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Ice Clips From the Glaciers of the Frozen North.

We must certainly take off our hats to the jolly boys of Dawson. It has been my opportunity to visit the most of the leading cities of this country and without an attempt at exaggeration—there is a higher average of high-class gentlemen, jolly good fellows in Dawson than it has ever been our pleasure to meet. They took me in charge upon my arrival and extended me courtesies and gave me pleasure, which were so great, and such a good time that I shall ever have a grateful and pleasant memory of the happy days I spent there, and the many unprecedented good times accorded the new "chechoker" from Montana. Every privilege of public accommodation is accorded the negro citizen that British territory, the bigoted and narrow prejudiced spirit evinced in the U. S. is nowhere in evidence, and it can be said to the vast credit of the boys, that with the best and finest public accommodations open to them, that they have so conducted themselves—as to evince and demonstrate that the negro is a valuable factor in any commonwealth, and no one has complained because of the extension of these privileges. But we have more to say of this phase elsewhere. Among the enterprising colored citizens of Dawson it will interest Montana people to know that:

Col. "Smoothy" Burnett is still the same old war horse he was in Montana and has a very nice barbershop in Dawson.

Williams & Burn White have a very fine shop and extended their regards to their Montana friends.

M. L. Scury, of Vancouver, is now engaged also in extending the art found in his tonsorial parlor for Dawson nuggets.

Mr. Dick Scofield sent his regards to several Butte friends. He is a rather young "sour dough," and the charming fellow has not yet accustomed himself to the Dawson pace.

The Dawson pace entry seems to be Messrs. Joe Wilds and Bob Miles, entered in any race in the country they would carry our money for place and win. They have all established colored records for fast travelling.

Mr. Joe Wilds has the most prominent and best job in the city at the Monte Carlo saloon, leading saloon of Dawson. Not having had an opportunity of saying good-bye to our friend, Mr. Miles, we now do so, with the hope that he will be seen during the winter.

The Kentucky Kitchen is one of the most creditable exhibition of colored pioneer push and business tact. It is among the most popular of Dawson's restaurants.

Mr. Berwright, chef of the steamer La France, is one of the most popular steamboat men of the Yukon river. His boat holds the record for the fastest run from Whitehorse to Dawson.

Mr. George Paine is probably the most northerly representative of the colored car porters in the world. He has charge of the private car of the officials of the White Pass and Yukon road, and aside from at times he is in sight of the arctic circle up in the clouds at the summit of his road.

POCATELLO NOTES.
 Pocatello, Idaho, AUG. 23.—Special to the New Age.—Owing to the illness of our correspondent there have not been any items for the Age for several weeks.

Mr. L. N. Owsley has been north on a trip for three weeks.

Mrs. G. M. Pearson returned this week from a three weeks' visit to friends in Great Falls, Mont., and reports having a delightful time.

Mr. Charles Wagner, our correspondent, who has been indisposed from the effects of typhoid fever for the past three weeks, is able to be out again.

Master Harrie Jordan is confined to his room from the effects of rheumatism.

Mrs. Winnie Wagner, of Rock Springs, Wyo., is in the city visiting her son, Mr. Charles Wagner, who was seriously ill for a few weeks.

Mrs. G. M. Pearson is seriously ill at her home on Fifth and Lander streets.

Kid Rodgers returned a few days ago from Butte, Mont., and states that Pocatello is the best town after all.

Mr. Willie Miller arrived in the city from Butte and has accepted a position at the Elk saloon.

Mr. William Hammond was on the sick list last week.

Mr. Charles Hill was somewhat out of order last week, but we learn that he is on the road to recovery.

Mr. George Floyd made a flying trip to Rock Springs, Wyo., this week.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Riddle extend sympathy in this, their sad hour of bereavement.

Miss Ellen Pearson is in the city visiting her brother and sister.

Mr. Charles H. Wagner and Miss Norine Griswold are expecting to attend the state academy this fall.

Have Courage.
 You must have courage, my boy. No matter what band of circumstances array themselves against you, if your purpose is right you will succeed. Life is a beautiful thing. The chance to fight is a great blessing. No matter how hard the situation may seem, keep on doing right, bravely face the future, set your standard high, work and wait, be patient and thankful, and you will win. You may never be rich or the world goes—not rich in money or rich in power—but you may be rich in the knowledge of the truth that you have made the best of your chance to be a man. Don't set your standard by the men who have achieved great wealth. That is nothing compared to the riches that belong to him who has struggled to enlarge and ennoble the circle of life in which he is cast.—Schoolmaster.

Fire Superstitions.
 "If a fire does not burn well," says the old household superstition, "and you want it to draw, you should set the poker across the top bar of the grate." This is supposed to placate the gnomes, whom it was formerly believed were very jealous of the robbery of their underground country of its coal treasures and were very apt to take their vengeance out in preventing the fire from burning. It was the mystic firm of the cross thus made which was supposed to drive them away. Nevertheless it would not do to use the shovel in this charm or the fire would be sure to go out.

An Adroit Answer.
 The celebrated physician Zimmerman attended Frederick the Great in his last illness. One day, as the story is recorded in "Salad For the Soul," the king said to him:

"You have, I presume, helped many a man into another world."
 This was rather an unexpected thrust for the doctor, but the dose he gave the king in return was a judicious mixture of truth and flattery:

"Not so many as your majesty nor with so much honor to myself."

