GEORGIA LOW LIFE.

PART I.

"Yessum," drawled Sally Givins, rubbing her right front tooth vigorously; "Jule Stubbs' convic' is acomin' in that thar waggin o' Sam Small's this mornin' an' no mistake."

"I declar' to gracious, Sal, ef you don't beat the worl' findin' out things. There ain't nuthin' that goes on here in Crowfoot that you don't git at it fust, whether 'tis a fiddlin' or a funeral," and Betsy Billups sent a stream of snuff-dyed saliva straight through her two long, white front teeth into the heart of a tall sun-flower which adorned Sally Givins' front yard.

The two worthies were sitting knee to knee on a wooden bench in front of the low, unpainted cottage where Sally Givins lived. They were two tall, gaunt, slab-sided village spinsters. Both had yellow complexions, insignificant features and sandy hair, and bore themselves with a general hardness of appearance, differing from each other in degree though not in kind. Crowfoot, the place of their nativity, was a little village lying snugly tucked away among the mountain ranges of the northwestern portion of Georgia.

It was a sultry, drowsy morning in August, when at 10 o'clock, having quite settled her affairs for the day, Sally Givins sat entertaining her crony. Each had her little tin snuff-box, and each had a well-used brush, which she alternately dipped into the snuff and then rubbed on her teeth, while every now and then one of the ladies would send a stream of saliva shooting through the air at some preconceived mark among the flowers. Sally Givins was about 40 and Betsy Billups 35 years old perhaps. They were both dressed in calicoes, faded from many washings in turpentine soap, and the only material difference between them was, that Sally often declared that she was an old maid and likely to continue one "all her borned days," Betsy had not quite given up all hopes of matrimony, as a certain perkiness of manner at the approach of everything that was not female invariably attested.

"Yessum," drawled Sally, "Pete Givins war down to Atlanty an' he done the whole buznis. Las' night he kept us up till 9 o'clock tellin' 'bout it. Ma 'lowed as how the neighbors would say thar war a ball at the Givinses, seein' the light burnin' in the front room so late at night, but I wouldn't stir till Pete had got through his yarn. In course, Betsy, when old Steve Stubbs died an' lef' his lan' an' his sto' an' all to Jule Stubb an' made her promis' to stay here an' keep sto' an' farm the lan', Steve never thought how hard 'twould be for a young thing like Jule. Niggers ain't niggers sence the wah—an' they ain't to be depended on; an' how Jule has managed these three sence ole Steve died is a miration in Crowfoot. Pete Givins 'lowed las' night how one day when he was at Jules' she was worried with people buyin' things an' little Steve war cryin' 'roun' his ma, an' she was wrastlin' with him, an' two of the niggers war off sick, an' everything was out of kelter. Says Pete, kinder laughin' like: 'Widder Stubbs, why on airth don't you git convic' labor?' Pete lafft an' lafft las' night when he told us how horry-struckt Jule was when he 'splained to her how they hired out the pennitentirry convic's in Atlanty to work for folks, an' how good behav't the convic's war an' what good workers they war, too. Jule wouldn't hear on it fust, but morn't a month ago when little Steve had the measles she jes' broke down an' as't Pete the next time he brought her sto' things from Atlanty to bring her a convic' too. Pete aimed airter a nigger convic', but the niggers they wanted him to hire was all po', broked down, sickly things, fitter to make gyanner outer theirselv's than to help Jule farm, an' so Pete has got a white 'un an' Amos Tiller (that's his name) is a comin' to Crowfoot in Sam Small's waggin' to-day."

"Well—well!" ejaculated Betsy, her round, pale blue eyes big with anticipation and wonder. "I never did go to bed without I look under it, an' now when Jule Scubbs' convict gits here I guess I won't go to bed at all."

"La! Betsy," said Sally, tossing her head, "*You* needn't be so pizen 'feared o' Amos Tiller comin' round to hide under your caliky bed-spread. The man will be too tired nights airter devin' and plowin' all day to go prowlin' 'round airter you or anybody else in Crowfoot."

Betsy Billups came as near blushing as her yellow skin would permit.

"In course, Sally," she hastened to say, apologetically, "you know I never meant nothin' *much*; bein' as how you have toled me that the man had done a murder, who could help bein' timmersome of a man that have broken the kimmon'ments right smack in the middle?"

"Thar—thar," said Sally, handing her snug tin to Betsey, "don't flopp so hard, you might bust sumthin'. Take a dip o' mine; it's fresh. Pete brung it last night. Ain't it lively?"

"Yessum," nodded the appeased dipper, edging up closer to her friend. "Now do say, Sal, what sorter man is Jule Stubbs' convic'? Did Pete see the critter?"

"La, Betsy, he ain't nuthin' different from other men folks, I reckin'. He's strong an' tall an' jes 25. He have kilt a man, an' he have bin sentunct for five year. You see 'twar this a way," said Sally, applying a fresh dip of snuff to the left bi-cuspid. "The jedge down to Atlanty told Pete all about it. Amos Tiller war 'drug clerk down to Jonsvul', down at Atlanty way. It had bin hot an' dry an' mos' folks war down with the fevers. Amos war nussin' his boss man an' keepin' sto' all day an' settin' up all night. One night young Biggs came to the store arter quynyne for his old daddy, who had bin on a pow'ful big drunk an' had a chill. Young Biggs kep' hurryin' of Amos Tiller an' tellin' him to give him the quynyne quick;—he 'lowed he knowed how much to give the old man at home. More'n half a sleep Amos Tiller giv' young Biggs stuff outer the wrong bottle—for the quynyne and morphyne bottles sot side an' side on the shelf. Pete says old Biggs war a roarin' lion for gin, an' a whisky guzzler, an' a liar, but old an' rickety an' onnery as he war, the law give Amos five years to sarve for quitting Jonesvul' of a rowdy old fool. Pete hired him for Jule right outer the Court House—and he'l be here with the other things in Sam's waggin to-day."

