GREAT FALLS.....

The Great Falls Office of THE STANDARD is at 107 Central Avenue, one door West of Western Union Telegraph Office. Telephone No. 8. Advertising rates furnished on application.

FREEMAN LET HER GO

Largent Dodged and Squared Away for Action.

THEN DWYER TOOK A HAND

In a Measley Little Suit Two Great Falls Attorneys Would Make a Prize Ring Out of the Court Room.

GREAT FALLS, Jan. 5.—Milton Lewis of Craig was examined before Judge Race to-day on a charge of petty larceny, preferred by Frank Wegner, who alleged he had stolen lumber amounting to about $10. Although a comparatively trivial case it proved before the end to be quite interesting, more or less feeling being developed by both sides.

During the progress of the trial City Attorney Largent, who appeared for the defendant, became unusually caustic in his remarks respecting County Attorney Freeman's method of conducting the prosecution.

The latter resented orally and then to emphasize his retort struck out with his right.

Largent warded off the blow and was in the act of striking back when Sheriff Dwyer, who was in the room, interfered, preventing a disgraceful scene.

The judge adjourned court in order to allow the combatants to cool off. Lewis was acquitted.

It is said that Lewis has a $10,000 slander suit against Wegner pending in the district court of Lewis and Clarke county for accusing him of a previous theft.

This evening the *Leader* comes out for Colonel Sanders for United States senator, announcing his claims to the honor in a rather fulsome article.

GREAT FALLS GOSSIP.

GREAT FALLS, Jan. 5.—L. M. McDonnell, who after Jan. 7 will fill the office of clerk and recorder of Cascade county, has appointed Kenneth Murray and Joseph Dyer as his first and second deputies respectively. The former held a deputyship under the retiring recorder. Mr. Dyer is well and favorably known here, having for several years filled a responsible position with the B. & M. smelter.

The residence of Chris Chrietensen, in West Great Falls, was partially damaged by fire yesterday. It caught from a defective flue and was soon extinguished on the arrival of the department.

Caroline Huy has deeded to Mary H. Marsh, for a consideration of $500, lot 1 in block 6, Huy's addition.

The Swedish Baptist church gave a social in Grove's hall this evening which was largely attended. A handsome sum was netted for the church.

Ed Sullivan, a section hand working near Benton, had his feet frozen so badly a few days ago that some of his toes had to be amputated.

An important meeting of the Great Falls Trades and Labor council was held last evening and was largely attended. Considerable business was transacted, the most important of which was the election of officers for the ensuing term. The following were elected: President, J. E. Fox of the Clerks' union; vice president, E. Harbourdt, Tailors' union; recording and corresponding secretary, A. E. Caufield, Carpenters' union; financial secretary, Joseph Mill, Smeltermen's union; treasurer, L. McNeil, A. R. U.; sergeant at arms, W. Murray, Building Laborers' union. A vote of thanks was extended to the retiring officers. The Trades council consists of 25 representatives from as many different unions, representing a membership of 2,027 members.

Hiram A. Pratt, well known in the business community of Northern Montana, and who for several years was prominently identified with one of the leading banks of this city, has assumed the management of the subscription department of the Great Falls bureau of the STANDARD at this point and is fully authorized to make collections here as well as at other points in Northern Montana. Frank Jacoby, who has successfully managed the circulation here for several weeks, has been appointed by Mr. Butler to a responsible position in another branch of the service.

Paul Morase, a well-known citizen of Lewistown, who has been ill at the Columbus hospital for several weeks, died last night. The remains will be forwarded to Lewistown for interment.

SHE BROKE INTO SOCIETY.

How an Outside Young Woman Appeared at a Society Function.

From the Chicago Times.

They had a surprise out in La Grange night before last, and a young woman accomplished the amazement with one leg, thrust through the plaster ceiling of the school house where La Grange society was holding that fine old form of innocent church members' entertainment known as a "district school."

She did not mean to introduce either new features or unexpected anatomy into the proceedings, but by common consent she added greatly to the evening's entertainment—more, perhaps, than the ladies and gentlemen who had all of their physiology on the ground floor, more or less covered, and, as it were, esoteric, and left to the imagination.

What happened seems to have been this: La Grange society decided to hold a district school like they used to have in the old times before the war. Mr. Bunkholder was appointed schoolmaster for the night, and everybody who was anybody in La Grange was there. There was Col. Dan Munn and Judge Horton, and President Horton of the Chicago & Eastern Illinois, C. J. Corey, Fred Titsworth of the Elgin Watch company, J. W. Ward—and, in fact, all of the upper air and solar walk of La Grange, together with their sisters, cousins and aunts, and relations by marriage, such as wives, mothers-in-law.