A Man and His Heart.
 Once upon a time there was a rich old man who had a heart so weak that its faint beatings could hardly be heard; yet, in the metaphor of our time, that same heart was filled with love for a fair lady.

The lady heard of her wooer's physical and financial condition and looked upon his suit with extreme favor. The result was that they were married.

Moral.—Paint heart sometimes wins fair lady.—New York Herald.

Advice.
 "What would you say," began the voluble prophet of woe, "if I were to tell you that in a very short space of time all the rivers of this country would dry up?"

"I would say," replied the patient man, "'Go thou and do likewise.'"—Boston Christian Register.

The Hermit Crab.
 Gently crack the shell of the whelk, for you will find it almost impossible to extract the occupant alive otherwise, and you will see what you may be pardoned for supposing a miniature lobster, but which in reality belongs to another distinct species—namely, the hermit crab, Pagurus bernhardus. Whether he has obtained occupancy by force of arms or merely through decease of the original tenant is a moot point, but the first supposition is highly probable, as he is a most belligerent little customer.

An amusing scene may be witnessed by placing several hermit crabs deprived of their shells in an ordinary soup plate, with a little sea water and some empty shells—fewer shells than crabs. The fighting and struggling to secure houses is ludicrous in the extreme. One may be seen almost successful in mooring himself within a shell, which, by the way, is effected by means of the shelly plates at the extremity of his soft and twisted tail, when another seizes him by the nape of the neck, as it were, and he is dragged reluctantly forth. The evictor still holds him struggling at claws' length, and not until he himself is safely ensconced does he relinquish his grasp.—Chambers' Journal.

The Belief in a Devil.
 A maidservant belonging to one of the women's colleges had been out with her lover without leave from her mistress and was returning late along my road, at the top of which lived the lamented Professor Nettleship. Now, the latter had a large yellow dog that took the usual canine delight in seeing cats scatter and flee, and, the better to pounce on them when they were stealthily crossing the street, he would perch himself on the top of the professor's garden wall, surrounded and half hidden in the foliage. As the true ant maidservant passed beneath him he caught sight of a cat in the middle of the road and, making a spring at it, collided with her and knocked her down. She picked herself up and ran screaming home, almost mad with terror, because, as she said, the devil had jumped on her back and thrown her down.—International Monthly.

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"Ted" Lincoln.
 "Ted" Lincoln has long been numbered among the historic boys of America. He was the complete embodiment of animal spirits, a warm hearted, fresh faced youngster, a boisterous, rollicking and absolutely real boy, whose pranks and companionship did much to relieve the tremendous strain his father suffered under while in the White House.

"Thousands who never saw the home apartments of that gloomy building," writes Noah Brooks, "knew the tricky spirit that brightened the weary years which Lincoln passed in Washington. His father took great interest in everything that concerned 'Ted,' and when the long day's work was done and the little chap had moved him or had taken up his attention during the daylight hours and had finally fallen asleep under a drowsy cross examination the weary father would turn once more to his desk and work on into the night. Then, shouldering the sleeping child, the man for whom millions of good men and women nightly prayed took his way through the silent corridors and his passageways to his boy's bedchamber."

His First Dress Suit.
 He was a very youthful looking man and wore a natty opera hat and a lengthy raglan which caused him to be the cynosure of all eyes in the Arch street trolley car. It was probably the first time that he had ever worn a dress suit, and as he walked into the car his painful embarrassment was noticeable. Many smiles flitted across the passengers' features, and the young fellow noticed each one and blushed deeply.

But more trouble was in store. At Seventeenth street two red faced servant girls boarded the car. They crowded into a seat and began to talk volubly.

"Yes," said one, "th' mistress give me a ouid wrapper, an' sh'—"
 She paused here as her wandering eye rested on the conspicuous young man in the corner.

"Say, Ellen," she said loudly and with a giggle, "how would you like that for a feller?"
 The young man left the car hurriedly before it had reached the street where he wished to alight.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

How to Lie When Sleeping.
 The correct posture for sleep is to lie on the right side, with the limbs stretched out to their full length and the arms either straight down by the body or in any comfortable position provided they are not raised above the head. The mouth should be closed, and all the muscles of the body should be relaxed. The lungs work with greater deliberation during the hours of sleep, and if the arms are raised above the head at this time and for any period the action of the heart drives the blood away from the arms and sends it to the head, frequently making one very restless when it does not prevent sleep entirely.

A Shrewd Yankee.
 A certain Boston hotel man tells this good story at his own expense:
 When a small boy on the farm, his folks often sent him to the neighbors to buy a dozen eggs when their hens failed to lay enough.
 He noticed that the old farmer always held each egg before a lighted candle and examined it carefully. In his innocence of Yankee shrewdness the boy supposed that this was prompted more by honesty and intention to detect whether the eggs were bad or not.
 One day, however, when he counted his eggs, according to custom, there were only eleven in the basket.
 With a determination not to be cheated, the lad trudged promptly back to the house and quickly made known his discovery.
 "Oh," said the old farmer, "that's all right, my boy. One of them has a double yolk."—Boston Record.

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