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Painted and Galvanized Barbed Fence Wire a Specialty!

☞ All our Goods having come by river, on our own boats, we propose to give our patrons this season, First Class Goods, at Prices that will defy all competition

GRAND CLOSING OUT SALE!

Do You Want the Earth?

We cannot give you that, but will give you Goods at MONEY SAVING PRICES in

MEN'S CLOTHING!

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COME NOW, COME ONE AND ALL, AND SECURE A BARGAIN, at

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Fancy Toilet Articles,

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And All Goods Usually Found in a Thorough Stocked Drug Store.

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New Goods Just Received!

Special Attention Given to the Trade of Ranch and Stockmen.

☞ RECEIVING AND FORWARDING ☜

Special Inducement offered to those having Ore and Bullion for Eastern Shipment from the Maginnis Mining Region.

WOOL-STORING FACILITIES.

Large Warehouse on the bank constructed with a Special View to the Storing of Wool. Wool Growers in the Judith and Wolf Creek county will find this the most convenient point to haul their wool, whether desiring to sell or ship.

☞ ORDERS BY MAIL GIVEN PROMPT ATTENTION.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From Our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, April 29, 1887.

Washington is dull, terribly dull just now, all the newspaper correspondents think. Second-term gossip has about died out, and the complicating situations to which it gave rise have been worked for all they were worth. Spring is here with such accessories as sun-shades, buttonhole bouquets, strawberry vendors, street harpists and the woman with the hand organ and the baby, but society is comparatively quiet. Weddings are still in vogue, but the gay world was pretty well exhausted with the winter's rout and does not revert to its occupation with its ante-Lenten zest.

But April's torpor in Washington will be more than compensated for by activity in May. Everybody is talking about the national drill, and preparations are being carried forward as rapidly as possible. General Augur, who has been appointed commadant of the camp, is in appearance commanding, and the embodiment of soldierly qualities. He wears side whiskers and eye-glasses and is altogether a very fine looking officer. He lives with his family in an old fashioned brick house in Georgetown, and is on the retired list of the army, for which he remarked that he was glad, because he would have leisure to attend to his new duties, while if he were in active service he could not have accepted the position.

But the drill is not the only event billed for May. Society always flocks to the Jocky club races, and they will come off next week. Then Forepaugh's circus is coming, Patti is coming, the national association of hotel keepers is coming, there are to be reunions of one kind and another, the unveiling of the Garfield statue, and the meeting of the Army of the Cumberland will also take place early in the month of flowers.

It looked last week, before President Cleveland's views and wishes concerning a second term had been reported, as if nothing on earth could prevent his renomination. Now that the manifestation of alleged coyness and indifference concerning that possibility is said of him, it looks as if his renomination could not be prevented by anything on the earth beneath or in the heavens above. Above all things else the human heart desires the inaccessible, and if Mr. Cleveland should see fit to say definitely that he did not wish to be president for a second term, there would be a general clamor for him, coming even from those who are now his political enemies.

The Inter-State Commerce commission has been wrestling with the long and short haul across the continent. All the transcontinental railways have applied for the suspension of the short haul clause, and have put forth as good if not better reasons why it should be done than those which were given and proved sufficient in the case of the southern railways. It looks as if the commission will have to serve all alike, although it is a court authorized to decide different ways for each railroad. It can suspend in one case and refuse to do so in a precisely similar one.

While our law-makers are away, conveniences and improvements at the Capitol which they voted money for are gradually being made. Two new elevators are to be put in place—one at the senate end and one at the house end of the building. There will then be four elevators in the capitol—one at each of the four corners, which will add greatly to the convenience of visitors as well as legislators. The contract for constructing the two new ones was yesterday awarded to a Chicago company at $6,345. The amount appropriated by congress for the whole work was $2,000.

The landscape architect of the national capital recently made the grave mistake of setting out evergreen trees on the new marble terrace around the north and west fronts of the capitol building. The dome has long been criticised as looking too large, or out of proportion to the rest of the structure, and the terrace was planned and built for the purpose of increasing the apparent height of the building.

Of course these trees break the architectural continuity and destroy absurdly the very illusion of height which the terrace is intended to create. Instead of seeming the base of the capitol facade the terrace now looks like a wall around the capitol, with trees planted on the lawn inside. The trees can be seen from a distance over the parapet of the terrace and the effect is that of an enclosed garden, from every standpoint. It is also argued by art critics that the vertical lines of the trees (they are Irish yews) are incongruous with the horizontal line in the classical architecture of the capitol, and the architect has decided to remove them.

"Be virtuous and you will be happy." Pay the printer for your paper a year in advance and it will have the same effect. Happiness, only $3.00 per year.

