

The Montana Post.

FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 17.

Beaverhead County Union Ticket.

- Council—1st District. E. D. LEAVITT. House of Representatives—4th District. A. J. SMITH, J. M. GALLOWAY. County Commissioner. F. E. CURTIS. Assessor. J. C. TAYLOR. Coroner. T. F. HAMILTON. Justice of the Peace. S. H. JOHNSTON. Constable. E. ASHWORTH.

Gallatin County.

- For Council—4th District. J. J. HULL. For Assembly—9th District. LESTER S. WILSON, PHILIP THORPE. For Commissioners. L. STOCKMAN, GEORGE AUSTIN. For Assessor. M. PENWELL.

Deer Lodge County.

- For Council—2d District. GEORGE W. BROCK—Beartown. E. S. STACKPOLE—Highland. For Assembly—2d District. G. P. ROSE—McClellan. A. McFARLAND—Blackfoot. JOHN ANDERSON—Highland. J. M. MERRILL—Phillipsburgh. W. W. JONES—Reynold. For Probate Judge. J. B. JOHNSON—Blackfoot. For Assessor. M. K. MILLER—Jefferson. Commissioners. CONRAD KOHNS—Deer Lodge.

Madison County.

- For Council—1st District. E. D. LEAVITT. For Assembly—1st District. D. E. FOLSOM. H. N. BLAKE. HUGH DUNCAN. C. D. EVERETT. For Superintendent Public Instructions. W. W. ROGERS. For Coroner. DR. CHARLES MUSSIGBRODT. For Commissioners. JAMES WILLIAMS. WM. MITCHELL. For Treasurer. CHARLES ST. CLAIR. For Assessor. WM. H. PATTON. For Surveyor. J. L. CORBETT.

Madison County Union Convention. Proceedings and Platform.

Pursuant to a call the Union Republican County Convention, for the County of Madison, met at the Court House in Virginia City, Wednesday July 15th, 1868, at 2 o'clock P. M. Gen. Hamilton Cummings called the convention to order. Every precinct in the County was fully represented. Col. W. F. Sanders was elected permanent Chairman, and David H. Hopkins Secretary. Nominations for candidates being in order the following nominations were made: For Council—Dr. E. D. Leavitt of Bannack. House of Representatives—D. E. Folsom, Henry N. Blake, Rev. Hugh Duncan and C. D. Everett. Superintendent of Common Schools—W. W. Rogers. County Commissioners—For long term—Jas. Williams. For Short Term—Wm. Mitchell. Assessor—W. H. Patton. Treasurer—Charles St. Clair. Surveyor—J. L. Corbett. Coroner—Dr. Chas. Mussigbrodt. The following named gentlemen were appointed the Central Committee of the Union Republican party of Madison County, for the ensuing year. Gen. Hamilton Cummings, Chairman, of Virginia City. L. W. Woodruff, of Willow Creek. W. A. Shroyer, of Summit. R. Richmond, of Nevada. Alexander McKay, of Silver Star. John S. Lott, of Lott's Bridge. A. J. Poznansky, of Virginia City. The following resolutions were offered by Mr. E. A. Maynard, and were unanimously adopted. Resolved 1st, That the Republicans of Madison county have read with lively satisfaction, the platform adopted by the Union Republican convention at Chicago, on the 21st day of May, 1868; and hail it as the patriotic expression of purposes as high as ever moved man to action. Resolved 2d, That the nomination for the Presidency of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, at once a testimonial to his valor, his patriotism and his renown, and an appreciation of the rare sagacity with which he has met, and mastered the most difficult problem ever submitted to the wisdom of man—finds an echoing response in the breast of all who love their country, and cherish liberty as the choicest boon of our people. Resolved 3d, That in Schuyler Colfax a man from the people, and for the people, we recognize a representative American, illustrating what is highest and best in Democratic institutions. Resolved 4th, The ticket this day nominated, promises the redemption of this county and district from misrule, is worthy the support of every good citizen, and we pledge ourselves to united, persistent and unwavering support. After three cheers for Grant, Colfax and the whole ticket, the convention adjourned sine die. W. F. SANDERS, President. D. H. HOPKINS, Secretary. Messrs. Chapin & Bailey are refitting the Revere House, Salt Lake, fixing it up as neat as a pin. Chapin knows how to keep a hotel as well as any man in the mountains, and does it, while Bailey is par excellence, a model of affable and obliging hotel clerks. That's "the long and the short of it." The Lily is near Georgetown, Colorado, has just been sold for \$65,000 cash. Clarence J. Clarke, Wm. S. Walker, Rodney Curtis and others were the owners.

