NEW NORTH-WEST.

DEER LODGE CITY, FRIDAY, OCT. 29.

Tennessee's Partner.

From the Overland Monthly.

I do not think that we ever knew his real name. Our ignorance of it certainly never gave us any social inconvenience, for at Sandy Bar in 1854 most men were christened anew. Some times these appellatives were derived from some distinctiveness of dress, as in the case of "Dungaree Jack," or from some peculiarity of habit, as shown in "Saleratus Bill," so called from an undue proportion of that chemical in his daily bread; or from some infelicitous slip, as exhibited in "The Iron Pirate," a mild, inoffensive man, who earned that baleful title by his unfortunate pronunciation of the term "iron pyrites." Perhaps this may have been the beginning of a rude heraldry, but I am constrained to think that it was because a man's real name, in that day, rested solely upon his own unsupported statement. "Call yourself Clifford, do you?" said Boston, addressing a timid new comer with infinite scorn; "hell is full of such Cliffords!" He then introduced the unfortunate man, whose name happened to be really Clifford, as "Jaybird Charley," an unhallowed inspiration of the moment that clung to him ever after.

But to return to Tennessee's Partner, whom we never knew by any other than this relative title. That he had ever existed as a separate and distinct individuality we only learned later. It seems that in 1853 he left Poker Flat to go to San Francisco, ostensibly to procure a wife. He never got any farther than Stockton. At that place he was attracted by a young person who waited upon the table where he took his meals. One morning he said something to her which caused her to smile not unkindly, to somewhat coquettishly break a plate of toast over his upturned, serious, simple face, and retreat to the kitchen. He followed her, and emerged a few moments later, covered with more toast and victory. That day week they were married by a Justice of the Peace, and returned to Poker Flat. I am aware that something more might be made of this episode, but I prefer to tell it as it was current at Sandy Bar—in the gulches and bar-rooms—where all sentiment was modified by a strong sense of humor.

Of their married felicity but little is known, perhaps for the reason that Tennessee, then living with his partner, one day took occasion to say something to the bride on his own account, at which, it is said, she smiled not unkindly, and chastely retreated—this time as far as Marysville, where Tennessee followed her and where they went to housekeeping without the aid of a Justice of the Peace. Tennessee's Partner took the loss of his wife simply and seriously, as was his fashion. But, to everybody's surprise, when Tennessee one day returned from Marysville without his partner's wife—she having smiled and retreated with somebody else—Tennessee's Partner was the first man to shake his hand and greet him with affection. The boys who had gathered in the canyon to see the shooting, were naturally indignant. Their indignation might have found vent in sarcasm but for a certain look in Tennessee's Partner's eye that indicated a lack of humorous appreciation. In fact, he was a grave man, with a steady application to practical detail which was unpleasant in a difficulty.

Meanwhile a popular feeling against Tennessee had grown up on the Bar. He was known to be a gambler—he was suspected to be a thief. In these suspicions Tennessee's Partner was equally compromised; his continued intimacy with Tennessee after the affair above quoted could only be accounted for on the hypothesis of a copartnership of crime. At last Tennessee's guilt became flagrant. One day he overtook a stranger on his way to Red Dog. The stranger afterward related that Tennessee beguiled him with interesting anecdote and incident, but illogically concluded the interview in the following words: "And now, young man, I'll trouble you for your knife, your pistols, and your money. You see your weppings might get you into trouble in Red Dog, and your money's a temptation to the evilly-disposed. I think you said your address was San Francisco. I shall endeavor to call." It may stated here that Tennessee had a fine flow of humor, which no business pre-occupation could wholly subdue.

This exploit was his last. Red Dog and Sandy Bar made common cause against the highwayman. Tennessee was hunted in very much the same fashion as his prototype—the grizzly. As the toils closed around him, he made a desperate dash through the bar, emptying his revolver at the crowd before the Arcade Saloon, and so on up Grizzly Canyon; but at its farther extremity he was stopped by a small man, on a gray horse. The men looked at each other a moment in silence. Both were fearless; both self-possessed and independent; and both types of a civilization that in the seventeenth century would have been called heroic, but in the nineteenth simply "reckless." "What have you got there?—I call," said Tennessee, quietly. "Two bowers and an ace," said the stranger, as quietly, showing two revolvers and a Bowie knife." "That takes me," returned Tennessee; and, with this gamblers' epigram, he threw away his useless pistol, and rode back with his captor.

