WAR STORIES.

Peculiar Position of Texas in the Civil Conflict.

A TALE OF THE TIME

President Lincoln's Remarkable Plan for Detaching Texas From the Southern Confederacy.

Among all the reminiscences of the great civil war, appearing during the last twenty years, I have seen no mention of the very remarkable episode which I am about to narrate.

The State of Texas fell early into the hands of the Confederates; a convention having passed an ordinance of secession February 1, 1861, and General Twiggs having surrendered his whole command, and all the posts, war supplies, etc., on the eighteenth of the same month. Comparatively little fighting, however, took place within its limits. As the war progressed, a great deal of dissatisfaction and discontent arose; and, while these feelings lacked decided outward manifestations, they grew deeper and deeper. While there were hardly any active hostilities to feed the war fervor and develop the spirit of self-sacrifice, the iron rule of war times was felt in all its rigor. Generals with their staffs, military governors and provost marshals abounded. Martial law was rigidly enforced. Houses, crops, cattle and provisions were taken at will for the benefit of the Confederacy. The roads were unsafe; for marauders, deserters, robbers, "road agents" and desperadoes of all kinds found golden opportunities. The sufferings of the people were great. Trade was at a standstill, as well it might be. The whole coast from Sabine Pass to Point Isabel was blocked by the United States Navy, and to export cotton in any quantity (some three hundred thousand bales went to market in that way) its owners must

PAY ENORMOUS CHARGES

for its transportation by teams across the state by dangerous roads and over desert plains to the Rio Grande. When on Mexican soil it must be taken to Bagdad, at the mouth of the river, and then shipped. Moreover, when the Confederate authorities found out the value of this trade they laid such grievous and varying taxes thereon that, on more than one occasion, the unhappy owners of cotton, learning, after all the burden and danger of transportation were passed, of an import which meant ruin, actually committed suicide.

Supplies of all sorts from outside were scanty and enormously expensive, and the drain upon the population to fill the Confederate armies was incessant. A most amusing and gratifying incident occurred in this connection. We are in the habit of thinking that all nominal Union men in the North, and especially in the great city of New York, were really loyal. On the contrary, Matamoras was at one time filled with "drummers" from New York firms (the members of which were swearing by the "old flag" and subscribing to the Union Defence committee), eager to sell not only ordinary merchandise, but also munitions of war to the enemy. They professed themselves ardent secessionists, and they found their account. One night a Confederate general gave a ball at Brownsville, and invited about forty of them. Having these faithful Southern sympathizers on Texas soil, he took them at their word and conscripted the lot.

THE UNION MEN IN TEXAS.

There were Union men in the State, and not a few of them; but graphic pens have told of the reign of terror under which they lived. The massacre at New Braunfels furnished a bloody chapter in the history of the war; but that had no such effect in bringing the Confederate authorities into disrepute in the State as did, for instance, a tragedy far less widely known. Two loyal Texans, Davis and Montgomery by name, were respectively Colonel of the First Texas (Union) cavalry, and Captain commanding a company of the same regiment. Hearing that their wives were on Mexican soil they both left New Orleans and proceeded by sea to Bagdad, and thence some distance into the country. Davis found his wife, but Montgomery did not find his. On their way back to the vessel in which they had come they lodged for the night in the house of the Mexican commandant at Bagdad. That night a Confederate force, commanded by an officer named Chilton, (acting under the orders of General Bee) crossed the river, attacked the house and kidnapped the two Union officers. As they were carrying them away, Montgomery reviled them and taunted them with their cowardly mode of warfare, whereupon they hanged him in cold blood, and had the barbarity to send to his wife the rope they had used. The Mexican authorities were too late in acting to save him, but they demanded and secured the release of Colonel Davis. This latter unfortunate man had been bound to a tree, in his night clothes, for tw days and was nearly dead from exposure and the attacks of mosquitoes When Brownsville was occupied by the Union forces the remains of Captain Montgomery were disinterred, and then, with an imposing military funeral, buried at the foot of the staff on which at last floated the American flag, and there they repose to-day. The Confederates who remained in town were forcibly formed in line and compelled to witness the ceremony. Captain Montgomerys' sons proclaimed a vendetta against his murderers, and, for years after the war the principals dared not cross the Rio Grande.

BANKS' EXPEDITION.

On October 26, 1863, an expedition under General Banks sailed from New Orleans for the mouth of the Rio Grande. A glance at the map will show the readers that, about two miles above the great river of the North (where it is very narrow), there is a small island called Brazos Santiago, which practically closes the southern extremity of an enormous lagoon, the Laguna de la Madre, lying inside the long and narrow Padre island, and stretching away north along the coast as far as Corpus Christi. Some distance up the river, and opposite the Mexican city of Matamoras, is Brownsville. This latter place, as well as Brazos Santiago, was occupied by Banks' expedition, but Brownsville was not permanently held.

The incidents connected with its occupation were most dramatic. In landing, having no proper pilot, Banks lost much of his transportation, and he was six days in reaching Brownsville, thirty miles away. During these six days there were wild doings in and about the town. A terrible panic was caused by the report of the landing of the Yankees, and a veritable pandemonium followed. Thieves were stealing the cotton and other merchandise lying on the landing. General Bee was burning the hospitals and barracks and blowing up the magazines. Suddenly one Vidal, captain in the Confederate service, (a citizen of Texas but a Mexican by birth), who had deserted and taken his company with him the moment he heard of the landing, charged upon the outskirts of the town. He hanged and shot a number of Confederates, and clamored for the blood of General Bee. The latter fled, his path lighted only by the fires he had kindled, and never stopped till he had reached Goliad.

As a relief to the savage picture it is interesting to know of the doings of the Confederate collector of customs. This ardent secessionist was from the State of Rhode Island, and, while he was ready to make as many sacrifices as was Artemus Ward, he retained the thrifty habits of New England.

"Let us leave nothing for the '—— Yankees,'" cried he. "Let us burn the custom house books!" and he did it. How he came out of the transaction the sagacious reader may surmise.

A LONELY OFFICIAL.

