### Notice of Final Entry.

U. S. LAND OFFICE,
HELENA, M. T., Nov. 7, 1887.

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 that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at Helena, M. T., on December 27, 1887, viz: JOHN C. McLEOD, who made pre-emption declaratory statement No. 4361 for the s ½ and w ½ s e ¼ sec 22 tp 7 n, r 14 w.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: William McDonald, Alexander McDonald, John Duffy, Samuel Man, all of Helena, Mont.

S. W. LANGHORNE, Register.
T. F. TITUS, Att'y for Claimant.
First Publication Nov. 10, 1887. 42-6

### Mining Application No. 1,947.

U. S. LAND OFFICE,
Helena, M. T., Oct. 26, 1887.

Notice is hereby given that Nicholas B [illegible], whose postoffice address is Butte City, Silver Bow county, Montana Territory, has filed his application for a patent for [illegible] linear feet of the MARIE lode and 3.79 [illegible] of non-mineral land as a millsite appurtenant thereto, said millsite to be known as the Caledonia millsite, situated in Flint Creek mining district, Deer Lodge county, Montana Territory, and designated by an official survey thereof, the plat and field notes of which are on file in this office, as Lot No. 129 A in tp 7 n, r 13 w and Lot No. 53 B in tp 7 n, r 14 w respectively, and being more particularly described as follows:

Beginning at the s e corner of the MARIE granite stone 20x12x10 inches 15 in. deep, marked 1-2029 A for Corner No. 1, bearing trees, from which the ¼ section corner to section 30 and 25 tp 7 n, r 13 and 14 w bears s 56 deg 30 min 30 sec w 6,370.5 feet; Corner No. 1 of Survey No. 2029 B bears [illegible] deg 04 min w 5,425.5 feet, and running thence n 9 deg 45 min e 1429 feet; thence n 79 deg 15 min w 600 feet; thence s 9 deg 05 min w [illegible] feet; thence s 79 deg 45 min e 587.5 feet to Corner No. 1, the place of beginning, containing an area of 20.16 acres of which .05 acres are in conflict with Survey No. 1,792 not claimed.

Beginning at the east corner of the Caledonia mill site, a stone marked 2-1452 and 1-B for Corner No. 1, with bearing trees from which the ¼ section corner between sections 25 and 30 in 7 n, r 13 and 14 w, bears n [illegible] min e 1097.5 feet; and running thence s [illegible] 38 min w 1365.4 feet; thence north 1258 feet; thence n 39 deg 45 min e 358 feet; thence [illegible] feet; thence s 39 deg 30 min w 11 feet; thence n 79 deg 30 min e 65 feet, to Corner No. 1 the place of beginning, containing an area of 2.79 acres, all claimed by the applicant, making a net area claimed in Survey No. 1947 A and B 23.20 acres.

The adjoining claims are, to Survey No. 1947 B: on the n e Sur No. 278; on the s w Sur No. 1552 and on the west pre-emption entry No. 614 and Sur No. 519, and on the n w Sur No. 279.

The location of the Marie lode is recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deer Lodge county, in Book K of lodes, page 609, and Book No. 2 of Forms of Notices, page 140.

The location of the Caledonia mill site is recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deer Lodge county in Book of Miscellaneous Records, page 101.

S. W. LANGHORNE, Register.
Frank Ringling, att'y for applicant.
First pub. Oct. 27, 1887.

### Mining Application No. 1,934.

U. S. LAND OFFICE,
Helena, M. T., Oct. 25, 1887.

Notice is hereby given that Meyer Genzberger, whose postoffice address is Butte, Silver Bow county, Montana, Thomas Roberts, Dan. Shanahy, George Schirmer and Emanuel [illegible], whose postoffice is Philipsburg, Deer Lodge county, Montana, have this day filed their application for a patent for 1,500 linear feet of the GERTRUDE lode mining claim situated in Flint Creek mining district, Deer Lodge county, Montana Territory, and designated by the official plat and field notes on file in this office as Lot No. 140 in t 7 n, r 13 w, being more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at the northwest corner a limestone 24x18x8 inches, set 16 inches deep, with a mound of earth alongside, marked 1-2103 for Corner No. 1, from which the ¼ section corner on the south boundary of section 25 t 7 n, r 14 w, bears s 53 deg 47 m w 4,415.5 feet and running thence n 75 deg 08 min e 1509.5 feet; thence s 8 deg 22 min e 593 feet; thence s 81 deg 38 min w 1500 feet; thence n 8 deg 22 min w 362 feet to the place of beginning and containing an area of 13.03 acres claimed by the above named applicants.