It was a warm night. The cool breeze which usually sprang up with the going down of the sun behind chapparel-crested mountain, was that evening withheld from Sandy Bar. The little canyon was stifling with heated, resinous odors, and the decaying drift-wood on the Bar sent forth faint, sickening exhalations. The feverishness of day and its fierce passions still filled the camp. Lights moved restlessly along the bank of the river, striking no reflection from its tawny current. Against the blackness of the pines the windows of the loft above the express office stood out staringly bright, and through their curtainless panes those below could see the forms of those who were then deciding the fate of Tennessee. And above all this, etched on the dark firmament, rose the Sierra, remote and passionless, crowned with rosaceous pearl.

The trial of Tennessee was conducted as fairly as was compatible with a judge and jury who felt themselves to some extent obliged to justify, in their verdict, the previous irregularities of arrest and indictment. The law of Sandy Bar was implacable, but not vengeful. The excitement and personal feeling of the chase were over. With Tennessee safe in their hands, they were ready to listen patiently to any defense, which they were already satisfied was insufficient. There being no doubt in their own minds, they were willing to give the prisoner the benefit of any that might exist. Secure in the hypothesis that he ought to be hanged on general principles, they indulged him with more latitude of defence than his reckless hardihood seemed to ask. The judge appeared to be more anxious than the prisoner, who, otherwise unconcerned, evidently took a grim pleasure in the responsibility he had created. "I don't take any hand in this yer game," had been his invariable, but good humored, reply to all questions. The judge, who was also his captor, a moment vaguely regretted that he had not shot him "on sight" that morning, but presently dismissed this human weakness as unworthy of the judicial mind. Nevertheless, when there was a tap at the door, and it was said that Tennessee's Partner was there on behalf of the prisoner, he was admitted at once without question. Perhaps the younger members of the jury, to whom the proceedings were becoming irksomely thoughtful, hailed him as a relief.

For he was not, certainly, an imposing figure. Short and stout, with a square face, sunburned into a preternatural redness, clad in a loose duck "jumper," and trousers streaked and splashed with red soil, his aspect under any circumstances would have been quaint, and was now even ridiculous.

As he stooped to deposit at his feet a heavy carpet-bag he was carrying, it became obvious from partially developed legends and inscriptions, that the material with which his trousers had been patched had been originally intended for a less ambitious covering. Yet he advanced with great gravity, and, after having shaken the hand of each person in the room with labored cordiality, he wiped his serious, perplexed face on a red bandana handkerchief, a shade lighter than his complexion, laid his powerful hand on the table to steady himself, and thus addressed the judge:

"I was passin' by," he began, by way of apology, "and I thought I'd just step in and see how things was gittin' on with Tennessee thar—my pardner. It's a hot night. I disremember any such weather before on the Bar."

He paused a moment, but nobody volunteering any other meteorological recollection, he again had recourse to his pocket handkerchief, and for some moments mopped his face diligently.

"Have you anything to say in behalf of the prisoner?" said the Judge, finally.

"Thet's it," said Tennessee's Partner, in a tone of relief. "I come here as Tennessee's pardner—knowing him nigh on to four year off and on, wet and dry, in luck and out o' luck. His ways ain't allers my ways, but thar ain't any pin'ts in that young man—thar ain't any liveliness as he's been up to—as I don't know. As you sez to me, sez you, confidential-like, and between man and man—sez you, 'Do you know anything in his behalf?' And I sez to you, sez I—confidential-like, as between man and man—what should a man know of his pardner?"

"Is this all you have to say?" asked the Judge, impatiently, feeling, perhaps, that a dangerous sympathy of humor was beginning to humanize the Court.

"Thet's so," continued Tennessee's Partner. "It ain't for me to say anything agin' him. And now, what's the case? Here's Tennessee wants money, wants it bad, and doesn't like to ask it of his old pardner. Well, what does he do? He lays for a stranger, and he fetches that stranger. And you 'lays for *him*, and you fetches *him*; and the honors is easy. And I put it to you—bein' a fair-minded man—and the gentlemen, all, as fair-minded men, if this isn't so?"

"Prisoner," said the Judge, interrupting, "have you any questions to ask this man?"