FROM ONE OF THE MANY.

The Lewis & Clarke Resolutions.

EDITOR POST:—I have observed with profound regret the hasty and ill-considered action of the Republican County Convention of Lewis & Clarke county, touching the Territorial Executive Committee. I am compelled to believe that the second thought of a large majority of the Delegates to that Convention would be, that not good, but only evil, could result from such a proceeding. This committee was selected by the whole party of the Territory represented in convention. The interests of the party, as a whole, are entrusted to their care. With the mere local interests of the party they have nothing to do—County Committees are selected to guard them. Like our system of State and National Government, they each act independently in their sphere, whilst the law of their being requires that there should be a harmonious action for a common end. The responsibility of each for its action, is to the power that creates it—that of the Territorial Committee, to the Republicans of the Territory, and that of the County Committee to the Republicans of the county. I think the oversight of this principle by my Republican friends in that Convention, was the occasion of their erroneous action in the premises. Having no control of the Territorial Central Committee, their separate public action can only result in confusion among ourselves, and in giving aid and comfort to our enemies. As private members of the Republican party, the delegates to the County Convention, had an undoubted right to their private opinions. If satisfied of the incompetency of any of the party's agents, it was their privilege to use all the means within their power for the removal of such agents. But they transcended their powers, which are merely delegated for one purpose, when they used them for another purpose not contemplated, perhaps, at the time they received their delegated authority. The duties devolved upon these delegates, as understood by those who elected them, (of whom the undersigned was one,) were the selection of candidates for the various offices to be filled, and the expression of our political sentiments. Matters beyond these should have been the subject of special instruction, before the delegates could be justified in committing their party friends to sentiments the reverse of those they entertain. Aside from its objectionable feature as being beyond the scope of the powers of the convention, their action is liable to the further objection that it is extremely inexpedient. On the eve of battle, prudent soldiers who hope for victory do not ascend an eminence in sight of the enemy, and blow their trumpets, announcing to the opposing hosts that an internal feud is raging in their own ranks, and that they are fighting among themselves. They rather present to the foe an unbroken front, without open mutiny, and labor quite as effectively in silence, for needed reformation in their own organization. In my opinion, no objection could have been made, if the members of the party, who were dissatisfied with the conduct of affairs by the Central Executive Committee, had laid before the Territorial Central Committee, specific charges of mismanagement on the part of the Executive Committee, with evidence to support them, and demanded their removal. There is no reason to doubt, that if this course had been pursued, the members of that committee could have been quickly displaced, if the interest of the party required it. But this vague and general accusation of unfitness, without any charges of specific acts, sprung suddenly in a body having no jurisdiction of the subject-matter, and passed in indecent haste, is apt to disgust Republicans, while affording vantage grounds to our opponents. The whole thing is likely to be regarded as the fruits of personal hostility. Plain men will reason thus: This Committee had an important trust confided to their hands; they were given certain powers, and discretion in the use of those powers. Until they are shown to have been guilty of an abuse of their power, they are to be presumed innocent. The honor of the party requires that they are to be upheld if innocent and rebuked if guilty. Mere unsubstantiated charges rebound upon the accusers, and cannot be regarded. I have written these views, Mr. Editor, more in sorrow than anger. It is a matter of regret that this controversy should have arisen, but I have thought that this notice was demanded. Whilst always open to conviction, I still believe that the members of the Executive Committee have been faithful to their trust, and that the objections against them are not well taken, either in manner or form. To weaken their influence is to injure the Republican party. A REPUBLICAN. Helena, July 21st, 1868.

HORSEBACK RIDES IN MONTANA.

NUMBER TWO. Written for the Montana "Post."