The location of this mine is recorded in the Recorder's office of Deer Lodge county, Montana, in Book N, of forms, page 629.

The adjoining claims are: The Silver Spike lode (unsurveyed) on the north, and the Bryan lode (unsurveyed) on the east.

S. W. LANGHORNE, Register.
John Gillie, attorney for claimants.
First pub. Oct. 27, 1887.

### Mining Application, No. 1,973.

U. S. LAND OFFICE,
HELENA, M. T., Nov. 7, 1887.

Notice is hereby given that Con. Peoples, Barney Peoples, Murt Sullivan and John Gillie, whose postoffice address is Granite, Deer Lodge county, Montana Territory, have this day filed their application for a patent for twelve hundred and eighteen (1218) linear feet of the WASP lode mining claim situated in Flint Creek mining district, Deer Lodge county, Montana Territory, and designated by the official plat and field notes on file in this office as Lot. No. 152 in Township 7 north, Range 13 west, being more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at the southeast corner, a granite stone, 28x12x7 inches, set 20 inches deep, with a mound of earth alongside, marked 1-2210 for Corner No. 1, from which Initial Point No. 2, township 7 n, range 13 w, bears s 72 deg 15 min e 181.5 feet, and running thence s 11 deg 40 min w 444.9 feet; thence s 80 deg 35 min w 1218 feet; thence s 11 deg 40 min e 478.5 feet; thence s 26 deg 50 min e 253 feet; thence n 77 deg 54 min e 1109 feet, to the place of beginning, containing an area of 13.03 acres claimed by the above named applicants.

The location of this mine is recorded in the recorder's office of Deer Lodge county, Montana, in Book P, page 436.

The adjoining claims are: Survey 1978, the Washington lode on the north; Survey 2045, the Mrs. Zens lode, and Survey 1977, the Anna lode on the east; Survey 2107, the O'Donnell lode, on the south, and the Shoo Fly lode (unsurveyed) on the west.

S. W. LANGHORNE, Register.
John Gillie, attorney for claimants.
First publication, Nov. 10, 1887. 42

### Mining Application, No. 1975.

U. S. LAND OFFICE,
HELENA, M. T., Nov. 9, 1887.

Notice is hereby given that Jerry S. Linehan, Michael Cunningham, John Ward and James Gallagher, whose postoffice address is Philipsburg, Deer Lodge county, Montana Territory, have this day filed their application for a patent for fifteen hundred (1500) linear feet of the MAGPIE lode mining claim, situated in Flint Creek mining district, Deer Lodge county, Montana Territory, the position, course and extent of said mining claim, designated by an official survey thereof, as Lot No. 138, township 7 north, range No. 13 west, of the principal base and meridian for Montana Territory, said Lot No. 138 being more particularly set forth and described in the official field notes and plat thereof on file in this office, as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at the southwest corner, a granite stone 24x14x7 inches, set 20 inches deep, marked 1-2062 for Corner No. 1, from which the ¼ section corner on the west boundary of Section 30, Township 7 north, range 13 west bears s 64 deg 38 min 45 sec w 8,489.66 feet and running thence n 5 deg 17 min e 480 feet thence s 87 deg e 1501 feet, thence s 5 deg 17 min w 540 feet, thence n 84 deg 43 min w 1500 feet to Corner No. 1 and the place of beginning. Magnetic variation on all courses 24 deg east. Containing an area of 17.56 acres, all claimed by the above named applicants.

The location of this mining claim is recorded in the office of the county recorder of Deer Lodge county, M. T., in book N, page 137.

The only known adjoining claim is the Little Tom lode, unsurveyed, claimed by E. D. Holland et al, on the west.

