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ENLARGED AND IMPROVED!

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Federal and Territorial Officers.

Governor—Benj. F. Potts, Virginia City.

Secretary—J. E. Callaway, Virginia City.

Auditor—Sol Star, Virginia City.

Treasurer—D. S. Wade, Helena.

Chief Justice—D. H. Hickman, Virginia City.

Associate Justices—F. G. Servis, Va. City; Hiram Knowles, Deer Lodge.

U. S. Dist. Att'y—M. C. Page, Red Bluffs.

Surveyor General—A. J. Smith, Helena.

U. S. Marshal—Wm. Wheeler, Helena.

Collector Int. Rev.—T. P. Fuller, Helena.

Collector Customs—T. A. Cummings, Helena.

U. S. Examining Surgeons—Chas. Musgrave, Deer Lodge; Thos. Reece, Helena.

U. S. Com'rs.—John Potter, Hamilton; H. N. Maguire, Bozeman.

Bozeman Land District—E. W. Willett, Register; G. V. Bogert, Receiver; Bozeman.

Helena Land District—W. C. Child, Register; D. H. Weston, Receiver; Helena.

County Officers.

Probate Judge—H. N. Maguire.

Board of Co. Com'rs.—P. G. Duke, Sheriff—C. L. Clark, Deputy, J. B. Finch, Clerk and Recorder—Arch Graham.

Treasurer—S. B. Bowen, Superintendent Pub. In.—F. L. Stone, Surveyor—S. M. Reed.

Coroner—J. D. McPherson, Assessor—B. M. Dawes.

Times and Places of Holding Courts.

Supreme Court—At Virginia City, first Monday in January and second Monday in August.

U. S. District Courts—First District—At Virginia City, first Monday in April, and second Monday in September.

Second District—At Deer Lodge, second Monday in April, first Monday in September, and first Monday in December.

Third District—At Helena, first Monday in March; first Monday in June and fourth Monday in November.

Territorial Courts—First District—In Madison county, at Virginia City, third Monday in March, third Monday in Sept., in Gallatin county, at Bozeman, 1st Monday in March and 1st Monday in Nov. In Jefferson county, at Red Bluffs, second Monday in February, first Monday in October.

Second District—Deer Lodge County, at Deer Lodge City, second Monday in April, first Monday in December; first Monday in September for all cases that can be tried without a jury, except in cases where the parties consent that a special venire may issue to try the case.

In Missoula county, at Missoula, fourth Monday in June and 2d Monday in Nov. In Beaver head county, at Hannock, first Monday in June and second Monday in Oct. Third District—In Lewis and Clark county, at Helena, first Monday in May, first Monday in November.

No matter, I'll let you know who's the master of this house.

"This house," muttered Hannah. "Two dingy rooms, with the old, greasy paper half torn off the walls. It's just fit for such a MASTER as you. And look at Kitty and Teddy shivering over that green wood fire, and this poor forlorn baby, lying in its cradle and staring at me, as if I had anything for it. Yes, Peter Pike, I should think you were the master of this house. It's a good match for you, no mistake, Peter Pike."

"No more of your impudence, woman. You think I'm about half drunk yet because I'm in bed, but when I set out to show you who's master you'll sing a different tune. Give me two shillings, now, before I get up and try my hand on you."

"You won't get the two shillings, I shall keep them for bread."

"Bread, bread," repeated Peter Pike. "Liquor's better than bread, and that's what I'm going to have. Give me the money, woman."

"Good God!" said Hannah in an undertone. "He'll get it away from me, I'm afraid, and then where shall we get the next 'loaf of bread. And if Roddy comes home to-night without a cent, as he often does, what will become of us? Poor boy! he'd work hard all day to get a little money for us."

"What are you dreaming about?" called out Peter Pike, from the old bedstead, on which he had once more raised himself. "Are you going to give me that money?" he asked in a screaming voice.

"No, not a penny of it; and if you touch me I'll have you locked up. I know where to go to complain of you."

"You shan't have Mamma's money!" cried out Kitty.

"Shan't," shan't, added the little boy Teddy, on as high a key as he could reach.