They district schooled until district schooling palled upon repetition, and everybody was just beginning to wish that he had not come, when suddenly they were glad they had.

There was a crack in the ceiling, and then a crash, then a cloud of plaster dust, then a muffled scream, and then a distinctly feminine limb, which kept coming down and coming down, past the neat gaiter, with a rather high heel, past the hosiery to the garter, until strong men shuddered and even the bravest held his breath for a time. The leg wiggled and displaced more plaster, which served some of the inhuman observers right, because it got into their eyes. Then it began to disappear, and finally was lost into the ceiling again, back into the enfolding mystery whence it had come like a dove's wing in Omar Khayyam, that beats its way from night unto night by the poet's fire.

After everybody had finished laughing, an explanation was sought and furnished by a badly scared janitor. Some of the young lady friends wanted to see the show, so he had taken them up into the unfloored attic, where they could view it through the ventilator.

The particular young woman who had so nearly broken into La Grange society was of a stout build and of an experimental bent of mind. He had told her not to tread on the laths between the joists, but she heeded him not, we worth the day, and if it had not been for the way in which she fell she would have arrived below.

No, she was not hurt, and he would not tell her name. She was a good girl, and she had already gone home crying.

STOCKS AND BONDS.

NEW YORK, Jan. 5.—Very little business was done on the stock exchange to-day, and outside of sugar, distilling, Chicago gas and Missouri Pacific, the trading was lifeless.

Government bonds—Firm.

Petroleum—Strong; February closed 97c. bid. Lima oil sales, none.

CLOSING STOCKS.

U. S. 4's registered	113½	Oregon Short Line	....
U. S. 4's coupon	113	Oregon Navigation	19½
U. S. 2's registered	....	North American	3⅝
Pacific 6's	109	Pacific Mail	21½
Atchison	4⅝	Pullman Palace	153½
Alton	....	Reading	12⅝
American Express	111	Rio Grande pf	....
Canadian Pacific	56¾	Rock Island	61¼
Central Pacific	13½	St. Paul	55½
Burlington	70½	St. Paul & Omaha	....
Ft. Wayne	....	St. Paul & Omaha pf	....
D. & R. G. pf	....	Texas Pacific	....
Mil. & St. Paul	....	Union Pacific	11
Mil. & St. Paul pf	....	U. P. preferred	....
Ill. Central	....	U. S. Express	42
Kansas & Texas pf	21¾	Fargo Express	105
Lake Shore	135½	Western Union	86⅞
Mexican Central	....	Lead trust	36
Michigan Central	95	D. & R. G. W.	....
Missouri Pacific	24¾	D. & R. G. W., pf	....
Northern Pacific	4⅞	D. & R. G. W., 1sts	....
N. P. preferred	17½	Great Northern, pf	102
Northwestern	95⅝	Sugar	86
N. W. preferred	142	Adams Express	140
N. Y. Central	97¼	Southern Pacific	18

Money Market.

Money on call easy at 1½ per cent; sterling exchange dull, $4.88⅝@4.88¾ for demand and $4.87⅝@4.78 for 60 days.

Metal Market.

Bar Silver, 60.
Copper—Strong; brokers' price, $9.87½.
Lead—Quiet.
Coffee—Closed weak.

Wool Market.

NEW YORK, Jan. 5.—Wool—Quiet. Domestic fleece, 17@33; pulled, 19@24.

Grain Market.

CHICAGO, Jan. 5.—The wheat market needed something to keep up at the opening to-day. The scalpers seemed to have the entire crop for sale at from 58 down to 57½ during the first 15 minutes of the session. It received, at the critical moment, all the support it required, and the scalpers were unanimously trying to buy what they had previously been desirous of selling.

Closing: May wheat, 57½c.
Corn—47⅝c.
Oats—31½c
Pork—$11.85.
Lard—$7.05.
Ribs—$6.05.

Receipts—Wheat, 30,000 bushels; corn, 150,000 bushels; oats, 135,000 bushels.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Jan. 5.—Cattle—Receipts were estimated at 1,000, making 46,430 for the week, as against 31,350 last week and 41,281 a year ago. There was some inquiry for all classes by buyers and sales were made at about Friday's prices, though the feeling was weak. Steers sold from $3.15 to $5.90; stockers and feeders, $2.25 to $4.75, and cows from $1.50 to $3.75.