The sun mounted higher and higher in the serene blue sky, and still the two village virgins sat knee to knee, dipping snuff and discussing Jule Stubbs and her affairs. They talked of "ole Steve Stubbs," whose father before him had kept the village store, and tilled the broad acres that lay around it. They spoke of how "old Steve" had lived alone for years with his mother, and how, when she had become bedridden, Steve had himself gone to Atlanta to consult some great physician regarding her sad condition, and how he had returned from his quest with a pale, dark-haired, pretty girl whom the physician had sent to amuse the sick woman and lighten the darkness of those dreary hours that lay between suffering and eternity.

"Yessum," continued Sally, repeating the old story with untiring interest, "I think I kin see old Steve now tellin' ma how he foun' Jule at the doctor's house—poo' an' alon'. She an' her pa had come from old Virginny somewhar—he war old an' sickly an' had died thar in Atlanty, leavin' Jule to skuffle for herself. The doctor sayed 'twould be the makin' o' Jule to git her up here in the fresh air, an' he an' old Steve patcht it up betwixt 'em. She was a slim slip of a gal 'bout 15 when she come," Sally said, gazing reflectively at her snuff brush, "an' she had a good home an' plenty to eat at old Steve's. When a year airter she come the old 'oman died, an' old Steve married Jule, folks said as how that was a smart thing for him to do followin' out the Scriptrul kimmand, which do pintly tell folks that it is a monstrous peart thing fur a man to rise up an' 'be a father to the fatherless,' an' that's what old Steve riz up an' done, Betsy."

"Yessum," assented Betsy, nodding her head. "That's what old Steve riz up an' done, an' no mistake, an' none too soon, if you lis'en to me preach, Sal. He war agreeable an' sizable long enuf befo' he undertook the job to 'be a father to the fatherless" for there be folks as do say as how he war goin' on to 62 when he hitched teams with Jule."

II.

"Stubbs' Store" was painted on the rude signboard that was nailed up over the village store and a Stubbs, father and son, had kept that store for over fifty years. "Old Steve," as he had been called before his years had warranted the titular adjective, had been the last male of his name in Crowfoot. A loving son to an almost imbecile mother, old Steve had lived but one short year after his marriage to the girl who had done so much to cheer his mother's declining days. During that year Steve had enjoyed a greater amount of quiet happiness than most men are able to compass in a lifetime. Two months before his death the birth of a son had added to his happiness.

"Thar,ll be another Stubbs on the sign," he had said proudly to his wife, who had looked up proudly into the rugged face of him who had been so good to her.

It was now six months since "Jule Stubbs' Convic'" had made his first appearance among the dwellers in Crowfoot. Every man in uhe village spoke well of him and his taciturnity and self-seclusion had caused many a rustic Phyllis to bite her red lip or toss her pretty head. He had proven a very Kohinor of convicts. He was up before daylight working in the fields and at night could be heard by wakeful neighbors mending and planning for the morrow's labors. He never seemed tired. He was a man of ideas, too, and had been at the farm but a few weeks when people began to notice quite a difference in its appearance. Little Steve had taken the greatest fancy to Amos from the first, and sit staring at him for hours wihle he was at work. The child seemed in some indefinite way to understand that his friend carried a canker at his heart which he tried to hide from the eyes of men and women. A mask will slip off sometimes, and often when he thought himself unobserved the tall, strong man would become weak for the moment with internal struggling, when all at once a little hand would tug at his sleeve and a face full of silent sympathy would be lifted to his own. There was something pathetic in the child's devotion and the loyalty written on the baby face, which bore so great a likeness to his father's. It was some time after Amos' arrival before Mrs. Stubbs could accustom herself to the tall, broad-shouldered, blue-eyed man, who waited so humbly for her orders. There was a room in one of the outhouses in which he slept, and at first he had eaten in in any field where he had happened to be laboring, but when the days grew short and cold, wearied with little Steve's constant importunities, the widow had listened to the commands of her own kind heart and had invited Amos to take his meals at the house.

It was nearing the end of February, but a violent snowstorm was raging along the Blue Ridge, and now, though it was but 6 o'clock, the snow was falling so fast and the night was so bad that Mrs. Stubbs had ordered Amos to close his store. There was a tidy little room behind the store, in which Mrs. Stubbs was sitting sewing on a little dress for her boy, who lay fast asleep on the settee near which she sat and sewed. The old negro cook, Aunt Patsy, could be fanitly heard washing the lately used supper plates in the next room and quarrelling good-naturedly with her husband, whom she called "old Scratch." When Amos had finished closing the store and making things fast for the night, he came into the sitting-room and stood gazing at the sleeping boy. The night was so bleak and everything outside looked so dreary, the little widow in her neat black calico and white collar, with her tender smile and girlish face looked a picture of peace to the restless man standing on the threshold.

"Well, Amos?" the little widow asked, pleasantly, looking up from her sewing.

"I would like to speak to you, ma'am," Amos began, nervously. "I've been wanting to speak to you for some time, but now I hardly know how to begin, but—I want you to stop hiring me—I want you to let me go back where I came from—I want to leave."

"Why, Amos," the widow said, raising her soft, brown eyes with astonishment, "Why do you want to leave me? Am I unkind?"

"Unkind! No indeed, ma'am. It is not you—but I feel as though I could not breathe here—I must get away," Amos said, pressing his hand to his chest.

"Perhaps it is the mountains," the widow said, letting her sewing fall into her lap. "When I first came here I used to feel so oppressed by their nearness, and after awhile I lost that feeling of fear, and now they seem like big friends who surround that they may protect me. Perhaps after you have lived among them longer you, too, will learn to love them. It is always so with people who come up here from the valleys, they say."

"Oh! ma'am," he began—but she interrupted him.

"I know what you are going through" she said, slowly. "When my old friend lay dying here so long, I felt as though I *must* get away from beneath the shadows of these everlasting hills. I was so restless, yet so powerless, and the memory of my valley home in far away Virginia would rise like a star out of the night of my despair, beckoning me away to the spot where my childhood had been so gay; but time wore on, and after many changes my husband died, saying to me with his dying lips: 'Stay here, Jule; don't leave the land to strangers; stay, and God will bless you,' and I stayed here, Amos, and God has blessed me," the little widow said, her dimpled mouth trembling.

"Indeed, indeed ma'am," said the troubled man, "indeed I am not running away from the mountains."

