

FROM SILVER STAR.

Iron Rod, Toland, Gov. Chase, Green Campbell, Butte, Victoria, and Tom Benton Lodes—Miners and Capitalists—Developing Companies Wanted—The "Old Ferry" Bridge—Ragtown—Hawkins Decamped.

EDITOR POST: If a few items from a district near your old "stamping ground" are acceptable, they are at your service.

Bates & Trivitt's mill is now crushing rock from their claims on the Iron Rod lode, with splendid results, as the big, bright buttons of retort testify. They are down on the discovery claim 70 feet, with a four foot crevice of rich ore.

About half a mile north from the Iron Rod is the Toland (silver) lode, with one shaft of 150 feet, and another of 75 feet in depth. The crevice varies in width from one to two and a half feet, of splendid looking ore, some of which assays as high as \$800 per ton.

Half a mile north again is the Governor Chase lode, also silver, some of the rock prospecting well in gold. There is a twelve foot shaft on the lode, which discloses a four foot crevice filled with beautiful ore, containing some galena, and from which silver can be smelted by a common fire.

It is proposed to change the name of Silver City, in Idaho, to Owyhee. Colorado Democracy have read out Fred. Stanton of the Gazette.

A mile more and you come to the celebrated Green Campbell lode, with an 80 foot shaft and 6 to 10 foot crevice of rock, which averages \$40 per ton in the two astras that are now running night and day, and I suppose will continue to do so till the advent of a mill gives them their quietus.

The Butte, the Victoria, the Tom Benton and the Broadway, are all fair prospecting lodes, with crevices varying from 8 to 20 feet in width. The latter lode was discovered some two years ago by Mr. J. C. Taylor, who sold to Clarke & Kirby and the late John S. Rockefeller.

Nearly every lode in this district that is developed to any extent has proven better as the prospector descends on it. Now, prospectors, as a general thing, are not overstocked with the needful, particularly at this season of the year, and are obliged occasionally to work for a "grub stake." Capital comes along seeking for investment. It will look into a shaft perhaps 100 feet deep, and see a crevice containing 8 or 10 feet of quartz that is known to be rich.

The bridge built by Porter, Gassett & Sinclair, across the Jefferson at the old ferry, and near the Iron Rod mill, is a credit to the builders and a great accommodation to the travelling public. It is considered the best and nearest route from Virginia to Helena.

Near the mill is "Ragtown," consisting of one house, another house, a blacksmith shop, a whisky shop and a few more houses; and down the river two miles, at the mouth of Cherry Creek, is laid off another town, which, it is thought, will right soon out rival its rival, "Ragtown."

The man Hawkins—you had it Hack—er—who cut Moffat on the arm with a knife, has left the district. The wounds were not serious, but no doubt the intention was to kill, as Moffat received the blows on his arm that were aimed at his heart.

The weather here for the past four weeks has been vibrating between hot and cold, rain and snow, and shade. Respectfully,

NOUS VERRONS. Silver Star District, May 15, 1868.

WITH a spirit of admittance worthy of a better cause, a resolution passed the Senate by a strict party vote, declaring Andrew Johnson guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors, and this too, after the resolution of impeachment had passed the House—when the Senate would be sent there for trial—a glaring spectacle of injustice and prostituted power.—Democrat 21st.

The principal mistake in the above is that it is wholly untrue. On February 21, while the Senate was in session, Johnson addressed a note to the Senate saying he had removed Mr. Stanton from office and appointed Lorenzo Thomas his successor. The Senate in Executive session, immediately on its receipt passed a resolution "That under the Constitution and laws of the United States the President has no power to remove the Secretary of War, and designate any other officer to perform the duties of that office ad interim." The immaculate "seven" voted "aye" upon that resolution. No subsequent "spirit of adroitness" culminated in any other resolution whatever in the Senate touching cause for impeachment until he was impeached by the House, March 4th. It is bad enough to distort, Mr. Democrat, don't cut out of whole cloth.

PEN AND SCISSORS.

A train of 25 Chinamen passed through Walla Walla in the early part of May, bound for Helena.

It is proposed to build a suspension bridge across the harbor of San Francisco.

The Cheyenne people want Congress to grant land in aid of irrigation. The Leader ably argues that it is just as proper to subsidize a ditch to carry water upon a sandy plain as to drain a swamp.