"No, no," continued Tennessee's Partner, hastily, "I play this yer hand alone!" To come down to the bed-rock, it's just this:—Tennessee, thar, has played it purty rough and expensive-like on a stranger and on this yer camp. And now, what's the fair thing? Some would say more; some would say less. Here's seventeen hundred dollars in coarse gold and a watch—it's about all my pile—and call it square!" And before a hand could be raised to prevent him, he had emptied the contents of the carpet-bag on the table.

For a moment his life was in jeopardy. One or two men sprang to their feet, several hands groped for hidden weapons, and a suggestion to "throw him from the window" was only over-ridden by a gesture from the Judge. Tennessee laughed. And, apparently oblivious of the excitement, Tennessee's Partner improved the opportunity to mop his face again with his handkerchief.

When order was restored, and the man was made to understand, by use of forcible figures and rhetoric, that Tennessee's offense could not be paralloned by mere money, his face took a more serious and sanguinary hue, and those who were nearest him noticed that his rough hand trembled slightly on the table. He hesitated a moment, as he slowly returned the gold to the carpet-bag, as if he had not yet entirely caught the elevated sense of justice which swayed the tribunal, and was perplexed with the idea that he had not offered enough. Then he turned to the Judge, and saying, "This yer is a lone hand, played alone, and without my pardner," he bowed to the jury and was about to withdraw, when the Judge called him back. "If you have anything to say to Tennessee, you had better say it now." For the first time that evening the eyes of the prisoner and his strange advocate met. Tennessee smiled, showed his white teeth, and saying, "Excited, old man!" held out his hand. Tennessee's Partner took it in his own, and staying, "I just dropped in as I was passin' to see how things was gittin' on," let the hand positively fall, and adding that it "was a warm night," again mopped his face with his handkerchief, left without another word withdrew.

The two men never met each other again alive. For the unprecedented act of a better offered to Judge Lynch—who, [illegible] elected, took of course, and at least [illegible] rupitible—firmly fixed in the mind of that mythical personage any wavering determination of Tennessee's fate; and at the break of day he was marched, closely guarded, to meet it at the top of Marley's Hill.

How he met it, how cool he was, how he refused to say anything, how perfect were the arrangements of the committee, were all duly reported—with the addition of a warning moral and example to all future evildoers—in the Red Dog *Clarion* by its editor, who was present, and to whose vigorous English I cheerfully refer the reader. But the beauty of that midsummer morning, the blessed amity of earth, and air, and sky, the awakened life of the free woods and hills, the joyous renewal and promise of Nature, and above all, the infinite Serenity that thrilled through each, was not reported, as not being a portion of the social lesson. And yet, when the weak and foolish deed was done, and a life, with its possibilities and responsibilities, had passed out of the misshapen thing that dangled between earth and sky, the birds sang, the flowers bloomed, the sun shone, as cheerily as before; and possibly the Red Dog *Clarion* was right.

Tennessee's Partner was not in the group that surrounded the ominous tree. But as they turned to disperse, attention was drawn to the singular appearance of a motionless donkey-cart halted at the side of the road. As they approached, they at once recognized the venerable "jenny" and the two-wheeled cart as the property of Tennessee's Partner—used by him in carrying dirt from his claim; and a few paces distant, the owner of the equippage himself, sitting under a buck-eye tree, wiping the perspiration from his glowing face. In answer to an inquiry, he said he had come for the body of the "diseased," "if it was all the same to the committee." He didn't wish "to hurry anything;" he could "wait." He was not working that day, and when the gentlemen were done with the "diseased" he would take him. "Ef thar is any present," he added, in his simple, serious way, "as would care to jine the fun'l, they kin come." Perhaps it was from a sense of humor, which I have already intimated was a feature of Sandy Bar; perhaps it was from something even better than that; but two-thirds of the loungers accepted the invitation at once.

It was noon when the body of Tennessee was delivered into the hands of his partner. As the cart drew up to the fatal tree, we noticed that it contained a rough, oblong box—apparently made from a section of sluicing—half filled with bark and the tassels of pine. The cart was further decorated with willow and made fragrant with buckeye blossoms. When the body was deposited in the box, Tennessee's Partner drew over it a piece of tarred canvass, and gravely mounting the narrow seat in front with his feet upon the shafts, urged the little donkey forward. The equipage moved slowly on, at that decorus pace which was habitual with 'jenny' even under less solemn circumstances. The men, half curiously, half jestingly, but all good-humoredly, strolled along beside the cart; some in advance, some a little in the rear of the lonely catafalque. But, whether from the narrowing of the road or some present sense of decorum, as the cart passed on, the company fell to the rear in couples, keeping step and otherwise assuming the external show of a formal procession. Jack Folinsbee, who had at the outset played a funeral march in dumb show upon an imaginary tromlone, desisted, from a lack of sympathy and appreciation—not having perhaps your true humorist's capacity to be content with the enjoyment of his own fun.

