

HOLIDAY GOODS....

We are selling Holiday Goods now, but every day of the year and every hour of the day and night we sell drugs and fill prescriptions.

We are selling Holiday Goods now, but every day in the year we sell fancy goods, perfume, soap and a general line of drug sundries.

THROUGH different means of advertising we have heralded the coming and the display of our Christmas goods. The people of Granite county have accepted our assurance of utility, variety, beauty and cheapness. Hundreds have called to buy goods, others to satisfy themselves that they could find something to fill their requirements. There is but one opinion concerning our holiday stock. Like the Queen of Sheba, the general expression is that "the half has not been told." While for the present the current of trade has turned into the channels of holiday buying we beg to remind you that every day in the year we are doing a legitimate drug business. Through this holiday edition of The Mail we desire to thank the people of this community for their generous patronage and for the substantial appreciation they have given our efforts to please. Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year, we remain as ever yours for business and friendship.

We are selling Holiday Goods now, but every day in the year we sell wall paper, paints, oils and window glass.

We are selling Holiday Goods now, but every day in the year we sell blank books, stationery, school books and school supplies.

M. E. DOE & CO.

Broadway, Philipsburg, Montana.

SPECKLED TROUT MINE AND NORTHWEST COMPANY

REMINISCENCES OF THE EARLY SIXTIES

Pioneer Miners Encountered Many Obstacles in Treating Refractory Ores.

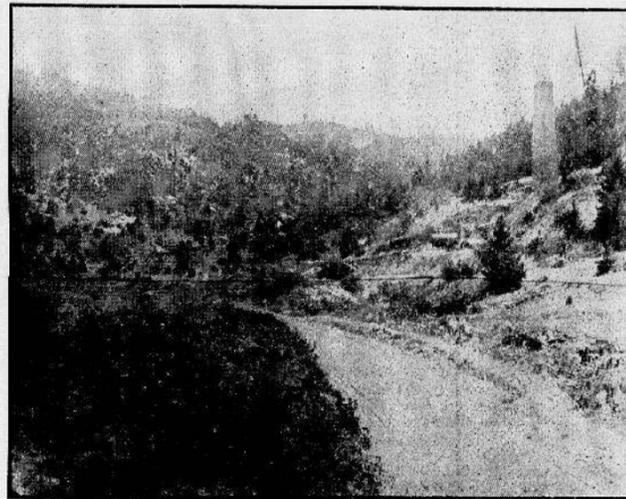
AMONG the quartz mines in the early history of the Flint Creek district none were more promising than the Speckled Trout. The history of this property reads like a romance. Being among the first discovered ledges in this vicinity, the marvelous riches of its ores near the surface attracted the attention of mining men in the early sixties. In 1870 Cole Sanders secured possession of the property from Charles Frost and Dan and Sandy Brown, the owners and original locators. The purchase covered the Speckled Trout lode claim, embracing eleven locations of 200 feet each. The amount paid was \$15,000. In 1870 the Imperial Gold and Silver Mining company, composed of New York capitalists, was incorporated. Cole Sanders was elected trustee and operations were commenced for the reduction of the Trout ores by the smelting process. A stack was built and lead ores for fluxing were purchased, but after a trial it was found that this process would not do and the company suspended operations. Over the ruins of the Imperial arose a small five-stamp mill, fitted with pans, settlers and reverberatory furnaces. Phil M. Sanders was in charge and under his

management the only prosperity ever enjoyed by the Trout was experienced. During the existence of this plant a portion of the Trout claim was relocated by Sanders and named the Providentia. It being satisfactorily determined that the process adaptable to the base ores of Trout hill was treatment by fire chlorination and the workings by the reverberatory process remunerative, it was deemed important to work the mine and treat the ores on a more extensive scale. To this end, in 1874, the Northwest company was organized, the five-stamp mill was torn down, contracts for the machinery of a complete ten-stamp mill let to a Helena firm, contracts for construction made with Architect Thomas Fisher, and under the supervision of Col. J. A. Vial, the Northwest mill was completed and started to work. The result was satisfactory. The process of chlorination was by the Bruckner system. Milling was perfected through one ten-foot California pan, two one-ton Varney pans and one five-ton Purvine pan. Two California settlers completed the amalgamating department.

A lonely stack about 50 feet high and surrounded by broken masonry and a large excavation filled with debris a few hundred feet west of Tower is all that remains of what was in its day the largest dry crushing reduction works in the country. The management of the Northwest company in 1875 passed out of the hands of Vial and a gentleman

named Mills took charge. Mills conducted the affairs of the company to the close sometime in the spring of 1876. The failure left a large indebtedness and liens to a considerable amount were filed against the property. Among the largest creditors of the company was the firm of Caplice & Smith, at that time merchants of Philipsburg. In the fall of 1877, largely through the efforts of John Caplice, a reorganization was perfected under the name of the Northwestern Mining company. This company replaced the Northwest, assumed its liabilities and once again the ores of the Speckled Trout came to the surface and the roar of the ponderous stamps of the old mill made the canyon resound with its echoes. Frank Frisbee was placed in charge as the general manager. Everything seemed to indicate a season of prosperity, but it was not to be. Frisbee let extravagant wood contracts, built unnecessary roads, and otherwise conducted the affairs of his charge in a manner that was everything but economical, and as a result the end came in 1879, and under process of law all of the company's property passed by sheriff's sale into the possession of Caplice & Smith. For a number of years the Trout was worked under a lease by James Patten, who made considerable money. In 1884 the hoisting works of the Trout were consumed by fire, the shaft timbers were burned down for a short distance beneath the surface, and since that day no improvement of any kind was made upon the plant of the old Northwest company until in 1896 when Wm. J. Johnston of Butte secured a lease on the mine. Frank Grimes, who was also interested with Mr. Johnston in the lease, had charge of the operations. The machinery and hoisting plant from the San Francisco Consolidated was moved and erected over the Trout shaft. Johnston and Grimes took out and shipped considerable ore, but after a time they suspended operations and gave up the lease. Since that time nothing of interest has transpired in connection with this property and the mine has remained shut down.