Any and all persons claiming adversely any portion of the Magpie Lode, mine or surface ground, are required to file their adverse claims with the Register of the United States land office at Helena, Territory of Montana, during the ten weeks' period of publication hereof, or the same will be barred by virtue of the provisions of this statute.

S. W. LANGHORNE, Register.
MAGNUS HANSON, U. S. Claim Agent.
First Publication Nov. 17, 1887.


# GEORGE SIMPSON,

PRACTICAL
Watchmaker & Jeweler
REPAIRING
Neatly and Promptly Done.

Shop with Dawson at Postoffice,

PHILIPSBURG, - - - MONTANA

# The Edwards House,

JOHN EDWARDS, Prop.

No More Complaints at Drummond.

Fine Rooms and Tables furnished with the best the market can afford. Try, be convinced and you will not be sorry.

Location:---Opposite Depot

# O'Mara & Maloney,

Proprietors of the

# Elite Saloon,

Successors to John Rains.

Imported and Domestic Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

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# CAPLICE & SMITH

DEALERS IN

# General Merchandise,

GROCERIES, HARDWARE, AND

Gents' Furnishing Goods.

We have a full and complete stock of the above named goods, and would be pleased to have you give us a call as we intend to sell as low as the lowest.

PHILIPSBURG

# Meat Market

SIGN OF THE BIG BULL

At our market we will endeavor to furnish our patrons with the best

BEEF, MUTTON,

Pork, Veal and Sausage.

Game in Season.

The highest prices paid for hides and pelts, and cattle bought and sold. Orders delivered free of charge. The firm also carries on a general market business at Granite.

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# BARGAINS!

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# Real Estate Real Estate

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For Further Paticulars Apply to

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BUTTE CITY, MONTANA.
The largest and cheapest

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For your Furniture, Stoves, Lamps, Crockery, Glassware, Mirrors, Bedding, Bar Fixtures, fit ups for house, cabin, hotel, restaurant, barber shop, saloon, etc., in short order, and mighty cheap

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Don't go elsewhere; you can save money every time by sending there for Parlor goods and furniture desks, secretaries, book cases, etc., etc.

# Knights of Labor Hall

— Located at —

GRANITE, M. T.

The public is notified that the above hall is now open to engagement by parties wishing to hire it for dancing, entertainments, shows, etc. For terms, address,

JANITOR, Granite, M. T.

Lock Box 108.


### AFTER THE SHOWER.

After the storm is past,
And winds, health laden, murmur o'er the lea,
And sing among the roadside trees, that cast
The glittering rain drops heedlessly
'Long by the wall
Where rosebud petals fall.

Happy is he who roves
Along some unfrequented road afar,
That leads o'er hilly peak, thro' perfumed groves,
Or 'long by wood embroidered scar,
And quaffs health's breath
On dew bejeweled heath.

The afternoon was hushed,
And scarce a zephyr stirred the golden rod
Or cooled the banks where dreamy streamlets gushed
Down the warm glen in tepid flood;
And landscape glowed,
Uncooled by mist or cloud.

But late the sudden storm
Burst forth upon the low, perched hills and dales,
And cooled and shadowed deep the valleys warm,
And frequent show'rs and fresh'ning gales
Transformed anew
The undulary view.

By the sequestered road,
Afresh the pinkwink chirps, and summer sounds
Charm the far birds among the clouds, and load
The summer air with drowsy rounds,
While shadows creep
Slow from the eastern deep.

—Boston Transcript.

## THE BURNT CHESTNUT.

"This is the famous Burnt Ches'nut runway," said Maj. Silas Haight, known all over the commonwealth as "the Lone Fisherman of Kettle Creek." "This is the fav'rite spot for deer hunters an' it's known fur an' near ez Burnt Ches'nut runway, though th' hain't no more sign of a burnt ches'nut here naw th'n th' is on that flat rock yonder. Right whar yon second growth pine is standin', not an inch to the left nor to the right, is jist whar the ol' burnt ches'nut stood th't give this runway its name, years an' years ago, an' it'll be the ol' Burnt Ches'nut runway ez long ez therz a hunter left to come here an' stan' an' take his chances fer deer.