Some soldiers were left on the little island of Brazos Santiago, and a collector of the customs. This gentleman erected a frame building of two rooms raised on piles hardly high enough to save it from being flooded. On top was a cupola, the lantern in which served for a long time as a big lighthouse. A flag was hoisted, and to the great satisfaction of the authorities at Washington public proclamation or announcement was made that a port in Texas was open to trade. No mention was made of the fact that the depth of the water on the bars was but a very few feet; and in point of fact the deputy collector's labors were confined to endeavors to keep his safe and himself from being washed away.

Fortunately the authorities "builded better than they knew" when they established a custom house on Brazos, Santiago. It gave them a *pied-a-terre* from which went forth, secretly and silently, certain influences bidding fair to produce momentous results.

Before the date of Bank's expedition, loyal Texans had moved heaven and earth to induce the President and Mr. Stanton to divide the r State.

"No better course could be taken," they pleaded. "Eastern and Western Texas are wholly different. The former is a country fitted for cotton and other tropical productions, the latter is adapted to stock raising. Divide the State at the Colorado or the San Antonio river, and call the new one Bexar. Hold the river line with a sufficient force, let all the Union men take refuge wes tof that line and the thing is done."

Mr. Lincoln was pleased with this idea. "It is a much better plan than that West Virginia one," said he; but Mr. Stanton's energies were concentrated nearer home, and he declared that the forces could not be spared. The loyal Texans, "cast down but not discouraged" took their departure from Washington and bided their time.

THE MOVEMENT OF SLOW PROGRESS.

At intervals they saw the President again, and it was doubtless in consequence of what they told him, and his reflection thereupon, that Banks' expedition was sent. After its withdrawal things in Texas went from bad to worse. During the occupation of Corpus Christi and Indianola the inhabitants had been requested to take the oath of allegiance; then again they were left to the tender mercies of the Confederates. Anarchy grew apace. A man named Black managed to secure from Banks a commission as captain. He raised a company of 100 men, ascended the river, crossed it near Eagle pass or Laredo, and became the terror of the border. How many lives he took, how many cotton trains he captured, none can tell. He was but one of many. People in Texas became more and more discontented and restless. The past history of their State was that of a grand struggle for freedom. Men who had fought with Houston, and Fannin, and Crockett, and Stephen Austin, chafed at military rule and forced levies. *Qui Bono:* They began to ask themselves and each other. Just then from the Federal flint and steel at Brazos Santiago there went out sparks which reached this ready tinder in the State. With wonderful skill, care and discretion, communications and overtures were conveyed to willing recipients; and at last one of the most prominent loyal Texans appeared at the White House with news of the greatest importance for the President.

Mr. Lincoln ardently longed for peace. Day and night the horrors of fratricidal strife weighed on his mind. Under the surface he was a profoundly melancholy man; with each year of the war the somber shadow deepened on his weary spirit. With deep earnestness he sought for means to stop the shedding of blood. What the Texan told brought him a ray of hope, and his mind fertile in resources, grasped the situation in an instant, and suggested the thing to be done.

"The Confederacy," said he, "is like a bunch of matches tightly tied together with a string. Pull out one and the rest will follow."

TEXAS' DOUBLE SECESSION.

There were earnest conferences at the White House and, when they were concluded, the loyal Texans again departed, charged with the details of a striking and original plan, as follows:

Texas had once seceded from Mexico; let her now secede from the Confederacy. Let the question of her re-entry into the Union await the dealings of the Federal Government with the other seceded States. All Mr. Lincoln asked, for the present, was that he should own and hold the ew former United States posts which he needed. This arranged, he would keep "hands off." Not only would he interfere in no way with the interior economy of this free and independent commonwealth, but he would raise the blockade. From Sabin's Pass to Point Isabel ingress and egress should be free as air. The crops, cotton, sugar and all, should go out to the world, supplies of all kinds would be poured in, State courts and officials should make and administer the laws, and peace and prosperity would once more prevail. Even if the Richmond government wished to coerce the "erring sister" (and how would this comport with the cardinal principles of the secession movement?) they could not do it. They had no navy, and, as for troops, they had already begun, as General Grant tersely put it, to "rob the cradle and the grave" to resist the power of the Federal armies.

Such was Mr. Lincoln's ingenious statesmanlike and beneficent programme, and this proposition met with a ready response. Once again the zealous negotiator appeared in Washington. His message was brief: "Let officers of high rank," he said, "be sent to treat."

GREAT SEVERITY MAINTAINED.

With what care and skill the final steps of this remarkable movement were managed, one may learn from the fact that to day, after twenty-one years have elapsed, nothing is generally known of it. On a certain day, early in 1865, a party consisting of a Federal major-general, a brigadier-General, other military officers and the loyal Texan whose services had been so useful, left New Orleans on the steamer "Clinton" for Brazos Santiago. After a few preliminaries they started in boats rowed by United States sailors, and took their course up the Laguna de la Madre. When they had covered nine or ten miles they approached a bluff; they stopped and made a signal, after a time it was answered. "How fortunate!" they said in the hearing of the sailors. "We shall at last be able to arrange as we have long desired, for the exchange of prisoners."

They landed and mounted the bluff. It was a lonely spot, the nearest ranch being twenty or thirty miles away. On the level in a beautiful grove of mesquits were pitched some tents, and near them were a group of well-known and distinguished Confederate officers and some fifty soldiers. The meeting was hearty and cordial. Old comrades, thinking only of past days and forgetful of intervening estrangement, joyfully clasped hands. The commissariat was abundant and varied, and conviviality preceded business. Ere long, while the officers were exchanging reminiscences over beakers of champagne, the Federal sailors and Confederate soldiers fraternized over unostentatious whisky; and, as the former vainly endeavored to ride the cavaly horses, the latter made just as bad work in attempting to row the boats.

THE IMPORTANT CONFERENCE.

The party arrived in the afternoon. All the next day and during the next night the ranking officers were in earnest conference, while their juniors still lingered over the flowing bowl. It took a long time, thought the soldiers and sailors to arrange such a simple matter as the exchange of prisoners. In fact, all was going well. But a few hours and the party would have separated; reports would have been made to principals on both sides; the action taken would have been the confirmation of the remarkable scheme. In the bright morning of the third day, however, a boat was seen approaching, a signal was made, a courier had arrived with a peremptory message from Washington. General Sherman had taken Savannah and was marching northward, sweeping all before him. All negotiations must be stopped.

