

# A ONCE BUSTLING CAMP NOW ENTIRELY DESERTED

## RUMSEY ON THE VERGE OF DECAY

The Closing Down of Its Great  
Silver Mill in 1893 Brought  
Grief to the Old Town.

THE once thriving camp of Rumsey, which is still indicated on the maps as the terminal of the Philipsburg and Drummond railway, exists now only in name and its population at one time numbering over 500 has long since departed for pastures new. With the exception of one or two watchmen, employed by the Granite Binmetallic company, no one inhabits the place at present. Prior to 1888 such a place as Rumsey was unknown in this district, yet within five months after the Granite Mountain Co. had selected the place for a millsite and commenced the construction of the great Rumsey mill the gulch was known to all the mining world.

The Northern Pacific Railway company extended its line up the gulch and erected a neat little station at the place. Two trains were run every day between there and Philipsburg, and telephone and telegraphic connections were established with the outside world. The mammoth Granite mill, of which a picture is here presented, consisted of 90 stamps. It was completed and put in operation about March 15, 1889. The different departments of the mill, with exception of the retort house, are under one roof. The boiler-house is 40x60 feet and incloses six fine boilers 54 inches in diameter by 16 feet in length. The engine was a compound Corliss with cylinders 22 3/8x60 inches, the fly wheel weighed 24,000 pounds; the room is 60x46 feet. In the pan-room 37x240 feet—were 28 pans, 14 settlers and agitators, and two amalgamators. Battery-room is 39x170 feet, the stamps—90 in number—weighed 900 pounds each, making 90 drops per min-

ute. Automatic feeders supplied the batteries. There are two cooling floors 39x168 feet, each holding a week's run of pulp. The roasting and drying-room is 50x267 feet and contained four improved roasters and four revolving dryers. The ore house is 35x470 feet and has a capacity of 2,000 tons. The retort-room is 50x56 feet and contains eight retorts and melting furnaces. An aerial tramway was employed in conveying the ore from the mine at Granite to the mill, a distance of nearly three miles. The mill continued in operation until the spring of 1893, when it was shut down and not a wheel has been turned since. Most of the machinery has been moved away and the supplies and parts of the mill have been used by the company in making repairs at their other plants.

The Rumsey mill has fallen by the way-side and will probably never run again. As a quartz mill it is out of date and will no doubt eventually be torn down. The railroad also has been abandoned and for a number of years not a train has been run over it. The rails are still in place, but the ties have rotted away in many places and the track is considered unsafe.

The town of Rumsey which ten years ago harbored hundreds of prosperous people is now almost forgotten. No one thinks of Rumsey, and the only visitors the camp has are berry pickers in the early fall when the buckberries are ripe.

"Mr. Gallent, you are something of a student of human nature," began Miss Bewelins coyly.

"Ah, but now," he interrupted, flashing his bold black eyes upon her, "I am a divinity student."

# Christmas Day

Its Early History Massacres by the Romans

It is a generally accepted belief that on the date that we call Christmas day Christ was born. This is questioned by some chroniclers, but the doubt does little harm, says the Brooklyn Eagle. Every one is satisfied to take this date as the nativity of Christ, and it matters little whether it is historically correct or not; one day in the year, it is believed by all good Christians, should be set aside for the celebration of the birth of Jesus of Nazareth, and the 25th of December is as good a day as any on the calendar.

It is necessary to go back to the Roman era to find the first recorded reference to a festival on the date known to us as Christmas day, so that it need not be cause for surprise if through all the past ages the record of the exact day on which Christ was born should have become lost. History tells us that the first feast to be celebrated on the 25th of December was established by Commodus, emperor of Rome, who flourished about 185 years after the birth of Christ.

After that there are many references to the meetings of the new sect called the Christians, who gathered on this day to celebrate the birth of the God Man. It is not until a century after the time of Commodus that we find a particular reference to the persecution that the Christians underwent at the hands of the pagan emperors having culminated in a grand Christmas day massacre.

Diocletian was the Roman who decided to celebrate the date by killing off a few Christians. He did so with a vengeance. The most horrible deed perpetrated during the festival was on Christmas day, when the assembled Christians, gathered in their place of meeting, were set upon and slaughtered, while the Romans looked on in great glee at the sight of antipagan people being put to death for their religion's sake.