The expense of keeping the Territorial prisoners of Idaho is about \$1,500 per month. So says the Statesman.

Denver merchants are getting their printing done in Chicago. Goldrick says Colorado printer's ink made them what they are, and the penurious, shortsighted selfishness is the meanest kind of scurviness.

In one county in Kansas the prairie fires have done damage to the amount of \$50,000.

The telegraph line between Central and Georgetown, Colorado, is completed.

An anti-Coolie League has been formed at Carson, Nevada.

G. A. Hasey, of Placer county, Cal., has been taken to the insane asylum.

The excitement in Colorado in regard to Cimmaron has simmered down.

\$9,000 was raised for a Methodist church in Colorado.

Forty-five convicts escaped from Fort Point, San Francisco, May 16.

Goldrick's Herald is the most exquisite teaser in town.—Colorado Tribune.

The "Deacon" must be "The youth who never saw a Woman."

Horse Fair—15th annual—Denver—June 30th—Everybody does it.

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Barney McMahon was shot and seriously wounded by Wm. Allen, at Stockton, Cal.

Gov. Haight has appointed Hon. Murray Morrison, of Los Angeles, Judge of the Seventh Judicial District.

A son of Charles Logan was drowned at Oregon City. Mrs. Thomas Kearney committed suicide by laudanum.

The Salt Lake Reporter says Bingham Canyon gives 25 to 50 cents to the pan, and yields \$8 to \$28 per day to the hand. Stamped incipient.

The "Walrusia" grasshoppers about St. Joe are said to be the size of (small) frogs.

Lisle Leslie and "Albert" are having a newspaper spat in the Salt Lake Reporter about theatrical criticisms. "You allers like them as you runs with."

"Billy" Wheeler was killed and Jno. H. Wymple wounded by road agents, near Dale City, May 12. No arrests.

Miss Maude De Lasco is stage manager of the Leavenworth Theater.

The Cheyenne papers say that Mr. and Mrs. Irwin have vacated that burg and are gone—East, we understand, again.

Fare from Leavenworth to New York is \$35. Fare from Omaha to Chicago is \$25.

O. M. Claves succeeds J. B. McQuillen as editor of the Stockton (Cal.) Independent, an ably conducted paper.

The Central Pacific Railroad, western division, has 8,000 Chinese at work, who get one dollar a day and save half of it.

At the June election the people of Washington Territory will vote upon organizing a State government.

The Virginia, Nev. Enterprise says: Mat. Crow, of the Ashland House, Divide, stabbed and probably killed C. L. Gibson, May 12.

California has \$250,000,000 worth of taxable property. With one fourth that amount Montana produces nearly as much bullion.

George S. Wilcox fell down the shaft of the Savage mine, (Comstock) a distance of 654 feet and was instantly killed.

Major Perry and command stirred up a camp of 34 Indians on the Malheur lately. It was the last stir for 32 of them.

There is a new artesian well at Santa Clara, Cal., 208 feet deep, which flows with sufficient violence to raise to the surface gravel stones as large as geese eggs.

Charles Hirschhorn committed suicide at the Brannan House, Sacramento, with a Derringer pistol. He was to be married the same day.

In St. Paul, Minnesota, maple sugar is dull at 16 cents per pound. Just like St. Paul or any other anchorite, to go back on "sweet sixteen."

J. B. Chaffee, John Evans, Jas. Rock, John C. Anderson, H. M. Orahood and Geo. Chillicothe were the Colorado Delegates to the Chicago Convention. Chillicothe and Orahood were the two highest, consequently admitted. The resolutions declared for Grant and Colfax.

"Cleanliness is next to Godliness."—We don't recollect just where this passage occurs, but we know it is true.—Cheyenne Star.

Washakie, with 500 of his tribe, was at South Pass May 12 en route to Bridger to meet the Peace Commissioners. His band was attacked by a superior force of Sioux a few days before. He lost six warriors killed, eight wounded, and 70 head of horses, and brought in five or six Sioux scalps. So says the Desert News of the 18th.

The Salt Lake papers each give Mr. Waldron a high farewell compliment, personally and professionally. Madame Scheller opened as Marie in the Road of Savoy, where her fine vocal talents did good service in the operatic gems incidental to the piece. The Reporter uses all the usual superlatives in noticing the rendition.