There were regrets on both sides; then a friendly parting. All was arranged, the sailors and soldiers heard, and the prisoners would be exchanged.

As the Federal party entered the boats one of them sententiously remarked, "We have lost the greatest chance for distinction of our whole lives!"

With rare success was the secret kept. Of course there were suspicions, and, in some Texas papers hints of treason and the like, but they came to naught, for on May 26, 1865, fifteen days after Appomattox, General Kirby Smith surrendered the last Confederate army, and the war was at an end.

Since that time, Texas has made wonderful strides in material prosperity. Her population has immensely increased; her products go, in large, to foreign lands; the once desert plains, over which the cotton, in war times, was laboriously and perilously hauled to the Rio Grande, are belted with great railroads and dotted with prosperous ranches. As a sovereign state of the Federal Union, she is greater than ever, and, more than twenty years after the death of the good and wise men who wished her well, and planned for her deliverance in her dark days, I am enabled to tell this brief story of his broad and generous design.

A. A. HAYES.

Washington, D. C.

Legitimate Dynamite Explosion.

ST. PETERSBURG, December 19.—Dispatches just received here state that a terrible dynamite explosion has occurred in the Pleijuchin mine in Siberia. Accounts are conflicting as regards the number of persons killed, some placing the number at 400 while others place it as high as 1,000.

Folded His Tent and Stole Away.

VICTORIA, B. C., December 19.—E. J. Downe, the Alaska judge, whom Eastern detectives have been trying to catch, is still in town, boarding, until to-day, at a cheap restaurant. This afternoon he rolled up his blankets and disappeared in the direction of the harbor.

THE SIREN OF TO-DYA.

Tears and Vulgarisms Prey on a Kindly Youth.

CHOLLY'S TROUBLE

How a Plump Girl Got a Good Husband, Because She Made Up Her Mind to Marry Him.

A Story by E. A. Pratt.

"Cholly," as the girls called him, had been reared in a family of sisters. He was a smooth-faced youth, very gentle in manner, and the girls thought no more of him than one of themselves. He and his sisters, Dora, Emma and Fannie, and his sisters' three bosom friends, Bertie, Gertie and Myrtie, had many a game of "hide and seek" and "blind man's buff" together; for in a quiet way, the sisters were what might be called romps.

In some respects it is a great advantage to a young man to have been thus brought up in intimate association with sisters and sisters' bosom friends. It cultivates a gentlemanliness which is rarely attained by other means, softening the manners by constant contact with gentler natures, and, at the same time, from being habitually looked up to as the escort and protector of weaker beings, it cultivates certain of the masculine qualities. Another advantage, sometimes considered not the least, is that companionship of this kind often destroys the tendency borne in every masculine heart to defy femininity. There is much nonsense said and written about the respect due certain members of the family, irrespective of personal qualities worthy of admiration, simply because they belong to one of the two sexes. A wicked cynic has said that no man is a hero to his *valet de chambre*. In like manner a thorough acquaintance with the ways and wiles of woman is apt to divest her of that witchery which casts a glamor over the eyes of the more distant devotee. And thus it happened that Charles reached the age of 21 without ever having indulged in those morbid fancies which are the symptoms of the condition known as being "in love."

Soon after attaining his majority he received an advantageous offer from an old friend of his father's engaged in the commission business in the leading town o his section of the State.

When the arrangements for his departure had been made there was a great commotion among the girls. They were really sorry to lose him. Whom would they have now to climb the cherry trees for them? Who would bring the sisters home at night from visits to the three bosom friends? Who would take the three bosom friends out sleighing in the winter and who would push them by the hour over the ice? "But never mind," said Dora, "Cholly will come back in a few years a rich man and marry our little Myrtie."

Myrtie grew redder than a cherry, but said never a word. She was the gentlest, the youngest and the prettiest of these six sweet kittens. Charles did not know that he cared for more her than for the other five dear girls. Such things are often detected by an outsider before we are conscious of our own condition. Probably, but for the foolish remark of Dora's and the blush on Myrtie's cheek and the coming parting from her, it might have been years before Charley would ever have sighed and softly breathed her name, as he did the night before he left home to enter upon the business of life.

The next day when the hour of parting came, Charley kissed his mother and his three sisters and then Bertie and then Gertie and then—but Myrtie drew back.

"It's only Cholly," said Gertie, and so said Bertie. But it was not till all five of the dear girls had shamed her well that she modestly turned her cheek and allowed him to touch it with his lips. Over the bright crimson that gathered beneath the gentle pressure of his lips glistened a solitary tear. She turned and quietly withdrew. The other girls waved their handkerchiefs to Charlie as long as the stage coach was in sight, but when it passed the bend in the road they looked at each other in blank dismay, then fell upon one another's necks and wailed and lamented. Seven minutes later the familiar concussion of croquet mallets and balls was heard upon the lawn, and five voices cried in chorus: "I bid for first go."

When the stage turned the bend in the road that shut out from sight the old homestead, and the group of girls waving fond adieus was seen no more Charles experienced for the first time a strange feeling for which he did not even know the name. It was a dull pain in his throat and chest, and his heart seemed to stop beating for a moment and to sink from its proper place. He learned to know the feeling well in after years, as, perhaps, have some of us.

Well, he went to work, and was too much engaged learning the details of his new business to have much time to think about the girls; but now and then Dora's foolish remark and the blush on Myrtie's cheek and the tear she shed at parting would come back to him, and he would dream bright day-dreams of the future, and in them she was ever the central figure.

Once in while he went home, but for some reason he did not seem to enjoy the visit much. Perhaps it was because his time was so short. Perhaps it was because his youngest sister, Fannie, had gone off to a boarding school. He always liked the youngest girls best, he said to his mother. Myrtie was away, too, at the same school with Fannie. The home folks told wonderful stories of the progress they were making, and these accounts always interested him more than any of the other things they had to tell him.

He went on working industrously, laying up a little money month by month, and after two years he was able to purchase a partnership, though he did not by any means at once become a rich man as the girls at home supposed. A new sign was painted bearing in large Roman gilt letters the euphonious device, Smith Johnson & Montgomery.