"Then what is it?" the widow asked suddenly and decisively.

"It is myself," Amos answered solemnly.

"Yourself? Why you will be yourself wherever you go!" the widow said kindly.

"Yes, ma'am, but not the same self who now stands before you. Oh, ma'am, they must have been fiends, not men, who devised the laws with which I am now punished. I am a felon, who by the law has a right to every liberty except the freedom of my own life. I am a man sold into slavery for a crime I would have died rather than commit. They had to 'make an example,' they said at court, and I was the example. You—you are everything that is gentle and good—and I—I—am a man whose life—whose heart—whose very flesh is in bonds to the State. I must get away from here—"

"But, Amos," the widow said, catching her breath sharply, "if you go back they may treat you harshly, perhaps put you in—"

"Oh, solitary confinement is not the hardest punishment that a felon knows," Amos interrupted her with, "or being put to dig on the roadside chained to other unfortunates. I shall not mind hard work, and solitude would be a respite; but—to be fellows—I feel as though I were in a vice which is gradually closing on me, stifling all good feeling, suffocating—"

Aunt Patsy opened the door. "I'm gwinter de kitchen," she said, swinging a lighted lantern in her hand, "an' ole Scratch 'll light you ter de barn," she continued, nodding her head to Amos Teller. The young man bade the widow "good night," and followed "old Scratch" out quietly:

Many years before, when quite a boy in his now far distant home, Amos had heard an old minister deliver a sermon on Bible names and their meanings, and had said that in ancient Hebrew "Amos" meant "a burden." The old minister's words occurred to Amos. "Yes, and I will bear it now," he thought sadly, stumbling through the fallen snow after the retreating lantern.

It was almost morning before Mrs. Stubbs closed her pretty eyes, there was so much for the 20-year-old widow to think about, and her restless night predicated and confirmed the morrow's disquiet. When she awoke late the next day with a headache, she was informed that Amos had been gone away for many hours in search of some sheep that had wandered away from the fold. Then there was little Steve to contend with, who went crying about looking for Amos. Then, just as she thought her vexations for the day were over, little Steve was found to have disappeared, and after much vain searching the child was discovered almost covered with snow and half unconscious, trying to make his way to the barn. After he had been cossetted and put to bed and had developed a fierce fever, nothing would pacify him because his beloved Amos was not near him. When it was quite dark and Amos at last appeared, the little widow made one jump for the door.

"Oh! come in—do come in," she cried. "Little Steve has such a fever, and he is crying for you."

"I could not find the sheep," Amos began, but Mrs. Stubbs interrupted him.

"Oh! never mind the sheep; come to my boy," the widow cried.

An hour afterwards Amos had reached his bedside. Little Steve lay fast asleep with his little hands clasping that of his friend. Amos had sent the widow to her much needed rest, saying that he would watch beside the boy. It is not every widow who wears the rose of youth upon her heart, and there are few mothers who would have trusted a child with a truer man than he who sat there, faithful and sincere, and, save for one mighty blot, with as pure a record as the little one whose sleep he guarded.

It had been a pretty sight to see the widow leave the room—her shyness, her dependence and her trustfulness, creating an altar where she stood, where youth and tenderness had halted to fire the torch which, borne in the hands of a good woman, leads a man ever upward.

It was perhaps two months later, when the soft May air was whispering through the mountain pines and the spring sunshine was flooding the air with sweetness and light, that Sally Givins was seen to jerk her slat bonnet from its nail and hasten across the fields that lay between her home and that of Betsy Billups. About half way between the two places she met the hurrying Betsy, who ran full tilt upon her.

"La, me!" cried Betsy, "how you skeert me, Sally. You look like a hurrikane. I was jes' a' scurryin' over to your house. One of Sam Small's waggins have come, an' folks do say——"

"Set down, Betsy; set down here on this here pine stump an' len' me a dip o' your snuff," said Sally Givins, excitedly.

"Ef I hadn't a bin' chawin' my bresh I would a forgot that, too. I was that flustered that I lef' my snuff tin on the bench. Yes, Pete have come in that thar waggin, an' he have seen the knot tied with his own two eyes, an' the dratted fool is as tickled as tho' Amos war his own flesh an' blood."

"He, an' Jule Stubbs, an' Amos, an' little Steve went down to Atlanty las' week, you know—an' I was fool enuf to b'lieve they went to buy sto' things! Pete says it makes him dizzy to think the way Jule Stubbs flew round fitin things up, but Amos war her own convic' an' she had hired him, an' the jedges 'lowed shat if Jule wanted to marry her own convic' 'twan't no man's business to keep her from it; an' the jedge tied the knot hisse'f. He laft, Pete says, an' said sumthin', low like, to Amos 'bout senticing a man twict, an' Amos laft, an' Jule laft too."

"They'll all be here in the nex' waggin, Pete says, an' he's flyin' round like a turkey buzzard fixin' things for a dance. I had to cume arter you, I was that flustered I couldn't turn round by mese'f. Ah Betsy! I feel more natural now. There ain't nuthin like a sociable dip 'mong friend to camm the min'. Betsy Billups, you just ougter a heard Pete a givin' it to Joe Meeking when he uppt and helt out for the law. 'Love is the fulfillin' of the law,' the Scriptures say,' I heerd Pete shout to Joe, and then he turnt to me and hollared, 'you run for Betsy, Sal, an' I'm goingarter the fiddle an' to-night we'll giv' the young 'uns a dance an' spike a keg of mountain dew, that will make the bays' ha'ar curl at both en's.'"

MARY BEALE BRAINERD.

INTO ETERNITY.

Suicide of a Woman of the Town Yesterday.

Yesterday another was added to the chapter of tragedies, the so frequent recurrence of which in all portions of the country are causing more than ordinary comment and concern among persons who pay any attention to crime and its causes. The victim in this case was simply a woman of the town, and one, too, who had outlived her charms and whose only refuge was the grave to which she was hurled by her own act. She was not old and she had been comely, but dissipation had robbed her of her charms and made life a burden which from all accounts she willingly gave up for the quiet of eternal rest. Far from home, separated from family and friends by that impassable gulf that yawns between virtue and dishonor Nellie Hinckley will to-day be laid to rest by the charity of the outcasts of Butte. At her grave there may be a semblance of grief, there will surely be a demonstration of respect and then, as her frail sisters return to their homes of sin and shame, the dead will be forgotten. Such is the history of the class and such it must continue to be for all time.

