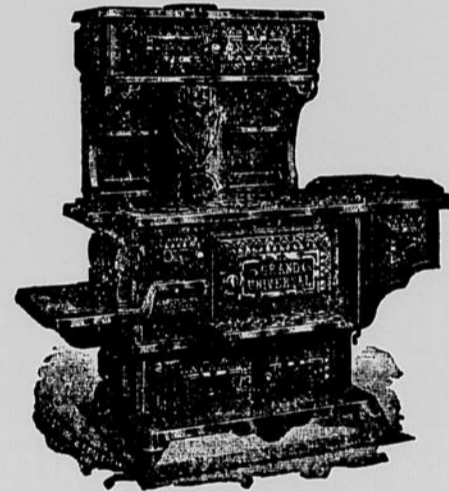
Fifty Pairs of Shoes for \$1, worth \$2 to \$3.  
Fifty Pairs of Shoee for 75 cts., worth \$1.25 to \$2.  
Fifty Pairs of Shoes for 50 cts., worth \$1 to \$1.50.

HATS.

Just Received. A large variety in styles and prices. Cheap enough for John Chinaman, and fine enough for an English dude.

JOHN SYVERSON & CO.

ANTON ENGER.



Builders' Hardware, Stoves, Tinware Etc.,

HUNTER'S LIVERY



Single or Double Rigs!

With, or Without Driver; and Saddle Horses at all times. Land Hunters and Sportsmen will find the accommodation at this Stable equal to all their necessities.

The patronage of the farming public is respectfully solicited. All stock left in the stable will be carefully attended to, at the lowest living prices.

Probate Notice.

Territory of Dakota, county of Griggs. In probate court, Special term, 1886.

In the matter of the estate of Frank Hunter, deceased. Whereas, the petition of Charles A. Hunter has lately been filed in this court representing, among other things, that Frank Hunter, late of the county of Griggs, territory of Dakota, died on the 17th day of December, 1885, at Cooperstown, D. T., intestate, and petitioning this court that William Glass be granted letters of administration. It is therefore ordered, that the said petition be heard before me at a special term of this court at the office of the probate court in Cooperstown, county of Griggs, territory of Dakota, on the 28th day of April, 1886, at 10 o'clock a. m.

And it is further ordered, that public notice of the time and place of said hearing be given to the heirs of said decedent, and all persons interested, by the publication of this order in the Griggs Courier, a paper published in the town of Cooperstown, in said county of Griggs, for three consecutive weeks, and that copies of this order and notice be addressed to the heirs of said Frank Hunter, deceased, resident in this territory, at their place of residence, and deposited in the postoffice with the postage thereon prepaid, by the said petitioner, at least ten days before the time of said hearing. Dated at Cooperstown, this 1st day of April, 1886. G. B. CLARK, Judge of Probate.

NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF—Land Office Fargo D. T. Mch. 9, 1886. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry thereof, viz: Torger O. Jorgensen, D. S. No. 15,563, for the ne 1/4 of sec 24, tp 18N, r 60W, and names the following as his witnesses, viz: Ole Alfson, Ole Aslakson, Hergus Ostlundson, Thoson P. Fliegstad, all of Ottowa, Griggs county, D. T. The testimony to be taken before John N. Jorgensen, clerk of the district court, at Cooperstown, Griggs county, D. T., on the 17th day of April A. D. 1886, at his office. HORACE AUSTIN, Register. Iver Jacobson att'y. 8-33

JOHN N. JORGENSEN,  
Land Attorney!  
CLERK OF DISTRICT COURT,  
Final Proofs Contests and Conveyancing Attended to.