A Bright Lad,

Ten years of age, but who declines to give his name to the public, makes this authorized, confidential statement to us:

"When I was one year old, my mamma died of consumption. The doctor said that I, too, would soon die, and all our neighbors thought that even if I did not die, I would never be able to walk, because I was so weak and puny. A gathering formed and broke under my arm. I hurt my finger and it gathered and threw out pieces of bone. If I hurt myself so as to break the skin, it was sure to become a running sore. I had to take lots of medicine, but nothing has done me so much good as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It has made me well and strong."—T. D. M., Norcatur, Kans.

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Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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ONE PILL FOR A DOSE.

A movement of the bowels each day is necessary for health. These pills supply what the system lacks to make it regular. They cure Headache, brighten the Eyes and clear the Complexion better than cosmetics. They act mildly, neither gripe nor sicken as other pills do. To convince you of their merits we will mail samples free, or a full box for 25 cents. Sold everywhere. Bozanko Med. Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

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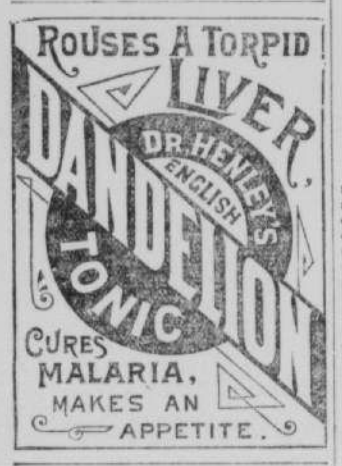

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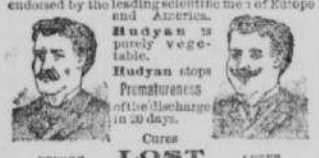
This extraordinary Rejuvenator is the most wonderful discovery of the age. It has been endorsed by the leading scientific men of Europe and America.



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BEFORE **LOST** AFTER

MANHOOD

Constipation, Dizziness, Failing Sensations, Nervous Twitching of the eyes and other parts, Strengthens, invigorates and tones the entire system. Hudyan cures Debility, Nervousness, Emissions, and developes and restores weak organs. Pains in the back, losses by day or night are stopped quickly. Over 2,000 private endorsements.

Prematureness means impotency in the first stage. It is a symptom of seminal weakness or barrenness. It can be stopped in 20 days by the use of Hudyan.

The new discovery was made by the Specialists of the old famous **Hudson Medical Institute.** It is the strongest vitalizer made. It is very powerful, but harmless. Sold for $1.00 a package or 6 packages for $5.00 (plain sealed boxes). Written guarantee given for a cure. If you buy six boxes and are not entirely cured, six more will be sent to you free of all charges.

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HE FALLS LIKE LUCIFER.

Breckinridge, Whatever the Verdict May Be, Has Gone Down Never to Rise.

No Element of the Dramatic Is Lacking in the Sensational Trial.

No Public Man in Washington Ever Fell So Suddenly From so High an Eminence.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, March 19.—To say that the Pollard-Breckinridge trial has torn the Washington mind all up would be to state it with almost criminal moderation. It is the talk of all the saloons and hotels. It is the ever renewed theme in the capitol lobbies, smoking rooms and committee rooms, and, more than all else, it is the toothsome morceau of good society. It is loudly debated in the most public places, and now and then an advocate of the defendant—though such advocates are very rare—is moved by his fervor even on the street to raise his voice in polysyllabic phrases of skyscraping eloquence. Congress is a side show in comparison, and one might truly say with Hood:

Debates in the house are scarcely read.
Willful murder falls very dead.
East and west and north and south
The case is in everybody's mouth.
To use a poetical figure—
Gossip, in taking her ravenous swim,
Saw and seized on this tempting limb
Like a shark on the leg of a nigger.

A Historical Courtroom.

The scenes at the trial have been of almost painful interest. No element of the dramatic is lacking. The old district criminal courtroom has an atmosphere redolent of historic reminiscence. It is a dull,

MISS POLLARD.

rectangular room, with dirty green walls, a dirty gray plaster ceiling, the very plainest kind of rough benches and not a vestige of ornament or color anywhere to relieve the somber bareness. If closely packed, it might hold 700 people, but after the case got fairly started the court admitted but few, while hundreds more crowded the halls and eagerly beset every one who came out to know how the case was going. Whenever all the women in the courtroom except the plaintiff, her two supporters and the witnesses were peremptorily ordered to leave, and 50 or more of them filed out looking very much disconcerted if not ashamed, the male crowd which remained has been so ungallant as to indulge in a general snicker.

It was in this queer old room that Congressman—now General—Sickles was tried just 35 years ago for killing Philip Barton Key. Six years later the conspirators against the life of Abraham Lincoln and Secretary Seward sat here through many weary days while their fate was determined, and about 17 years later Guiteau's fate was determined in the same place. All the parties and lawyers connected with this case have each a special interest. Justice Bradley has already made an interesting record. Two long tables were ranged across the bar in front of him. Behind the first sat the plaintiff and her lawyers, and behind the second the defendant and his, and as the eyes of the spectators ranged from one to the other it was noticed that she occasionally turned square around and glared upon him with a look which in our minds fully justified his appeal to Colonel Moore, chief of police, for protection against her pocket pistol.