The Coulock's had a benefit at Piper's Opera House, Virginia, Nevada, May 13. Every seat and all standing room throughout the house was occupied by a brilliant assemblage. "Lost in London," and "One Touch of Nature" (that's a favorite afterpiece) were the plays. Mr. C. had to make a bit of speech, and expressed regrets at leaving. No notice of any intention to remove there and take up a ranch, we hope.

While the play of "Marble Heart" was in representation at Salt Lake, Manager Caine appeared on the stage and read the acquittal of Johnson on the eleventh article. It was inappropos. The play should have been the Bakers' Progress or the Six Degrees of Crime.

The following operatic gem is sung nightly at the Salt Lake Theatre with the most tremendous applause. We received it by Telegraph in advance of the—gobblers:

A grasshopper sat on a sweet potato vine, On a sweet potato vine, On a sweet potato vine, And a turkey gobbler came up from behind, And yanked the poor little grasshopper off of the sweet potato vine.

POLITICAL DRIFT.

Mrs. Cady Stanton's paper, the Revolution, circulates 10,000 copies.

The Chicago Post, referring to impeachment, says that All's Well that Ends Well.

The New York World has commenced the publication of a Sunday edition.

The Harrisburg State Guard says the Pennsylvania Senate passed 50 bills in 40 minutes.

The Memphis Bulletin has been transformed into a Radical organ, and comes out for Grant.

Flake's Galveston Bulletin praises the character of the Reconstruction Convention of Texas.

E. A. Pollard, the rebel editor, is to become one of the editors of the New York World.

English's majority in the three vilest wards of Hartford and New Haven was several hundred larger than the aggregate majority in the State. He should be proud of this fact.

Among the visitors who inflicted themselves upon the President to congratulate him were the voluminous Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, the author, and the distinguished clown, Dan Rice.

The New Orleans Picayune and other Southern papers are declaring for Gen. Hancock for President. Four years ago they were just as zealous in their support of Jeff. Davis.

The Virginia Convention adopted a provision that amendments to the constitution must be approved by two successive Legislatures and then submitted to the people.

The Democratic papers claim to have killed off Manton Marble so effectually that they allude to him as "Mr. Marble of the other World."

Gen. Meade says that all members elect to the Georgia Legislature may have to take the test oath.

Mr. Vallandigham has assumed formal charge of the editorial department of Dayton Ledger.

Senator Doollittle is said to be hard at work to secure his nomination as Vice President on the Democratic ticket.

The Bridgeport (Conn.) Standard nominates ex-Governor Buckingham for Vice President, "or any other office."

The Hon. E. D. Morgan, of New York, is spoken of in connection with the post of Secretary of the Treasury under the next administration.

The Ohio House of Representatives have passed a bill to prevent soldiers in the National Asylum at Dayton from voting.

Gen. Lew Wallace has announced himself as a candidate for Congress from the Eighth Indiana District, now represented by Hon. G. S. Orth.

The Chicago Journal says: The Democracy nominated John R. Edson for Governor of Illinois. This State is frequently called the "Garden State," but for numerous reasons it can never become the Garden of Eden.

Complete returns from Rhode Island make Governor Burnside's majority 4-307. The Senate stands 28 Republicans to 5 Democrats; the House 64 Republicans to 8 Democrats, with one vacancy in each. The Republican majority is 113 larger than last year.

A correspondent of one of the Detroit papers, writing from an interior county in Michigan, says that a drunken Democrat, as he placed in the ballot box a negative vote against the new Constitution, hiccupped: "You may work at me ten years and you cant make me equal to a nigger."

Some fellow claims to have found a cause for the visual deformities of Ben Butler, and has set it to poetry, thus:

Little Bessie Butler Sat up in a chair Looking on the table If any spoons were there.

Careless on the table, Two spoons were tossed, He tried to watch 'em both, So his eyes were crossed.

The New Haven Palladium thinks that Charles Francis Adams, Minister to England, will ultimately be the Democratic compromise candidate for the Presidency.

Wisconsin shows over 6,000 Republican majority for judges, and promises three times as much for Grant next November.

The municipal election of Lancaster, Penn., took place on the 1st inst. The Democratic candidate for Auditor was elected by 324 majority; being a Republican gain of 117.

David Small, recently elected Democratic Burgomaster of York, Pa., is the same individual who, when mayor of that place in June, 1863, walked seven miles to surrender the town to the rebels.