The popular prices for the common to choice light were $4.00@4.25 and for heavy grades, $4.30@4.60.

Hogs—Receipts, 18,000; for the week, 191,879. Heavy hogs were wanted and showed continued firmness, while light weights were a drug. There were no important changes in values. Common to choice light sold at $3.50.

In sheep there was a light demand and an easy market at $1.50@3.50 for choice sheep and $2.50@4.35 for lambs.

Receipts—Cattle, 1,200; calves, 100; hogs, 18,000; sheep, 200.

They Mistook the Situation.

The driver of a one-horse vehicle loaded with boxes halted on Gratiot avenue and got down and stood off a few feet and looked earnestly at the horse. Four or five pedestrians came to a halt and one of them promptly called out:

"That horse has got a chill and you ought to unhitch him."

"He's got the blind staggers or I don't know anything about horses," put in a third.

The four or five pedestrians grew to five, ten, and then to 20 or 30.

"He's balky, eh?" quried a fat man, as he forced his way into the crowd.

"Holler in his ear!" shouted a boy who was up on balky horses.

"All you fellers get hold and push the wagon!" commanded a citizen, who appeared to be a born leader of men.

The crowd grew to 50—80—100, and the street was blocked. Men examined the wheels of the wagon, the feet of the horse, and the harness. The driver stood there with lines and whip in hand, but said nothing and made no move until a policeman forced his way into the crowd and excitedly asked:

"Now, then, what's all this about? What's the matter here?"

"Nuthin'," was the calm reply.

"Horse sick?"

"Naw."

"Is he balky?"

"Naw."

"Then why don't you go on?"

"I'm goin'."

And he put his foot on the hub of a front wheel and sprang to his seat and drove off at a sharp trot.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"I Never Never Smoke" With more genuine comfort," said an old smoker last night, "than when I am reclining in one of those big easy chairs in the Buffet-Smoking Library Coach on the North-Western Limited between Minneapolis and Chicago. In that 'Smoker's Paradise on Wheels,' everything is conducive to solid comfort, rest and enjoyment."—*The Journal, Minneapolis.*

For Sale, a Cash Business

With established trade. Having become interested in a manufacturing enterprise, I desire to sell at once. The *exclusive agency* for C. B. Rouss of New York goes with this deal. If looking for a paying business this is your opportunity. For particulars address, E. DENZEL, Box 301, Great Falls, Mont.

LITTLE TESS STRAUSS

She Was Given a Turn in the Sweat Box Yesterday.

THE RESULTS WERE AMAZING

Now the Police Think They Know Who the Dastard Is That Burned R. N. Rand's Barn and Robbed His House.

BTTTE, Jan. 5.—Theresa Strauss, the young woman who was arrested by Detective Murphy last night on suspicion of knowing something about the burning of R. N. Rand's barns and stock on Thanksgiving night, was placed in the "sweat box" to-day with very satisfactory results. In the course of a searching examination she told some things which have practically fixed the guilt on a former employe of Mr. Rand's and strenuous efforts will be made to apprehend him. He left town a day or two after the fire but photographs of him will be sent out at once together with notice of a reward and it is believed that he can be located.

The Strauss girl worked for Mr. Rand up to the time of the fire and it is believed that she assisted in robbing the house while the barns were burning, as some of the stolen goods were found in her trunk when she was arrested in Meaderville yesterday. She told the Rand family when she went to work for them that she had only been in this country six months, and yet she now claim to have been married to the man she was living with in Meaderville for nine years.

According to her admission to the police the man who is believed to have set fire to the barns left Mr. Rand's employment about the middle of November and afterwards entertained a grudge against him over a bet of some kind on the capital election. Two or three days before the fire the man called on the Strauss woman at Mr. Rand's house and told her that he was going to get even with Rand in a way that he would remember as long as he lived. The police are also in possession of other damaging evidence against the supposed incendiary, and every effort will be made to locate him.

The Strauss woman is still in jail and will be held to answer to a charge of petit larceny.

"AMORITA."

As Produced by the Calhoun Company Is First Class.

BUTTE, Jan. 5.—The Calhoun Opera company, which comes to the opera house on Monday, is said to be making a great deal of money this season. The probable reason that the Calhoun company has been doing so well, while so many other companies have had anything but a prosperous season, is that the management, instead of reducing has augmented the size and quality of this company.