The way led through Grizzly canyon—by this time clothed in funeral drapery and shadows. The redwoods, burying their moccasined feet in the red soil, stood in Indian file along the track, trailing an uncouth benediction from their bending boughs upon the passing bier. A hare, surprised into helpless inactivity, sat upright and pulsating in the ferns by the roadside, as the *cortege* went by. Squirrels hastened to gain a secure outlook from higher boughs, and the bluejays, spreading their wings, fluttered before them like outriders, until the outskirts of Sandy Bar were reached, and the solitary cabin of Tennessee's Partner.

Viewed under more favorable circumstances, it would not have been a cheerful place. The unpicturesque site, the rude and unlovely outlines, the unsavory details, which distinguish the nest-building of the California miner, were all here, with the dreariness of decay superadded. A few paces from the cabin there was a rough enclosure, which in the brief days of Tennessee's Partner's matrimonial felicity, had been used as a garden, but was now overgrown with fern. As we approached it, we were surprised to find that what we had taken for a recent attempt at cultivation, was the broken soil about an open grave.

The cart was halted before the enclosure; and, rejecting the offers of assistance with the same air of simple, self-reliance he had displayed throughout, Tennessee's Partner lifted the rough coffin on his back and deposited it, unaided, within the shallow grave. He then nailed down the board that served as a lid, and mounting the little mound of earth beside it, took off his hat and slowly mopped his face with his handkerchief. This the crowd felt was a preliminary to a speech, and they disposed themselves variously on stumps and boulders, and sat expectant.

"When a man," begin Tennessee's Partner, slowly, "has been runnin' free all day, what's the natural thing for him to do? Why, to come home. And if he isn't in a condition to go home, what can his best friend do? Why, bring him home! And here's Tennessee been running free, and we bring him home from his wandering." He paused and picked up a fragment of quartz, rubbed it thoughtfully on his blankets, and went on: "It ain't the first time I've packed him on my back, as you see me now. It ain't the first time I've brought him to this yer cabin when he couldn't help himself; it ain't the first time I've waited for him on yon hill, and picked him up and so fetched him home, while he could not speak, and didn't know me. And now that his time has come [illegible] —"you see it's sort of rough on his partner. And [illegible] To every one, and my friends, and Tennessee's friends, in you for your kindness, I'm [illegible]

Resisting any proffer of assistance, he began to fill in the grave, turning his back upon the crowd, that after a few moments' hesitation, gradually withdrew.

As they crossed the little ridge that hid Sandy Bar from view, some, looking back thought they could see Tennessee's Partner, his work done, sitting upon the grave, his shovel upon his knees and his face buried in his red bandana handkerchief. But it was argued by others that you couldn't tell his face from his handkerchief at that distance; and this point remained undecided.

In the reaction that followed the feverish excitement of that day, Tennessee's Partner was not forgotten. A secret investigation had cleared him of any complicity in Tennessee's guilt, and left only a suspicion of his general sanity. Sandy Bar made a point of calling on him, and proffering various uncouth, but well-meant kindnesses. But from that day his rude health and great strength seemed to visibly decline; and when the rainy season fairly set in, and the tiny grass blades were beginning to peep from the rocky mound above Tennessee's grave, he took to his bed.

One night, when the pines beside the cabin were swaying in the storm, and trailing their slender fingers over the roof, and the roar and rush of the swollen river were heard below, Tennessee's Partner lifted his head from the pillow, saying: "It's time to go for Tennessee; I must put 'Jinney' in the cart;" and would have risen from his bed but for the restraint of his attendant. Struggling, he still pursued his singular fancy: "There, now—steady, 'Jinney'—steady, old girl. How dark it is! Look out for the ruts—and look out for him, too, old gal. Sometimes, you know, when he's blind drunk, he drops down right in the trail. Keep on straight up to the pine on top of the hill. Thar—I told you so!—thar he is—coming this way, too—all by himself, sober, and his face a-shining. Tennessee!—Pardner!"

