A SMART YOUTH.

"Oh, where is the mistletoe, Maud" said he,
"That was here on New Year's day?"
"Oh, it looked so tired and worn," said Maud,
"That I tenderly put it away

"In the room above in a big old trunk
To be kept as a souvenir
Of the elegant time yours truly had
On the first day of the year."

"Well, then," said he, "if it's over our heads,
Why, of course we're under it—see?"
* * * * * *
And what happened then I won't tell you, because
It concerns neither you nor me.
—*New York Herald*

A LITTLE DEAD BABY.

DID I ever tell you about the baby they washed out of a bank?"

My friend Mrs. Strong had just come down from the high Sierras, and I had already been listening all day to her stories of mining life; but I threw aside my worsted work and curled myself up on the lounge to listen again.

"And the singular part of it is, it was as natural and perfect as life—just like a wax model."

I expressed my surprise, but she was very much in earnest, and went on:

"It was a lost grave, in among the brush on the hill back of town. It had been grown up to pines and brush for years, and one forgets about lone graves in the mountains.

"Strong had been washing out the hill—they call it the Red Bank mine. That morning they washed out a little dead baby was quite exciting, for Long Flat—it is so seldom that anything ever happened up there. Everybody in town crowded into the hotel—they thought the box was full of money, sure.

"It was in the spring after a warm rain, when the last snow was melting, and Strong and two hands were out there washing down things in a hurry. They were playing the water on full force, and every little while a young pine would come down. Strong saw the box start, but they couldn't stop the water soon enough, and it came sliding down with a cave of earth.

"The men thought they had found a buried treasure and rushed after it. But Strong made them tie ropes around it and carry it into town.

"He intended to bring it to the house, but as he was following along he made up his mind that it was no treasure—it was too large and too light—so he let them carry it into the hotel. Half the town rushed in to see what they had."

I wanted to ask if it was a very large hotel or a very small town, but refrained.

"Then there was the new boarder, a lady who had come on the stage the day before—"

"Who was she?"

"No one knew her then; but I think Strong knew her as soon as he saw her, though her face was partly screened by a veil; but she had lovely dark eyes that shone through, and pretty, refined features that one could not easily forget. She was crossing the porch going for a walk when they came up. She always looks so stylish and genteel—at least we all think so," and my friend thoughtfully passed her hand over the sleeve of her own faultless attire.

"Go on about the box."

"Well, they set the box on a card table in the bar-room and pried off the cover. There was a plain, tight box inside, but it didn't look like a coffin, so they pried off the top, and there lay a pretty little child as perfect as life, and it had been dead 15 years."

"Oh no!"

"It is a fact—they all saw it. It was as round and plump as a live baby, and there was color in its cheeks, and its yellow curls, and little white dress, and knots of white and blue ribbons, were just as when they were put in the ground. But the flowers in its hands were shriveled away."

"Was it petrified?"

"No, but you would have thought the people were, standing there looking at it, because no one knew about a child being buried on the hill.

"All at once that woman pushed the crowd aside and stood there, white as the baby's arm, and trembling all over. She clasped her hands to hold them still—they heard her say:

"Oh, my Rose, my Rose, my own baby!"

"Then she lifted up her head and leaned forward calmly, and drew a white ribbon out of the bosom of the little dress, and tied onto that ribbon hung a beautiful diamond ring. She held it up and looked around at them all. 'I want you all to see that I took it out,' she said.

"Then Strong came out of the crowd and took her hand and spoke to her.

"'I can testify, Mrs. Welton,' he said. 'I know all about it. Don't you remember Will Strong?'

"She just nodded, and sighed, and shivered, and quietly fainted away.

"Will gave the ring to Hill, the hotel man.

"'You just lock that up in the safe,' he said. 'It belongs to her.'

"They carried her into the parlor, and those who were in the bar-room said, when they looked at the baby again, it had all changed and fallen away to nothing. Strong had them close it up just as it was, and they found a faded writing—'Rose Weldon, aged 9 mos., 1873.'

"Strong ordered a buggy and brought her up to our house. I asked Will why he didn't have her walk—she was able to. He said, 'Because she's Tom Weldon's wife.'