"Master! master!" growled Peter Pike. "I'll show these young ones and their mother who's master."

"Thirsting for another glass, and determined to get the money to pay for it, he leaped out of bed. But the money had suddenly found its way out of the pocket, where it had been hidden, and into Kitty's hand, and Kitty had as suddenly disappeared. [Maddened by his failure, the furious man kicked Teddy into one corner of the room and his mother into another, and plunging his hand into the cradle, seized the baby and rushed to the door, exclaiming: "There goes your baby, woman, down the rickety staircase."

Pain from the kick she had received and horror struck by what had been done, Hannah sat crouching in the corner and making no effort to stir. "Dead, dead," she said to herself; and, in a moment, making an effort to rise, she repeated: "Dead, dead! but I must go to her. Oh, God! I once had a good home. It never seen that man. I had no baby to be sure, but how can I, how can I? But I must go and take up my dead child. Oh Peter, Peter, where is he? Good for another drink. No, there's no more, buried up in the bedclothes."

"Not a sound on the staircase," added Hannah. "Dead, dead!"

And she crept along as well as she could to the door, but she had hardly reached it when it opened, and she saw her baby's thin, pale face pressed to a check as fresh and bright as a June rose.

"Don't be frightened, don't be frightened!" said the young girl. "For it was a young girl of sixteen who held Hannah Pike's baby in her arms. "You thought your baby was dead; didn't you? But she's not hurt at all. I was half-way up the stairs, and I caught her."

"Good, God!" exclaimed Hannah Pike. "You're the first angel that has ever been on that rickety staircase."

"I'm not an angel," said the young girl; "but I was coming up these stairs, and oh! I'm so glad I was in time to save your baby. How I saved her I hardly know. I don't think I could; but I put out my arms and caught her."

"Not dead, not dead!" said Hannah, as she pressed the child to her breast. "I thought I was almost glad to say dead, dead; for I was thinking, just for a minute, that she had better be dead."

When Hannah had almost smothered the baby with kisses, and called Teddy to come out and kiss his little sister Nony, as he used to call her, she turned an inquiring look upon the young girl's black clothes, and asked:

"Have you had trouble in your house?"

"Oh! yes," replied the young girl, Lucy Travers, with a smile as sweet as if she had never felt the touch of sorrow.

"My brother went away last summer—Lucy. "Some one will be here in a few minutes with a bundle of clothes for you; and that we too must try to sing praises. And so we did for a while; but now I have to sing alone, for—"

The smile was gone from Lucy's face, and tears filled her eyes; but in a moment the same smile was back again, and she said:

"Mamma went up the same shinning way, and so I often sing alone, just as we used to sing together."

"And how did you happen to be coming here?" asked Hannah Pike.

"I heard loud talking, and so I thought I might be wanted here and that I had better come up and see."

"How strange!" replied Hannah. "Young girls like you don't ever come up a rickety staircase because they hear loud talking. They hurry along and get out of the way."

"Oh! I couldn't do that," said Lucy. "I went away sick for before Mamma went away she told me that whenever I wanted her very much I must go out into the world and see if there wasn't some poor, sorrowful person who wanted me more than I wanted her. It don't seem to me that any one can want me as much as that, but I'm sure you want me as much."

As Lucy said this, she seemed to have caught some of the light from the shinning way; and she looked around the room and into its gloomy corners, as if she longed to brighten everything with her own sunshine.

"Can't I do something for you?" she asked.

"Oh! good God!" exclaimed Hannah Pike, again. "Wouldn't I like to go up the shinning way you talk about and take all my children with me. But it seems to me I shall always go up and down the rickety staircase. I can bear it better though, I'm sure, now that I know there's an angel on the stairs. You're an angel, child; she added as she gazed into Lucy's face; and its strange enough that you've come up that old rickety staircase—and just in time, too, to save my baby's life. Just, rickety baby!" added Hannah Pike. "You haven't been saved for anything good. You'll have a hard time of it, like Kitty and Teddy and the rest of 'em, huddling and shivering over a green wood fire. A what your father'll do to you next is more than I can tell."