For embossed stationery place your order with The Philipsburg Mail. *



RUINS OF THE NORTHWEST MILL. In Its Day It Was the Largest Dry Crushing Silver Mill in the West.

Old Beelzebub

A Christmas Bear Story By... ED MOTT

If you are ever at this time of year up on the Old Passadanky sit down at the Buckhorn tavern, select any one of the grizzled woodsmen you will find already sitting there, exchange a dime at not too frequent intervals for a certain tippie that is popular with the natives and is called rum and tansy, and refer inquiringly to Old Beelzebub, the remarkable bear of Spook Run gully and the amazing Christmas present he made to one Paley Simco.

As the story goes, the oldest settlement in all that part of the original wildwood was at Passadanky. The deep gully and the creek that roared through it were there when the first settlers came. Neither had any name, and it was not until folks began to see ghosts along the creek and in the gully that appropriate nomenclature for them was suggested. Silas Grubb, so they will tell you, shot a deer one day. It fell, and he stepped up to it to cut its throat. As he was standing astride the deer he supposed was dead it rose suddenly and went bounding down the creek, with Silas on its back, clasping its neck and vociferating loudly that help would be welcome. Job Fenk, who was hunting along the creek, saw the deer in its wild flight and emptied the contents of his rifle into it. He not only killed the deer, but bored Silas Grubb with his rifle ball as well. Not long after that a specter deer, strode by a specter rider, appeared at intervals in the woods, dashing vividly down the creek until it reached the spot where Fenk's rifle had done its fatal work, and there always vanished. Then folks took to calling the creek Spook Run and the gully Spook Run gully, and by and by a lumber

company put a big dam across the creek and a log shoot three miles long through the deep, dark, crooked, ghostly gully, down which the logs were sent from the woods to the mill dam as swift as the wind, and down this shoot came dashing, astride a log, daredevil Bill Topson, having drunk more than generously of log driver rum and wagered that he would make the fearful ride. He made it, including the wild plunge from the mouth of the gully to the pond, fifty feet below. When he was taken from the pond, after his awful ride and plunge, his hair, which had been black when he started, was as white as snow.

"And it'd 'a' been queer if it hadn't turned white," any of the Passadanky narrators will tell you. "He rid that log three miles in less than four minutes."

But the reason this feat of Bill Topson's has particular place of honor in the chronicles of Old Passadanky is because it was the culmination of the career of Old Beelzebub as a wonder working bear. When that bear was less than a year old, Jephtha Wiggins, the pelt gatherer, killed its father and mother and chased the orphan cub for days, with the hope of adding its pelt to the other two, but failed in his purpose. After awhile that orphaned bear returned to the vicinity of its old home, and, as everybody will tell you up there, it came back with a grudge against Jephtha Wiggins.

"That 'ar came back," they will say, "and if he hadn't 'a' come, there'd a been more sheep and pigs along the Old Passadanky than there was for the next three or four years. And he was so overpowerin' full of Satan that folks give him the name of Old Beelzebub. And Jephthy Wiggins had good reason to be sorry he ever pelted that bear's father and mother, for what happened to him when he begun to get the orders for black sheep pelts?—orders that came in thick and fast, although nobody never knewed what in the world made setch a call for black sheep pelts. What happened then? Why, black sheep pelts got scarce. I should say they did! And what made 'em git scarce? That 'ar with a

he thought would be the worst wipe yit."

It seems that Jephtha Wiggins was the greatest pelt gatherer in the Old Passadanky country, and he had a daughter named Prudence. Paley Simco, a likely young woodsman, was in love with Prudence, and the feeling was reciprocal.

"Now," as the Passadanky narrator will tell you, "mebbe you mowt wonder what under the canopy Old Beelzebub had to do with that. Nothin', mebbe. 'Tain't likely that he cared a snap whether Paley Simco loved Prudence Wiggins. But Jephthy Wiggins cared. He had other ideas for his daughter, and well that amazin' bear knowed it. Jephthy wanted the Squire Bimble's possessions in his family, and he could git 'em by marryin' Prudence to the squire's son Jorum. Jorum didn't want to git married, and Prudence didn't want to marry Jorum, but Jorum and Prudence didn't have any say in it. The squire and Jephthy fixed it to suit themselves. The wedding night come, but no Jorum. Along in the forenoon of the next day in come Jorum to Wiggins'."

"Old Beelzebub kidnaped me as I was on my way over here through the woods yesterday," said Jorum. "He run me straight and fast to Gormley's bar pen, way back at the head of the big swamp, and kep' me there all night." "grudge ag'in Jephthy Wiggins! That vengeful 'ar jest jugged off all the black sheep there was in the district. Not a smell of a white sheep did he tetch."

"But that makin' of a black sheep-skin famine in the district wasn't a circumstance to what that schemin' 'ar done in Jayin' out his plan of vengeance ag'in, although it was included in it. He wouldn't 'a' gone as fur as he did, though, if he hadn't happened to see Bill Topson shoot through Spook Run gully on the log that day. He see Bill shoot the gully and come plungin' out of that hole in the rocks down into the pond, and he didn't fertit it. He remembered it, and it give him the chance to give Jephthy Wiggins what

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