"I didn't know before that Weldon had a wife, but Will hushed me up and told me to do everything I could for her, and so I did.

She cried gently all the afternoon; then at night she dressed up pretty and fresh in a white wool dress trimmed with lovely yellow lace, and went to the piano and played and sang—well, you never heard such music. An when we went into raptures over it, she took it very quietly.

"'This is the way I make my living,' she said. 'The Catholic churches where I sing want good music, and they pay for it.' Then she went on and sang little snatches from her church solos—such lovely things I never dreamt of before.

"When we went to our room that night Will said:

"'I've telegraphed for Weldon.'

"I took him by the throat. 'Now, I said, 'I'll just choke you till you tell me all about her.'

Mrs. Strong paused.

"Now, go on."

"It is a short and simple story. Sixteen years ago Tom Weldom came to Long Flat with his pretty young wife and baby, and commenced to build the White Ridge ditch, the one we own in now, you know. He was very proud of his wife, and built her a pretty home a little out of town on Red hill.

"She had a piano, the only one in the mountains then, and when Von Wilder, a handsome young fellow, came up from Marysville to survey on the ditch, and brought a violin and a guitar, he soon took to spending his evenings on Red hill. The only music in the country was what they two made, so I couldn't blame him much. Will says Weldon was furiously jealous from the first and made her unhappy without the shadow of an excuse.

"One night he came home late and found them singing together at 12 o'clock. Some say he struck her—any way there was a furious scene; and the next night the baby died suddenly of croup.

"People said she never left it till it was covered in the ground; then she kept by herself and never complained. She didn't notice her husband or anyone, poor thing.

"But Weldon acted like a fool. He accidentally met Von Wilder in the bar-room at the hotel, and Von Wilder was showing a fine diamond ring to a crowd. It seems Mrs. Weldon had one just like it—her engagement ring. Weldon rushed home like a madman and demanded it. The woman who was with her said she rose up as cool as an icicle, and said:

"'Tom Weldon, my engagement ring has gone where my heart is, and hope with it as long as you act in this way.'

"That was all—nobody knew what that meant. Weldon sold out his interest in the ditch the same day—that was easy done in those times—knocked Von Wilder over in the mud, but not to hurt him, and left town.

"There was a great scandal about her; everybody thought Von Wilder had her ring, but the little wretch denied it in such a feeble manner that no one believed him. She sold her furniture, took her piano and went to San Francisco. The baby's grave was never marked, the house was moved down and became a part of the hotel."

"And Weldon?"

"Oh, he went down to the county seat, bought and sold mines; then he went to the railroad town of W., and had all the benefit of the valley boom. He's a rich man, been in the legislature twice, and a popular man, too—they say he's as moderate as he used to be hasty."

"And he never applied for a divorce?"

"O, no."

"And you telegraphed him the ring was found?"

"Yes, and he answered, 'Hold her—I'm coming.'

"You can't keep anything still up there, and everyone was on the lookout for the stage the next day."

"Every one in town and the country, too, I venture to say."

"Yes, the miners straggled in, and the girls stayed home from school; but Weldon came through about two hours before the stage with his own team. He drove straight to our house, but there were three men there ready to take the horses. Poor horses—they had been nearly driven to death."

"But about him?"

"He was a fine looking man, but as much too gray for 40 as she looked too young for 33."

"Never mind how he looked," cried I, impatiently. "What did he do?"

"Strong took him straight down to the hotel and got him the ring, and there were plenty there to corroborate the story.

"Mrs. Weldon seemed glad to stay with me. She had come up to the old town to rest, she said, away from scholars and concerts, and if I would keep her she would be so glad.

"Strong told me not to let her know what he had done till the last, but when I saw them start back to the hotel I thought I ought to prepare her. She looked lovely; she had on a long trailing dress of cream cashmere and black velvet, and she seemed so reserved and refined I hardly knew how to approach her.

"So I just put my arm around her waist and said: 'There is some one coming I think you know,' and led her to the front window.

"She drew in her breath and caught my hand like a child, and dropped her head on my shoulder, and looked at them all the time as they came up the hill and along the path to the gate—it was just like holding a little frightened, trembling bird in your hand.

