

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY.
J. T. SULLIVAN, And Jeweler

BUTTE, MONTANA.

The undersigned is now located on Broadway, at door west of Bonner & Co's, where he is prepared to adjust, clean and repair watches of every description manufactured in America, or repaired. Spectacles of all kinds made.

JAMES D. FOX,

Practical Watchmaker,
 At Hale's Drug Store,
MAIN STREET, BUTTE.
 Agent for the sale of the new and popular
Springfield Watch,
 with 5-oz. and 6-oz. cases. Repairing fine watches a specialty. All work warranted.

MISCELLANEOUS.
WARM SPRINGS
INFIRMARY
 AND.....
Deer Lodge Hospital!
 Deer Lodge Valley, Montana,
Mitchell & Mussigbrod,
 Proprietors and Attending Physicians.
 THE LARGE HOUSE! PLEASING SCENERY!!
 Persons furnished with board and lodging and the best of medical care in the treatment of all diseases.
MITCHELL & MUSSIGBROD.
FANCY GOODS, ETC.

Wm. Coleman & Co.,
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 DEALERS IN—
CIGARS,
TOBACCOS,
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STATIONERY,
CONFECTIONERY,
AND TOYS;
GUNS, PISTOLS,
Ammunition, etc.
 Large Lot of Fresh Lemons just Received.

NEW PROCESS FLOUR!
 WE desire to call the attention of citizens of Butte, and especially families who prefer a fine quality of Flour, to our
NEW PROCESS AND PATENT FLOUR.
 We have arranged to have some of this flour in the Butte market about October 1st. It is no new thing. Thomas' "EXTRA" has been the leading brand in the metropolis for six years, and still stands at the head of the market.
 A share of your patronage is respectfully solicited, and we
Guarantee Satisfaction in all Cases.
 We give personal attention to orders and make a specialty of fine flour.
Geo. D. & L. A. THOMAS,
 Proprietors Madison and Empire Mills,
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J. J. YORK,
PATTERN MAKER!
CARPENTERING
 and all kinds of wood work done on short notice
 Shop at west end of Park street Bridge,
BUTTE, MONTANA.

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SILVER LAKE HOUSE,
PHILIPSBURG, Montana,
MURPHY & JENKINS, PROPRIETORS.
 Finest and most Commodious Hotel on the West Side.
 Rooms light and well ventilated. Accommodations first-class.

BUTTE RESTAURANT,
Montan Pfaff,
PROPRIETOR,
 Broadway, east of Loeber's Hall,
BUTTE CITY, M. T.

Boards per week.....\$7 00
 Single meals..... 50
 Lunches, including tea and coffee..... 25
 Guests will receive courteous attention, and their wants will be carefully looked to.
 Remember the place, and come and get a good square meal. 176

GIRTON HOUSE,
BUTTE CITY, MONT.,
ROBERT GIRTON : PROPRIETOR,
 Good Accommodations for Lodgers.
 No Bar in nor Saloon near the House.
 Guests will Receive Good Attention.
 Board per week.....\$6 00
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 Lodging per Day..... 50
 The traveling public will find this a pleasant hotel, and their patronage is respectfully solicited.
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ROBT GIRTON.

COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL,
Nos. 37 and 39
MAIN STREET,
Helena, Montana,
SCHWAB & ZIMMERMAN
PROPRIETORS.
CENTENNIAL HOUSE,
Butte City, Montana
G. W. BEAL, Pro'r.
 Corner Main and Granite Streets.

THE OVERLAND HOTEL.
HELENA, MONTANA,
WM. MCLEAN, Proprietor.
 This house is now open for the accommodation of the public. It is refitted in first-class style and will be kept second to none in the Territory. The bar will be furnished with the best liquors and cigars.
 Board by the day.....\$1 00
 Board and lodging by the week..... 5 00
 First-class beds, 50 cents per night.
 Second-class beds, 25 cents per night.
 The Overland is opposite the principal stage offices, on Lower Main street. Give me a call.
 A LAZAR REGISTER, in which parties seeking employment or help can register their names without charge, is kept at this house and is always open to public inspection.