Johnson was the friend of his father who had assisted his progress in making a start in the world. He and his wife were an aged and childless couple, and it was no doubt on that account they did so much for Charles. Smith, the other partner was one of those "most prominent men in the community." Though not possessed of much education or culture himself, he had taken care to buy a large lot of it for his children. His son, De Montague Smith, Esq., was attending lectures at the Columbia Law School, and his daughter, Miss Clytemuestra DeM. Smith (Clytie for short) had just finished off at Miss Plyglot's Private Parlor Seminary at the time Charles entered the firm.

Having his time more at his disposal now he was not at all reluctant to attend Miss Clytie's debut reception and to pay her some polite attention thereafter. He had been working hard during the last two years, had seen little of female society, and it was with no little sense of enjoyment that he entered upon the mild social dissipations of the little city in which he was fast becoming "one of the most prominent young business men." He met Clytie at one place and another, took her to little entertainments and soon came to know her right well. She was very polite to him.

Clytie was a fine looking young woman. She had received some fine finishing touches at the Private Parlor Seminary. Among these was vocal music, including piano accompaniment to nine songs. She sang three of these songs each evening to Charles. She certainly was a finely developed young woman, well proportioned, well rounded (almost too much so), healthy, full of animal spirits and fond of the boys. When she encouraged Charles, she did nothing more than many another girl would have done in regard to so gentlemanly a young fellow. He was handsome in a certain way, had pleasant manners and was intelligent enough to be far beyond Clytie herself in most things, the Private Parlor Seminary notwithstanding. Well, she did encourage him, because she liked him. She sang her nine songs to him variously combined in groups of three; and he never suspected there were but nine. Although she was somewhat a belle with the clerks at the store and the other young men of the little city, she manifested a preference for Charles; and who dare say that if a body like a body she may not show it in those thousand little ways peculiar to her sex?

Clytie was in some respects an estimable young woman. The sham about her was an excrescence, not part of the tree itself. It was no fault of hers that an absurd effort had been made to adorn her Saxon surname with Greek and French prefixes. It was no fault of hers that she had been furbished up at the Private Parlor Seminary. It was no fault of hers that she had been taught but nine accompaniments—she would have learned ninety with the docility of a hand organ had Miss Polyglot thought it advisable. Surely it was no fault of hers that she was not right smart. She certainly did not conceal the fact, as some girls do. The gilding may have been very poorly put on in places, as where she had been taught to say: "Between you and I;" and in some places it had begun to wear off entirely. But there was no sham about her love for Charley Montgomery.

Her whole soul became wrapped up in him. At last her pent up feelings found expression. It was one cold wintry evening. The wind without blew shrilly and fierce; the fire within was cosy and warm. Clytie had sung numbers one, two and nine—the last two not having been brought into service since eight days before. They were sitting on the sofa together and she had been telling him some long drawn out reminiscences of her school days at the Private Parlor Seminary. This had started Charlie to telling about Fannie and Myrtie at the Boston school, and the wonderful things the girls learned and did there. "The girls at home" had always been on Charley's lips oftener than was interesting to Clytie, and this evening at each recurrence of the theme she had grown more and more pensive.

"Those girls at home," she thought, "what Marvelous creatures they must be. I can never hope to equal them."

She had not been well all day. She had been piqued by his interest in the others The tears welled up in her eyes. She felt them coming, gave one convulsive sob, leaned over the arm of the sofa and wept. Charles was amazed. He was distressed. As much as he had associated with girls and as often as he had seen them weep the sight always disconcerted him. He had never learned to look upon weeping as the safety valve of an over-charged nervous system. He had never learned to wait till an equilibrium had been restored. He must always be doing something to soothe away the tears, and now, alas! he tried to comfort Clytie. O, foolish, foolish boy!

He gently stroked her golden hair. [It was certainly very pretty hair.] Leaning over her he said:

"There, there, don't cry. What is it? Tell me what is the matter."

This only opened the flood gates afresh. He knelt beside her imploring her to dry her tears. With one moan of mingled love and grief she threw her arms about his neck and wept upon his shoulder, uttering in broken words:

"You can never care as much for me as for the girls to ho-home."

"Indeed I do," he answered, sympathetically.

Raising her head up and smiling through her tears, still clinging to his neck, she beamed upon him. Never was she so nearly beautiful in all her life, never before—certainly never after.

It would have been a cold-blooded man indeed that could have refrained from returning her embrace, drawing her closely to him and pressing her rich, ripe lips with his own. One is apt to forget himself when he finds a woman in his arms. It is an accident that does not happen every day, and one that has double fascination from its rarity. It was certainly a new experience to Charley. The petting of the girls at home was nothing to the first wild passionate kiss of love with which she met his lips. For he did kiss her, unwise as it was. What he ought to have done was simply to change the subject when Clytie began to weep. That is what you would have done. But he did not. He ought not in the next place to have given her that kiss; you would not have done that. And when he found the kiss much longer than he had ever supposed one could be, and followed up by several others of equal duration, he ought to have taken up his hat and departed. Alas! as it was, he did his full share in protracting the labial cohesion. It was a long time before either spoke again. At last she murmered something like, "My darling Charley."

"Dear girl," he said, and then his lips were silenced again.

But is a long kiss that has no ending, as the proverb saith, and presently Clytie began a murmuring again. This time it proved to be some verse she had learned, probably at the Private Parlor Seminary. In the lines were nothing much to the purpose, but they contained reference to nightingales, the Southern moon, "o'er the mountain," "break too soon." The situation was becoming embarrassing to Charley. He had never intended to go so far; he had only meant to be sympathetic. Her suggestions of nightingale and their poetical concomitants frightened him; and it was with a feeling of relief that he heard the front door open and shut as her father came home from the store. In a moment Clytie was across the room arranging a piie of music on the piano.

Charley knew well enough what had kept her father so late at the store. The old gentleman's family had been living extravagantly. The Private Parlor Seminary and maintaining De Montaigne Smith, Esq., in proper style at the law lectures in New York and numerous other expenditures necessary to sustain his reputation as a man of wealth, had so eaten up his share of the profits of the business that he had largely overdrawn, and on that evening the senior members of the firm had been in long consultation over plans for securing the partners against loss or litigation in case of his death. Charley heard the old man walk heavily and sadly up the stairs, and he felt sincerely sorry for him and his family—and for Clytie. As he bade her good-night, and she put up her sweet rosy lips with all the artlessnes of innocent affection he bent down and kissed her as he would have done one of his sisters or one of the three bosom friends. Some such thought passed through his mind, and he remembered that parting kiss at the old home two years before, and the thought of how pretty she looked with the blush upon her cheek and the tear drop sparkling in her eye. He thought of Myrtie all the way home.