"Tom Weldon looked very handsome and grand in his fine clothes beside my husband in his every day coat, but I was very proud of my good Will just then, I can tell you."

"Yes—go on."

"Well, when they came to the gate, he looked up and saw her lying in my arms; then she shivered as if she was cold and drew herself up, and shrank into my white lace curtains, and there stood proud and still when they came in.

"Will beckoned me to come out, but she caught my sleeve and implored me with a look to stay.

"Tom Weldon stood in the middle of the room holding his hat and overcoat.

"Then she turned to him quite calm and cool, and said with a world of bitterness in her voice:

"'And did you find your ring at last? Are you convinced now? Why should I want your ring when you thought me untrue? I thought baby ought to keep it.'

"Weldon looked so white and sad—he stretched out his arms and said so humbly, 'O Lily, my poor wife, don't speak to me so, but come—'"

Mrs. Strong paused.

"And she went——?"

"No, indeed she didn't; she was too proud for that. She lifted up her head, and her cheeks were like flame, and she said:

"'I will never go to any man with a blackened reputation. Fifteen years ago, Tom Weldon, you made my name a byword up here. People will think no better of me for going back to you. I have a fair name below, and I can earn my living. You left me—how dare you ask me back to revive my shame? Go, please.'

"Weldon stood looking at her a moment, then he said quietly, 'Madam, I am your servant,' and turned and went out, and Will kept with him, and they went out the back way together.

"As soon as they were out of hearing she broke down completely and came into my arms, sobbing and crying. I put her on the lounge and stayed with her.

"'O, my poor Tom, my darling!' she would say. 'He has been faithful all these years, and I love him so! O, my dear, my dear!'

"Then when I would want to go and get him she would stiffen up and say she wouldn't see him at all.

"The next day she was perfectly cool and firm, and we sent down for the box and buried little Rose again in the town burying ground.

"In two days Weldon had a stone cutter up from the city, and he must have spent a thousand dollars on that little grave before he was through with it."

"And she?"

"Oh, she stayed quietly with me, and I took her for walks and rides, and tried to amuse her, but she failed constantly, and I was afraid she would die on our hands. Weldon sent up doctor after doctor, but she wouldn't see them."

"I think she was right."

"No, I think Weldon worked out a forgiveness, poor fellow. He stayed there at the hotel, and showed that ring and ribbon to every old settler he could find; everybody in the county knew about it, and people began to feel sorry for him. But he was too bright a man to do nothing, and it wasn't three weeks before he and Strong were driving over the mountains, and he started the excitement about the Dry Valley irrigating ditch—that helped our country a great deal.

"All this time he hadn't seen her, and he told Will one day if he could only hear her sing once more he thought he could go away.

"So we planned it, and got up an entertainment for the town hall. We had hard work to coax her to sing for us, but she finally consented, if Weldon wouldn't be there. So Weldon agreed to keep out of sight, and we put her on the programme.

"I forgot what it was she sang first, but the crowd fairly went mad They kept calling her out, and she sang ballads, 'Annie Laurie,' and 'Bonnie Doon,' and that only made them worse. Then some one wanted 'Home, Sweet Home,' and they kept stamping and cheering and calling.

"I was in the dressing room with her, and she clung to me pitifully.

"'I can't sing that here,' she said.

"But the ladies fairly pushed her out. It was awful cruel, I think. Her voice began to fail and tremble on the second verse. She struggled through with the chorus, then I rang the curtain down. She was trembling so she could hardly walk.

"I was sure she was going to break down entirely, so I threw my circular around her out the back door. It was completely hid by flags and evergreens, so no one knew in the confusion where we went. But Weldon must have known, for when she lifted up her face from my arm, there he stood in the moonlight, calm and handsome as ever, dear fellow. I don't wonder he is so popular."

"Then what did you do?"

"I didn't have time to do anything. They needed me inside, so I just put her in his arms and slipped back."

"Did she stay there?"

Mrs. Strong stretched out her long, shapely arms.

"I presume so. At least she was there half an hour after; when I had a chance to slip out again.

"Weldon looked up at me.

"'We've found Home, Sweet Home,' he said.

"And I sometimes fancy," said Mrs. Strong, rising, "that the baby literally came to life to deliver up the proof of her innocence."—*L. H. Shuey, in Overland Monthly.*

SHERMAN AND BELKNAP.