Bird Tail Rock, the most remarkable Monolith in Montana—Mountain Sheep, the Unrequited Chase—John Featherston on Sun River—National Hotel. Thirty miles to the Sun river; and the hills from this on are cut by the action of the elements into all kinds of fantastic shapes and forms. The most wonderful of all these denudations is the "Bird-Tail Rock," just half way between the crossing of the Dearborn and Fort Shaw. Viewed from the eastern side, at any distance between five and ten miles, it presents a perfect picture of a turkey's tail when expanded and in an upright position. Stately granite pillars follow the semi circle around in regular order from either side, which the fancy naturally grasps as huge feathers in a colossal fan. It was watched with increasing interest, until we reined up at the Bird-Tail station—which is opposite and only two miles from the great natural curiosity. The proprietor, who has often been all through, and over, the Bird-Tail, and who planted a small National flag on its highest spur, not long since, informed us that it was a huge granite rock, out of which atmospheric agencies—winds, rains, etc., had at last carved the mighty natural arcade, before us, with its corridors, arches and long lines of pinnacled columns. He said it could be entered and passed through from any side, but that its exploration, owing to its labyrinthian character and vast extent, was a laborious undertaking, and not altogether safe, as the footing was often treacherous, and danger of being lost imminent; that it was about three miles in circumference and one in diameter. He was proceeding now and then pointing to different parts of the subject of his interesting description, when a flock of twenty-five or thirty mountain sheep, distinctly seen, though apparently no larger than hares, emerged from the midst of the monolithic wonder, and walked leisurely down towards a spring which gushes from its base. No longer "distance lends enchantment to the view," we looked at the sun—he has fallen nearly to the western peaks—an hour more and "Bird Tail's" caverns, always gloomy, will be as black as the darkness that settled over Egypt; but the temptation cannot be resisted. The performers tried in vain to dissuade us from the enterprise; they warned our party to not enter the rock under any circumstances, beyond plain view of the means of egress, he directs how to best approach the game, and, supplied with rifles, shot-guns and revolvers, we set out. We took three different directions, and all managed to get above the sheep before surprising them. Mr. Featherston, with a Ballard rifle, was highest up on the rock. A sentinel buck at last scents danger in the air, and the alarm is instantaneously communicated to all the rest. I believe if a regiment of hunters had been stationed around the "Bird's Tail," and not one in the valley below, those wild sheep would have pursued the same course—up, straight up, they come, with the rapidity of the wind. Several ineffectual shots are fired, but the flock gain the rock and are safe. I will hereafter be prepared to believe anything in regard to the agility and balancing powers of the Mountain sheep. Mr. Featherston imagined, in the excitement of the moment, that "he would corner them" in some part of the rock accessible to himself but not them; and, altogether heedless of the station-keeper's advice, "onward and upward" was his motto, until, by sheer exhaustion, he was forced to stop in his perilous career, when, looking down from the dizzy height he had attained, he commenced for the first time, to realize the danger of his situation. He had taken advantage of every projection in his course that could be mounted, thinking as he expressed it, that he "would get higher among the forest of pillars than the sheep could climb," and that much, at least, he thought he had accomplished, when a shower of stones came rattling down from above; he looked up 75 or 80 feet and saw a sheep bounding along from point to point, over frightful chasms, as gracefully and safely as if coursing over a level plain! It was quickly followed by all the flock; "they whizzed over me," said John, "like bullets." He was now willing to give up the chase. Turning to retrace his steps, he thoughtlessly leapt down ten or twelve feet, losing all traces of his track; he cannot climb back; below, fourteen or sixteen feet, a narrow shelf or platform is visible, but what is below that cannot be known. The sun has set—darkness is closing in fearfully fast. If he leaps down again may be not be beyond all human aid, if he is not now? It is indeed a trying moment. The cold sweat starts, and hands in beads on his brow, as he tries to penetrate the thickening gloom of the cellars and passages beneath, and sees the deepening shadows gathering over the valley far beyond! But the only physical effort possible is to leap down. He makes the jump. "I never felt more joyful in all my life," said he, "as I beheld a passageway going down on the right." We were about to return to the station for lamps and torches, with which to enter the rock in quest of him, when he emerged. He says that he don't claim any more stray sheep in these parts. A cotton tail rabbit, about the size of my pocket ink-start, was the only trophy of our trip to "Bird Tail Rock." I am told that the same sheep we chased have lived in the rock for more than a year, and may always be found in the vicinity. I have promised myself another chase after them on my road back to Helena. I must defer a description of this, the Sun River valley, its improvements, the military garrison, agricultural resources, prospects, etc., for another letter, fearing this is now as long as the reader's patience is indulgent. Suffice it say for the present that it is one of the most favored sections of Montana, and is still progressing. The hotel in which I write would reflect credit on any city or town of the frontiers, and cannot be surpassed in the mountains. It must have cost several thousand dollars. The rooms are large, well ventilated and well lighted, the beds (which are feather) kept scrupulously clean, and the