The New York press, without distinction of party, agree that Mayor Hoffman has been faithless since, to all promises he made before the election. Mayor Hoffman is a Democrat.

Gen. James Shields is the only man who ever represented two States in the United States Senate. At one time he was Senator from Illinois and subsequently from Minnesota.

Gen. Schofield authorizes the statement that the President nominated him to be Secretary of War without even intimating that he desired to do so. He has written a letter declining to accept the nomination.

Judge Watrous, in opening the District court at Galveston recently, sustained the constitutionality of the civil rights bill, and asserted that freedmen were citizens, not by virtue of acts of Congress, but under the Constitution.

Senator Henderson, of Missouri, will soon marry Miss Mary Foot, a charming Saratoga young lady, now in Washington. The Senator is a bachelor, in his forty-second year. Miss Foot is a bright blonde, with large, lustrous eyes, and a wealth of golden hair. Of course, Henderson having "put his foot in it" on impeachment is now crippled for life unless he gets another Foot.

The Newburyport (Mass.) Herald (independent) intimates that Gen. Hancock will do as a Democratic candidate for President if the object be merely to keep the party from tumbling to pieces, but if there is any thought of a Democratic President some other candidate should undoubtedly be elected.

WHAT IT MEANS.—Everybody asks what "S. T.—1860—X." means or signifies. The Jacksonville Sentinel gives the most satisfactory interpretation we have heard, viz: "Democracy is the Same Thing as it was in 1860, X-actly."

Hurlbut, editor of the New York World, said at a recent public dinner in Canada: "It was the Pagans of Ireland, not the intelligent mass, who believed that England oppressed them." As the so-called "Pagans," of New York almost exclusively vote the World's ticket, we brand the insinuation as being basely ungrateful.

A short time since Mr. Johnson appointed a Mr. Van Winkle, Marshal of the State of Virginia. The first case on the docket in Underwood's court for next term is the Commonwealth of Virginia against this Mr. Van Winkle, for keeping a policy shop. The first case on the docket of the United States is the people, vs. Senator Van Winkle, his brother, for keeping open Johnson's "policy shop."

INKLINGS.

Man is a mister and woman a mystery. The American hot-house—Congress. Newspaper first established, 1629.

Is a maid in male apparel a self-made man. Public education in the State of New York last year cost \$7,683,301.

How to find happiness—look in a dictionary. Gen. Longstreet is now living at Huntsville, Alabama.

Maggie Mitchell owns a four story brown stone front near Fifth Avenue. Jeff Davis' real estate is worth sixty thousand.

A pretty woman looks well, no matter what she has on—or off. Tight pants are all the rage east. "There's nothing in them."

Forney's Washington Chronicle is for sale at \$50,000. Waterford, Ireland, proposes to erect a monument to D'Arcy McGee.

The population of France is 37,386,813. The New York printers contributed \$1,000 to the Artemus Ward monument.

A Judge in Cincinnati declares that the Indiana Divorce Laws are a disgrace to any State claiming civilization.

The Chicago Republican calls Abbott's "Life of Christ," an effort to crucify him afresh.

Mr. George Wise, of Philadelphia, publishes a chart giving 1,906 ways of spelling the name of Shakespeare.

During the late rebellion the Government purchased 27,000,000 pounds of gunpowder.

A man advertises a reward of five cents for an absconding wife. Probably an extravagant estimate.

More than one-fourth of all the railroads in the world is in the United States.

Mr. George Jones, publisher of the New York Times, has returned from Rome, where he spent the winter.

Dana, in his New York Sun, says, "women are helpless without men." But thank God, they are not shiftless.

A Frenchman has invented a kettle in which water is boiled in six minutes by friction, without fire.

Everything is said to be on the rise in Boston—clothes, etc. Perfectly proper Boston is as muddy as Helena.

Joggles says he is bound to have a wife—and a young one at that. Get the wife first, Joggles.

Matrimonial cards now read: "No cards; no cake, no wine." They will read "no wedding" by November.

Miss Mary McVicker and Miss Fanny Morant will be members of Booth's company for his new theatre.

An artesian well on the Colt estate, at Hartford, has reached the depth of 1,400 feet. It is to be bored 200 feet deeper.

A correspondent writes to know where axlotres grow. We have heard them groan under a wagon.

"You'll come to the gallows some day." "Yes, the morning you're hanged."