The Quarrel Between the Great Soldier and the War Secretary Recalled.

Washington Cor. Chicago Tribune.

General Sherman was hot tempered and despised petty technicalities. When he was in the war department the bureau people fretted him with the endless red tape which of a necessity came to him when he took charge of the great army machine. He often would write orders for the direction of affairs in the West which would be in direct conflict with the civil law. Once, when his attention was called to this by the adjutant general in some particular order issued by the general concerning the Indian territory, the general replied to the assertion that this was against the law: "So much the worse for the law; go ahead." It was only with difficulty that he was coaxed into changing the order. While he was imperious and hot-tempered, he was one of the kindest-hearted and most just of men. He would apologize for any hasty word with an earnest vigor of a manly man convicted of having made a mistake. The bureau people apparently took great pleasure in fretting him, and two or three men were responsible for the celebrated controversy he had with General Belknap. General Sherman could not reconcile himself to the fact that such a secretary of war should be his superior in purely military matters. It was no wonder he held this view. When Sherman came into the department the small bureau people who loved to fret him were forcing the secretary continually to show his authority. Sherman would say: "What does this Iowa chap mean by always interfering?" He was too blunt and outspoken to get along. He was too impatient to be diplomatic, and so he challenged outright the authority of the secretary. Technically the secretary was correct and the president was obliged to sustain him. If General Belknap had been a greater man he would have seen some way to avoid a controversy. General Belknap, however, was of the type dogged and dull, as relentless as fate, and adhering to some small technical right, and the breach between them was complete when the president sustained the secretary. General Sherman never called on the secretary after that. He made one appeal to the president, and that was to be permitted to remove the headquarters of the army to St. Louis. This permission was given him. To the great despair of his staff officers he packed up the whole establishment, and for the first time since the close of the war the headquarters of the army were in another place than at the capital. After several years of exile in St. Louis, where he was unhappy and discontented, General Sherman was persuaded to bring back the perambulating headquarters of the army with him, but only after General Belknap was retired.

Conflicts always have existed since the war between the general of the army and the civilian secretary of war. General Sherman had nearly the same trouble. But no one ever made such an energetic protest as General Sherman. Peace now reigns at the war department. Secretary Proctor and General Schofield have no differences. Secretary Proctor has seen military service enough to avoid the blunders usually made by civilian secretaries, and so harmony for the first time reigns at the war department.

CHINESE SQUEEZES.

How Servants in the Mongolian Empire Make Extra Money.

From the Youth's Companion.

The Chinese squeeze is not exactly the "hug" of affection, nor the close grasp of hands joined in friendship. It is a commercial term, and refers to a pressure exerted upon money, in any form, by the fingers of every man through whose hands it may pass and to whom it does not belong—a pressure which causes a portion of the money to remain in his possession.

It is the "x" in the algebraic formula of every purchase you make, the value of which you can never discover. The problem is something like this: "If my cook buys 10 pounds of beef and charges me 12 cents a pound for it, how much does it cost him, and what is the amount of his squeeze?"

Or perhaps it takes another form, somewhat like the following: "If I go to a store and buy 10 yards of silk, which I bring home under my coat, when my butler discovers the fact of the purchase and goes to the store, how large a squeeze does he extort from the merchant?"

Again, perhaps it takes another form, and reads as follows: "I sent $5 the other day to a Chinese woman who is very poor. How much did the servant who carried my gift actually hand to her, and how much did he keep as a squeeze?"

The sufferers by this system call it stealing, while those who practice it regard it as a sort of commission.

The Chinese, in their dealings with one another, all suffer from it and all practice it. The system is as old as the empire, and is said to have had its origin in an ancient custom under which household servants were paid no regular wages, but received food, one suit of clothes a year, and in addition a sum of money raised in this manner:

From the price paid for every article, of whatever sort, used in the house, the gatekeeper retains one piece of "cash" in every 50. At the end of each year the sum was distributed among the servants in proportion to their positions in the service of the family.

A Slight Misunderstanding.

From the Boston Transcript.

Uncle George—What! back again and not have your tooth out?