table supplied with the best of substantials, and many delicacies, (brook trout and fresh vegetables for instance) which the Helena market does not always afford. Under the efficient management of Messrs. Storrs and Bull, the "International" is recognized as one of the finest hotels west of the Missouri, and is gaining in popularity every day. At the crossing of the Sun river, by the Benton road, Mr. John Largent has erected a magnificent bridge. Mr. Largent is also proprietor of the "Sun River House," keeps on hand a large stock of dry goods and groceries, which he sells at Benton rates, is Postmaster and full of enterprise generally. A native of Hampshire county, Virginia, he fully maintains the "Old Dominion's" reputation for genuine hospitality. Quite a number will leave here shortly on an excursion to the Great Falls of the Missouri. I can assure you no report has yet been received from the McClellan prospecting party, and all the rumors are canards. Besides the arrangement heretofore made by the Post, I have also perfected others for forwarding you the earliest reliable information. H. N. M. NATIONAL HOTEL, Sun river, July 18, '68. FOOT NOTE.—The following mention is made of "Bird Tail Rock" in the official report of John Lambert, to Governor I. I. Stevens, Chief of the Northern Pacific Railroad Exploration, authorized by the Government, in 1854. "One of the most remarkable of these walls of rock is the "Bird Tail Rock," a pretty and appropriate name; it is probably not less than 350 feet high, which about 150 feet of the upper half is picturesque cluster of basaltic columns, which attracts the notice of every traveler, and so straight that it baffles the most persevering efforts to ascend it. The writer and a companion made the attempt and arrived at a recess within about 100 feet of the top; here was found the hair of some wild animal, probably a grizzly bear, judging from its size and coarseness. It was perhaps a lucky circumstance for us that Bruin happened to be 'not at home.'—Ed.

THE NEW POINT OF ATTACK.

Gen. Grant was expected in St. Louis, July 3rd, but refused any public reception, or to make a speech. Reason why—he can't.—Gazette. The same might have been the condemnation of Gen. Washington. He never made a speech, and in the zenith of his fame, in an attempt to make a short speech in the Capitol, to his assembled countryman, was covered with confusion, and sat down abashed, yet he made a good President. In framing the Constitution of the United States, the labor was almost wholly confined to a committee of the whole, which George Washington was day after day the chairman, but he made but two speeches during the convention, of a very few words each, something like one of Grant's speeches. The convention however acknowledged the master spirit, and historians affirm, that had it not been for his personal popularity and the thirty words of his first speech, pronouncing it the best that could be united upon, the Constitution would have been rejected by the people. The greatness and goodness of a man is not measured by the length of his speeches, or their numbers. In proof of this it is a conceded fact that the editor of the Gazette is not a brilliant or fashionable orator. It is also believed the person occupying the Presidential chair would stand much better in the estimation of the country, and have more assurance of a blissful immortality, if he had made no speeches and swung no rhetorical circles. The sea is not measured by the spray, or air valued by the howl of the storm; neither is the character of a man measured by his professions, or his value based upon his mania to repeat empty words with furious declamation. What is thought and executed, moves the world; and at best "speech is but broken light on the radiant depths of the unspoken." Grant is not a speech-maker,—would that others were like him.

DECLINATION.

J. J. WILLIAMS, Esq., Chair. Rep. County Committee.—DEAR SIR.—Permit me to thank the County Convention for having nominated me for the office of County Commissioner of Lewis and Clarke county, and to state that my business arrangements are such, that I must decline the nomination. There are others equally and better qualified to attend to the duties of the office, and I doubt not you will be able to fill the vacancy occasioned by this resignation. Be assured that I shall give the weight of my individual strength to secure the success of the ticket and to promote the principles for which we contend as a party. Respectfully Yours, JOHN KINNA. Helena, July 23d, 1868.

