

RED LODGE PICKET.

VOL. 1. RED LODGE, PARK COUNTY, MONTANA, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1900. NO. 30.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS
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COUNTY AND STATE.

County News,
LIVINGSTON POST.

Judge Lilly returned Sunday morning from the Pacific coast where he has been spending the winter.

A marriage license was issued by District Clerk Emmons last week to John T. Dunn and Miss Lillie Young.

District Clerk Emmons issued county warrants Wednesday for two coyotes and one bob-cat skins to Joseph Fisher and C. N. Cady.

The lodge of Good Templars held a meeting in the Miles building Saturday evening. Fifty-one members were in attendance and nine new members were initiated.

The state encampment of the G. A. R., has been called to meet in Livingston, Mont., and have made a special rate of one fare from all points in Montana to those attending.

Monday was St. Patrick's day, as was evinced by the large amount of green ribbon worn by the citizens of Livingston. At night a dance was given in Fowle's hall which was largely attended. Every one present reports a good time.

Col. Lamartine has let a contract to Andrew Wand to furnish logs for 1,000,000 feet of lumber for his mill in this city. Logs will be cut on Cedar creek and rafted down the Yellowstone. Mr. Lamartine now has everything in readiness to begin operations in his mill as soon as the logs are brought down.

LIVINGSTON ENTERPRISE.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Gottlieb Barsch died on Monday morning.

Mrs. Eva M. Hunter has begun the erection of an annex to her second street residence.

The balance of indebtedness against the Episcopal church was raised by private subscription the past week and that society will hereafter be out of debt.

An entertainment was given at the residence of N. C. Green last evening under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association.

Electric light poles have been erected and wires stretched along Yellowstone street, to accommodate private families in that locality with incandescent lights.

The ranchmen of the upper Yellowstone valley are preparing to construct a large irrigating canal, capable of carrying at least 2,500 inches of water. Engineer Samuel Bundock has been engaged to make the necessary surveys, and it is the intention to have the canal completed during the present season. Such a canal, when in successful operation, will add materially to the value of the lands to be benefited by the water.

"Are you a connoisseur in champagnes?"
"No. I never studied faziology."
Chatter.

How many things there are to laugh at in this world to the girl who has pretty teeth and dimples.—Acheson Globe.

Racon—Is your hotel fire proof?
Egbert—I reckon it is. I never found a fire in my room yet.—Yonkers Statesman.

Whenever a husband may go when he dies, he will be simply employed through eternity in telling how he got there.—Judge.

Occasionally you see a girl with \$5 gold pieces for bangles on her bracelet, and a lonely nickle in her pocketbook.—Acheson Globe.

Beil (suddenly)—I'm afraid all this talk about students is rather frivolous for Sunday. May (faintly)—O but they're all theological students, you know.—Harpers Bazaar.

Jem Mace, being asked by the California Athletic club to act as sparring instructor for the club, demanded \$9,000 a year for two years and the privilege of giving private boxing lessons. It is almost needless to say that his demand was not acceded to.

Dut's bulletin shipments last week aggregated fifty-five bars, valued at \$86,861.

A LONG LOST BROTHER.

An Old-Time Prospector Wanted at His Louisville, Ky., Home.

In the changing scenes of the life of the miner and prospector, he sometimes neglects to keep "the bar ones in the states" posted as to his every move and the destination of a journey in which hope of the yellow or white metal is his guiding star. The wanderings of the gold-seeker are well illustrated by a letter received at the Helena Journal office yesterday from Mary Weaver, 501 East Walnut street, Louisville, Kentucky, which is as follows:

"I have, or ought to have, a brother living (if he is not dead) somewhere in Montana or the Dakotas. When last heard from, in 1862, he was engaged in gold mining in the Beaver creek mines in

Montana. I have since received a letter from him at that time it was his intention to quit that place immediately and migrate to the upper parts of the Missouri river, being enticed farther by rumors that gold was to be found in great abundance in that country.

"We directed a letter to his Indian territory address, but have never received a reply or heard from him with any certainty for about twenty-eight years. We suppose he moved north, locating in the territory of Montana or Dakota, and if in the former place we hope to find his residence or address through the assistance of the Journal.

"His name is Peter Kahlkoff; he left here in 1849 in a company of gold seekers known probably more widely than I am aware of, and in spurious parlance as the 'Forty-niners,' by reason of the year in which they departed, and later were distinguished from other miners by the sobriquet of 'Grey Beards.'"

"I believe it was pretty generally understood, in mining circles at least, that every individual in the gang was a bachelor and somewhat rough at that.

"These facts, if seen in your paper, might lead to the discovery of the object of our long and anxious search.

"If among the 'old-timers' any one can remember Peter Kahlkoff, he could do a favor by writing to the anxious sister at Louisville.

"If You Would Be Healthy, Don't contradict your wife. Don't tell a man he is a stranger to the truth because he happens to be smaller than yourself. Errors of this kind have been known to be disastrous.

"It is bad to lean your back against anything cold, particularly when it is an icy pavement upon which your vertebrae arrangement has encumbered with a job that shakes the buttons off your coat.

"Always eat your breakfast before beginning a journey. If you haven't any breakfast don't journey. After violent exercise, like putting up the stove or nailing down carpets, never ride around town in an open carriage. It is better to walk. It is also cheaper.

"When hoarse, speak as little as possible. If you are not hoarse, it won't do you any harm to keep your mouth shut too.

"Don't light the fire with kerosene. Let the bird girl do it. She hasn't any wife and children. You have. Don't roam around the house in your bare feet at the dead of night trying to pick up stray socks. Men have been known to dislocate their jaw through this bad practice.