"Ol' Burnt Ches'nut! I'd jist like to hev some o' the ol' times over ag'in th't I've had on this blame nigh played out mountain! W'en I look back at 'em I get humsick all through, an' ez lonesome ez a widdered turtle dove. Th' hain't nothin' nor nobody no more, sonny, an' that's a fact. That is, not to speak on. Tharz one or two o' the ol' boys left yit, an' wunst in a w'ile they manage to strike out here an' p'tend they're ketchin' fish, an' play at huntin' deer. But th' was a hull nest of us in the rippin' an' tearin' ol' times, an' we run the township, for its leadin' citizens in them days was deer an' ba'r an' painters. Some o' the ol' boys 'd git keerless now an' then, an' let a ba'r ketch a hiplock on 'em, or give a panther too much rope, an' so they gradually got chewed up an' pulled in two. Thar were Pete Muffer, come to think on it. He got missed one fall an' didn't never show up with the boys ag'in. He were a fault findin' sort o' chap, Pete were, an' allaz kep' a jawin' 'cause th' wa'n't nothin' in the woods wuth tacklin' any more, an' he got up an' swore, reg'lar ev'ry fall, th't he'd never be happy till he could git some'rs whar he could rassel tigers or sumpin' o' that kind th't were wuth tacklin' an' were likely to stan' some show with him. So w'en Pete didn't turn up no more, we s'posed, o' course, he had along his rifle on his shoulder an' pulled out for some deestric' or other whar tigers was roamin' about an' roarin' for somebody to come and give 'em some lessons in rough an' tumbles. We had pooty nigh forgot all about Pete, but the nex' spring arter he'd cut sticks, ez we s'posed, Jim Barmer slugged a big bar over t'long Persimmen Holler one day. Th' wa'n't nuthin' differ'nt 'bout that b'ar from any other b'ar, 'cept th't w'en Jim dressed it he un'arthed a big tin terbacker box in its innards. The box was battered an' stained an' showed hard times generally, but th' wa'n't no mistakin' o' it. Ev'ry body rec'nized it as Peter Muffer's, an' that'a all th' were left o' him. The rest o' him had nat'rally disappeared, but th' hain't no b'ar as ever stole a pig ez kin digest a tin terbacker box, sure.

"Then thar were Gobe Ransom. Gobe wa'n't rash, ginerally speakin', but one nice day in the fall he bit off a leetle more'n he could chaw w'en he tried to git away with three painters at one time right over yonder in the Goose Medder woods. Not e'zac'ly that, nuther, fer he did git away with 'em, but the trouble were, he didn't git away from 'em. W'en we run ag'in Gobe the nex' day he were layin' on top o' one o' the biggest painters I ever see. Gobe's left hand were clutched on its throat, an' his t'other hand were tight aroun' the handle of his huntin' knife an' the blade o' the knife were up to the hilt in the painter's heart. Off to one side laid two more big painters, both deader'n the Pilgrim fathers. So were the painter Gobe were layin' on. So were Gobe an' th' wa'n't much left o' him, nuther.

"An' thar were tough an' game Josh Patten. That poor feller grieved himself to death, say some, as measles is ketchin'. Josh stepped inter one o' his own b'ar traps one day an' thar he was. The jaws o' the trap held him tighter th'n a vise, 'twixt the knee an' the ankle. Th' wa'nt no use o' his tryin' to git out an' so he sot down to grin an' bear it, hopin' th't some o' us mowt stumble along that way an' help him loose. He were thar in the iron jaws o' that trap for a day an' a night an' nobody showed up to give him a lift. Seeing th't the chances war th't he'd hef to starve in the trap 'nless some kind hearted b'ar should come along and chaw him, Josh sot to an' prayed for b'ar. A big un kim snuffin' an' growlin' to'ards the trap nex' day, but it seemed to reco'nize Josh an' were 'feared to tackle him. Josh act'ally coaxed bruin, with tears a streamin' down his cheeks, to pitch in an' rouse him an' let him die like a white man, but the o'ar turned tail and dug fer the swamp. Then Josh swore th't he wouldn't starve, but would die game; an' so he drawed his huntin' knife to slash it 'cross his wizzen pipe, w'en all of a sudden an idee hit him in the conk. 'Ste'd o' splittin' his wizzen pipe, Josh jist onj'inted his leg at the knee an' crawled to his cabin two miles away. Two or three o' us boys had happened together thar that mornin' not knowin' th't Josh were missin'. He come a crawlin' in w'ile they were thar, an' they took charge of him an' done him up in shape. He soon pulled through, but he coulda't git over the idee o' bein' crippled in a way th't wa'n't reg'lar, an' he jist wasted an' wasted away, an' one mornin', 'fore any one know'd it sca'cely, he turned his face to the wall an' slipped over the river.