THE SUICIDE.

Yesterday morning it was noised around the precincts of Galena and Park streets and vicinity, that an unfortunate woman had committed suicide. The report proved only too true, the victim of her own rashness being Nellie Hinckley, who resided on Wyoming street, a few doors north of Park. There were all manner of rumors afloat, and much excitement, but careful inquiry elicited the facts in the case which were verified by the testimony at the coroner's inquest held in the afternoon. It appears that the woman who occupies a neat cottage at the place designated, has for some time been despondent and downhearted, and has recently threatened suicide. Tuesday night she was about her home and her usual haunts in the neighborhood, apparently in good health up to about midnight. She was at that time seen by both a male and female friend but made no complaint, nor did she in any manner indicate that she was about to commit

THE AWFUL DEED

of self destruction. Leaving her at the house at that time the male friend went off and on returning about 2 a. m., found the window shades up, the lights burning and both the front and rear doors locked. The circumstances being unusual he called upon a couple of friends and an entrance was effected through the rear window and the woman found lying on her bed in full dress but unconscious. It was at first supposed that she was suffering from the effects of a fit to which she was subject, but as the usual efforts did not do any good, medical aid was summoned and Dr. Labrie responded. At that time, about 3 o'clock a. m., the woman was virtually in a comatose state and although all that could be done, including the application of electricity, was done it was without avail and she died unconscious yesterday morning about 10 o'clock, never having rallied from the moment she was discovered.

CORONER'S INQUEST.

Immediately after her death the Coroner, Dr. Whitford, was notified, and in company with other physicians viewed the body, and in the afternoon summoned a jury and an inquest was held. The facts as above stated were elicited, and the jury returned a verdict that deceased had come to her death from a dose of morphine poisoning taken with suicidal intent. It was not deemed necessary to hold a post mortem, and the body was turned over to the friends, by whom it was arranged for burial, and the funeral will take place at 2 o'clock to-day

THE DECEASED,

whose maiden name was Nellie Le Voie, was a French Canadian, from a town in Quebec, and at the time of her death was about 28 years of age. Her mother is still alive at her old home, but her father died a short time ago. She left home eight or nine years ago, first going to Chicago. From there she drifted West, having lived and plied her vocation in Colorado, the Black Hills and Nevada, and finally about three years ago she came to Butte, where she has since lived. She subsequently married Jack Hinckley or Jack Osborn, who kept a saloon, and last winter he committed suicide, after which she rented the house in Wyoming street in which she met her death. About three weeks ago she attended the funeral of a woman who died on Galena street and on her return from the cemetery, said that she had visited the grave of her husband and that in a short time she would be lying beside him. No attention was paid to the remark as she was known to be subject to fits of the blues but she has several times since repeated her threats of self destruction which she so successfully carried out. The woman had in the past been addicted to the use of opium, but those who know her assert that she had conquered the habit and had not recently touched it. They also say that personally she was upright and honest in all her business relations and that her recent hard luck was the cause of her death.

As stated above, her unfortunate sisters have taken charge of the remains and they will be interred this afternoon.

PINE VALLEY DISTRICT.

The Union Pacific Railroad on the Subject.

The passenger department of the Union Pacific have issued a circular concerning the Pine Valley District, which says:

"The discoveries were made in the Pine Valley District, in the southwestern part of Union county, Oregon, along Eagle creek and other small tributaries of Powder and Snake rivers. They are about sixty miles northeast of Baker City, and fifty miles north of Huntington, Oregon. The only stage route is from Baker City. This is a good road with four-horse stage coach, and runs to within seven miles of the center of the mining camp. From the edge of the stage route to the mines there is a trail over which prospectors make their way on horseback and with pack animals. A roadway is in course of construction from the present terminus of the stage road to the village which has sprung up in the mining district. Passengers from the East will purchase tickets to Baker City via Oregon Short Line. Other routes, less difficult, will soon be opened. One down the Snake from Weiser, in connection with a ferry at Pine creek, is contemplated. This will take the traffic over a level road to the foot of the gold mountain. The Pine Valley District is attracting wide attention in all mining communities. No effort has been made to create a stampede or arouse any especial interest. Many inquiries are now being received regarding the new district. Very little development has been made and nothing absolutely definite can be announced. It promises well and we expect it to prove a profitable mining region. We simply publish what information we have been able to gather."

County Commissioners.

Monday the County Commissioners met at the County Court House. Lee W. Foster, the newly appointed Commissioner *vice* J. Ross Clark resigned, presented his bonds and qualified. The Board then without transacting any business adjourned until Saturday next.

Peaceful Prospects.

ST. PETERSBURG, August 26.—The furlough of Russian naval officers has been extended.

LONDON, August 26.—The British militia, which was called out at the time of the Penjdeh incident, has been ordered to demobilize.

ONE LOVED BY MANY.

I.

The Norseman of Dayton's Ridge, though brethren, did not dwell together in unity. Since the Swedish Major, Frauyen, had come to settle there, the Ridge had been torn with internecine war. The trouble with the major was that he had a very beautiful daughter—a girl whom it was a joy and a feast to look upon. Almost every night somebody lay in wait for somebody else in the woods about the Major's farm, and thrashed him or got thrashed.

Everybody suspected everybody else of being in the favor of the Major's daughter, and naturally resented his own exclusion. It was especially Anders Longlegs who made himself conspicuous in these unprovoked assaults and who loudly swore that he would break every bone in the body of the man who married the major's daughter. The two or three other maidens on the Ridge had ceased to exist to him since Birgitta's arrival.