Wait A Bit.

When Johnny came a-courting,
I thought him overbold,
For I was but a young thing,
And he no' very old.
And though I liked him well enough,
I sent him on his way,
With "Wait a bit, bide a bit,
Wait a week and a day!"

When Johnny passed me in the lane,
And pleaded for a kiss,
And vowed he'd love me evermore
For granting of the bliss;
Although I'd liked it over well,
I ran from him away,
With "Wait a bit, bide a bit,
Wait a week and a day!"

When Johnny fell a-ranting,
With "Jenny, be my wife!"
And vowed I never should regret,
However long my life;
Although I liked it best o' all,
I turned from him away,
With "Wait a bit, bide a bit,
Wait a week and a day!"

Oh, Johnny was a ninny,
He took me at my word!
And he was courting another,
The next thing that I heard.
Oh, what a ninny was Johnny,
To mind me when I'd say
"Wait a bit, bide a bit,
Wait a week and a day."

Heigh-ho, I've met my Johnny,
I gin him a blink o' my eye,
And he fell a-raving,
For want o' my love he'd die!
I ne'er could be so cruel,
So I set the wedding day,
With "Haste a bit, nor waste a bit,
There's danger in delay!"

—Jennie E. T. Dowe, in The Century.

The Manitoba Railroad.

Paris Gibson, of Great Falls, returned last evening from a trip to St. Paul and Minneapolis. He was seen last evening at the Cosmopolitan by an Independent reporter, who found him full of enthusiasm regarding the Manitoba's progress into Montana. Just before leaving St. Paul he had met Mr. D. C. Shepherd, the chief of the contracting firm that is building the road. He was feeling very cheerful over the progress of the work. Between 2,300 and 2,400 teams and a proportionate number of men had gone west of Minot this spring to go at work, and more were constantly being forwarded. Men and teams are strung along the line as far as fifty miles west of Fort Buford. Tracklaying is going forward at the rate of four miles per day with one shift. When the days get a little longer and two shifts are put on it is expected to string the steel at the rate of seven miles every twenty-four hours. This is the greatest feat of railroad building on record. Mr. Shepherd told Mr. Gibson that there was no doubt that trains would run into Great Falls over the road by September 1st and, of course, they will reach Helena shortly later. Every arrangement for rapid work is perfect. "Money, material and brains," said Mr. Gibson, "are enlisted in the work, and I can imagine no accident that will interfere with Mr. Hill's plans. Ever since the first of last January every energy of the company has been strained to prepare for this summer's work of construction and there is no prospect of any failure to carry out the arrangement made."—Independent.

A Great Discovery.

A special dispatch from the City of Mexico triumphantly announces the discovery of two of the seven lost Mexican bonanza mines by an American party of prospectors. Humboldt and Hamilton speak of the fabulous wealth obtained from these mines by Spaniards. They were worked up to the middle of the last century. In 1756 the Indians swept over northern Mexico and destroyed Chihuahua, and all the miners were driven out. The Indians held control of the country so long that all records were lost.

Recently Lieut. Kipper, formerly of the United States army, W. K. Glenn, of Illinois, Capt. Allen, and J. McIntyre of Chicago, went out on a surveying expedition in the interest of a Sonora land company, and in an old chapel found maps and other data. Dividing into four small parties, a thorough search was begun and McIntyre's party located what is believed to be the "Layopa" silver mine. It is in the midst of thousands of ruined buildings, among large churches and forts. Within a radius of four miles are 420 workings, old Spanish furnaces, and tons of slag. A few days later Bower's party reported the discovery of the Guaynopa in the heart of the Sierra Madre mountains.

Advices from Nogales confirms the report, and state that a great placer field has been located where the Jesuits of 200 years ago found fortunes for the church. Great excitement in mining centres prevails.

Gas Wells.

Capt. Carlin believes that gas can be tapped at Bozeman for the reason that all around the town lies vast upheavals of coal. He believes that coal lies in a great body underneath Bozeman and consequently natural gas could be tapped at most any place here abouts. He has corresponded with men in his native town in Ohio, where gas has lately been discovered and is informed that the cost of driving a gas well would be $1,600. So sure is he that gas exists that he is ready to put money into the project. If gas could not be secured the projectors would have the nucleus for city water works in an artesian well. With natural gas the cost of fuel for cooking and heating purposes would not be $1.00 a month.—Chronicle.

As Big as Goose Eggs.