A Picture of the Defendant.

Colonel Breckinridge is 56 years old and looks every day of it and more. Every hair of his head and his beard is of a dead white—not white like snow, but rather like well bleached tow. His eyes are seemingly of a bluish gray, but very dull at present and almost concealed by heavy and drooping eyelids. His forehead is quite low and broad, his nose a fine aquiline, and his broad face is almost red. In form he is so heavy as to look quite awkward, with shoulders like a buffalo, and is generally heavy limbed and stocky.

Directly to his left the form of Ben Butterworth attracted much attention. He is also a heavy man, but far more shapely and active. In fact, he is the active man of the defense on questions of law. Against him as the active man in law stood Calderon Carlisle, a heavy built and ruddy man, with an attractive manner and appearance. Messrs. Shelby and Stoli are comparatively young lawyers of Lexington, Ky. The well known Colonel Phil Thompson of Kentucky completes the roll at that table. Directly to the left of the plaintiff sat her principal counsel, Hon. J. M. Wilson, a rather spare man, who in southern phrase is known as "hatchet faced." To the right of the defendant were the two ladies known as her aids-de-camp, Sisters of Mercy or something of that sort. But they were honored with a mere glance.

The Plaintiff and a Dude.

Every one stared long and earnestly at the famous plaintiff. She is far from pretty. That much I can swear to, but will say no more. I have never succeeded in describing a heroine and am too old to try it now. Her dress was dark blue, and after the third day her manner might be called composed—more composed indeed than that of the defendant, whose eagerness often led him to suggest points of law in an audible voice.

Although the proceedings were on the whole solemn, yet an occasional witness involuntarily contributed a great deal of fun. Among these was a Mr. Francis, the most perfect specimen of an Anglomaniac ever seen in Washington. In dress, eyeglasses and language he completely filled the bill. He created great amusement by his extreme anxiety to show that his knowledge of the case came by mere accident, and, speaking with almost rasping grammatical precision, he insisted upon injecting into his testimony from time to time a short explanation of the duties of a gentleman on such an occasion. He told how he called at the house of Mrs. Thomas and saw plaintiff and defendant sitting together upon the sofa in the parlor; how he stepped into the hall and really couldn't go up stairs, you know, until the servant announced him; how there was only a portiere between him and the parties, and he really couldn't help hearing, you know, what they said.

At length he reached the point where Miss Pollard told him that she intended to shoot herself if Colonel Breckinridge did not marry her and kept the pistol by her bedside for that purpose, and then he added: "I really felt called on as a gentleman, you know, to encourage her, and so I said, 'Oh, dear Miss Pollard, you really must not shoot yourself, for although Colonel Breckinridge is a very fine looking man, a very distinguished man, an orator and a congressman, yet there are very many other good men in the world.'" At this court, jury, lawyers and audience broke into uncontrollable laughter, which was not checked for nearly a minute.

A Verdict That Kills.

The testimony of Colonel Moore was also entertaining. But as to the interest felt by the audience, no other witness could compare for a moment with Mrs. Blackburn. And here the correspondent might appropriately stop, and would stop if there were any longer any doubts as to the public verdict. But if there is any serious division of sentiment in Washington no sound of it comes to my ears. The judgment of all whose judgment is worth anything is one way. The verdict of the jury cuts no figure. It is the verdict of society which kills.

Looked at from that standpoint, this is truly a colossal ruin—a ruin that is complete and irremediable. The heir of an honored name, the scion of a house famous in Kentucky and the nation for 80 years, and in Virginia for nearly 80 years before that, an orator, a statesman, a Presbyterian layman who has spoken with authority in general assemblies, and a man selected of all Americans to present our case to the nation at the World's fair—even this man has risked all that and bartered the mighty space of his large honors for a woman whom the ordinary man of the world would not look at twice. Verily it goes far to prove that on one subject at least

Great wit to madness nearly is allied,
And this partitions do their bounds divide.

Forms of Condemnation.

Other men have been ruined in Washington, but it is probable that none ever fell so suddenly from so high an eminence. Congressman Bowen of South Carolina was convicted of bigamy, sentenced to the district prison and pardoned out by President Grant, but Bowen never was a man of character and in a subsequent libel suit at Charleston was proved to have been guilty of a remarkable variety of misdeeds. Congressman Whitthorne was convicted of selling cadetships, but the public had scarcely known and soon forgot him.

The Credit Mobilier inquiry dug the graves of a score of truly great reputations, but neither Oakes Ames nor James Brooks, Patterson nor any of the rest received so complete a condemnation as this. When the Beecher trial closed, public opinion might be said to have been fairly divided, and generally in such cases people divide very largely, according to classes. In this case, however, the defendant is condemned by the religious for his hypocrisy, by the moral for his vice, by good society for what they call his odious treachery to Mrs. Blackburn, by his colleagues in congress for his folly and by men of pleasure for his detestably bad taste.