"An' that's the way the ol' boys turned up their toes, sonny, one after another, ez long ez it were wuth w'ile foolin' 'roun' in the woods after a chance. I'm afeerd I've lost my chance o' followin' their example, for th' hain't a painter nor a sign o' one within a thousan' miles o' here, an' it don't seem to be no trick at all to settle with a b'ar nowadays. If my ol' gun don't bust, or a tree don't fall an' squash me, or a scattering shot in the woods don't wing me or I don't fall overboard in the pond an' git drowned, I'm feerd, sonny, th't I'll hef to peg out in bed, an' th't the boys ez died game 'll kinder feel ashamed o' me w'en Gabriel gives the bugle call an' I jine 'em on t'other side o' Jurdan.

"But this here Burnt Ches'nut runway—course yew heerd the curious story ez to how it got its name? Didn't never hear it? Wall, I swow! That's curiouser yet th'n the story, an' bein's ye haven't got nuthin' better to listen to jest now th'n them sassy red squirrels ez is chucklin' at us from ev'ry durn tree that's got a hole in it an' them wuthless jaybirds th't sings ez if they was filin' a saw an' the tappin' o' that woodpecker on that dead pine over yender, I'll jist give ye the history o' ol' Burnt Ches'nut.

"It happened a good many years ago, it did, sonny—so long ago that thez very few in the country ez ever heern on it, let alone 'memberin' on it. 'Twa'n't long after stage coaches begun to run up through this deestric', an' that's fur enough back, goodness knows. Wall, anyhow, one fall an ol' man th't seemed to hev his share o' money got out o' the stage over yender at the crossin's tavern, on t'other side o' the bridge, an' staid thar. He give his name as Simon Morer, an' he took to lookin' 'bout the deestric', an' finally bought a tract o' land up 'long the Big Swamp run. He had a piece of it cleared o' timber, an' then he built the biggest an' snuggest log house th't were ever seen. The nex' summer half a dozen wagon loads o' furnitur' an' setch fixin's fer housekeepin' ez hadn't never been seen nor heern on in these parts came a-drivin' up to ol' Morer's log house, an' followerin' them came the ol' man, two young fellers ez turned out to be his sons an' an all-fired han'some gal, not more'n 16 year ol'. It soon got n'ised around 'mongst w'at few folks th' was diggin' in them days fer a livin' in the deestric' th't this gal were the ol' man's niece. One o' the boys were named Simon, arter his pap, I s'pose, an' t'other were called James. Simon were 'bout 23, an' James not more'n 21. The gal's name were Patience. James was a tip top young chap an' fell right in with the ways o' the ol' residenters, an' got to be so pop'lar 'mong 'em th't twa'n't long 'fore they was callin' him Jim. Young Simon, though, were an overbearin' an' disagreeable cuss. He hated the woods an' the people, and didn't make no bones o' saying so. Consequently, folks wa'n't so blame well sot to'ards him ez they mowt ha' been. But that hain't nuther here nor thar.