Birgitta went about pale and frightened and begged the man for God's sake to keep the peace. The Major, in his excitement, fired shots out of his windows to keep away intruders, and if the rumor be true, sent, unwittingly, a handful of shot into Anders' back; at all events he made himself so unpopular that it would scarcely have been safe for him to go out after dark. Everything, somehow, had gone wrong with him of late, and his contentment had quite departed. He was not a man who could grapple with a complicated situation; at the least adversary he lost his head and made things ten times worse by his excited blundering. He had now just learned that his capital which he had brought with him from Sweden was exhausted; that he had to make his living by farming or starve. The alternative, of course, presented itself to marry Birgitta to one of his neighbors and live off his son-in-law. But the Major scouted such a suggestion. He, Major Frauyen, the dependent of a rustic whom in his own country he would have flung down stairs if he had ventured to sit down in his presence! And to give his treasure, his jewel, his rose in the wilderness into the keeping of one who would not have the sense to appreciate its rarity and its precious worth—no, the Major would starve first! He had not sunk so low as that! It was hard enough that he must see his little girl milk cows and ruin her delicate hands digging in the garden—but that was at all events better than the lot her wooers had in store for her.

It was in this sad plight the Major found himself during the second summer of his sojourn in the wilderness. It was rarely a neighbor dropped in of an evening now from the week's beginning to its end; only the bark of the fox or the hooting of the owl were heard through the long, dreary nights. Hints were dropped from time to time that something unpleasant was going to happen to the Major, and he went about in a martial frame of mind, ready to shed blood if necessary rather than surrender to insolent demands. He began to feel quite heroic while contemplating the savage things he would say and do if his adversaries should proceed to extremities. It was particularly Anders Longlegs against whom his wrath was fiercest, because it was he who had been the first to open hostilities, and secondly, because he seemed to the Major an incarnation of all that is disagreeable in the prosperous plebian. While the younger men took their refusal with good grace, Anders felt outraged and threatened vengeance. He had an idea that he had, under the laws of the State of Oregon, preempted Birgitta's affection, because he had been the first to propose to her, and he seemed to think that he was in his good right in warning off squatters and interlopers. He was six feet tall and sound to the core, and he could see no reason why any woman should not jump at her chance of becoming his wife.

At a meeting, which he called at his house one evening early in June, he said nothing about the shot in his back, but as the spokesman of the committee gave vent to his wrath in vigorous language. If the girl could not find any one in the whole settlement who was good enough for her, why, let her just say so, if she dared, and stop making fools of worthy and honorable men. It was time that she should make her choice, therefore, and if that old muff, her father, did not exercise his authority over her, as the Scriptures plainly directed him to do, it was no more than right that the public took the matter in hand and made a choice for her. He would therefore move that they should call upon the Major in person that very night and acquaint him with their decision.

This proposition found favor with the majority, and the men began to knock the ashes out of their pipes preparatory to leaving. Then a man rose suddenly with a flushed face and turned to the chairman. It was young Finn Vallem.

"Friends," said he, "I don't agree with you, or, to speak more correctly, I am ashamed of you. Here we are, sixteen stalwart men, working ourselves up into an unseemly excitement about one little helpless woman. She won't marry, you say. Well, suppose she won't. Whose business is that but her own? There is no law, either in Norway or America, compelling girls to marry, and I am sure we are all too chivalrous and honorable to use our brute strength against—"

"Shet up yer mouth, Mester Vallem, shet up yer mouth," cried Anders Longlegs, indignantly; "I shouldn't like to have to shet it for you."

"When the fox turns preacher let the har look out for his wool," observed Thora Baken, glancing slily at Vallem.

That remark started a sudden train of thought in the host's mind. "I was a fool not to think of it before," he growled; approaching Vallem with a threatening scowl; "but you are the man I hev been a-lookin' fur. I beg to be excused lads ef, mayhap, I hev thrashed some of you by mistake; but now I am a-goin' to hev it out with him. I am a-goin' to have a settlin' up of old scores."

His huge figure advanced to the middle of the floor, where Vallem stood unmovable. "Do yer know I could grind yer to powder?" he muttered between his teeth, as he slowly sidled forward.

"Strike and you are a dead man," said Vallem, quietly drawing a revolver from his pocket and pointing it at his opponent. Anders tumbled backward at the sight of the weapon. Vallem with supreme sang froid bade the company good night and departed.

II.

The Major was sitting at a deal table, smoking a long pipe and playing solitaire. He had on an old threadbare uniform, which bore sorrowful testimony to the changed condition of his life. It was quite a loose fit now, while formerly it had borne a considerable on its buttons. When the Major's pipe went out, as it frequently did, Birigftta rose and offered him a lighted pine knot. sometimes she stopped and, leaning over him, rubbed her soft cheek against his rough one.

"Papa," she said, playfully, "your cheeks are like the prickly porcupine."

"Hold on a moment, hold on!" mumbled the Major in his absorption, puffing away at his pipe. "Jack—that goes on the ten-spot—and the deuce of spades—where in the deuce does the deuce of spades—go—"

There was a sharp knock at the door; the Major dropped his cards and cried, "Who's there?"

Open quickly," answered a breathless voice from without, "It is I—Vallem."

Father and daughter exchanged a startled glance; and the latter pushed the bolt from the door.

"Miss Birigitta," said Vallem, as he entered with a face pale with excitement, "will you be my wife? I have not the time to explain. But you must answer me, dear Miss Birgitta, and I'll explain afterward."

"There is danger threatening us," said Birgitta; "you wish me to marry you to save me from the danger."

"For God's sake answer," urged the young man; "there is no time to be lost."

"I prefer the danger to a man who does not love me." declared the girl stoutly.

"But I do love you," cried Vallem in a tone of anxiety; "only this is not the time to speak of it."

"Then neither is it the time to ask me to be your wife."

A chorus of angry voices was heard, first distantly, then coming nearer. Birgitta sprang to the door to bolt it.

"No, not that," said Vallem, with decision. "It would anger them and would be of no use."

The Major, who had been standing speechless, glared into the eyes of the young man, swelling with offended dignity.

"Mr. Vallem," he began, pompously, "there are certain considerations due to—"

A howl, wild like a jackal's, interrupted the Major's speech. Whoops, yells and cat calls followed singly and in chorus. The Major made a bound toward the shelf at the window, where his pistol was lying.

"No, papa, no," cried Birgitta, seizing him by the arm, "you will bring misery upon us."

Her father gazed upon her for a moment mournfully, then put the pistol case down unopened.