And so they met.

E. S. MANSFIELD,

WINES, LIQUORS, TOBACCO, CIGARS

AT WHOLESALE.

(E. S. Mansfield & Co's. Old Stand, the Stone house that stopped the fire.)

Agency for Kentucky Bourbon. jy9-6m

New Arrival at Virginia City!

The Largest and best assortment in Montana, consisting of

PLOWS, SHELF HARDWARE, IRON,

Steel, Wagon Timber, Wagon Tire, Seat Springs, Cartridges, Stoves, cooking, parlor and heating; Crockery,

Tin and Sheet Ironware!

and Tinners' stock, at exceedingly low prices. Stove Pipe, one dollar per joint.

Send for Price List.

F. R. MERK,

14-tf Virginia City, M. T.

THE NEW

OCCIDENTAL

Shaving and Hair Dressing Saloon,

R. PLUMMER, PROPRIETOR,

Main Street, Deer Lodge City, Montana.

Fitted up in elegant style, and a shave or hair-cut guaranteed to be done in the highest style of the art Tonsorial.

Hot and Cold Baths

in the best appointed Bathing Rooms in the Territory always ready.

1-tf

The Wonder of Helena!

A Fountain of Health!

MEDICATED RUSSIAN BATHS.

The Establishment Now Open.

MAIN STREET - - - - - HELENA.

(Opposite Hershfield's Bank Building.)

Tub, Shower, Russian, Hot, Cold, Medicated and Electric Baths, with Rooms for Invalids.

Cleanliness is Next to Godliness.

A SURE CURE for Rheumatism, Mountain Fever, and all Cutaneous Diseases.

NO CURE, NO PAY.

170 Cases Cured by the Medicated Baths.

Refers to all who have been under treatment.

This establishment, the best Bathing Institution in the mountains, anywhere, with seven superb bath rooms, is now in complete running order. Besides these are Russian, Vapor, Medicated and Galvanic Baths, in which, and by which, without other treatment or medicine the proprietor guarantees a quick and complete cure for Rheumatism, Mountain Fever and all cutaneous diseases, or no pay will be asked.

☞ Private apartments for Ladies and Families.

The Tonsorial department in this establishment is a marvel of elegance and taste. Only the most expert workmen retained. Hair brushing by steam. Power supplied by a model 10-horse power steam engine.

9-tf E. FRANK, Proprietor.

Weir & Pepo,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGISTS,

Main Street, Helena, Montana.

MINING CHEMICALS,

PAINTS AND VARNISHES,

PERFUMERIES, ETC

Physicians' Prescriptions

accurately filled with fresh, pure Drugs.

☞ Orders promptly filled and shipped.

14-tf

J. E. Vawter & Co.,

Dealers in

Groceries and Provisions!

Wheat, Oats and Barley, Leather etc.

STONE BUILDING,

Corner of Broadway and Jackson streets.

HELENA, MONTANA.

14-ly VAWTER & BARNARD

Thomas W. Cockburn,

CIVIL ENGINEER,

Will attend to the Survey of Land Claims, [illegible] Surveys of Mines, Accounts, etc. [illegible]

Notice.

WHEREAS my wife, Louisa J. Scott, has [illegible] my bed and board, [illegible] I will not be responsible for her debts.

[illegible]

Deer Lodge, Oct. 9, 1869.

Dry Goods, Groceries, Etc.

J. S. PEMBERTON & CO.

Deer Lodge City,

MONTANA - - - SHERIDAN.

DEALERS IN

GROCERIES!

Groceries! Groceries!

Groceries

DRY GOODS!

Dry Goods, Dry Goods,

Dry Goods, Dry Goods,

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF

Fashionable Clothing!

Clothing

OF ALL KINDS.

BOOTS AND SHOES!

Boots

Shoes

A WELL SELECTED STOCK OF

Best Quality of Stationery.

A GOOD STOCK OF

ASSORTED HARDWARE.

Our Large and Varied Assortment of Goods

Are Offered Low for Cash!

WE have found it impossible to do a successful cred it business in this Territory, and we have marked our goods so low that the money must be paid when the goods are delivered.

☞ Persons wishing to buy Cheap Goods can do so by throwing good, clean gold in sight.

☞ We are determined to sell as cheap as the cheapest.