McBURNIE HOUSE,
FIRE-PROOF BRICK,
Deer Lodge City, : Montana.
 Fine, Well-Furnished Rooms,
 Accommodations Excellent.
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PROPRIETORS.
KEENEY HOUSE,
THE LARGEST AND LEADING HOTEL
In Ogden, - Utah.
 Special attention paid to Montana Trade. We have leased the Commercial House, and are prepared to accommodate our guests either in the city or at the depot.
 Terms reasonable.
KEENEY & ZEIGLER,
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BURNETT HOUSE,
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 A WELL SET TABLE.
 NICELY FURNISHED ROOMS.
 NO BAR OR SALOON ABOUT THE PREMISES.

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WHOLESALE
RETAIL
 DEALER IN—
WINES, LIQUORS,
CIGARS,
IMPORTED—
BRANDIES,
Ales and Porter,
CALIFORNIA WINES AND CIDER,
All kinds of BAR STORES
 Constantly on hand.

THE MONARCH
 This house has also one of the finest Billiard Parlors in Montana, supplied with the celebrated
Monarch Billiard and Pool Tables.
 The choicest brands of
LIQUORS AND CIGARS
 Always to be had at the bar.
 Stone Building, corner of Main and Granite Streets,
BUTTE MONTANA.

GEO. W. NEWKIRK'S
SAMPLE ROOMS,
NEXT DOOR TO CENTENNIAL HOTEL
Butte, Montana.
 Nicely furnished Reading Room, well provided with the leading papers and periodicals of the day.
 Only the choicest brands of Segars and Liquors
 KEPT ON HAND.

Silver Bow Brewery
DEPOT AND SALOON,
CHRIS NISSLER, : Proprietor,
BUTTE, MONTANA,
CHOICE WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS
 kept constantly on hand.
KEG AND BOTTLED
BEER, BEER, BEER,
 Beer, Beer, Beer.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
 Saloons, Families, Excursionists, And Everybody
 Supplied in packages to suit.

OUR
KEG AND SAMPLE ROOMS.
 —BY—
GEORGE FITSCHEN.
 NONE BUT THE BEST OF
LIQUORS AND SEGARS
 kept, and satisfaction guaranteed. Adjoining the Sample Rooms
CLUB ROOMS
 are kept for the entertainment of guests.

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 Dealers in
DRUGS,
CHEMICALS,
MEDICINES
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BOOKS,
 Perfumery, Toilet Articles,
 Chimneys, Burners, Etc.
Imported Cigars,
 ONLY THE BEST IN MARKET.
 Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.
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 Corner Main and Granite Streets, BUTTE.
BOGK'S BAKERY
AND RESTAURANT,
Meals at all Hours,
Open Day and Night.
HOT AND COLD LUNCHES.
 Booth's Fresh Oysters Served up in Every Style.
 PIES, CAKES, BREAD, CRACKERS, ETC..
 Constantly on hand. A Booth's Selected Oysters sold by the can. Price, \$2.00.
LOWER MAIN ST. BUTTE, MONTANA.
G. BOGK, Proprietor.

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Solicitors and Attorneys in
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 Special Attention Given to Matters Relating to MINERAL, AGRICULTURAL and GRANT Lands, Before the General Land Office and Department of the Interior. Refer by special permission to:
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Washington Letter.
 There is a great deal of angry comment on the part of Republicans over the selection by the House Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds, of John F. Chamberlain for keeper of the restaurant under the House of Representatives. The complaint is that Chamberlain was formerly a gambler. Well, what if he was? He does not gamble now, and has not gambled in several years. For the past two years he has kept a restaurant here, which has been and is frequented by the best people in town, and there has never been a gambling game in the establishment. If it was proposed to make Chamberlain the Chaplain of the House, his former life might be legitimate cause of objection; but in a restaurant, either in the Capitol or elsewhere, the proprietor is expected to dish up acceptable food, and not morals for Congressmen and others. The mere fact that Chamberlain was once a gambler ought not to bar him from association with the members and Senators in the present Congress, which numbers among its members some eminent pokerists. The Chairman of the most important committee of the House had rather sit down and play cards for money than go to a prayer meeting, and there are many of his associates in the House who are passionately fond of the green cloth. The Senate is not a whit behind. One of its present members, several years ago, crossed the street from Wornley's Hotel to Welcker's with nothing but his trousers, stockings and shirt on, at 3 o'clock in the morning, in order to indulge in a little game of "draw" which he knew was going on there. The initiated always knew when there was a game in progress from a light in a certain room. The thing has been stopped of late years. There has always been a hot contest every two years over the House restaurant. It is very desirable in a business way. In the first place the proprietor pays nothing for the privilege, and, beside this advantage, he pays nothing for rent, although his kitchen, store-rooms, dining-rooms, etc., are very spacious. He gets his fuel for nothing, he pays nothing for his ice, nor water, nor gas. Even the furniture is owned by the Government. The proprietor thus has to furnish nothing but crockery, linen, and other table ware. During the day probably from 200 to 500 people get luncheon or dinner there, spending from 10 cents to \$5 each. The prices charged are higher than the same things are in Philadelphia, and the articles supplied are no better. John Chamberlain has had experience enough to keep the best restaurant the House ever had. It is now to be seen whether he will attend to it.

