

THE PHILIPSBURG MAIL.

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PHILIPSBURG, GRANITE COUNTY, MONTANA, FRIDAY, AUGUST 20, 1897.

PRICE: FIVE CENTS.

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MACHINE EXTRAS AND OILS.

The Mail is the Official Paper

FOR

Granite County and the City of Philipsburg.

THEY HONOR BRYAN

A Big Excursion From Philipsburg to Drummond.

BRYAN DELIVERS AN ADDRESS

Enthusiastic Greeting of the Citizens of the Chief Silver County of Montana to Silver's Champion—Notes.

The visit of Hon. W. J. Bryan to Montana and the fact that the car bearing the distinguished party would pass Drummond going to and coming from Hamilton, formed the nucleus for the getting up of an excursion to Drummond late Tuesday evening. After considerable telegraphing to Hon. C. S. Hartman and the St. Paul and Missoula offices of the Northern Pacific railway company, it was definitely settled that the excursion would take place and Mr. Abbey, agent for the railway company in Philipsburg, proceeded to make all arrangements. He sent after an extra passenger coach, thinking that would be sufficient for the crowd, but in this he was mistaken, as the coaches were filled almost exclusively with ladies and children, and two freight cars, beside the baggage car were pressed into service for the accommodation of the large crowd.

The excursionists began to flock toward the railway depot as early as 4 o'clock in the afternoon, over an hour before the departure of the train. Shortly before 5 o'clock the Philipsburg Silver Cornet Band marched to the depot, followed by a large crowd, and shortly after the train was speeding under way with Conductor Ward in charge and Engineer Herring at the throttle.

Upon arriving at Drummond some hasty arrangements were made in providing accommodations for the speaking. When the east-bound train arrived at the depot the crowd made a rush for the rear car in which it was



WILLIAM J. BRYAN.

known the Bryan party were located, and Mr. Bryan was soon on the platform bowing his acknowledgements to the enthusiastic, cheering multitude. Senator Lee Mantle made the introductory speech in a few words in which he was loudly cheered. When Mr. Bryan bowed and began his remarks the applause was deafening. He spoke or probably twenty minutes and during this talk his auditors seemed almost wild with enthusiasm. Like all his former speeches the short one at Drummond pleased his hearers immensely, as he has a very easy and natural flow of language, and he always introduces just enough humor into his speeches to please his hearers. Among other things he said that he thought it hardly necessary to talk bi-metallism to his present audience, as they had already been converted. He stated that he had recently received a letter of congratulation from an admirer on his being elected to the presidency of the United States. This man said that previous to the election the gold-bug press had predicted disaster and ruin, business and bank failures if he (Bryan) should be elected, and as all these things were happening, the writer of the letter inferred that Bryan must certainly have been elected. Hence, the congratulation.

He spoke of the death grip the trusts and combinations had on the people of the country, whom they were throttling to death; of the wonderful increase in the vote in the recent national election in the close or doubtful states, and said that a great many people really believed he had been elected by an honest vote. He dwelt strongly upon the necessity of keeping up the gallant fight for bi-metallism and encouraged his auditors to stronger and more determined effort in that direction, saying that he was positive that the free coinage of gold and silver at the ratio of 16 to one would win in the end, because it is right. He was a firm believer that the United States

could bring this end about alone and without the aid or intervention of any other country on the face of the earth.

At the close of Bryan's remarks he started for the train, but it was some time before he could get there owing to the scramble of the crowd to get a chance to shake hands with him. There were loud calls for Mrs. Bryan, and as soon as Mr. Bryan reached the train Mr. and Mrs. Bryan and children came out on the rear platform and smiled and bowed to the cheering crowd.

NOTES OF THE DAY.

Engineer Herring brought the train home in a hurry, being little over an hour in coming up.

At the conclusion of Mr. Bryan's speech, Judge Durfee proposed three cheers for "the next president," and they were given with a vim.

Granite county was probably the banner Bryan county of the United States, casting over 97 per cent of the entire vote of the county for the white metal's friend and champion.