NEW ENGLAND STATISTICS.—Maine has 70,000 farms. Three acres of wheat to each farm at 15 bushels per acre, will give 700,000 barrels of flour, allowing 4 1/2 bushels to the barrel. Population, 650,000. One barrel of flour to each person would leave 50,000 barrels surplus. At \$18 per barrel, it has cost the State over \$1,000,000 per annum the past two years. New Hampshire has about 35,000 farms. Three acres of wheat to each farm, on the foregoing estimate, would give 350,000. Her annual tax, the past two years for flour has been \$6,000,000. Vermont has about the same number of farms and the same amount of population as New Hampshire, and her annual expenses for flour are about the same. Massachusetts has 36,000 farms. Population, 1,300,000. She would require nine acres to each farm. With 20 bushels to the acre, it would give 1,400,000 barrels of flour. This State has paid annually \$23,000,000 the past two years for flour. Rhode Island has 35,400 farms averaging 4 acres each. Population, 200,000. It would require 11 acres to each farm, on a basis of 15 bushels of wheat, to feed her people. This State has paid \$3,600,000 per annum the past two years for flour. Notwithstanding its general sterility, it has some good wheat lands.

President Carter of the Colorado Central Railroad Company, advertises for the letting of contracts for grading the road from Golden City to a union with the line from Cheyenne to Denver, so says the Golden City Transcript. It was to have been open for the letting of contracts July 14. Colorado is fast exhibiting traces of a disposition to rail? at the outside world.

Speech Silver, Silence Golden.

O Silva, there's an Ocean round our words That overflows and drowns them. Do you know Sometimes when we sit silent, and the air Breathes gently on us from the orange trees, It seems that with the whisper of a word Our souls must shrink, get poorer, more apart? Is it not true? Yes, dearest, it is true; It's broken light upon the depth Of the unspoken. Even your loved words Float in the larger meaning of your voice As something dimmer. —Spanish Gipsy.

Hammer or Anvil.

Go, boy, obey the master's stern behest, The scales of fortune never are at rest; Make no delay; to Wisdom's call attend; Rise in the balance, or you else descend; Make your election sure 'tis as you choose; To govern and to win, or serve and loose To bear defeat, or gain the victory; Hammer or Anvil you must needs be! —John G. Saxe

Great Fermentation in China.

[Beer has been brewed at Shanghai.] For "the cup that cheers," in spite of your tears, I shall never be loath to speak up; But I thought till to-day, in the land of Cathay, That the cup so famed was the tea-cup. The only brew John Chinaman knew, I have wagered a pound of Hison, Was the tea of that ilk, which with sugar and milk, Is a pleasantly negated pison. But it seems that a gent, from Barton-on-Trent, Connected with one of the nine-men, Bass, Allsopp, or Salt, the uses of malt Has imparted unto the pig-tail men.

VOX POPULI, VOX DEI.

In the Herald of last evening, "one" heedless of the responsibility of using the name of a party whose cardinal principles are Right and Justice, to bolster an action of wrong and injury, dares to sign himself, a "Republican" and speaking "for all," in words of smock faced humility essays a milk and water rejoinder to the article of "a Republican" in yesterday's Post." We need not name its author, or point to its cradle; the odor of its garments is sufficient. He says "it may be that the two committees will settle all the troubles harmoniously and satisfactorily." No! You who plotted and forced this scheme, have condemned without a hearing; passed sentence upon those the party had trusted, without a charge or indictment; held them up to execration while they were gagged by the rules of your Convention, and hurried them to execution before they unwittingly duped into a deep laid scheme, had considered what they were doing. Now you talk of compromise. You have given the people time to think of this injustice; they have thought. You have sown the wind and never surer ripened whirlwind than this. You have played with edged tools, evoked the power you cannot stay, and when the people weigh, no cunning can turn the even scales of Justice. Not surer is the ebb than the flow. The originators of the scheme have builded their house on the sands and ever now the waves of public opinion have swept away its shifting base and it totters to its fall. It was a deception, and those who gave passive assent at first, now see its fraud and intent, for the deception is laid bare and the deceivers unmasked. They will find no disposition to "compromise"—but to "fight it out on that line" till right triumphs. He says "maters in the Territory are rapidly changing." He probably meant "ulcers." Read the Herald, that incarnation of treachery, duplicity and deceit. Recollect its extreme views; its coming like a spy in the camp, then in the hour of peril, betraying us to our enemies; now again, speaking to the councils with its foul infections, to distract, confuse and destroy. This is its mission shown by its deeds. Think and decide.

THE SORE HEAD ORGAN.