The "Fat Contributor" on the Desert.
 It is estimated that about six and a half million square miles of the earth's surface are planted to desert. The most extensive deserts are in Asia and Africa, on account, I suppose, of real estate being less valuable in those countries than anywhere else. Take it where land is high and you couldn't get up a desert of any account whatever, without going to an enormous expense. There was a very respectable desert in this country not many years ago. It was called The Great American Desert. I don't know what great American it was named after, though it became a General Grant of land to a railroad company not long ago, and now the most of it is regularly laid out in village lots, the government being regularly laid out of the land by the railroad company.
 The best advertised and probably the most extensive desert in the world now is the Desert of Sahara, in Africa. But it must be recollected that Africa is a very old country, and they have been many, many years and spent a great amount of money in perfecting that desert. It probably was but an insignificant affair when first started, a little ten-cent desert, as you might say. But successive city councils, who saw a job in it, bought in a piece of unproductive land here, (often at enormous figures, being "in" with the owners), and a stretch of sand there, with occasionally an oasis for appearance sake, or a mirage that was going off cheap, until at last it reached the vast proportions that we now behold. Few tourists visit Africa without buying tickets of admission to the desert. A person has got to have considerable "sand," though, to cross it, particularly if he encounters a simoon, and the simoon is at its full.
 Arabs are the desert's principal inhabitants. They are born to it. Never caring much for the substantial courses, they are always very fond of their desert. They roam about at will and live in tents, though life isn't very intense with them, so to speak. It is curious to see an Arab pitch his tent. He does it to make it water-proof. Some Arabs, however, indulge in a mild sort of gambling, and pitch tents in the absence of pennies, keeping it up as long as they have a marquee.
 While the Arabs of the desert know very little about folding doors, they are particularly skillful in folding tents. There are no other people on the face of the earth who can fold their tents like the Arabs, and so silently steal away—anything lying around loose. If Eli Perkins were lying around loose about the desert—and that is the way he would lie about it if he attempted to write it up, instead of giving a plain, straightforward account of it, as I am doing—they would probably steal him, considering Eli their natural and legitimate "Perks."
 Much has been written about the Arab's horse. He is always of the best Arabian breed, making his mile easily where other horses couldn't make a cent. It is a wonder more horses don't go to Arabian breed. The Arab thinks so much of his horse that he sleeps with him, though the noble animal has a head-stall of his own. And it is a curious fact that an Arab was never known to remind his horse that he "ought to take his shoes off before going to bed." But that is probably owing to the fact that an Arab never yet heard the old clown in a circus, though he frequently encounters a caravan in crossing the desert. The Arab horse al-