ST. PAUL, May 1.—After a day of summer heat this section was visited this evening by a terrific hail storm, which did much damage. The hail stones ranged in size from a pea to a full-grown goose-egg, some of the largest weighing four ounces and measuring nine inches in circumference. Glass was broken wherever exposed, that in the tower of the state capitol being riddled, and in some cases even plate glasses were shattered. A number of small structures, chimneys, etc., were wrecked by the wind.

"I WANT THAT MAN"

An Incident of the Shiloh Fight—The Man Who Killed Albert Sydney Johnston Probably Designated.

As a general rule the most impartial personality that I ever got acquainted with is a bullet in battle, says a correspondent of the Chicago Inter-Ocean. It is perfectly democratic and fair, recognizing neither rank, station, age nor quality. Colonel or Corporal, private or general, it greets them equally with its fateful message, levels all distinctions, and initiates them all into the common brotherhood. There are some exceptions to this rule, as for instance, when a bullet is directly aimed at some conspicuous officer and fetches him. I think it was a special bullet that killed Albert Sydney Johnston, and the reason why I think so is this.

In the Shiloh fight, Pugh's brigade, to which I belonged, was strung along the rail fence, having the cotton field and peach orchard between it and the Confederate line. Across this field and orchard the enemy made three or four magnificent charges, and was terribly repulsed each time. Capt. Johnston, the son of the general, frankly acknowledges those defeats in his account of the battle contained in the biography of his father. These repulses caused much demoralization in the ranks of the Confederates, but after a while we could see that their line was re-established in good shape. Then we saw the general riding slowly down the front while the men cheered him with a good deal of enthusiasm. We all supposed that Gen. Beauregard was in command of the enemy, for Gen. Johnston's name was not familiar to us, and Beauregard's was. As he passed along the line our boys said to to each other. "That's Beauregard! That's Beauregard!"

Just at that moment a tall, gaunt fellow, in a state of intense nervous excitement, and carrying his gun at the "trail," tried to break through the line just where I was, with the intention of climbing over the fence toward the enemy. I challenged him sharply. "What do you want here? What regiment do you belong to?"

"Fifteenth Illinois."

"Go back to your regiment; you have no business here. Go back."

"Oh, don't stop me," he said, "let me go; I want that man on that horse."

Before I could prevent him he had broken through and scaled the fence. I watched him zigzaging along from tree to tree until he reached the log house about the centre of the field. This brought him very near the enemy, and if he took a rest for his gun on the window sill, the "man on horseback" would certainly be in imminent peril. I never saw that soldier again, but for twenty-five years I have held firmly to the opinion that he got "that man on that horse."

It is evident from the account that Gen. Johnston was wounded several minutes before he fell, but did not think the matter serious even if he knew it at all. He had been slowly bleeding to death for some time, and when at last he fainted it was too late to save him.

Over the Cascades.

Portland Paper: Tuesday Assistant General Manager J. M. Buckley, of the Northern Pacific railroad, arrived at Tacoma from Helena, Montana, accompanied by General John Gibbon, commander of the department of the Columbia, Captain C. A. Woodruff and Lieutenant E. J. McClernand, all of Fort Vancouver. The party came by way of the Cascade division, over the switchback, and walked but one and a quarter miles between the ends of the two tracks. The distance, however, of the road remaining to be built is about four or five miles in curves and grades. Mr. Buckley states that he thinks the road will be completed by the 20th of May. The United States railroad commissioners are expected to arrive about that time from the east and the road will then be turned over to them for inspection.

The Maid of the Valley.

Miss Ellen Callahan of Sierra county, female stock-raiser, is known as the "Maid of the Valley." Her possessions are valued at $10,000. Her age we do not know and should not mention it if we did. She weighs about 150 pounds, and wears neither false teeth nor hair. She has a good, healthy complexion and blue eyes. She would make a good match in marriage for a middle-aged man with muscle cultivated to work, and it is our opinion that none others need apply. Dudes would not, we believe, be noticed as candidates for the matrimonial hand of Miss Callahan. She can harness a team, break wild horses, run a mower, feed the stock, or do any kind of work on a ranch.—Sierra Valley (Nev.) Leader.

Silver Mine.

The famous mine of Potosi, Bolivia, has yielded $1,000,000,000 from 1545 to 1798, a period of 253 years. This was at the rate of $4,098 per annum. The Comstock mines have yielded one-half as much in a period of twenty-seven years, which is at the rate of $18,517,000 per annum. More than 5,000 mines have been developed at Potosi, and the end is not yet. It is the highest mining camp in the world, its altitude being 12,000 feet above the sea-level.

A Gas Gusher.

MUNCIE, Ind., May 3.—The largest gas well in the world has just been discovered at Fairmount, near here. A test by Prof. Orton, State geologist of Ohio, shows it flowing nearly 12,000,000 feet per day.