"Amorita," than which probably no more beautiful comic opera has ever been produced, has been this year revived and rejuvenated, not so much in the music, as that was unnecessary, but in the comedy parts, which have been brought down to date by the elimination of the "chestnutty" jokes of eight years ago and the substitution of mirth raising lines and ludicrous situations that are fresh and novel. The costumes and scenery have also been lavishly improved. These improvements have added largely to the business done by this well known organization.

POOR LARKIN.

His Mind Is Completely Wrecked, So It Is Thought.

BUTTE, Jan. 5.—James Larkin, was this evening examined by a commission on insanity in Judge McHatton's court and ordered sent to the asylum at Warm Springs. It was stated at the examination that his mind was gone so completely that he could not remember his friends. The court questioned the unfortunate man, and he said he was in the hospital because of a broken leg. He identified several men in the court room, but could not call their names, although he had known them intimately for many years. He has been in Wells' hospital for seven months. He will probably be taken to the asylum to-morrow.

A GOOD ONE.

How Senator Palmer Suddenly Became Deaf.

An old republican judge from Illinois on his way west from New York stopped over here yesterday long enough to have, as he intended, a little fun with his old friend, Senator Palmer. The senator's committee room was rather dull when the judge entered and he felt a bit diffident. Still, after clasping the senator's hand in a grip of friendship, he said, with a grin:

"What do you think of the election?"

"Hey?" the senator, with his hands behind his ear, replied. The judge, something surprised at this, to him the first sign of deafness in his old friend, said, in a louder tone:

"I say, what do you think of the election?"

"Sir," said the senator, with his hand still behind his ear and bending near the judge.

"I say," the judge responded, turning a bit red as he saw that everyone had stopped talking to listen to him: "I say, what—do—you—think—of—the—election—the—election—the—election?"

The senator looked pained, as he does when he has to turn down a needy office seeker. He glanced round, as if to read the judge's question in the faces of those present, and then, apparently failing, he turned again to the judge, and, without even so much as a twinkle in his eyes, thrust his ear to the judge's mouth and said:

"W-h-a-t?"

This drove the spirit of victorious and gloating fun from the judge's mind.

"Dear me," he said, in a low voice, full of sympathy and regret, "I had no idea that my old friend John had become deaf."

Then he shook the senator's hand and left the room, whereupon the senator turned to those present and winked the other eye.—*Washington Post.*

She Licked Him.

She was a tall, comely looking German woman, smooth and pleasant of face, but with fierce flashing of anger in her blue eyes.

Approaching the desk of the police judge, she gave the curt demand:

"I vant a varrant."

"Who do you want a warrant for?" said the judge.

"My hoosband, so much I know."

"What has he been doing?" the judge pursued.

With an increased flashing in her eyes, the woman replied:

"I licked him."

"You licked him!" was the judge's astounded exclamation.

"I licked him!" the irate woman repeated.

"Then," said the judge, "what do you want a warrant for?"

"Of you wait a goople minutes I dole you," the woman answered. "A goople days behind the last Thursday I make dinner py his pail so he shall go py his vork. Then he gry: 'Oh, my pack!'

"'What the matter mit your pack,' I say. Und then he gry: 'Oh, dot rheumatis!'—holding his hands on his pack, like he shall dooble himself into a pag.

"'So you gant vork?' I ask him, and he say: 'Yaw!' and lay himself down on the lounge und schnore like a house afire.

"Ven he voke up he say it vas too late to go py his vork, so he vill go down py the greek und gatch some fish. He doned gome pack till night, und all the fish vat he gatch vas von meeserable leedle pullhead! Und then he say:

"'What's the reason supper ained ready?'

"I dold him: 'You schplit some kindlings und I dalk mit you.' Then he schream:

"'Oh, my arm! My arm!'

"'What's the matter mit your arm?' I say; und he gry:

"'Oh, I got a bain! I got a bain!'

"'So you gant schplit some kindlings?' I say. Und he hold his arm like he was a gripple, und gry:

"'Nein! Nein!'

"Then I vas mad, py golly, und I licked him! Und now, shooge, of you gif me a varrant so you shall shain him up vere dose dogs dond pite him, I putter my own brod!"

IT IS STILL UNSETTLED.

The Question as to Why the Cat Knows How to Tumble.

"H'mph!" ejaculated the exchange editor, making a jab with his shears at an item in a scientific exchange. "'Why does a cat always alight on its feet?' Thot's too easy for anything."

"A cat," said the financial editor, "always falls on its feet because of the claws in its constitution that——"

"Scat!" exclaimed the other. "If you can't treat the subject with gravity drop it."

"That's exactly what I was about to do. I was going to drop it on its feet."