Harry—A little misunderstanding between me and the dentist. He told me to open my mouth. I did so. But a moment later he said: "That'll do. I propose to stand outside."

Uncle George—Yes. And what then?

Harry—Then came the misunderstanding I spoke of. He lost the tooth instead of I.

IN A TENNESSEE COURT

An Examination Without Any Lawyer to Bother.

TRIAL WITHOUT A JURY

The Judge Discharged the Prisoner in Order to Avoid Asking a Stranger an Embarrassing Question.

M. Quad in Detroit Free Press.

In one of the valleys to the east of the main spur of the Cumberland, I stopped at a "huddle" of houses for the night. I was given a bed in a chamber with a window looking out into the yard, and ten feet from the window stood a large apple tree. It being summer, the window-sash was raised.

It must have been about midnight when a sound at the window awoke me, and I got out of bed to see what was the matter. It did not take long to discover that some one was planning a surprise for me. A man had climbed the tree, and from a handy branch had thrust out a plank to reach the sill of the window. It was the end of the plank dropping on the sill which aroused me. I stood back a little to watch, and presently the fellow, whose color I could not determine, started to creep along on the plank. I didn't know exactly what to do at first, but finally decided to give him a fall instead of a bullet. Waiting until he was midway between the window and the tree, I gave the end of the plank a shove and down he went, yelling out in affright as he found himself going. He had scarcely struck the ground when some one seized him. The house was alarmed, everybody turned out, and when I got down the owner of the house was standing guard over a mean looking white man, and saying:

"Now, then, Jim Hivers, you'un has got yo'self into a powerful fuss! Yo 'un has bin tryin' to git inter my cabin in the night time to rob the stranger, an' if you 'un doan' dance high fur it I doan' want no mo' meat!"

"Wasn't a tryin' to git in," sulkily replied Jim.

"Then what was yo'un doin'?"

"Arter apples."

"Arter apples which haint as big as shucks at this time o' y'ar! Jim, yo' is bad—bad all the way up an' down. I've knowed it fur y'ars, and I've knowed that yo' would git cotched some day. The cotchin' has arrove."

"Cawn't prove it agin me," coolly observed the prisoner.

"You'un jess wait! I'm gwine to tie yo' up till daylight and then take yo' befo' Squar' Taylor."

"Jess meant to look in the winder," exclaimed Jim, who was evidently beginning to be alarmed.

"Oh, yes! We understand! Now you'un come along to the smoke-house and doan' try any tricks on me!"

Next morning he was regularly arrested on a warrant charging him with intent to enter and rob. The examination took place in the school house, and the justice conducted it without any lawyers to bother. When Jim was asked to plead he replied:

"I jess didn't dun it, and I'll stick to my fat if yo' hang me!"

"Then I'll enter a plea of not guilty," said his honor, and he asked me take the stand. I testified as related above, but all was not smooth sailing. When I stated that I was aroused by a noise Jim put in:

"He 'un doan dun say what sort of a noise, squar'. Thar's mo' than fifty kinds of noises, an' he 'un's got to come right down fine!"

When I said that I looked out of the window and saw a man in the tree he interrupted with:

"Squar' Taylor, is you 'un gwine to put that down agin me? Thar's varus sorts o' men. How does he 'un know it wasn't a nigger? Pin him right down, squar'."

"Couldn't bin no nigger, nohow," said his honor. "Couldn't bin nobody but yous, kase yous the one cotched."

When I testified to pushing the end of the plank off the sill Jim looked done up for a minute. Then a bright idea came and he exclaimed:

"Hold he'un down, squar'! He says a plank. How long was that plank? What sort o' wood? Who did it belong to? Doan' give he'un no high ground over me kase he looks peart?"

The owner of the house testified to having been disturbed by a strange noise, and he had just gone to the door when Jim fell from the tree.

"Shore it was me!" asked Jim.

"Of co'se."

"Doan' reckon it was anybody else!"

"Couldn't bin. Kase I grabbed it."

"Better be keerful! You's on oath! What did I say?"

"Said you'un was arter apples."

"Put that down plain, squar'! Apples isn't as big as beans yit, and if I was arter apples it proves insanity. That's one fur me."