The funeral procession which followed to the grave the remains of Col. J. Heron Foster, of the Pittsburg Dispatch, was more than a mile in length.

The Russian government has announced its budget for 1868. The revenue is estimated at \$360,000,000 in gold, and the expenditures at \$558,750,000.

Charles Dickens' expenses in America were \$50,000, and his net profit \$100,000 in gold. He carried off three large packing cases full of all sorts of presents.

The old saying of "havin' got a red" has dropped in the rural districts for, "nary a green," when speaking of currency.

54,000,000 of Bibles, in 174 different dialects, have been distributed by the British and Foreign Bible Society since its foundation.

Gen. Grant has two sisters; Mary (now wife of the American Consul at Leipzig, where she resides), and Jennie, who lives with her parents.

A Somerset, Ohio, paper chronicles the fact that General Sheridan has been promoted to the rank of uncle. It was through the influence of his brother.

A blue rose is on exhibition in Cincinnati. Plenty of "blue roses" on exhibition in Montana—dress parade at the fairs.

Fells says the Cincinnatians don't celebrate the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans. There are too much devoted to Packin-ham.

Nine exchanges by one mail allude to the animal beneath the lion's skin; only eleven to winter lolling around in the lap of spring. Both barred from the Post for the ensuing six weeks.

A western editor says that in smoky Pittsburg men kiss each other's wives, and are able to tell which is their own by the taste. That is an admission the ladies of Pittsburg have greater taste than ordinary. Some places men don't find the difference quite that soon.

"EVEN SUPPOSING"—!

The New York Tribune of May 6th, in view of the rumored defection of certain Senators, reviewed the career of Andrew Johnson, and the issues in the case under the above caption, in the best style of the Tribune. We have space but for brief extracts, some of which attain a grandeur of expression, worthy in the fullest sense the great cause it advocates.

We do not believe for an instant any of these stories about Senators selling themselves for even a million of dollars. But Americans have sold themselves. But one American in our history ever publicly sold his country. He was a soldier. He was commanding an important post. The safety of an army depended upon his honor. He was disinterested, just as many of our public men are disinterested. His ambition had been threatened, and he became a morbid "Conserver." The air was filled with his lamentations, his imprecations, his denunciations. He had begun to doubt. He gradually got into a "constitutional" frame of mind. Then his doubt assumed the form of "conscientious scruples." Was it really right to fight against his gracious king? Was not Washington a radical? Could he as a lawyer or a soldier, honestly continue his war? After all, did not the king have the right to tax Americans? And instead of oppressing the people, was not His Majesty merely endeavoring to make a case for the courts? Benedict Arnold was in this temper when he was offered money. He became a Major General in the British Army, and left one of the most infamous names in history. If Benedict Arnold were a Senator to-day, elected by Republican votes, and moved by disinterested ambition or a morbid insatiable greed for office, we should hear of him, highly impressed with the sacredness of the Presidential office, eager to discuss the question of the President's intent and painfully conscious of the responsibility of his oath. A decisive amount of money would flash him of course. He would get into the country. He might find a small circle of friends who would believe in his conscientiousness, and under a possible Democratic administration would be squeezed into some office and die in the receipt of party charity.

They must make up their minds to accept such a memory. By all means, then, if money is the inducement, let it be five millions; let it be ten; God help them, and give them heaps of money, that they may revel in gold, and glitter in infamy, and find a kind of consolation for having basely wronged their country.

Look at it for a moment! We throw away for the present the technicality of the law, and regard this simply as a question of common sense. Andrew Johnson has kept us in a condition of unrest, uproar, and agitation. We are told he is an honest, sincere, obstinate man. Well, so was George III, but he swept these States with the tide of death and ruin. He was as "constitutional" as Andrew Johnson, and personally of better character. Nay, more, he had a party with him, well drilled and commanded. Andrew Johnson has committed every crime that a public ruler can commit. We do not arraign him as a common burglar, or as one of the counterfeiters which he manages to pardon every morning, but his crimes against the national peace and dignity are more dangerous and distressing, because they affect the whole country. In the South he has made treason honorable, and loyalty punitive. In his public acts he has shown a man of faith which has lowered our government system. In every department of Government corruption pours its festering current. Men were first honored for being spies, then exalted for being panders, and finally asked to climb into his very Cabinet by treachery and self-abasement. The revenues were given over to thieves and jobbers. Men were retained in office against the protest of their superiors merely because they shouted "hail Andrew Johnson!" every time they dipped their arms into the Treasury. Take the internal revenue system. There is enough to impeach Mr. Johnson in this bureau alone. With very few exceptions, it is well known, nay, more, it is almost a common proverb—that to be connected with the collection of the revenues is to be engaged in an unlawful business.