Tiqux-boux.

The squaw of a chief of the Sioux
Eloped with a red haired Texan
The pair in Dakota
The husband in certain
And the lady's pa says down your dust.

HUMOROUS.

A shell race: Oysters.

When lawyers die, they lie still.

Editorial strike: "Strike that out!"

The largest revolver known: The earth.

End of Lent: The foreclose of a mortgage.

A stopped-up geyser is an ex-spurt in its way.

Four seasons: Pepper, salt, mustard, vinegar.

What does the catamount to among animals?

The dentist always goes armed to the teeth.

Every milk train should have a cow-catcher.

The best illustrated paper: United States greenback.

Revenge, though sweet, leaves a bad taste in the mouth.

A merchant's clerk calls lady shoppers "counter irritants."

Cruel: The washerwoman who daily wrings men's bosoms.

A boarding house martyr said that he suffered at the steak.

"Some men are born great." Yes, but how some of them shrink.

When a man falls down his temper generally gets up before he does.

Will a man who gets a "better half" be said to secure better quarters?

A scientist going out last night to examine the color of the air found it blew.

Advice is like castor ile, easy enough tew giv, but dreadful uneasy tew take.

A puppy plays with every pup he meets but old dogs hav but few associates.

When women vote there will be a good deal of bustle in the political campaign.

The man who wrecks a train is a murderer. The one wrecking a whole railroad, a "financier."

Physician: "If the milk does not agree with the child, boil it." Sometimes spanking it might do as well.

"So her father kicked you out of the house. Was that the only reason for your leaving?" "That was the sole reason."

Moreton Frewen Talks.

The Pall Mall Gazette prints an interview with Mr. Moreton Frewen, some portions of which will have an interest for American readers. The depression in the range cattle industry is severely felt by English capitalists who own stock in many western cattle companies. Mr. Frewen gives his views of the subject briefly as follows: He says that the trouble with the cattle industry proceeds wholly from the overstocking of the ranges. He thinks that "the cattle baron (he is no longer a king) belongs to history." The great herds must be broken up. The future of the industry rests with the small farmer or stock raiser, who will breed cattle in inclosures. Although probably productive of loss to alien cattle companies, he thinks the western country will be greatly benefitted. This elimination of the large herds he thinks highly probable in that part of the country north of Texas. Some companies will continue to raise cattle in that state on fenced-in lands. The increased value of their land, he thinks, will compensate for their other losses. He reasons that hard winters have nothing to do with cattle losses. The want of pasturage is the main trouble. His advice to cattlemen is to move their stock from the overcrowded ranges of the western United States up into the British Northwest. But a small portion of it is stocked, and in extent it equals Texas. The price of beef, he states, is about as high as it was before the "boom" years of 1880-1-2. As long as the increase by birth is as rapid as then, prices are remunerative. Now the herds instead of increasing, decrease.

Gladstone at the Wild West Show.

Gladstone and wife recently visited the grounds of the American exhibition and Cody's Wild West Show in London, England. A special performance was given for their entertainment. They were much impressed. Gladstone sat and looked on with evidence of childlike delight. After the performance he was introduced to "Red Shirt." Gladstone spoke to him and asked whether he noticed a difference between Englishmen and Americans or if he regarded them as brothers. Red Shirt replied he didn't know much about brotherhood. The 1,500 workmen employed at the exhibition grounds cheered for Gladstone and home rule. Gladstone bowed repeatedly in answer to the salutations. He was entertained at lunch by the managers of the exhibition. Col. Russell, of Boston, presided. Gladstone, replying to a toast to his health, said: "The institutions and progress of the United States have always been a subject of great interest to me ever since many years ago I studied life at Washington. I then became aware first, of the magnitude of the destiny reserved for Americans; second, of the fact that the period of the birth of American states is of more interest than any other possible to study. Whenever a youth desires to study political subjects, and consults me concerning the course of study, I always refer him to the early history of America. God Almighty made Englishmen and Americans kinsmen, and they ought to have an affection for one another. If they had not, humanity would cry shame on them. I rejoice that the clouds which once obscured our mutual vision have almost vanished from our political sky, and that the future is as bright and promising as the warmest hearted among us could desire."

A Different Pat.

Two Irishmen unkown to each other appeared at the delivery window one day at the same time. One stepped forward and asked: "Anything for Patrick Maloney to-day? The clerk looked through a certain number of letters and replied: "Nothing for Patrick Maloney," and Patrick walked out. The second man then inquired, "Anything for Patrick Maloney," said the clerk with a smile, "an I there is nothing here." "Faith," explained the waiting man cheerfully, "it's a different Patrick Maloney I am."