It would not have occurred to him to go to see Clytie again for a week or more had she not sent word to him the next day by her "pa" when he came that evening to come early enough to take supper with the family. The form of the invitation struck him as odd. He did not remember having said anything about calling the next day. He had intended to spend the evening in writing a letter home to find out whether the girls were coming back during the Christmas holidays. He went, however, and Clytie was at the door to meet him. In the most matter of course way she put up her lips to be kissed; for had he not, as she expressed it to her mother, "popped?" And were they not engaged? He was taken aback; he thought of those nightingales again; his heart sank within him. But what was he to do? He saluted her with a brotherly kiss, and they walked into the parlor together with their arms about one another as he and his sister had walked many a time, and as you often see school girls walk with their bosom friends.

"There is something I wish to tell you," Clytie said. "I think you have a right to know before—I mean that I ought to tell you that if we—that I ought not to let you go on in—oh, Charley," and the poor child's voice quivered, "I know you never cared for me because we were rich, and that it would not make any difference to you now." Something in his face reassured her and she threw her arms about his neck and wept.

"There, there, don't cry; I know all about it."

"Father has told you?"

"I knew it before your father did; before I went into the firm. I kept the books, you know."

"And you knew this last night? Oh, I told ma so. I knew I could trust you."

He did not understand the sudden cheerfulness that eame over her countenance, nor the gaiety of her manner during the remainder of the evening. He did not exactly understand, either, the unusual cordiality of Mrs. Smith when he met the family at supper, nor several little jocular allusions that passed between the heads of the house, at which Clytie looked confused and embarrassed. Even her mother's sly witticism about learning at the start how to fix his coffee, escaped him entirely. He was not thinking much about what was going on around him. His thoughts were a thousand miles away with his sister Fannie and with Myrtle. He tried, however, to smile when he saw the others laughing.

He called more frequently after this. He thought she seemed rather to expect it of him. She was always at the door to meet him when he came. Interruptions from other callers gradually became less frequent. She sang over and over her nine songs, variously combined in groups of three, until he came to know them all by heart. There were not many things for them to talk about, and there were sometimes long pauses in the conversation, during which she seemed to be perfectly happy and content to sit in silence forever and hold his hand. When other callers were not present she always put up her lips at parting, and there was nothing for him to do but kiss them.

"Girls are very affectionate creatures," he said to himself, after bidding her a most affectionate farewell the evening before setting out for a visit home for the holidays.

When he reached home he found Fannie and Myrtie returned. He scarcely thought of Miss Smith during his visit except when Jim made some allusion to her. Jim was an addition to the old-time parties and one not at all to Charley's mind. He kept a hanging around Myrtie entirely too much and his remarks about Miss Smith always seemed peculiarly inappropriate. Charley wondered how on earth he had ever heard of Miss Smith and what business it was of his to be hinting anything;

There had been another addition to the family gatherings in the way of a beau for his sister Dora. For two weeks these three young men and the six girls had a high old time together, sleighing, skating, and ever coasting. From the latter sport Myrtie and Fannie abstained. They were too stuck-up, the others said, since they had been to school at Boston. It was not often that Charley had a chance to see Myrtie alone. There were so many and they were nearly always together. But at length, weary of general conversations in which Myrtie seldom had much to say, he procured a sleigh only large enough for two and took her away from the crowd, away from Jim, away from the world, not a sound to be heard but the muffled tread of the horse and the merry jingle of the sleigh bells; nothing to be seen but the mountains and the snow and the stars. In these rides he learned to know Myrtie as he had never known her before. And he loved her as it is only granted to us once in a life to love.

It was the last night before her return to school. They were gliding for the last time over the silent snow. The tinkling of the horse's bells alone broke the stillness of the night, and a spirit of sadness seemed to settle over them. He drew in the reins and allowed the horse to walk as slowly as he would.

"When will you finish school?" was asked.

"I shall complete the regular course in June; but I intend to take a special course in music next year.

"Then it will be more than a year before you come home for good?"

"Yes."

"That seems a long time."

The most common-place words are sometimes the vehicle for thoughts far other than a literal definition of them would convey. The word becomes a medium for the tone, and the tone will mean the same be the word what it may. A free translation of his last remark was:

"I love you, Myrtie, more than I have the words to tell."

"Yes, it seems like a long time," were the words she used. What she said was, "I have loved you since we were children together."

"Oh! language is so weak when we would tell the feelings of our hearts. But nature has given symbols more potent than words. Who can tell how it happened? One hour of perfect happiness is given to each of us, I think, that we may know thereafter the nothingness of life. This hour was theirs.

"Myrtie, when you come back from school will you be my—"

The sentence was never finished. With a cry of horror, a cry of despair, she tore herself from his embrace.

"Remember, Miss Smith!"

At first he did not understand.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean it is not right, when you are already engaged."

"Who says I am engaged?" he cried, angrily.

"Everybody!"

There flashed across his mind the thought of nightingales, the Southern moon—"o'er the 'mountains"—"break too soon." Severl things now recurred to him with new meaning. The cordial reception he had met with the evening he took tea with the family, Miss Smith's "I knew you never cared for me because we were rich," the half unheeded little jokes that had passed around the table, all came back now to tell him that, though loving and beloved his lips were sealed. His heart sank within him, and he knew now what that sensation meant.

He could not deny it. But he told her how it happened; how he had no thought but one of sympathy with a girl in distress; how she had taken everything for granted, and all the long dreary tale.

"Now," he said, "can any one say I am bound when I never spoke one word of love to her all the time?"

"Charley, it is a common saying that actions speak louder than words, but it is none the less true; and you are bound."

Her words were to him as a funeral knell. But he rallied. He resolved to free himself from the entanglement and return and claim Myrtie as his bride. He said as much.