There must have been between 800 and 1000 people present at Drummond. Besides the train load that went down from Philipsburg and vicinity, crowds came in on horseback, carriages, etc., from all parts of the upper end of the county as well as adjoining counties.

The lack of seating capacity on the train made it somewhat disagreeable for many of the male excursionists, but no one could hardly be blamed for that, as there was absolutely no means of ascertaining how many would attend. Agent Abbey did all in his power to get the excursion up and bring it to a successful ending.

WE'VE HEARD

That "Yukon" bet there is gold in Alaska.

That a kind word put out at interest brings back an enormous percentage of love and appreciation.

That gamblers are doing nicely, thank you, at Klondike. "Freeze out" is the popular game.

That the way to procure insults is to submit to them—a man meets with no more respect than he exacts.

That the average woman goes to her grave remembering what girl gave her the cheapest wedding present she got.

That the best portion of a good man's life is his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love.

That to be always polite to the people at home is not only more ladylike but more refined than having company manners.

That a girl's idea of a lovely married couple is one that always gives a party on the anniversary of the day they first meet.

That after a woman has been married a few months she goes around with a look on her face indicating that she smells a rat.

That a French inventor has discovered a method of rendering ships invisible. The United States navy has no need for this invention.

That the ship-owners and outfitters of the Pacific coast have good reason to believe in the Klondike bonanza. There are more ways to get gold than thawing it out.

That the postal department is working away on a new postal card. If it can invent one that can be used with invisible ink, it will earn the gratitude of all towns that have postmistresses.

That the rewards of honesty and unswerving principle are sometimes low, but that in the end they are sure, and greater for their slow coming, admits of no question. It is the great inner satisfaction which comes to a man that counts.

That it is downright viciousness to compel people to spend much money and time fighting a legal battle, and to be met with the verdict which the "hung" jury system so often renders. Hang the juries and let the judges decide the suits.

That every home in Philipsburg ought to be provided with the city water. Those persons who now have water service have nice green velvety lawns no matter how dry the weather may be. The water is worth all it costs for washing and cooling porches and walks, to say nothing of the healthy qualities for drinking.

That gold is a cheap commodity at

the Klondike mines. It takes \$1.50 worth of it to buy a dinner of pork and beans, 75 cents for a drink of whisky, or \$15 worth of it to pay a day's labor. If we could cheapen it throughout the country by adding the whole amount of our silver production to the standard money of the country, the price of products and wages would rise, and we would enter upon an era of unexampled prosperity.

That the man who won't take a paper because he can borrow one has invented a machine by which he can cook his dinner by the smoke from his neighbor's chimney. This same fellow sits in the back pew in church to save interest on his contributions and is always borrowing a ride to save wear and tear on his own horse flesh. Yes, we know him. He is first cousin to the man who never winds his watch for fear of breaking the spring. He is undoubtedly a relative of the man who went into the yard last winter to soak his hair in water, let it freeze and then broke it off in order to cheat the barber out of a hair cut.

That a woman cannot sharpen a pencil, and outside of commercial circles she cannot tie a package to make it look like anything save a crooked cross section of chaos; but, land of miracles! see what she can do with a pin! There are some women who can pin a glass knob to a door. She cannot walk so many miles around a billiard table with nothing to eat and nothing (to speak of) to drink, but she can walk the floor all night with a fretful baby without going sound asleep the first half hour. She can ride 300 miles without going into the smoking car to rest (and get away from the children). She can go to the town and do a wearisome day's shopping and have a good time with three or four friends without drinking a keg of beer. She can endure the torturing distraction of a house full of children all day while her husband cuffs them all howling to bed before he has been home an hour.

That but few people appreciate the worth of a country newspaper, and many of those who do will not admit of it. Now we will venture the assertion that you have a scrap book in your home that you hold as almost priceless, and a scrap book is made up almost wholly of the clippings from your home newspaper, and still people will kick at \$1 or \$2 when they say they can't get along without it. You say you can get the city weeklies for less money. Granted. But what are they worth to you or your family in years to come? Can you gather from them anything that will interest you ten years hence? In case one of your family dies, will there be an article in the Chicago paper to remind you of the exact date and all such things that may be filed away for reference? Where do you get all those little pieces of your own busy self in this busy world of ours? And again we turn our footsteps to the outside world to the happenings of this and our sister nations, and do you not find as much, if not more, general news in the home paper than we are apt to remember? Of course, however, we do not mean this for an advertisement.