Lucy glanced at the old bedstead, and saw a slight movement beneath the ragged bedclothes.

"He's there," said Hannah in a low tone, and his little comfort he is to us or to himself either, though I will say that when he's a sober man he's kind to the baby."

Lucy looked around again, and she thought to herself that there was little comfort for anybody in such a room.

"Can't make the fire go," said Teddy.

And he put his little hands into the ashes and turned over the green sticks and blew away with all his little breath, hoping to start a fire.

"You won't ever get warm here, little pink lady," he added, as he stared at Lucy Travers.

"And why do you call me little pink lady?" asked Lucy.

"Because there's pink in both of your cheeks, and you're a little pink lady."

"So you think I won't ever get warm here?"

"You couldn't," replied Teddy, shaking his head. "Nobody's put any water in the wood; but it won't burn, and there's a big crack in the stove, too."

"You'll see in a day or two if I won't ever get warm here," said Lucy; and after saying a few more kind words to Hannah Pike and patting the baby she disappeared down the rickety staircase.

Poor Hannah felt that she had seen an angel. And Lucy Travers' uncle felt that he, too, had looked on an angel when Lucy, with her cheeks glowing with the winter's cold, came rushing into the house, after walk, to tell him where she had been.

"I can't believe I am in the same world as I was in half an hour ago," she said, as she stood by the register and looked around the room that was so bright with gas-light and pictures and all beautiful things.

"Oh! Uncle, if I had to live where I have been this afternoon, I should be so ugly that nobody could endure me. I could not be half so good natured as that little boy Teddy, and I am sure I should never show his patience in trying to make green wood burn."

When Lucy had told all her story, her uncle said: "I won't let the sun set to-morrow night until I have let that family know what it means to be comfortable."

Poorly and his miserable train—cold and hunger and dirt and smoke—are not favorable to the growth of any of the virtues."

"That man gets a day's work now and then, his wife told me," said Lucy.

"Well, he'll give his every encouragement to get better and see what it will do for him. "One of the best of the little bones that I rest in vacant; and I will have good stove put up in it, and two loads of dry body mugs, and a good bedstead and table and a few chairs, and you'll see that I shall send some bed clothes, and I'll give the man steady work. I'll attend to this business immediately after breakfast to-morrow morning."

"Oh! how glad I am that I went up that rickety staircase," said Lucy to herself. "Now I know what Mamma meant when she said there were people in this world who wanted me more than I would want her when she was gone."

Mr. Travers did not forget his promise. The stove was sent up to the empty house early the next morning, and before noon two loads of wood were piled in the little shed back of the house. Before sunset everything was in readiness for the new tenants, and he angel once more went up the rickety staircase.

When Hannah heard the news she kissed her baby a kind of frenzy of delight, and Peter Pike covered his face with the ragged bedclothes and cried, while Kitty laughed and danced, and Teddy hurried to get his hat.

"Not quite so fast, my little man," said Lucy. "Some one will be here in a few minutes with a bundle of clothes for you; and that we too must try to sing praises. And so we did for a while; but now I have to sing alone, for—"

The smile was gone from Lucy's face, and tears filled her eyes; but in a moment the same smile was back again, and she said:

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As Lucy said this, she seemed to have caught some of the light from the shinning way; and she looked around the room and into its gloomy corners, as if she longed to brighten everything with her own sunshine.

"Can't I do something for you?" she asked.

"Oh! good God!" exclaimed Hannah Pike, again. "Wouldn't I like to go up the shinning way you talk about and take all my children with me. But it seems to me I shall always go up and down the rickety staircase. I can bear it better though, I'm sure, now that I know there's an angel on the stairs. You're an angel, child; she added as she gazed into Lucy's face; and its strange enough that you've come up that old rickety staircase—and just in time, too, to save my baby's life. Just, rickety baby!" added Hannah Pike. "You haven't been saved for anything good. You'll have a hard time of it, like Kitty and Teddy and the rest of 'em, huddling and shivering over a green wood fire. A what your father'll do to you next is more than I can tell."

Lucy glanced at the old bedstead, and saw a slight movement beneath the ragged bedclothes.

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