"No," she said; "my love and my respect must go together."

Little did he know what pain the proud words cost her. And who can say that had he cut loose from the net in which he was ensnared she would, loving him as she did, have had the more than human strength to abide by her resolution.

They were before her father's home. He reined up the horse and the next minute was handing her from the sleigh.

"Myrtie, I must say good-bye to you now. I shall not come down with the girls to-morrow to see you off." She gave him her hand, and holding it in his hand he continued: "Do you remember when we parted more than two year ago?"

"I remember." Ah, she did indeed, remember. She had lived on that parting kiss for many a day.

"I may never see you again; and if I obey you, the life before me will not be a happy one. O, love, give me one kiss to look back to and remember when—"

The blood mantled to her cheek, but she did not turn it to him as before. It was her lips that now met his in all the earnestness of love, in all the wild abandonment of love that loves in vain. It was long before he suffered her to withdraw. At last they parted in silence, and he was gone.

She watched the sleigh glide down the road, heard the last tinkle in the distance of the horse's bells, and when she had thrown her aching head on the pillow, sob after sob convulsed her bosom, till at last she fell asleep.

When Charles went back to his business it was with the firm resolve to break with Clytie, come what might. He stuck close to his work all day, and in the evening returned to it again. He must make up for the lost time, he said. He would have gone mad if he could not have worked. As it was

"The sad mechanic exercise
Like dull narcotic soothing pain,"

brought him something that seemed like relief, rest such as the Siberian exile feels at the end of each day's weary stage that takes him farther from his home.

It was three weeks after his return before he could muster strength to go to Clytie. He was resolved to show her that she had misconstrued his actions. He was confident that so far as words were concerned he had been discreet. He had never asked her to marry him, had not even told her that he loved her. "What can she have to reproach me with," he asked himself again and again, as he sat in the parlor waiting for her. Presently he heard her come slowly down the stairs. She dragged herself into the room with a step far different from the one with which she used to run to welcome him. He had pictured to himself how he would extend one hand to her not seem to understand when she raised her lips for him to kiss; how he would call her Miss Clytemnestra, and how she would then address him as Mr. Montgomey. But she did not lift her lips to him; she only let her hand, cold as ice, drop languidly into his, and in a sad voice said:

"Good evening, Charley; I am glad to see you once more."

She sank down upon a sofa and her eyelids drooped as she fixed her gaze on the floor. He was startled to see how pale she was and how thin she had become. There were dark rings under her eyes and all the luscious red was gone from her lips. She said nothing. Charley became uneasy. He had been prepared to meet every charge, to tell her that it was she who made all the advances, that he had never once spoken of love, and that she had misunderstood what was no more than expression of sympathy. He was prepared for all this, but he was not prepared for silence. She made no charges; she said nothing; she only drooped.

"You are not looking well, Miss Clytemnestra," he stammered in default of anything better to say.

"No; I have not been well, Charley, for three weeks."

It was just three weeks since his return from his visit home.

"Why, I am sorry to hear that," he said in a cheerful tone.

She toyed with the fringe on the arm of the sofa, and there was another long, dreadful pause. He drummed on the side of the chair with his finger-nails. He cleared his throat twice to sally out in a remark, but without success. It was she who broke the silence, saying:

"I hope you had a pleasant visit home."

"Oh, very."

Clytie's eyes still drooped and she still toyed with the fringe of the sofa. She looked very spiritless as she sat there saying nothing, so unlike the bright, gushing blonde he had kissed good-bye five weeks before. He began to feel sorry that he had not gone to see her sooner and that he had not attempted to break off from her more gradually. He began to feel that his conduct required some sort of explanation, so he stammered out something about being busy since his return and making up for lost time.

"Yes, that is what papa kept telling me."

"Kept telling her"—how the words smote him. They told the whole story as plainly as if she had narrated it to him in all its details—how she had looked for him day after day, wondering and wondering when he would come—how she started at every ring of the bell and crept on tiptoe to the balustrade above and looked cautiously over into the hall below, only to find that it was not he—how at last hope long deferred had made her poor heart sick—how her father had seen her pining away and had tried to console her with this excuse; had "kept telling" her of how busy Charley was at the store." She looked up at him a moment when he seemed to confirm what her father had said, and a gleam of hope flitted across her face, only to leave it blank and pale when she saw her mistake. He saw the reviving spark of hope and saw it fade. Dismay at his own entanglement was merged in pity for the girl before him. He felt keen regret for what he had done. What a wreck he had made of her confiding heart, he thought. He said to himself, "I am a villain. I am not worthy of such love as this."

She was not suffering half as much as he thought. She did feel disappointed, and she was sick. She was always quiet when unwell, and when she was a child she always moped, and often brought on a spell of sickness when she could not obtain a thing she had set her heart upon. Charles did not know this. Pictures of a procession wending its way to the church yard; of a coffin covered with white flowers, and a possible epitaph, "in the 21st year of her age, of unrequited love,' passed before his mind. He already felt by anticipation the pangs of remorse.

Clytie could stand the silence no longer. She had leaned over the arm of the sofa and was quietly weeping. A half-suppressed sob startled him from his reverie. In a moment he was kneeling by her side trying to soothe away her tears. His warm-hearted, sympathetic nature was again overcome by the trickling drops. He little knew how near the surface lies the well of woman's tears. She pushed him from her and he thought, "what a wretch I am." Putting out both arms he drew her to him and kissed her tenderly. The sobbing ebbed somewhat, and soon she was again all smiles, clinging to him in another of those protracted labial cohesions. Suddenly a voice was heard saying: "So you have made it all up have you?" It was her father standing in the door.

"I told your mother it was nothing but a lovers' quarrel." And he went on to say something about the "renewal of love," much to his own amusement. He held out his hand to Charles, and as he shook it warmly he said: "I know of no young man I'd sooner have in the family than yourself. Come in to supper. Come in. It is just ready and my wife has sent me in to invite you. I didn't know I was going to interrupt a tete-a-tete." He laughed immoderately and said it all over again. Charles thought he had never heard less amusing jests. He thought Mrs. Smith had never been so talkative; he thought her almost vulgar. He noticed now for the first time how noisy and rude the younger children of the family were. Clytie's eyes were red and swollen from weeping; she was pale and did not seem at all pretty.