When Rome was no longer a pagan state, the feast began to be celebrated in the Christian style, although some of the songs that were sung and some of the rites of the festival would greatly shock the strictly orthodox churchgoer of the present day. At that time there were no excursion trains to carry those who wished to take part in a public celebration from point to point, and the electric telegraph had not been thought of. Consequently those who celebrated the birth of Christ in early days did so in widely separated countries, sometimes at widely separated periods of time and according to no set programme. It was every community for itself, and no one to criticize the others for not being careful about the date.

As a matter of fact, the ancient celebration of Christ's nativity was left entirely to the discretion of the different bodies, and as every community had divergent interests the time was arranged to suit the exigencies of the case. If Christmas day happened to come upon a time when there was too much work to be done to permit of a holiday, then it would be postponed until a more suitable season. Owing to this indifference to precedents the exact date when the birth of Christ ought to be kept was hopelessly lost.

On one thing they were all the ancient agreed—namely, that the festival in commemoration of the birth of Christ ought to be the most magnificent of the year. In some cases it was kept up for days and the meaning of the festival was forgotten long before the revelers returned to their homes again.

It is interesting to observe that the custom of giving presents at Christmas time, which has survived to this day, was begun in the first days of the Christmas feast. So was the custom that is known as carol singing. The songs of today are based on the event that makes Christmas day a time of rejoicing, but at that time they were not overparticular as to the subject chosen by the singers. In fact it would be difficult to find in some of them an excuse for the singing of such ditties at a religious festival.

It is a striking feature of this Christmas celebration that from its earliest recorded history there is no sentiment in connection with it but those of kindness and good feeling. However much the old style of celebrating Christmas might be objectionable to the twentieth century critic of orthodox tendencies who frowns at the frivolity of some of the customs, it was always a time for the better side of human nature to be exhibited and for people to take gifts to each other in a spirit of peace and good will. This kindly spirit has been maintained until all over the world today it is seen in the merry-making, the happiness conveyed by the glorious institution of Santa Claus, the steaming hot dinners presented to the poor, the frolic and the funmaking in almost every home, and the gathering together for the yearly reunion of those whom circumstances separate for the greater part of the year. May the season never cease to be famous for its power to bring out the better attributes of men and women, as it did of old!

**Origin of Mince Pie.**  
English plum pudding and mince pies both owe their origin, or are supposed to, to an occurrence attendant upon the birth of Christ. The highly seasoned ingredients refer to the offering of spices, frankincense and myrrh by the wise men of the east to the Christ Child.—New York World.

### HIS CHRISTMAS PIPE.

A Woman's Solitude and a Tobacco Dealer's Perfidy.

The bachelor had been invited to a Christmas dinner. His friend and his friend's pretty wife were just vying with each other in their efforts to dispel from his soul the gloom supposed to come to the man without a home upon this day above all others. They had, winced him and dined him, and now that they were seated in the library facing the burning logs in the fireplace the hostess brought out the bachelor's Christmas present. It was a briarwood pipe, with a beautiful curved mouthpiece as transparent as glass.

"Now, I bought this myself," she explained sweetly, "and I told the pipe man that if you didn't like it after smoking it I was going to make him exchange it. You must try it now."

This the bachelor proceeded to do, thanking his hostess for her solicitude in picking out the pipe herself.

"I think the mouthpiece is such pretty, clear amber," she went on as she saw her guest stick it between his teeth and begin puffing away.

"Yes, it's remarkably pretty," he assented, but there was just a tinge of doubt in his tone.

The bachelor sat in his chair, with the mouthpiece between his teeth and two fingers of his left hand clasped about the stem, smoking very peacefully when there was a sudden blinding flash before his eyes, a fierce pain at the tip of his tongue and a cloud of campbor smelling smoke rising to the ceiling. The bowl of the pipe fell to the floor and the burning tobacco was spilled upon the carpet. The mouthpiece had vanished. The hostess screamed, the two men sprang to their feet.

"What happened?" cried the woman in alarm.

"Oh, nothing," explained her husband, "except that your beautiful amber mouthpiece is celluloid and has burned up."

Then he stamped out the burning tobacco and gazed ruefully at the big hole in the carpet.

"Oh," exclaimed the hostess to the bachelor as blushes came to her cheeks and tears to her eyes, "what can I say? That horrid pipe man! He promised so faithfully that he wouldn't swindle me."

The bachelor didn't know quite what to say himself. He had a hole in the end of his tongue, and this didn't help him any in choosing the right words, but he managed to stammer that he was sure it wasn't her fault and that all pipe men were born villains.