The Breckinridge Family.

It remains but to add a leaf from a truly remarkable family history to emphasize the greatness of this ruin. The original American Breckinridge was a Scotch Covenanter who fled from Great Britain during the bloody persecution under Charles II. The family he founded soon became famous in Virginia. His grandson, James, won fame as a soldier with General Greene and became a federal congressman, representing the Botetourt district. He helped establish the University of Virginia and promoted the Chesapeake and Ohio canal.

His brother John was elected to the legislature at 19 and later to congress, went to Kentucky in 1798 and founded the famous family at Lexington. It is pretty clearly proved that he drafted the famous resolutions of 1798, and he was afterward United States senator and attorney general. His son John became a famous clergyman and Presbyterian polemic, while another son, Robert J., became still more famous as writer, orator and divine. In short, he was the Henry Ward Beecher of the south. He presided over the national Republican convention of 1864, while his son was serving in the Confederate army, and that son is the defendant in this case.

The son of the Rev. John Breckinridge became vice president of the United States and general in the Confederate army, and his son Clifton is the already famous congressman from Arkansas. For 100 years has this family been producing orators, statesmen, soldiers, jurists and great clergymen, and the end of the line is in this queer stuffy old courtroom in a trial which

CONGRESSMAN BRECKINRIDGE.

makes the hearers smile and sneer, and sneer and smile, and shows up such depths of folly, such apparent recklessness, in regard to social proprieties and such disregard of all ordinary precautions against concealment as make the experienced man of the world wonder how a great man could so act the infernal fool. This language might well be quoted and put in the mouth of any one of a hundred prominent men in Washington, for it is practically the unanimous verdict of the most adroit libertines, the most experienced observers and the clearest headed lawyers. J. B. PARKE.

Crossing the Atlantic

Usually involves sea sickness. When the waves play pitch and toss with you, strong indeed must be the stomach that can stand it without revolting. Tourists, commercial travelers, yachtsmen, mariners, all testify that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the best remedy for the nausea experienced in rough weather on the water. Nervous and weakly travelers by land often suffer from something akin to this, and find in the Bitters its surest remedy. No disorder of the stomach, liver or bowels is so obstinate that it may not be overcome by the prompt and thorough remedy. Equally efficacious is it for chills and fever, kidney and rheumatic trouble and nervousness. Emigrants to the frontier should provide themselves with this fine medicinal safeguard against the effects of climate, hardship, exposure and fatigue.

One Door For Brides and Corpses.

Many old houses in Holland have a special door which is never open save on two occasions—when there is a marriage or a death in the family. The bride and groom enter by this door. It is then nailed up until a death occurs, when it is opened, and the body is removed by this exit.

Ladies Appreciate

A good remedy and there is not anything on the market that equals French Tansy Tablets for the relief and cure of painful or irregular menses. These tablets remove all obstructions, no matter what the cause. Manufactured by A. Aygendre, Paris, France, and for sale only by Parchen D'Acheul Drug Co., Helena, Mont., sole agents. Price $2 per box; sent by mail securely sealed.

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WILLIAM—Cheapest.
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These three brands are the GENUINE FOSTER KID GLOVES. Ladies should be careful to see that the names of "WILLIAM," "FOWLER" or "FOSTERINA" appears in the center of the manufacturer's stamp, otherwise an imitation will be imposed upon you.

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We guarantee and at any of the above brands at these prices:

William, in All Shades and Colors and Black, Guaranteed, $1.00.
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Fosterina, in All Shades and Colors and Black, Guaranteed, $2.00.

To the public we assert and affirm that we are positively the authorized agents for the Foster Kid Gloves for Helena; that we denounce as frauds and impostors any concern, establishment or parties who dare advertise the above brands for sale; again that we will uphold our right by process of law, should said impostors or frauds under any circumstances endeavor to impose an imitation upon the community. Remember the brands—"William," "Fowler" and "Fosterina."

READ—A large bulletin board will be placed in front of our store, commencing Tuesday. Bargains will each day be heralded. This is for the especial benefit of the ladies, who are invited to call forenoons to learn the telegraphic news of the old and new world, as well as the temptation of our great offerings.

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The undersigned requests his Montana friends and any and all of the public at large, who wish to secure "INDIAN AND WHITE IN THE NORTHWEST," to send in their subscriptions in time, as the book will not be obtainable, except by those who will have subscribed to it before its publication.

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Ripans Tabules contain nothing injurious to the most delicate constitution. Are pleasant to take, safe, effectual, and give immediate relief.

May be obtained by application to nearest druggist.

NOTICE—OFFICE OF COUNTY CLERK, Lewis and Clarke county, Montana. Sealed bids will be received up to 10 o'clock a. m., Thursday, April 26, 1894, for the grading of what is known as the Wolf creek washout road, near Wolf Creek, Montana, according to entry for plat and report on file in this office. The board of county commissioners reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

By order of the board.
J. S. TOOKER, County Clerk.
Dated Helena, March 24, 1894.

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