When they returned to the parlor she sang to the assembled family all nine of the songs. She was putting aside disguises now that he was a member of the family. Her voice was a little husky and thin, probably because she was not well.

The family dropped out one by one and at length they were alone. Alone with his betrothed. O, happy youth!

"Why do you sigh?" she asked.

"I didn't know I did."

Her health improved rapidly and she became quite plump. The other girls, who were not engaged, called her "fat."

Well, she grew plumper and plumper, and the plumper she grew the more she talked. She told him of all her petty affairs, her little jealousies and her spats with the other girls; what a spiteful thing Sally Jenkins was; how she would outshine all of them with her new bonnet the next Sunday; how cut up Ed Box was over her engagement, and how Sally was trying to console him. She told him all the minute details about her trousseau; how many yards were in this dress and in that; what troubles she and her mother had with sewing girls, and how she would have enough clothes to last a whole year. At these details he felt again the old pain at the heart as when he first left home three years before.

But why dwell upon his sufferings? The fatal day arrived at last and he went through his part of the ordeal so bravely that his silly, simple wife has never known to this day what agony it cost him.

Clytie has now settled down into as fat and jolly a wife as any reasonable man might want. They have no children of their own, but Charles has educated her younger sister and brother (for her father died insolvent), and he "lends" various little sums from time to time to her dear brother De Mont. Mrs. Smith has been on a visit for the last few years to her daughter. She has taken to housekeeping "and for the present," manages the servant and supervises things generally. Charles performs all the duties of life very faithfully, going through the same routine day by day. He is known as a very silent man. Clytie's mother thinks he is deaf, for he has that subdued air that deaf persons acquire. She always speaks as loud as she can in addressing him, and the stronger and harsher her voice becomes the more subdued he is.

The girls at home think that Charley is oh! so much changed since he married that Smith girl for her money. Dora and Emma have married for love; and the bosom friends, well, two of them have married and one is—dead.

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Washington, D. C., April 23, 1885.

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ADVERTISED LETTER LIST

BUTTE CITY, MONTANA.

The following letters remained uncalled for in the postoffice at Butte for the week ending December 20, 1885, and unless called for within thirty days, they will be sent to the dead-letter office.

Agot, Alecia
Abbott, G M
Ames, E E
Ames, Irvin
Asmussen, H
Adams, J
Anthony, John B
Born, A M
Blais, Adolph
Brazier, Al—3
Bailey, Mr.
Bourk, Alice
Boyce, D M
Bansom, Ed
Barnes, Henry
Beckett, Geo
Bailey, Geo W
Brown, John
Barker, G A
Burns, John J
Brunet, Joseph
Bartel, Jerry
Beson, Joe
Barrett, J J
Bates, Lorena
Bourk, M L
Baldwin, Lillie
Born, Mody
Burns, Deler
Brown, R M
Burrell, R
Brown, Thos
Burke, S F
Carroll, B E
Cameron, J E
Chapman, E R
Carney, Ed
Cummings, E H
Cowa, Frank
Charlton, Edward
Campbell, E T
Charlton, E J
Cunningham, G N
Chapley, John
Cook, Jas
Conner, John
Condon, John
Casbaw, Luther
Cunney, Mary
Catlin, M D
Coyle, P J
Cotter, Pat
Cartright, Riley
Cummings, Robert
Clemens, L S
Colwell, Wilson
Casey, Wm
Childs, W H
Cusley, Wm
Campbell, Wm S
Downing, A N
Downs, B F
Daniels, Mr
Dunnigan, Bridget
Dumuchel, Baptiste—2
Desjardins, Mrs
Dougherty, Mrs D—2
Davis, David
Dusold, Mrs M C
Daust, E
Dion, Fred
Drenen, H
Dayton, John
Daly, Jas
Davis, Lillie
Dubois, M
Dryden, Sam
Ducharme, S
Doves, Wm
Ellis, B H
Engler, Caroline
Evans, D J
Edwards, Peter
Elliott, Robert—2
Fisher, A J
Floerchinger, Adam
Firs, Albert
Foley, Charley
Fuller, D S
Foster, J R
Farnham, Nellie
Fulton, Robt
Flanigan, T J
Ficht, Spencer—2
Foulks, Thos
Fitch, Willard
Garrett, Mrs C H
Germ, Clayton
Grant, Mrs C
Griffith, C F
Gregor, W F
Graves, F
Grandey, F L
Gorman, J J
Gill, John
Griffin, Joseph
Goetchins, Lee
Gunn, M A
Gilmore, Mike
Gould, T H
Harry, Annie
Hueston, A
Hennessy (wood m'ch't)
Howe, C W
Healy, Carrie
Huntoon, D R
Herbert, Chas
Hatch, C L
Howard, Cornelius
Hawley, Plorance—2
Heck, Frank
Hamby, E M
Hanberger, H
Hopgood, G. G
Harris, H
Hanoman, Mrs G
Hample, J E
Hipps, Jas
Hartley, J A
Hernon, Jas
Hoban, Jas
Holt, Jas
Heslin, Mike
Hoog, Maggie
Hall, Mary E
Holland, Nellie
Hickey P J—2
Holman, Phillip
Hoffman, S M
Hart, Wm G
Hample, E J
Ides, Ira
Jones, Ellis
Jourdon, E W
James, Edwin
Jones, Dr J L
Johnson, Marie
Jarman, Maggie
Jerme, P C—2
Kerkald, J
Kinney, J W
Kelleher, Jerry
Kennay, J F
Karvonen, Gustav
Kelly, Mike or Mac
Knapp, Max
Kyle, W H—2
Kestel, Wm
Koch, Mrs W
Lynch, Bridget
Lynch, Jno H
Leary, Jerry
Lewis, Jos T
Labelle, Joseph
Leclair, Joe
Leslie, J L
Leonard, Maud
Lones, M A
Lavelle, M H
Leck, Sherman
Lindenbower, Wm
McBride, Lee A
McLaren, Miss L E
McCarthy, J D
McCormick, Morris
McDonald, Peter
McHale, Michael
McGovern, Patrick
McGuire, Patrick
McIntosh, A
McLeod, Jas
McLeod, Alex
McMillan, Hugh
McMillan, Mrs J H
Miller, C F
Moloney, Daniel
Morton, Mrs C A
Moore, Mrs C H
Morcom, Edwd
Mabris, Frank
Murphy, J F
Michaels, Jacob
Mullens, John
Moore, Joseph
Montgomery, Mrs J M
Merritt, J M
Moran, John
Milk, Joe
Mulherin, J
Mahan, J E
Merrill, J L
Martin, Ida
Miller, I J
Mueller, Leopold
Merrill, Lincoln
Moore, John
Madigan, Mrs H
Mahan, Patrick
Midean, Peter
Miller, Smith
Mortin, Thos
Mitchell, Victor
Morton, Willie
Mematuer, Willie
Minerty, Wilson
Mathes, Wm
Nelson, Chas
Nunes, Frank
Nuffler, F
Nedeau, Peter
Northey, S H—2
Olmstead, David
O'Donald, Jim
Oates, Martin
Olson, Mrs R
O'Brien, Wm
Owen, W T
Pike, Alexander
Pearson, Minnie
Page, B—2
Pioneer Assembly 2330
Parry, D J
Patterson, John
Patterson, Joseph
Peters, John R
Pogson, John
Purcell, J T
Pickett, J H
Proulx, J B
Pearson, Pat
Patterson, P
Price, Thos
Pelland, T
Quesnell, Grace
Ronan, Abbie
Rauzon, John—2
Reye, A H
Ransom, E J
Richardson, Geo
Rauzon, J B
Rellands, Jas
Rutherford, Mrs M
Reese, Sarah A
Russell, W J
Stein, Mrs
Sullivan, Miss B A
Sherman, Mr
Sharpe, Augusta
Smith, D
Steel, Dan
Smith, C L
Sullivan, Cornelius
Scott, C A
Shively, C L
Sparks, Mrs C
Sanders, Ed
Stebbins, Frank
Sawyer, G A
Shovelin, F
Sheldon, Homer
Schmidt, Henry
Stephan, Geo
Sampey, G A
Stanfield, M
Shadwell, H
Smith, S
Stannus, John
Shreve, J W
Stewart, J F
Sutherland, John
Silver, J R
Scoble, John
Shea, John
Shufflebarger, J T
Santer, Ben
Smith, M W
Shilling, N
Seiple, Paul
Shay, Patrick
Sheehan, Patrick
Silver, R
Spargo, Wm
Simmons, S K
Sullivan, Mrs C
Scot, Master Willie
Smith, Wm
Telman, Elizabeth
Turner, Edwd
Toohey, Jas
Turrell, Nora
Thomas, Miss M L—2
Tuttle, Mrs M L
Thurman, W E
Vael, Ellen
Wallace, Mrs A F
Wilson, C T
Woodcock, Freddie
West, Flora
Weaver, Helen
Wilcut, Geo B
Weeks, J H
Wainright, Jeremiah
Webber, Jno—2
Waite, J K
Williams, J E
Williams, M W
Welch, Mrs M B
Williams, Michael
Wells, Mrs R F
Watson, Samuel
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Strayed or Stolen—$50.00 Reward