The following ulcers show the disease of the sore heads of Montana. Politically the Herald is entirely independent of all fanatics, ultra cliques and political parties in the Territory.—Helena Herald. In this (drawing political party lines) we are of the firm belief that the course pursued by the people of Montana was uncalculated, unwarranted, and eminently injudicious.—Helena Herald. Impartial suffrage is not right and no sophistry can convince us to the contrary.—Helena Herald. The Republican party is now fairly before the country with Gen. U. S. Grant and Schuyler Colfax as its standard bearers. We think the Convention exhibited little judgment in selecting a Vice-President. This makes it a sectional ticket. The resolutions adopted by the Committee do not altogether please us. Their tenor shows conclusively that the Radical element of the party controlled its proceedings. The action of the Convention exhibits only a temporary spirit, which is unworthy of a great party.—Herald. We aim to act honestly and independently, uncontrolled by party or faction, and in our course, we shall certainly tread on radical as well as rebel corns.—Herald.

DECLINED.

By a communication from Mr. John Kinna to the chairman of the Lewis and Clarke County Republican Committee, it will be seen that Mr. Kinna declines the nomination for Commissioner. No more practical, worthy and faithful man, or one possessing qualifications better fitted for the administration of our important county affairs, could have been selected; and his inability to accept the nomination will be regretted by all good citizens, the more so as his election was assured. It is to be hoped that in making the nomination in his place, the Committee will exercise good judgment, that the appointee may be as deserving of support, and as capable to perform for the interests of the people, the responsible duties of Commissioner, as was the nominee of the Convention.

ABOUT THAT BOSTON DINNER.—Senator Fessenden's invitation to a banquet in Boston, is thus spoken of by a Washington correspondent, who says: "He was very much delighted with it, and yesterday he handed it to a New England man, with the remark, 'But very few of those men are personally known to me; what is their position in Massachusetts?' The letter was examined and returned with the remark: 'Many of them were signers of a similar letter sent to Daniel Webster after his speech on March 7, 1850—men who were tolerated, but not followed by the people.' He quietly put the letter in his pocket, and said: 'I do not think I shall go, but will send them a letter.'"

THE WEST.

Stages run between Monument and Denver in forty-six hours. Mark Twain has sailed from San Francisco for New York. Denver papers are full of National Horse Fair. There will be 1,100 feet of tunneling near the head of the Weber Canyon. California raised two million bushels of potatoes last year. There are about 1,000 men at Sweetwater. Col. Tozers Sweetwater quartz mill was to have started up July 15th. 96 to 100; is the mild temperature of Omaha now-a-days. Flour is \$16 per hundred at Green River. Nat Stein, Esq., is back at Salt Lake, and Mr. H. B. Parsons returns to Virginia. The California line of steamers from Hong Kong to San Francisco by the latest arrival brought over nine hundred and fifty-six Chinese. Charles Miller, Deputy County Surveyor, committed suicide at St. Joe, Mo., a few days since. Cause, strong drink. The Pueblo Chieflain complains that no citizen of Colorado has yet written a life of Grant. A Mr. Martin was thrown from his horse, at Fort Sanders, July the 4th, and killed. The Frontier Index says Seth W. Payne, the world-renowned walkist, is not walking, but riding on every conveyance he gets a free chance at. Seventeen new houses going up at Fort Sanders, besides the mammoth stone buildings with iron fronts for the U. P. R. R.—Index.

READ IT.

We call attention to the article under the caption "one of the many." It was written by a sterling, true, republican; neither an office seeker, office holder, member of committee, Board or convention—a man of the people who thinks, and who expresses the sentiments of nine-tenths of the Republican party of Montana. The Prince of Wales is getting bald.—Exchange. He is well fixed. If he was bald as a bomb-shell, he would still retain the "hair apparent." "Let each Democrat buckle on his harness and march up to the polls like a band of brothers."—Mr. English at Democratic meeting. That is an improvement on the old doctrine to "vote early and—often." "Their acts of tyranny is unequalled in legislation."—Ibid. Before the election—bad English. At the election—slaughtered English. After the election—poor English. Lawrence, Kansas, has 500 pining bachelors. Helena has that many spruce ones; and still—"a man is not made of wood." We must "stoop to conquer."—New York World. More than that, oh! sinful World! You must "stoop to conquerors."

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HELENA.

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