"Remember, my dear," remarked the husband, with a reminiscent smile, "that the good Lord never intended women to be good judges of cigars, tobacco or pipes."—New York Sun.

### ROAST TURKEY.

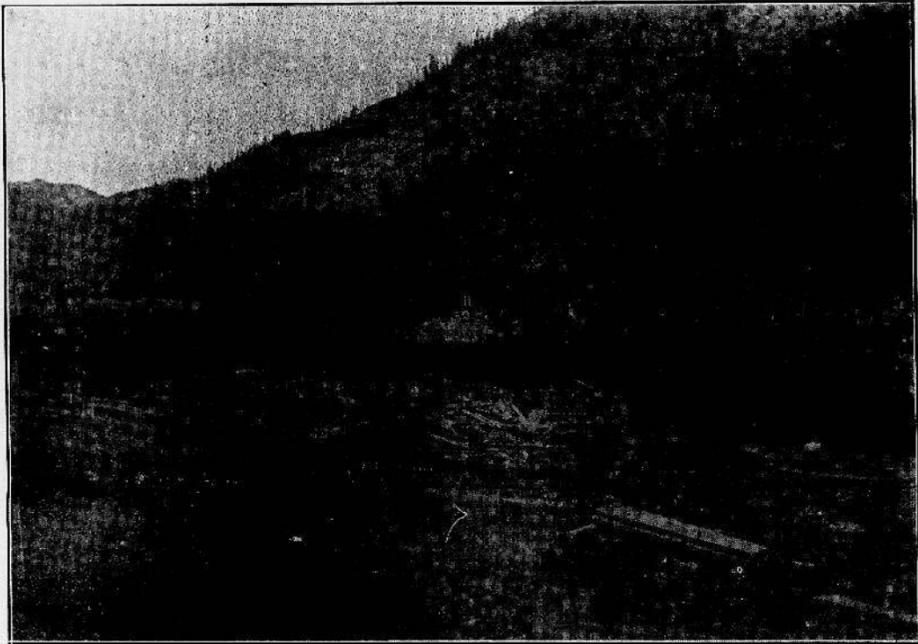
How to Select and Prepare the Bird For the Table.

Select a nice young turkey of ten pounds in weight, single, draw and wash it quickly in cold water, then wipe it dry with a towel. Season the bird inside as well as outside with one teaspoonful of salt in all. Soak one-half pound of bread two days old in cold water till soft, inclose it in a napkin and press out all the water. Place a saucepan with one tablespoonful of lettuce and two tablespoonfuls of fine chopped onions over the fire, stir and cook five minutes without browning. Then add the bread, stir and cook five minutes. Remove, and when cold mix it with one pound of sausage meat, season with one even teaspoonful salt, one-half teaspoonful thyme and one-quarter teaspoonful pepper. Fill the crop and body with this forcement, sew it up and truss nicely. Cover the breast and thighs with thin slices of larding pork, tie it firmly with a cord, lay the turkey in a roasting pan, pour over two ounces of melted butter and place the pan in a medium hot oven to roast. Baste freely with its own gravy till the bird is light brown on all sides, then add a little water. Continue to roast, basting frequently till done. A turkey of ten pounds will take two and one-half hours cooking. Place the giblets in a saucepan covered with cold water over the fire, add one teaspoonful of salt, and when it boils add a small onion. Cook till done. Shortly before serving lay the turkey on a hot dish, remove the skewers and strings, free the gravy from all fat, mix one tablespoonful of cornstarch with one-half cupful of cold water, add to it the gravy, stir and cook a few minutes, then add sufficient giblet broth to make one pint of sauce. Cook five minutes, strain through a sieve, rub the liver fine with a spoon, add to the gravy and serve.

### Every Idol Has Its Day.



It is Santa Claus' turn now.—New York World.



THE ONCE FAMOUS RUMSEY MILL AT RUMSEY, MONTANA.  
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### HOW TO CARVE A TURKEY.

The Art Made Plain For the President of the Feast.

CUSTOM has made it usual hereabouts to eat turkey for our Christmas dinner, and accordingly the festive bird will grace many a table. But it is not everybody who knows how to carve a turkey, and the hints given here may help many a bewildered man to so demean himself that the ordeal may not disgrace him in the eyes of the wife of his bosom, as well as of those guests who may be present at his board.

Have the turkey resting upon his back. Put the two tined fork in about an inch in front of the peak of the breastbone, where it will sink into a hollow formed by the peculiar conformation of the breastbone. The bird is then held firmly while the carving is being done.