From range on Brown's Gulch, about October 1st, 1885, 40 head of cattle, comprising cows, calves and steers, yearlings and two-year-olds, nearly all branded on left hip with figure 9 and on sides figure 9 with bar. One red cow branded 111 on left hip; one spotted cow branded M. on left side. The above reward will be paid for the delivery of the above described animals to the subscriber or for information that will lead to their recovery.

11-18-tf-sw. W. BIRDSELL, Brown's Gulch.

Summons.

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

Emma Schlordt, Plaintiff, vs. Henry Schlordt, Defendant.

The people of the Territory of Montana send greeting to Henry Schlordt, Defendant.

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 obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and for the care and custody of the issue of said marriage, to-wit: one female child named Ida, aged two years. For cause of aciton Plaintiff alleges that Defendant is a habitual drunkard and has refused to provide the necessaries of life and that the said Defendant has deserted and abandoned Plaintiff, 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 Plaintiff's complaint on file herein.

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 16th day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-five.

REUBEN L. DAVIS, Clerk.

By CHARLES S. WARREN, Deputy Clerk.

W. R. KEITHLEY, Att'y for Plaintiff.

12-19-sw-4w.

Administrator's Notice of Sale of Real Estate.

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of the County of Jefferson in the Territory of Montana made on the 20th day of August, 1885, in the matter of the estate of Leander M. Black, deceased, the undersigned the administrator of said estate, will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on Saturday, the 2nd day of January, 1886, at 12 o'clock, m., at the premises hereinafter described in the County of Silver Bow, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said Leander M. Black, deceased, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has, by operation of law or otherwise, acquired other than or in addition to that of the said Leander M. Black at the time of his death, in and to all those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in the said County of Silver Bow and Territory of Montana and bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Lots numbered seventeen (17) and eighteen (18) in block number forty-one (41) in the city of Butte. Also, lots numbered 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, and 16 in block fifty-four (54), and lots numbered 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, and 16 in block fifty-seven (57) in said city of Butte. Also mineral claim No. 110, containing 4 67-100 acres, with house thereon, situate near said city of Butte, and also the undivided one-fourth interest in the Marietta quartz lode.

Terms and conditions of sale: Cash, twenty per cent. of the purchase money to be paid to the auctioneer on the day of sale, balance on confirmation of sale by said Probate Court, deed at expense of purchaser.

MADISON M. BLACK,
Administrator of estate of Leander M. Black deceased.

November 18th, 1885. 11-21-swtd.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the matter of the estate of Howard B. Smith, deceased:

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the administrator of the estate of Howard B. Smith, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within 4 months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at his residence on East Park Street, opposite the foundry, Butte City, in said Silver Bow County.

JOHN P. PFEIFER } Administrator of the estate of Howard B. Smith, deceased.

Dated December 16, 1885. 12-18-sw-4w.

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE.

In the Probate Court in and for Silver Bow County, Montana Territory.

In the matter of the estate of Charles H. Gates, deceased.

John Noyes, the Administrator of the estate of Charles H. Gates, 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 Saturday, the 23d day of January, 1886, 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 19th day of December, A. D. 1885.

12-21-swtd.

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