When he took the stand in his own defense he was asked:

"Prisoner, what is your name?"

"What yo' drivin' at, Squar' Taylor! Ain't no use to mention any names an' git up a great fuss in de papers. Jess go right along steady."

"Are you a resident of this village, county and state?"

"Jess h'ar him. Squar' Taylor, that hain't no law. That's only foolin' around, jess like a man lookin' up a coon tree when the coon is somewhar' else."

"What is your occupation?" continued the squire.

"Say, squar'!" exclaimed Jim as he arose and pounded on the desk, "this hain't no case whar' somebody stole a hog. This is a case whar' a nigger climbed a tree to rob a white man in a house, an' it's got to go 'cordin' to law or I'll draw right out."

"Jim," replied the justice, after some reflection, "you'un was up that tree."

"I dun deny it."

"You un reckoned to git in that winder."

"What winder? Hain't nobody swore on which side of the house that winder was."

"And you'un reckoned to rob the stranger."

"Hu! What's he'un got to be robbed of? Hain't nobody dun swore he's got 'nuff to buy a coon's tail."

"And you'un was cotched."

"Can't agree with you, squar'. If a feller stands still you can't cotch him. He's got to be on the run."

"You'un has been in jail fur stealin' tobacco."

"Hu! That's nuffin to do with the case. Who knows how many times this stranger has bin in jail? Put him right up and ax him the queshun, Squar!"

The justice scratched his head, sharpened his goose-quill pen, looked from me to Jim and back in a doubtful way, and finally said:

"Jim Hivers, I'm goin' to let you'un go free."

"Of co'se."

"But be powerful keerful how yous go blowin' yous horn around in future."

"I hain't gwine to blow."

When court was dismissed his honor came over to me and said:

"It's too bad to let he'un go, but I didn't want to upset you'un."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, he'un was bound to ask if you'un had ever bin in jail for a crime."

"Well."

"I thought from your looks that you'un certainly had, and perhaps in a stronger place, and I wasn't goin' to let he'un git the crow on you!"

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A TESTIMONIAL.

The names of persons cured are withheld but, in many instances I have permission to furnish the address on condition of privacy.

No letter or names will be published without the consent of the writer.

Read the following letter:

POCATELLO, Idaho, Jan. 30, 1889.—CARL SCHULTZ, M. D., Butte, Mont.—Dear Sir: For the benefit of anyone suffering from any form of private disease, seminal weakness, prostatrhœa, causing loss of manhood, also the nervous system broken down, I am ready at any time to prove the statement I now make.

I had been suffering for a great many years from seminal weakness and loss of manhood.

I was taking treatment from a great many local doctors for my disease without getting any benefit from it. I also tried a good many American specialists and they also failed to cure me.

I gave up in despair and in my mad insanity from suffering so long from my terrible disease.

Once I picked up a Butte paper and noticed the European doctor made a specialty of this kind of disease.

Then I made up my mind to try once more and see if I could not be cured. I then stated my case to the European doctor. I soon got an answer, saying he would cure me if I would come up and see him personally. I did so. Dr. Schultz examined me from head to foot and put me under his treatment. In a few days after taking the new remedy from Dr. Schultz I felt like a new man, and following the treatment for four or five months I found myself cured. Then I got married and I am now living a happy life.

I feel as well as ever I did in my life and have no signs of my old disease. I am, Doctor, ready and willing at any time to meet you like my best friend, and will recommend you wherever I possibly can. Yours respectfully, D. W. C. H.

I can furnish a thousand testimonals of the same kind concerning my specialty.

DR. SCHULTZ.

MARTIN & FOX.

—DEALERS IN—

Fine Cigars, Tobacco and Confectionery.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

COAL OIL

Minneapolis & St. Louis Railway

—AND THE FAMOUS—

Albert Lea Route

Two Through Trains Daily from St. Paul and Minneapolis to Chicago.

Without change, connecting with the Fast Trains of all lines for the

EAST AND SOUTHEAST

The Direct and Only Line Running Through Cars Between

Minneapolis and Des Moines, Ia.

VIA ALBERT LEA AND FORT DODGE.

SOLID THROUGH TRAINS BETWEEN

Minneapolis & St. Louis

And the Principal Cities of the Mississippi, and connecting in Union Depot for all points South and Southwest.