"A cat," resumed the exchange editor, raising his voice," always lights on its feet——"

"Because it has a right to take its turn——"

"Paws! You don't tumble to it at all."

The financial editor came to the scratch again.

"How do you know a cat always does light on its feet?"

"That hasn't anything to do with it. The question is——"

"Whose cat are you talking about, anyhow?"

"Why does a cat, when he falls, always alight on its feet? If you can't answer it, say so."

"Well, why does it?" demanded the financial editor, the real estate editor, the railway editor, the obituary editor and the answer-to-queries editor, rising as one man and standing over him.

"Because," answered the exchange editor, definitely, "because it is a cat's nature to get its back up."

Whereupon the meeting broke up in great confusion, with the question still undecided.—*Chicago Tribune.*

HENRY WATTERSON'S FATHER.

Where the Kentucky Editor Gets His Keen Knack of Saying Things.

Some of Henry Watterson's sharp sayings are going the rounds again, I see, writes E. L. N. in *Kate Field's Washington.* Henry inherited his keen wit and his knack of saying things from his father, Harvey Watterson, who was one of the best story tellers I ever met. Somebody once spoke in his hearing of the satisfaction great men derive from fame.

"'Fame!' echoed Mr. Watterson. 'I never hear the word that I do not think of Daniel Webster's story of the time he met an old gentlemen in a railway car, and, learning that he was from New Hampshire, thought he would draw him out a little about the old home state. A little more conversation showed that the stranger came from Mr. Webster's native town. Here was an opportunity not to be lost. 'Did you ever hear of the Webster family there?' asked the statesman.'

"'Oh, yes. I know them very well; the old man and I were great friends.'

"'Ah, then you can probably tell me what became of the boys?'

"'Well, Ezekiel became a big lawyer—the biggest lawyer, I guess, in all New Hampshire. The girls, too, turned out well.'

"'You don't say so; and wasn't there a boy named Daniel?'

"The old man pondered a minute before he answered. 'Now, I come to think, there was a boy named Dan'l, but he went down to Boston years ago and no one ain't heard of him since.'"

Harry Watterson was a staunch union man down to the day the civil war began, but when there was no longer any help for it his sympathies parted company with his judgment, the former going with his section and the latter with the union. "My opinion of the southern confederacy," said he on one occasion, "was like the Irishman's recommendation of his horse. He declared that the baste has only two qualities—he is divilish hard to catch and isn't worth a d—n when you've caught him.'"

Too Many Funerals.

From the Boston Journal.

A gentleman, whose summer house is in Vermont, brought back to Boston this fall a man servant from the country, who had never been in Boston. The sights and scenes in a big city impressed him peculiarly. The other day he went to his employer and said:

"Mr. H—, I shall have to go back home."

"Why, Tom—have you not been treated kindly here?"

"Oh, yes, the treatment is all right; but then I'm afraid of my health."

"How is that?"

"Why, you see, Mr. H—, I saw four funerals going past your house to-day, and I guess Boston is a plaguey unhealthy sort of a town."

Yet She Had.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"I never supposed, Lobelia," said Mr. McSwat, stiffly, when the argument had become somewhat personal, "that you married me with the idea that I needed reforming."

With a woman's swift intuition Mrs. McSwat saw her advantage and pounced upon it in a flash.

"O, but I did, you know, dear," she replied with gracious condescension. "Before I married you your neckties were simply infamous."

TO ARREST UNCLE SAM

Judge Naughten Issued a Warrant Yesterday.

BUT IT WASN'T SERVED

The Clearing of Butte's Sidewalks Caused a Heap of Complications in Official Circles and Outside of Them.

BUTTE, Jan. 5.—The United States of America came pretty near getting arrested here to-day. During the past few days, ever since the fall of snow in fact, the city authorities have been endeavoring to get the sidewalks on Butte's Main street free from ice and snow and have notified all residents on Main street and on Granite, Broadway and Park, within three blocks of Main, to clear off their walks.

Most of the residents have complied with the demands, but some are very slow about it. Among the slowest of the slow were the United States of America and Dr. Wix. The former rents the lower floor of Miner's union hall and is said to do a lucrative business in carrying mails. Several notifications were served on the United States to get out with a shovel and remove the snow but the snow remained there.

James H. Lynch, the official representative of the United States, said that it was not the place of the said United States to clear off the sidewalks; that the Butte Miners' union owns the building and should keep the sidewalk clear.