"What would I not do for your sake, child?" he said with a sad smile; "I suppose you even want me to be polite to those unmannerly louts who are howling there without?"

"Yes, papa, I want you to be good and gentle."

There was terror in her voice as she spoke, and she clung closely to his arm, gazing up into his face with appealing eyes. It was thus she stood when the door was opened and Anders Longlegs entered, followed by half a dozen men, who with difficulty crowded into the narrow cabin. The others remained seated upon the steps outside.

"Good evening, Major, and thanks for last meeting," he said, seating himself, unasked, upon a wooden stool.

"Good evening," answered the Major curtly.

"I want to be fair and square with you, Major," Anders went on, plunging headlong into his errand, "but the fact is, we boys all wants to get married. Your darter, she is a likely wench, and we want to know which of us she would be most likely to take a shine to."

"My daughter, sir," the Major responded, bristling with wrath, "wants none of you."

"Yes—yes, that might be so, perhaps," observed Anders, thoughtfully, swinging his hat and gazing at the floor, "but," he went on, sending a sudden sinister glance at his interlocutor, "supposin' we made her marry somebody. What was yer agoin' to do then, Major?"

"I would shoot the man," said the Major, with a swelling breast and a face purple with suppressed pugnacity.

"Lord ha'e mercy on yer, man," ejaculated the farmer; "yer wouldn't load sech a sin upon yer soul!"

"Yes I would."

Anders lapsed into meditation and sat long, making his hat spin around upon his finger.

"We want ter be fair and square with yer, Major," he said at last; "we'll draw lots fur the girl, and she shall marry the one as draws her."

By a strange transition of feeling the Major's courage began to desert him. He saw the futility of his opposition; his helplessness in the presence of so many. Taking his daughter by her hand he gently pushed her forward until she stood between him and the farmers. She stood with drooping eyes, trembling, though resolved to be brave, clasping his hand tightly.

"Look here, my men," said the Major, paternal tenderness making his voice husky and his eyes moist. "This is all I have in the world. Who is the man who has the heart to take her from me?"

He paused impressively and gazed at the men. Several of them stirred uneasily, but no one stepped forward.

"Look at her," the Major went on, no longer checking the tears that rolled down over his cheeks; "does she look as if she was made for one of you?"

It was a thousand pities, but the Major there struck a false note. The sympathy he had aroused suddenly was dissipated. He stood still, dramatically pointing from the delicate figure of the blushing girl to the great awkward forms of her would-be wooers. But unhappily the contrast did not impress them as it did him.

"He of you who would commit the sacrilege to lay hands on her against her will," the Major exclaimed, unconscious of his *faux pas*, "let him step forward."

Anders Longlegs rose up with such force that he nearly struck his head against the ceiling. One by by one the others rose and the loiterers without burst into a derisive howl.

"It ain't no use, old chap," sneered Anders, stepping forward and stretching out his arm toward Birgitta. "You can't come that game on us."

The girl shrank back, clinging in terror to her father's arm.

"Step back!" cried the Major. "Do not touch her."

"Who is a-goin' to hender me I should like to know?" drawled the ruffian, stretching once more his rude fist towards the trembling girl. But in the same instant his arm was struck with such force that it fell limp at his side. He stood face to face with Finn Vallem.

"*I* am going to hinder you!" said the young man coolly. "Anyone who dares touch this lady does so at his peril."

The noise without was silenced and all crowded to the door.

"Give it to him, Anders! Give it to him," shouted several voices. But Anders knew what Vallem had in his pocket; and his courage failed him.

"What have you got to do with her, anyway?" he mumbled between his teeth glaring savagely at his fearless opponent.

"I have loved her since the first day I saw her," answered Vallem, reverently, "and with God's help I mean to marry her, if she will give me her hand."

He turned courteously toward Birgitta, keeping still one watchful eye on his discomfited rival.

The girl, with sweet hesitancy, advanced and seized his outstretched hand. She looked so beautiful in her excitement, with her large blue eyes, her flushed cheeks and her golden hair. Whether it was a sense of chivalry she appealed to in the men, or their instinct of fair play, it was obvious that a reaction set in in her favor. Thorale Bakken was the first to give voice to the changed sentiment.

"I reckon we ain't wanted here no more, lads," said he; "sweethearts ain't never over fond of company."

He tipped his hat awkwardly and elbowed his way to the door. With slow deliberation the rest arose, and one by one betook themselves away.

When the last disturber of the peace had departed, the Major solemly took the hands of the two young people and joined them together.

"God bless you," he said, "you have fulfilled my dearest hope."

Peace and prosperity have reigned on Dayton's Ridge since that day.

Full of Peril.

All those disorders which, beginning with an apparently trivial inactivity of the kidneys or bladder, terminates in Bright's disease, diabetes and cystitis. The first two not only interrupt the functions of the renal organs, but destroy their structure with as much certainty as tubercular consumption does that of the lungs. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is an excellent diuretic, promoting the activity of these organs without over exciting them, thus averting the deadly maladies in which their inaction is so prone to culminate. The removal from the blood of impurities which the kidneys should, but do not, when inactive, secrete, is another beneficient effect of this incomparable medicated stimulant and depurent. The Bitters is, in all cases, too, a fine restorative of vigor and aid to digestion, remedies malarial disease, and banishes liver complaint and constipation.

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Paid up Capital.........$100,000
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Treats all Chronic, Special and Private Diseases with Wonderful Success.

The Great English REMEDY is a certain cure for Nervous Debility Lost Manhood, Prostratorrhoea, and the evil effects of youthful follies and excesses.

Dr. Mintie, who is a regular Physician graduate of the University of Pensylvania, will agree to forfeit $500 for a case of this kind, the Vital Restorative, under his special advice and treatment, will not cure. Price $1.50 a bottle; four times the quantity $5, sent to any address confidentially, in private name if desired, by A. E. MINTIE, M. D., 11 Kearny street, S. F., Cal.

Send for pamphlet and list of questions.

Sample Bottle Free!

Will be sent to any one applying by letter stating symptoms, sex and age. Strict secrecy in regard to business transactions. 8-25-tf

Order to Show Cause.