ways sits down with the family at their meals, and, though his appetite is unbridled, his stable manners are highly spoken of. He is partial to a cup of coffee, and likes his little roll in the morning.
 But the animal that takes the first premium for all work is the camel. He has great powers of endurance and can go longer without water than a Murphy temperance lecturer. When he is carrying a load across the desert he may belong to almost any denomination, but if there is no return freight he is quite likely to go back a Campbellite, leaving his owner a camel lighter than he was. He is most contemptuous in his expressions, for the "humps" of the camel are proverbial the world over.
 The ostrich is another inhabitant of the desert. He is a swift traveler and hard to be overtaken, except by hunger or thirst. I once witnessed a race between an ostrich and a horse, and you ought to have seen that ostrich himself to keep up. I never saw him in a boat race, but I imagine that the ostrich feathers a very nice oar.
 The desert must have been settled by the Irish originally, judging from the number of O'Ases that one encounters in crossing it. They are hospitable and entertaining, traits peculiar to the Celtic race, and if a weary and exhausted traveler ever meets an O'Asis on the desert, he is sure of being well treated as long as he stays. If he isn't, it's a question of mirage, though mere age shouldn't be allowed to make any difference.
 The mirage of the desert is worthy of notice. At least you would think so if you were tired and hot and thirsty when you noticed it. You have been traveling over the burning sands, beneath a boiling sun for days and days. You are parched with thirst and can hardly draw one leg after another, however expert you may be in drawing from living models. Suddenly, when hope is well nigh dead and your own sands are nearly run out, though the desert's seem inexhaustible, there is a vision spread out before you of a magnificent out-door beer garden, with the music of a well Red Hussar Band, and innumerable boys running about carrying lager beer and bretzels to the multitude who are seated beneath the shade of beautiful trees, whose broad extending limbs and luxuriant foliage sway and dance in the refreshing breeze. Don't let it fool you. That beer garden is all in your mind.
"FAT CONTRIBUTOR."

A Blunder and Its Reward.
 Forney's Progress, Translation.
 During the first visit to Paris, M. Lasalle, a distinguished German, presented himself at the house of a well-known lady, to whom he had sent letters of introduction in advance. When the servant opened the door and received his card she conducted him to the boudoir and told him to be seated, saying: "Madame will come immediately."
 Presently the lady entered. She was in deshabille and her feet were bare, covered only with loose slippers. She bowed to him carelessly and said: "Ah, there you are; good morning."
 She threw herself on a sofa, let fall a slipper, and reached out to Lasalle her very pretty foot.
 Lasalle was naturally completely astounded, but he remembered that at his home in Germany it was the custom sometimes to kiss a lady's hand and he supposed it was the Paris mode to kiss her foot. Thereupon he did not hesitate to imprint a kiss upon the fascinating foot so near him, but he could not avoid saying, "I thank you, Madame, for this new method of making a lady's acquaintance. It is much better and certainly more generous than kissing the hand."
 The lady jumped up, highly indignant. "Who are you, sir, and what do you mean?" He gave her name.
 "You are not, then, a corn doctor?"
 "I am charmed to say, madame, that I am not."
 "But you sent me the corn doctor's card."
 It was true. Lasalle in going out that morning had picked up the card of a corn doctor from his bureau and put it in his pocket. This without glancing at he had given to the servant, who had taken it to her mistress. There was nothing to do but laugh over the joke.

THE FUTURE KING OF ENGLAND.
His Habits, Tastes and Early Training.
 The Prince can unbend; and, indeed, if one cared to describe characters in the Prince of Ligne style, ("he is fiddle, he is diddle," etc.) through half a dozen pages one could analyze his royal highness into a number of curiously contradictory elements. The fact is he is as affable as he is proud; and many are the instances related of his good nature. It may be remembered that a few years ago he was ridden over in Rotten Row by a gentleman, who called on the following day at Marlborough House to make the humblest apologies. The Prince was very good natured about it, and insisted on his visitor remaining to luncheon. In a club or at a mess dinner the Prince is simply a gentleman amongst gentlemen.
 The Prince is a tory in politics, and a sort of Broad High churchman in religion. Some time ago he presented a couple of beautiful altar candlesticks to the church at Sandringham. But the friend of Dean Stanley would not be likely to go too far in that direction. His toryism, too, is of that kind which is open (on certain questions) to conviction. Thus the only vote he ever gave in the House of Lords was in favor of the bill for legalizing marriages with a deceased wife's sister. His brother of Edinburgh voted with him, the Duke of Cambridge being in the majority which threw out the bill. Generally speaking, however, the Prince is good humoredly conservative on political questions. The Prince, it should be mentioned, is an excellent father, and very desirous that his sons should receive a substantial education, and be taught to do something with