"You noticed, o' course, how things will git circ'lated around, an' anyone's business be ev'ryone's business, even if th' hain't more'n half a dozen folks in a deestric' twenty miles square. Wall, that's the way it went 'bout the Morers, an' twa'n't long 'fore the hull woods know'd th't ol' Morer kep' a good deal o' money in his house, locked up in a iron bound chist, an' th't young Simon an' his brother Jim was both on 'em dead in love with their cousin Patience, an' th't Patience had her heart sot on Jim, an' th't consekently th' were the ol' boy to pay most o' the time in the Morer family. The ol' man's favorite son were young Simon, an' w'ile he owned up to that, he wouldn't hev no force—but business in the matter o' Patience, an' were tryin' all the time to get the boys to patch up some sort o' compromise Th' were trouble, too, about the ol man's money 'cause Simon he claimed th't most of it must be his'n by rights, an' Jim he 'lowed th't he'd be blamed if th' were.

"An' so things went on for a year an' better. One day Sam Bates, who were happenin' to walk by the Morer place, heard a big quarrel goin' on 'mongst the fam'ly. He heerd the ol' man say th't he wouldn' stan' it no longer. An' th't he'd divide his money even 'twixt the boys, an' th't the girl must marry Simon. Then Jim he swore by all that was blue th't the girl shouldn't marry Simon, yet es fer the money, the old man could do jist ez he blamed pleased with it. Ol' Simon tol' young Simon to take the stage fer Philadelphy nex' mornin', an' have his lawyer draw up the papers, an' to bring 'em back an' he'd sign 'em, an' Simon went.

"Th' wa'n't much stir seen 'bout the Morer place fer a week arter that. Then folk thort it began to look mysterious, an' were jist on the pin't o' 'vestigatin' it, w'en young Simon got back. 'Twan't many hours 'fore the hull deestric' know'd th't Simon had found the house empty. The ol' man were gone, Jim were gone, Patience were gone, an' wuss th'n all, as Simon said, the ol' man's money chist were gone. Simon ripped 'round the neighborhood an' swore th't his brother Jim had murdered the ol' man an' hid his body som'ers in the woods, an' then stole the money an' run off with Patience. More'n th't, he swore th't ev'ry one in the deestric' had helped Jim do it, an' th't he'd hev 'em all hung. But no evidence o' no murder couldn't be found, an' nobody couldn't understand w'at it all meant. Arter w'ile Simon, findin' th't he couldn't find a clew to nothin', sot fire to the house one night an' nex' day left the deestric', cussin' ev'rybody th't were in it, an' nobody ever see him ag'in.

"People was beginning to fergit all about the curious sarcumstance, w'en who should pop outen a stage one day at the crossin' but Jim Morer an' Patience, ez smilin' ez two baskets o' chips! Wall, now, sonny, mebbe th' wa'n't a time w'en Jim and the gal heerd the news. They jist went wild, an' ev'ry body see to wunst that they didn't knaw nuthin' 'bout ol' Morer or his money. Jim said that him an' Patience had been bound to marry one another, an' so the night arter young Simon went to Philadelphy to see the lawyer, they jist slid quietly out o' the house an' walked ten miles through the woods an' got married, an' war on a weddin' tower ever sence. W'en they left the house, they said, the ol' man were gone to his room, an' fer all th't they knowed he were thar w'en they went out. Jim an' his wife staid in the deestric' for weeks, tryin' to clear matters up, but they couldn't, an' by an' by they went away.

"Nobody see nor heerd nothin' o' Jim for three year arter that, an' then he come back to the deestric' with a party o' friends to hev a hunt. They camped 'way down by Big Crane run, an' one day Jim got lost in the woods. He wandered 'round till night, an' not bein' able to git his bearin's, concluded to bunk in till mornin'. He started a big fire to keep hisself warm an' to keep off the painters an' wolfs, and then laid down in the leaves at the foot of a big dead tree. He got to sleep, an' was waked up by sumpin' in the night, an' thar he see the dead tree a burnin', the fire havin' crep' along in the leaves an' ketched outer the dry tree, an' it bein' ches'nut had jist more'n snapped an cracked with it. The hull o' one side of the trunk was a fire, an' Jim hadn't more'n got onter his feet 'fore smash! come the burnin' tree to the ground, leavin' t'other side jist a ketchin'. But it wa'n't the fallin' of the burnin' tree thar in the dead o' the forest th't made Jim jump an' turn pale, an' then stand ez still ez if he'd been friz to the spot. Nobody else war in the pond an' gis