The first thing to do is to take off the legs at the second joint. Cut down alongside the leg and bear outward a little, with the knife set well in.

The knife is inserted above the leg, and after making an incision it is pressed outward. The second joint then parts easily from the body. After both legs are removed in this manner the wings should be cut off, the knife being used on practically the same principle as that employed in removing the legs.

The next point for the skillful carver is to separate the "drumstick" or first joint, from the rest of the leg. This is done by fixing the fork in the second joint of the turkey. Then an incision is made at the joint, and the end of the leg is then pressed down with the knife.

The breast of white meat is now attacked. The fork is again placed over the breastbone in the original position, and slices are removed from the breast. The slicing should commence near the peak of the breastbone, the cuts being taken thinly, the knife held horizontally and the cuts extending downward toward the wings. After the meat has been taken from both sides of the turkey's breast in this fashion the knife is inserted transversely behind the little projection on the breast between the peak and the neck. This is formed by the "wishbone," or "merry thought."

venient opening into the interior of the turkey, through which a spoon may be inserted for the removal of the tasty dressing.

### MAIL FOR SANTA CLAUS.

Some Strange Letters at Christmas Time.

"HERE is an address I never noticed until this year," said a postoffice clerk, sorting out some half dozen letters with "Mr. Santa Claus, Joyland," on the envelopes. Variations were, "Mr. Santa Claus, Joyland Co., N. Y., 911 Happiness Ave.," and "Mr. Santa Claus, Toy and Candy Palace, Christmasville, Joyland."

Another child, perhaps of Hibernian ancestry, had addressed his petition to the saint's residence in "Fairland, Ireland." One young writer, with a somewhat hazy knowledge of geographical names, had sent his letter to "Mr. Saint Nickers, to the North Pole, Mexico." Another, with a belief in the power and influence of nurse, had addressed his missive to "70 Bedford Ave., Kaar Meny," which, being deciphered, is found to mean "Care of Mary."

"I am sorry I cannot allow you to open any of the letters. It's as much a criminal offense to tamper with them as with any other letters," said the clerk to a reporter of The Commercial Advertiser. There were, however, two postal cards and one open letter, which were fair specimens. The latter was a modest request for the relief of the now pressing wants of the writer. It read:

Dear Santa Claus—You say that good boys get the best presents. I have tried very hard to be a good boy. Will you please bring me a fire patrol, train of cars, a nice boat, a game, box of tools and a little sailboat, candy, oranges and nuts. Goodby, dear old Santa Claus. We will expect you Christmas eve.  
DEBERT.

A few letters were evidently written

under the direction of seniors of the family and dropped in the mailbox to please the children. Most of the letters were without stamps.

What becomes of the letters after they reach the dead letter office? Most of them are eventually destroyed, as the children sign only their first names and there is no way of returning them.

### Christmas Feasting.

During the middle ages the whole Christmas season was given up to revels and jollity, in which eating and drinking had a prominent part. The Saxon instinct of our English ancestors led them to make of every holiday an occasion for feasting. Plenty to eat and to drink was their idea of a festival, no matter how sacred might be its associations. On Christmas they not only lined their stomachs with good capon, as did Shakespeare's justice, but stuffed themselves with all sorts of rich, nourishing food and strongly compounded puddings and pies.

### The "Extra Horse."

A lover of horses recently noticed a custom in France which he thinks ought to be adopted in this country. On every street in France which has a steep grade there is stationed an "extra horse." The law compels draymen and others to make use of this horse until the summit of the hill is reached, and there is a heavy fine for refusing to hire the extra horse at a small fixed rate. Placards by the roadside indicate the point where the extra horse should be taken on and also where he may be dispensed with.

### Evolution.

"He boasts very proudly that he's a self made man."  
"I thought it was his money that made him."  
"But, then, it was that machine he invented that made his money."  
"Ah! Then he's really a 'machine made man.'"—Philadelphia Press.

### The Day and the Text.

"Hit wuz a mighty cold day," said the old deacon, "en dey wuz some excuse fer de pesson makin' dat big mistake in his text, fer stoider sayin' 'Many is called, but few is chosen,' he give hit out, 'Many is cold, en a few is frozen.'"—Atlanta Constitution.

The Liberty statue in New York is 151 feet high, the pedestal is 155, and the total height above low water mark is 305 feet 11 inches.

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