their hands," he puts it. He is also a good son, and sets the example of treating the Queen's slightest wish as a command. It is out of deference to her will that he never attends horse races on Sundays whilst traveling abroad. He once begged by letter that this rule should be relaxed so as to enable him to accept Marshal MacMahon's invitation to the "Grand Prix" run, but a negative answer was returned by telegram, and the Prince did not go to the race.
 Of the Prince's literary tastes there is so much to be said. Like most modern princes, he is, by mere force of circumstances, a good linguist, speaking French and German as perfectly as English. What is more, he can make an after dinner speech in French, and he can joke in the same tongue. He is fond of late hours, but no matter how late he may go to bed he rises early the next morning. He is a keen sportsman and a very fair shot. At what he plays an excellent hand. And whether the occupation of the moment be whist, sport or dancing, he enters into it with a hearty relish which contrasts strangely with the blaze airs of the golden youths of the day. His constitution is an excellent one. He rarely has a day's illness, and he is a living proof that no amount of tobacco can enfeeble either mind or body. I believe that he was the inventor of the now popular drink, "lemon and soda."
 His education, by the way, was about as serious as can be the education of a man who is born to everything worth having on this earth, who becomes a Colonel at 18 and a General at 21. The Queen made a brave effort to bring up her sons in Spartan simplicity. Their table was of the plainest kind; they were made to do a fair amount of work, and they were required to take outdoor exercise every day, in wet as in sunny weather. But once at Oxford, the Prince was virtually his own master, and he certainly distinguished himself more by a universal urbanity than by too exclusive an attention to the classic authors. There is a rather ludicrous tradition at Oxford of how the Prince, when an undergraduate, went "up town" on a bright afternoon, incognitus, as he fondly deemed, as well as incognito. What was his disgust on arriving at the Great Western terminus to find an equestrian in attendance and a royal carriage awaiting his orders. Whether the Prince, despairing, requested to be driven to exeter Hall to pass a quiet afternoon, the legend relateth not.

It has often been said that there is no royal road to learning. Let any one who believes this talk half an hour with the Prince of Wales, when he may perhaps ask himself whether this goodly proverb is so very true after all. There is a royal road to knowledge, though few have the privilege of treading it. What most of us must learn from the study of books a Prince of Wales can gain from the living conversation of the greatest men of the day, from travels under the guidance of the most delightful of cicerones, from the best places at all the most famous sights and shows, from early conversation with reasons of state and questions of policy, from assisting at (and taking part in) the making of history. The Prince is admirably informed on an extraordinary number of questions. Of late, too, he has shown a taste and capacity for work, from which one argues that he will scarcely be the *roi faineant* which certain persons have prophesied and hoped he would be.
 There is no doubt that on questions of foreign affairs he will insist on having a voice. His interest in them is, of course, of a two-fold nature. He is a thorough Englishman, and very enthusiastic about the necessity for the maintenance of our prestige; he is also a German prince. His German sympathies, however, did not carry him so far as to enable him to approve of the spoliation of Denmark; and he even expressed himself with unwonted bitterness on the subject. But his feeling was rather personal than political. A member of his household who spoke incautiously about the matter to the Princess, received what is vulgarly called "a wiggling" for his pains.
 Few men have been more unscrupulously libelled than he. On one occasion he was much pained by a cartoon in a comic paper which likened him to George IV. "I hope I'm not quite so bad as that," rather naively observed his royal highness, throwing over his illustrious great-uncle without any ceremony at all. When one subject of scandals began to pall on the public taste another was tried, and we were told that the Prince was head-over-ears in debt. As a matter of fact, the Prince has always known what he was about. He is very generous, giving away far more than the public is aware of, and a model landlord. Apropos, here is a story in which the Prince comes out well, and another person who may be called B, very badly. The Prince won a bet from B, who thereupon begged for time to pay his royal highness. Of course the Prince consented; and to do B justice, he paid. But some months after B won a bet of the Prince. The sum was a trifling one, and the Prince being rather suddenly called away to attend a state ceremony, the thing escaped his mind for a moment. He was away from Marlborough House two days, and on his return found a dunning letter from B, who received his money by return of post; and I dare say the Prince has forgiven him. I may add that he is a faithful and punctual correspondent, and can write both with humor and feeling. His opinions of contemporaries are certainly expressed in some of his letters with a vivacity that will make them excellent reading for our grandchildren. They would be dangerous to our own generation.—London Truth.

As some lady visitors were going through penitentiary under the escort of a supernatendent, they came to a room in which three women were sewing. "Dear me!" one of the visitors whispered, "what vicious-looking creatures! Pray, what are they here for?" "Because they have no other home; this is our sitting-room, and they are my wife and two daughters," blantly answered the supernatendent.