In the Probate Court in and for Silver Bow county, Montana Territory, in the matter of the estate of Samuel O Hughes, deceased, Henry Jacobs the administrator of the estate of Samuel O Hughes deceased, having filed his petition herein praying for an order of sale of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth. It is therefore ordered by the Judge of said court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Probate Court on Monday, the 7th day of September, 1885, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the court room of said Probate Court at the city of Butte in the county of Silver Bow to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

CALEB E. IRVINE, Probate Judge.

Dated this 5th day of August, A. D. 1885. 8-9 4w

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the odinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low est, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall st., N. Y. 1nov83dasw

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	One time	Three times	One week	Two weeks	One month	Two months	Three months
1 inch	$2 00	3 00	4 00	6 00	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
2 inch	$3 50	5 00	6 00	9 00	12 50	15 00	[illegible]
3 inch	$5 00	7 00	8 00	10 00	12 50	16 50	20 00
4 inch	$6 00	8 00	9 50	12 00	15 00	21 00	25 00
5 inch	$7 00	9 00	11 00	15 00	18 00	25 50	30 00
6 inch	$8 00	10 00	12 00	17 00	21 00	30 00	35 00
8 inch	$9 00	12 00	14 00	20 00	26 00	36 00	43 00
10 inch	$10 00	13 00	15 00	22 00	30 00	42 00	50 00
20 inch	$17 00	21 00	25 00	40 00	50 00	75 00	90 00
25 inch	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	100

Local Notices (Brevier Type.) First insertion, 20 cents per line; each additional insertion, 10 cents per line. No special rates will be given for less time than ten days. Special displayed Locals in preferred space, 25 cents per line.

Local Notices (Nonpareil Type.) Fifteen cents per line for first insertion, 7½ cents per line for each additional insertion. Obituary Notices and Resolutions of Respect will be charged at 10 cents per line. Marriages, births and deaths published free. All transient advertisements of whatever character to be paid in Advance.

The above table of rates is for such regular business advertisements only as are set in display type and occupy our regular advertising columns. Advertisements inserted in both the Daily and Semi-Weekly will be charged for at the rate of 50 per cent. additional. Advertisements in the Semi-Weekly alone, 60 per cent. of Daily rates.

Preferred space 15 per cent. higher than above.

Summons

In the District Court of the Second Judicial District of the Territory of Montana in and for the county of Silver Bow.

William A. Clark and Samuel F. Larabie, (partners as Clark & Larabie,) plaintiffs, vs. Thomas Wallace and James King, (partners as Wallace & King,) defendants. The people of the Territory of Montana send greeting to Thomas Wallace and James King, (doing business under the firm name and style of Wallace & King,) defendants. You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the Second Judicial District of the Territory of Montana, in and for the county of Silver Bow, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days; or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint. The said action is brought to recover of you the sum of twenty-three thousand, two hundred and thirty-nine 92-100 dollars for the ballance of a account for money loaned and advanced by plaintiffs to defendants and for money paid out by plaintiffs for defendants and for over drafts of defendants upon plaintiffs paid by them before the 15th day of July, 1885, at Silver Bow county, Montana Territory, for defendants we and at their special instance and request and for interest promised and agreed to be paid by defendants to plaintiffs upon said money so loaned, advanced and paid out for defendants by plaintiffs and upon said over drafts since the 1st day of August, 1882. And you are hereby notified that, if you fail to appear and answer said complaint as above required, the said plaintiffs will take a default against you and judgment against you for the sum of twenty-three thousand, two hundred and thirty-nine 92-100 dollars, and also for costs of suit as demanded in the complaint herein.

[SEAL] Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Second District of the Territory of Montana in and for the county of Silver Bow, this 15th day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-five.

R. L. DAVIS, Clerk.

By H. S. CLARK, Deputy Clerk.

SHARP & NAPTON & W. W. DIXON, Attorneys fo. Plaintiffs.

8-6-4w

Summons.

In the District Court of the Second Judicial District of the Territory of Montana, in and for the County of Silver Bow.

John Caplice and Charles H. Smith, doing business under the firm name of Caplice & Smith, Plaintiff, against W. J. Shelton and James Cunningham, defendant

The People of the Territory of Montana send greeting to W. J. Shelton and James Cunningham, defendants.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the Second Judicial District of the Territory of Montana, in and for the County of Silver Bow, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons if served within this Count; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days; or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment of this Court against you for the sum of Four Thousand five hundred and thirty-two and sixteen one hundredths dollars, alleged to be due, owing and unpaid upon your certain promissory note of August 15, 1885, made and delivered to plaintiff on said date for $4,287.53. Also for a further cause of action plaintiff alleges that defendants became indebted to the Butte Hardware Company for goods, wares and merchandise sold and delivered at their (defts) request, in the sum of $244.63; that said account was sold and transferred to plaintiff before the commencement of this action; and for interest, and for cost of suit and interest, all of which will more fully appear by reference to plaintiff's complaint herein on file.

And you are hereby notified that, if you fail to appear and answer said complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will take a default against you and apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint and for costs of suit, and for interest.

[SEAL] Given under my hand and the Seal of the District Court of the Second District of the Territory of Montana, in and for the County of Silver Bow, this 17th day of August, in the year of our Lord One Thousand, Eight Hundred and Eighty-five.

R. L. DAVIS, Clerk.

By CHARLES J. WARREN, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN H. CURTIS, Atty for Plffs. 8-19 sw-4w

Notice to Creditors.

Estate of Sarah Coast, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Sarah Coast deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his place of business, corner Main and Galena streets, Butte City, in the county of Silver Bow.

Dated, August 5, 1885.

CHARLES GAGNER, Administrator of the Estate of Sarah Coast, deceased. 8-8 sw-4w

Notice to Creditors.

Estate of Patrick Whalin, deceased. Notice hereby given by the undersigned, the Administrator of the estate of Patrick Whalin, deceased to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to said Administrator at the Probate Court Room (on left with Probate Judge) in Butte City, in the County of Silver Bow.

Dated, July 28th, 1885.

MICHAEL WHALIN, Administrator of the Estate of Patrick Whalin, deceased. 7-29-sw-4w

Notice to Creditors.