Many hours saved, and the ONLY LINE running trains daily to

KAS. CITY, LEAVENWORTH, ATCHISON,

Making connections with the Union Pacific and Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railways. Close connections made in Union Depot with all trains of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba, Northern Pacific, St. Paul & Duluth Railways, from and to

All Points North and Northwest

REMEMBER THE TRAINS OF the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railway are composed of comfortable Day Coaches, Magnificent Pullman Sleeping Cars, Horton Reclining Chair Cars, and our justly celebrated

PALACE DINING CARS.

150 lbs. of baggage checked FREE. Fare always as low as the lowest. For time tables, through tickets, etc., call upon the nearest ticket agent or write to

C. H. HOLDRIDGE,

General Ticket and Pass. Agent, Minneapolis, Minn.

THE CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RY.

Is the Fast Mail Short Line from St. Paul and Minneapolis via. La Cross and Milwaukee to Chicago and all points in the Eastern States and Canada. It is the only line under one management between St. Paul and Chicago, and is the Finest Equipped Railway in the Northwest. It is the only line running Pullman Drawing Room Sleeping Cars with luxurious smoking rooms, and the finest dining cars in the world, via the famous "River Bank Route," along the shores of Pepin and the beautiful Mississippi River to Milwaukee and Chicago. Its trains connect with those of the Northern lines in the Grand Union Depot at St. Paul. No change of cars of any class between St. Paul and Chicago. For through tickets, time tables and full information apply to any coupon ticket agent in the Northwest.

GREAT NORTHERN R'Y LINE

Montana Central Railway.
Great Northern Railway.
Eastern Railway of Minnesota.
Willmar & Sioux Falls Railway.
Duluth, Watertown & Pacific Railway.

A Great Through System

The only line running a magnificently equipped train composed of Sleepers, Dining Car, Day Coaches and Free Colonists' Sleeper from Butte to St. Paul and Minneapolis without change.

Connections for Chicago and

ALL EASTERN POINTS

Made in Union Depot at terminals.

Until further notice trains will depart from Butte as follows:

No. 4, Atlantic Express, 7:45 a. m. for Helena, Great Falls, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Eastern points.

No. 2, Helena Express, 3:40 p. m.

For information as to sleeping car reservation, tickets and time tables apply to

E. H. HUBBARD, Trav. Pass. Agt. Helena	J. E. DAWSON, Gen. Agent, Butte.
B. H. LANGLEY, Gen. Tkt. Agt. M. C. Ry. Helena.	F. I. WHITNEY, Gen. Pass and Tkt. Agt. Gt. Nor. Ry., St. Paul.

NOTICE TO CO-OWNER.

STATE OF MONTANA, COUNTY OF DEER LODGE, } ss
January 3, 1891.

To William Wales:

You are hereby notified that I have expended $100 in the year 1890 in labor and improvements upon the Bung Your Eye quartz lode in no organized mining district in Oleson gulch, Deer Lodge county, Montana, in order to hold said premises under the provisions of section 2324, revised statutes of the United States, being the amount required to hold the same for the year ending December 31st, 1890. And if within ninety days from the first publication of this notice you fail or refuse to contribute your proportion of such expenditures as co-owner, your interest in said claim will become the property of the subscriber under said section 2324.

(Signed) GEORGE GUNN.

First published January 4th, 1891.

NOTICE TO CO-OWNER.

STATE OF MONTANA, COUNTY OF DEER LODGE, } ss
January 8, 1891.

To Patrick McDonald:

You are hereby notified that I have expended $100 in each of the years 1887, 1888, 1889, 1890 in labor and improvements upon the Katie Mack Quartz Lode mine in no organized mining district on Blue-Eyed Nellie hill, Deer Lodge county, Montana, in order to hold said premises under the provisions of section (2,324) revised statues of the United States, being the amount required to hold the same for the years ending December 31, 1887, 1888, 1889, 1890, and if within 90 days from the first publication of this notice you fail or refuse to contribute your portion of such expenditure as co-owner, your interest in said claim will become the property of the subscriber under said section (2,324).

(Signed) JOHN COSGROVE.