"When you see a man put the lighted end of a cigar in his mouth, don't ask him if it is hot enough. Serious injuries have often resulted from this habit.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Capt. Paul Boyton and Wallace Ross will tour the states this coming season with an aquatic show. They will give exhibitions in polo on the water, sparring, log-rolling, naval battles, etc. They will use the Boyton canvas shoes inflated with gas.

The New Departure, near Banack, is said to make an unusually fine showing for the amount of development.

A SIGN TO ARGUE.

The Lord Told Him to Hang On and He Was Going to.

The reluctance of the colored brother to part with a piece of real estate once bearing a deed in his name was well illustrated in a case at Lebanon, Tenn. A Colonel McRae bought a fine piece of suburban property, but it was through a plot without two acres belonging to a colored man named Johnson. Knowing the nature of the man he hesitated to approach him on the subject, but finally met him as if by accident and said:

"Mr. Johnson, I've been expecting you would make me an offer for that land over there."

"Shoo, now, Marse McRae, but you knows I can't buy dat."

"But I'll sell cheap. I made a bad move when I bought there. This town isn't going to grow in

opposite. I'll give you a big bargain on that lot."

"Much obliged, Marse McRae, but Ize a pore man—mighty pore. Lawd only knows how Ize gwine to git free dis 'lan."

"I'll sell it for half what it cost me."

"Deed, sah, but if you'd sell de hull lot for \$2, I couldn't buy it."

Having sowed the seed, the colored went away to let it take root, and a week later "chapped" to meet Mr. Johnson and to carefully observe:

"Well, aren't you going to accept of my offer?"

"Deed, no, Marse McRae."

"It seems to me that all that land ought to belong to one person."

"Yes, it does, sah."

"I'll either sell or buy."

"But I can't buy an' I don't want to sell."

The colored kept at him for two long years, but got no satisfaction. Finally Johnson's wife died, his cabin burned down and his son got in jail, all in one week. The colored saw his opportunity and pressed his offer, which was a really fair one, but Johnson held out for two weeks. Then he agreed that if he couldn't raise \$50 by a certain day he would sell out. When the day was up the colored went around fully expecting his efforts would be crowned with glory, but Mr. Johnson showed him a \$100 bill and said:

"You see, I got de money, Marse McRae, \$50 mo' dan counted on."

THE HORSE AUCTIONEER.

In an Emergency He Called In to Sell a Piano.

The regular auctioneer was ill and in the emergency the auctioneer from the horse stables across the street consented to act in his place. A big crowd of people filled the room to bid on a lot of household goods that had been advertised for sale. A piano was the first thing offered.

"Now, ladies and gents," said the horse auctioneer as he mounted the block. "I wish to call your attention to this magnificent pianoforte. I have its pedigree here, which will be furnished to de purchaser on de will be surprised at what he has bought. I would call your particular attention to its color—a beautiful mahogany key, one of de most beautiful and desirable colors dat kin be selected. Dis piano hasn't got out of de

store since it was made to work double or single. Examine it closely for rimples, spruce or quarter crack. Will some one in de audience please step to de front and test its wind?"

A young man who combed his hair pompadour and had a wild look in his eyes followed through the crowd and taking a seat on the stool ran his fingers over the keys, then through his pompadour, hitched the stool a little closer, found one of the pedals, and began to thump out a tune.

"What do you think of dat lick, ladies and gents?" said the auctioneer, as he looked triumphantly around the room. "Ever see anything purtier den dat in yer lives. Never a skip or a break. Dat gait's good for 2-20 anywhere. Now, what an Udd! Remember, whoever buys dis pianer buys a pedigree a yard long."

The ladies in the crowd looked at the auctioneer in some wonderment, and taking this for silent admiration he directed his remarks to them directly:

"Now, ladies, here's a pianer dat I kin recommend to yer an' de dead square. Dis is a single-foot instrument dat doesn't shy or soare at de ears. Jest as easy as a rookin' chair. Gentle as a lamb. Doesn't kick or late. Will de gait let'er go round once more for de benefit of de ladies?"

The young man on the stool "let'er go" again this time pounding out "Where Is My Wandering Boy To-Night," and several other things of equal artistic merit.

"Now ladies and gents," said the auctioneer, when the young man paused for breath, "dat's a performance dat speaks for itself. Remember, dis pianer is jest off of grass. Hasn't been handled for six months. What an Udd!"

But their was no bid.

The ladies went out of the room by twos, threes and fours and left only the men to enliven the occasion by calling out, "let'er go once under de saddle," &c.

People of Prominence.
The Rev. G. M. Christian, of Newark, N. J., will enter in September next upon his duties as president of Nashville seminary, Wisconsin.

William B. Gravenhorst, vice consul of the Netherlands here, has just received his brevet as Knight of the Oak Crown of Luxembourg.

General Greely, chief of the signal service, was seen recently on the streets of Washington dressed in a new spring suit and wearing no overcoat. It was reported at the time that Greely says that the best he can do is to dress according to the calendar.

General Nelson A. Miles, in command of the division of the Pacific will leave for the west shortly, but before he goes he will make a tour of the gun-making establishments of the Atlantic coast for the purpose of studying modern methods of gunnery.

H. Ribbe Hazzard has quietly disappeared. He is not at his country seat in England and his London haunts so far. It is generally supposed that he has gone to the Orient for inspiration, but this is denied by people who claim to have recently seen him in Scotland.

A cash buyer can always be found in Helena for a good prospect.

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