Estate of Everett D. Reynolds, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, James W. Forbis, administrator of the estate of Everett D. Reynolds deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office on East Granite street, Butte City, in the County of Silver Bow, Montana Territory.

Dated July 29, 1885.

JAMES W. FORBIS, Administrator of the Estate of Everett D. Reynolds, deceased. 8-1-sw-4w

Misrepresentation!
—AND—
NO MISREPRESENTATION
By the Highest Authorities in the Land!

The following "misrepresentation" article appeared in SMALL Type in the Chicago Times, March 24, 1885, showing how some parties are publicly rebuked for virtues they seek to claim, but do not possess.

MISREPRESENTATION

At a meeting of the state board of health of New York, held Feb. 11, 1885, it was *Resolved*, That the advertisement of the Royal Baking Powder company quoting the state board of health of New York as recommending, through one of its analysts, the purity, etc. of the Royal baking powder is a misrepresentation. In no case does the state board of health or its representative cause such examination to be made with a view of recommending particular products.

ALFRED L. CARROLL, M. D., Secretary.

Andrews' Pearl Baking Powder Company was the first standard Baking Powder Company to publish in the Chicago papers a testimonial as to its purity and superiority from the only genuine chemist in chief, Dr. Peter Collier, of the U. S. Department of Agriculture at Washington. Read carefully what he says. One trial of Andrews' Pearl will convince you that what he says is true.

NO MISREPRESENTATION
DR. COLLIER'S ANALYSIS.

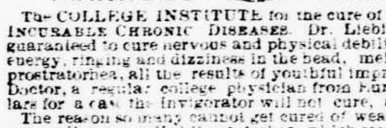
U. S. DEP. OF AGRICULTURE
WASHINGTON, D. C., March 10, 1883.

C. E. ANDREWS & CO.—GENTLEMEN: I received by express from Thos. Lyndon and J. P. Harkins & Co., Grand Ave., Milwaukee, and Hosper Bros., Chicago, Ill. samples of Andrews' Pearl and Royal Baking Powders. The cans were in good condition when received and the seals unbroken. I find upon analysis that Andrews' Pearl Baking Powder contains about four and a half (4½) per cent. *more cream tartar* than the Royal Baking Powder, and a *proportionately larger percentage of carbonic acid gas, and I find it to be free from alum and any injurious substances.*

Sincerely yours,

PETER COLLIER,
U. S. Chemist, Dept. of Agriculture.

TRY ANDREWS' PEARL.



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DISPENSARY,
Cor. Geary and Mason street.

The COLLEGE INSTITUTE for the cure of all SPECIAL, COMPLICATED, and so-called INCURABLE CHRONIC DISEASES. Dr. Liebig's GERMAN INVIGORATOR is positively guaranteed to cure nervous and physical debility, seminal weakness, lost manhood, loss of energy, ringing and dizziness in the head, melancholy, hopeless feelings, spermatorrhoea, prostratorhea, all the results of youthful imprudence and excess of mature years. The Doctor, a regular college physician from Europe, will agree to forfeit a thousand dollars for a case the Invigorator will not cure, under special treatment and advice.

The reason so many cannot get cured of weakness and the above diseases is owing to a complication called Prostatorrhea which requires peculiar treatment.

VARICOCELE, or Wormy Veins of the Scrotum. Often the unsuspected cause of Lost Manhood, Debility, &c.

Dr. Liebig's Invigorator No. 2 is a positive cure for Prostatorrhea. Price of either Invigorator, $2 per bottle; six for $10. Sent to any address on receipt of price or C. O. D. Responsible persons pay when cured. Strictest secrecy maintained. Patients cured at home. Liebig's Dispensary is an elegant drug store in the building.

Too frequent evacuations of the bladder and ropy sediment in urine are symptoms of secondary seminal weakness and prostatorrhea. Complaint readily yield to the Dr. Liebig treatment.

Ordinary cases.—Any recent case of special or private diseases ... sufficient to cure will be promptly sent with full directions and advice ... of $10. All packages are securely covered from observation.

Invigorator samples free. To prove the wonderful power of the Great German Invigorator a $2 bottle of either number will be sent free of charge. Persons ... Bottle will only have to pay express on delivery. Most powerful electric belt free to patients. Consultation, examination and advice free to patients.

Dr. Liebig's Wonderful Magnetic Healers or Self Magnetizers, the greatest curative invention of the age. Every man or woman can now be their own Magnetic Healer. It can be used without the aid of a professional hand rubber, consequently no big fees to pay. Price, $5.00 complete. Sold only at the Liebig Dispensary.

A MAN

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R'Y,

Being the Great Central Line, affords to travelers, by reason of its unrivaled geographical position, the shortest and best route between the East, Northeast and Southeast, and the West, Northwest and Southwest.

It is literally and strictly true, that its connections are all of the principal lines of road between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

By its main line and branches it reaches Chicago, Joliet, Peoria, Ottawa, La Salle, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Keokuk, Knoxville, Oskaloosa, Fairfield, Des Moines, West Liberty, Iowa City, Atlantic, Avoca, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Center and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, Cameron and Kansas City, in Missouri, and Leavenworth and Atchison in Kansas, and the hundreds of cities, villages and towns intermediate.

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As it is familiarly called, offers to travelers all the advantages and comforts incident to a smooth track, safe bridges, Union Depots at all connecting points, Fast Express Trains, composed of COMMODIOUS, WELL VENTILATED, WELL HEATED, FINELY UPHOLSTERED and ELEGANT DAY COACHES; a line of the MOST MAGNIFICENT HORTON RECLINING CHAIR CARS ever built; PULLMAN'S latest designed and handsomest PALACE SLEEPING CARS, and DINING CARS that are acknowledged by press and people to be the FINEST RUN UPON ANY ROAD IN THE COUNTRY, and in which superior meals are served to travelers at the low rate of SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS EACH.

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All Through Passengers carried on Fast Express Trains.

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Barbed Wire regularly manufactured of 2 and 4 point, guaranteed.

Gopher Traps, Bird Cages and cages.

Wire Cloth and Netting and any mesh.

All kinds of Wire Goods for the Miner, Farmer and general public.

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From Durand's ranch ... miles south of Butte, one dark bay mare ...

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