"KLONDIKE."

Something About the Alaskan Gold Fields.

The discovery of immeasurable wealth in the Klondike gold fields and along the Yukon river in the far north is the sensation of the century. Men who a few months ago had nothing, have gained great fortunes at a single bound. The eyes of millions are cast covetously upon the glittering, alluring gold which only awaits the coming of fortune seeker. What the great masses of people want now is full, accurate, definite information about this wonderful land of gold. How are they to get there, how much will it cost, what must they take, how shall they proceed to get a mine, what kind of a country is it, how is the climate, what about the population, resources, history, government, Indian villages, mining camps, the course of the great Yukon, its gold yielding tributaries, mountain systems, passes, and, in brief, all that is known of this wonderful territory of fabulous riches? This is what the people demand. How are they going to get it? Obviously not from the cheap, unreliable books which are always prepared and thrown on the market upon important occasions like this. This tremendous demand for absolutely authentic information we are indeed fortunate in being able to meet by offering a splendid and sumptuous volume possessing absolute reliability, unimpeachable authorship and constituting the only complete guide for Alaska gold seekers extant. It is a book of wonderful revelations, thrill-

Wall Paper, Mixed Paints, Pocket Cutlery, Fishing Tackle, Mineral Glasses, Compasses and Location Papers.

The above enumerated articles are now in season. We have a goodly supply of each. Our prices are in harmony with present conditions. We are not selling out. We are not trying to get away. Anything you buy of us, if not satisfactory we will be here to make it good. We are going to stay through the McKinley administration. If you need anything in the

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PHILIPSBURG, - MONTANA.

ing narrative, splendid illustration—a truthful, yet fascinating story of the new El Dorado which yields its marvelous wealth in a manner unparalleled in the history of the world. The book is intensely interesting and we repeat absolutely authentic, being based on government reports and geological surveys, besides being written by an Alaskan who has spent years in the mines. It tells all about the different methods of mining, panning, sluiceways, quartz mining; gives sectional views of famous mines from which millions and millions of dollars have been taken during the last few months and the magic mining towns—Dawson City, Circle City, Juneau, and others—are fully described and illustrated. It tells of that portion of Alaska known as temperate Alaska where it is no colder the year round than right here in Philipsburg, and also the interior country with its temperature of from 40 to 65 degrees below zero for many months in the year. The peculiarities of a country where at certain seasons the sun does not set till 11:30 at night, only to come up smiling again at 1:30 in the morning, are fully described. How the gold came to Alaska, output of the mines in previous years, the trip up the Yukon, the different overland routes, best time to start, travel by dogs, opinions and experiences of California forty-niners, and scores of other subjects of vital interest are all treated in such an exhaustive manner as to leave nothing more to be said or desired. The book is profusely illustrated with maps, drawings, and half-tone plates from photographs taken on the spot by our special staff correspondents. Over 500 pages; bound in art canvas; beautiful chromatic cover design in four colors. Price, only \$1.50. Subscribe now—today. Don't wait. This book can only be obtained through our authorized agent, A. M. Barnes.

Albert T. Lamb and his four children, of Rockford, Ill., were poisoned by eating what they supposed to be mushrooms.

Joseph E. Webb a painter of Birmingham, Ala., fell into an open tank that receives waste steam and hot water from the furnace of a foundry and was literally boiled alive.

New York is being flooded with counterfeit pennies. Within the last two weeks 500 of them have been cancelled. An organized band is passing the coins upon news boys and small trades people.

A dog wearing a gold collar set with diamonds has been stolen from Mrs. Jennie Hamberg at the Warwick hotel, New York. It is not known whether the lady belongs to the theatrical profession or not.

—Metropole has come. See McDonald & Wharton about it.

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MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.