And so we drifted and drifted into one tumultuous, torturing current—the Republic every day losing the rare glories that came from her mighty and just wars, and becoming the jest of kings and the sorrow of patriots, because of the evil that was triumphing and the scandal that dwelt in high places. So one day the nation rose against its ruler, and, spurning the patience that had become cowardice, dragged him to the Senate. And there it stands to-day and asks justice. We demand justice upon this man and peace to the nation. We cannot have peace without impeachment.

Impeachment or infamy! This is the alternative of History, and Senators must meet it.

The Republicans of Illinois held their Convention on the 6th, nominating Gen. John M. Palmer for Governor; John Dougherty, Lieut. Governor; John A. Logan, Congressman at large; Edward Rummell, Secretary of State; Gen. Chas. E. Lippincott, Auditor of Public Accounts; E. N. Bates, Treasurer; Wash Bushnell, Attorney General.

LITTLE BESSIE TO UNCLE BILLY.

Respectfully dedicated to the Scrap-Book of every Mother in Christendom.

Dear old Uncle, I dot our letter; My old mummy, my ditter better. She every day, little bit stronger, Don't mean to be sick very much longer. Daddy so fat; can't hardly stagger, Mamma says he jinks too much lager. Dear little bubble, had a bad colic, Had to take three drops SARTY PARSONS. Tot a dose taintin, felt worse than ever, Shant tate no more taintin never!

Wind on stomit, felt footy bad, Worse fit of itness ever I had. Ever had belly ate, old Uncle Billy? Tan't no far now, say what you will. I used to sleep all day, and by all night, Don't do no now, tans taintin' yet! But I'm growin, gettin' footy fat, Dain most two pounds, only tink 'o yaf!

Little femmin blankets was too big before, Nurse can't pla ma in 'em any more, Skirts so small, baby so stout, Had to let the pleets in 'em all out. Dot a head 'o hat jest as back as night, And big bow, eyes dot look very bright. My mamma says, never did see, Any ozer baby half so fat as me, Baby loves me, baby loves me, Baby sends a poony tite, to his Unties all, Aunties and cousins, big folks and small, Tan't yite no more, so dood bye, Jolly old Untie, viz a glass eye.

Advices have been received here, says the Alpine (Cal.) Chronicle of May 9, from which we learn that Geo. H. Berry, formerly a resident of this town, recently met his death at the hands of a Montana Vigilance Committee. It seems that his father had sent for him to return home, and he was on his way to the home of his youth when he was overtaken by a gang of horse thieves, who stayed with him long enough for the whole party to be captured by the so-called Vigilantes, who hang every man, notwithstanding the protestation of innocence on the part of Berry, whose story was corroborated by the thieves. The deceased was a native of England, and an honorable, steady, industrious young man, and was highly respected by his acquaintances. While residing in Alpine he engaged in mining, and for a short time he worked on the Hot Spring Ranch, near Markleville. Thus has a foul murder been committed by an organized band of men who, in nine cases out of ten, are greater scoundrels than are those they rid the country of. No man's life is safe in any of our Territories so long as our Government allows the existence of these bands of strangers.

Decidedly sensational. Who, is or rather was, Berry? Where were hanged the "gang of horse thieves" recently? Why did the "Vigs." not accept the protestations of innocence by young Berry, especially as he was vouched for by the rest of the thieves? A man is known by his company, and Berry would not have been buried with horse thieves if he had not been caught with them. We may say however that this is the first we have heard of the "total murder" alluded to, and do not believe anything of the kind transpired. The Vigilantes of Montana are under a debt of gratitude to the Chronicle man for his compliments.

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National Hotel!

One-eighth of a mile south of Sun River crossing, and four miles east of

FORT SHAW, M. T.

C. A. BULL & CO., Proprietors.

NOW open for guests, and fitted up in first class style. A No. 1, two-story house entirely new, fitted up with commodious, neatly furnished and furnished bedrooms, and

The Tables,

spread with the best market affords. Every attention shown to our guests.

GIVE US A CALL;