Judge Naughten had just issued a warrant commanding City Marshal McNichols to apprehend and arraign the United States of America when a committee of the Butte Miners' union consented to settle the matter and sent the janitor down and the sidewalk was soon cleared.

Dr. Wix did not get off so easy. He was arrested and arraigned this morning. He pleaded guilty and paid $1 and costs, amounting to $6 altogether. Then he gave a boy four bits to clean off his walk.

In one or two places in town, one on the west side and one on the east, there came near being a riot over the endeavor to clear the sidewalks of snow and ice. The kids with bob sleds held a meeting and resolved that they were just as good American citizens as any in the land and they resolved that any American boy has an alienable right to ride down hill. They straightway fell upon the boys who were seeking to remove the snow and ice and broke them up in business. The sleds still held the sidewalks this evening.

They'll Visit Anaconda.

BUTTE, Jan. 5.—The matinee at the Auditorium by the Japanese jugglers and magicians, Ando and Omme, was largely attended by the ladies and children of Butte and gave the utmost satisfaction. Manager Burke intends visiting Anaconda with these artists in a few days.

Death of Mrs. Jane Howarth.

BUTTE, Jan. 5.—Mrs. Jane Howarth died this evening at the age of 84 years. She was born in Kansas City. The funeral will take place from the residence in South Main street at 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon.

MORE HOUSE BREAKING.

Important Discovery.

BUTTE, Jan. 5.—Despite our ever watchful police the number of houses that are robbed in this city seem to be on the increase. This is strange, too, when it is known that the robbers have to take advantage of the three or four hours, that the average Butteite uses, sometime during the 24, for sleep. The most thoughtful man on the force is working on a recent case and with some show of success. He discovered that all the roberies occur while the dense sulphur smoke covers the city. But how the robber could keep from coughing, in the dense smoke, during the 10 or 20 minutes required to rob a house, puzzled the policeman until he visited Gallegy & Company's drugstore, when he learned that every smoky evening they sold dozens of bottles of cure. It is more than likely that an order will be made to arrest any suspicious characters who have a bottle of cure in his possession.

Gone East.

BUTTE, Jan. 5.—J. N. Gravelle of the firm of Courtenay, Case & Gravelle company left Saturday morning for New York to buy the spring stock for his house. He will be gone about a month and put in all his time in selecting such goods as will best suit the trade. As goods are yet low in price but on the advance, he will no doubt be able to secure many surprises for the ladies of Butte.

Great closing out sale of ladies' fine shoes at Dan Lewis', 31 W. Park.

The Kimball Piano.

High grade up to date.

Thoroughly constructed, attractive in appearance, brilliant in tone, fully warranted at wholesale price. Orton Bros., 336 North Main street.

African Bonanzas.

The South African mines are attracting the attention of gold seekers. By special arrangements with the American and Union steamship lines persons desiring to visit the cape district can be ticketed through from Butte to Capetown, Johannesburg and other South African points, via the Great Northern railroad, at very low rates. Sailings can be made from New York to connect with steamer leaving every Saturday from Southampton. Those wishing to visit friends in England will be permitted to stop over. Send to the undersigned your name, address and date you desire to start, in order to arrange booking with next party leaving. J. E. Dawson, general agent, 105 Main street, Butte.

The Prettiest Girl in Town

Has been using Parks' Tea, and she says: "My complexion is very much improved. That muddy look is all gone. I take a cup of Parks' Tea three nights a week and feel just elegant." Sold by Smith Drug Co. and Parchen D'Acheul Drug Co.

S. B. Basford of Carthage, S. D. I was taken sick in Sioux City. He procured two bottles of Parks' Sure Cure for the Liver and Kidneys. He says: "I believe Parks' Sure Cure excels all other medicines for rheumatism and urinary disorders." Sold by Smith Drug Co. and Parchen D'Acheul Drug Co.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" relieves throat irritations caused by cold or use of the voice. The genuine sold only in boxes.

From now on the Great Northern sleeper leaving Butte on the Atlantic express will run through to St. Paul without change, and beginning Monday dining cars will be run on through trains in and out of Butte.

Vestibuled Trains.

Winter blasts, rain and sleet have no terror for travelers using the transcontinental trains of the Northern Pacific. Their passenger, sleeping and dining cars are vestibuled.

Scott's Emulsion

the cream of Cod liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, is for

Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Consumption, Loss of Flesh, Emaciation, Weak Babies, Growing Children, Poor Mothers' Milk, Scrofula, Anæmia;

in fact, for all conditions calling for a quick and effective *nourishment. Send for Pamphlet. Free.*

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