☞ An examination of our Stock is respectfully solicited. 1-1y

BONNER & WELCH,

Deer Lodge City and Missoula, M. T.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

DEALERS IN

General Merchandise!

NEW STORE AND NEW GOODS.

We just received the Largest Stock of

GROCERIES

GROCERIES GROCERIES

GROCERIES GROCERIES

GROCERIES GROCERIES

GROCERIES GROCERIES

GROCERIES

GROCERIES

GROCERIES

Best Boots and Shoes

BOOTS AND SHOES

HATS AND CAPS

CLOTHING!

CLOTHING!

The Finest Assortment of

CALIFORNIA AND OREGON GOODS

Dry Goods! Dry Goods!

We have Anything and Everything You Want in

This Connection!

Dec. 1-tf

The New North-West.

THE NEW NORTH-WEST.

PUBLISHED AT

DEER LODGE CITY, MONTANA.

A PAPER FOR THE CAMP.

A PAPER FOR THE COUNTING ROOM.

A PAPER FOR HOME.

INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.

IT AIMS TO EXCEL,

and should have

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION.

ADVERTISE IN IT.

MAILING ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.

SUBSCRIBE FOR IT.

Terms: One Copy ..... One Year $6 00
One Copy ..... Six months 5 00
U. S. Currency or Par.

JOB PRINTING DONE TO ORDER.

PRINTING IN COLORS

Plain, Fancy and Ornamental Printing,

EXECUTED NEATLY

In Every Style of the Art,

AT HELENA PRICES

Send in Your Orders.

JACK E. MILLS,

Publisher.

South Edith Gov. M. T.

Stage and Express Lines.

C. C. HUNTLEY,

Half Daily

Stage and Express Line!

and Carrier of the United States Mail

Helena to Blackfoot, Deer Lodge City,

and all Western Camps.

Leave Helena alternate days at 6 o'clock for

BLACKFOOT,

GOLD CREEK,

BEARTOWN,

SILVER BOW,

CABLE CITY

and all intermediate points.

Passengers & Express Matter

Carried with regularity, dispatch, and at cheap rates.

☞ Office at the Stable, Edwards Street, Helena.

tf S. S. HUNTLEY, Agent.

GILMER & SALISBURY'S

STAGE LINE!

Successors to

Wells, Fargo & Co.,

ALSO, CARRIERS OF

Wells, Fargo & Co.'s

EXPRESS.

Passengers and Freight

TO THE RAILROAD AT

Reduced Rates.

Stages will leave Helena for Corinne, Virginia City, Bannack and Fort Benton on alternate days.

Carriers of the

OVERLAND MAIL.

☞ For Freight or Passage apply in Helena to

tf R. T. GILLESPIE,

Agent, Helena, M. T.

UNION

PACIFIC RAILROAD

Is now completed and running Daily Passenger Trains, forming, in connection with the

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD,

AN ALL RAIL ROUTE FROM MONTANA and the Pacific Coast, to

OMAHA AND THE EASTERN STATES!

making the unexampled time of

Two Days and 8 hours from Corinne

TO OMAHA.

Direct Connections made at CORINNE with stages for

Helena, Virginia City

and other points in Montana.

At Omaha, with CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN, CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC, and ST. JOSEPH & COUNCIL BLUFFS RAILROADS, AND

Missouri Line of Packets!

FOR

CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, NEW YORK, BOSTON,

and all principal Eastern and Southern Cities.

At CHEYENNE for

Denver, Central City, Santa Fe,

and all points in Colorado and New Mexico.

At BRYAN, for the

Great Sweetwater Mining District!

At DESERET for

Salt Lake City and Southern Utah.

At PROMONTORY with the

Central Pacific Railroad

for Nevada and California.

First Class Hotels and Eating House!

at convenient points on the Line.

PULLMAN'S

Luxurious Sleeping Cars!

accompany all trains.

☞ For Rates on all Freights apply to

H. BROWNSON,

Gen'l Freight Agent, Omaha.

J. BUDD, Gen'l Ticket Agent. C. G. HAMMOND, Gen'l Supt.

INSURANCE.

CARPENTER'S

PIONEER INSURANCE

AGENCY.

Established, - - - - 1865.

FIRE INSURANCE:

"HOME,"

Of New Haven, Connecticut. Assets $1,622,974 89

"CONTINENTAL,"

of New York. Assets $2,352,023 75.

"PEOPLE'S,"

Of San Francisco, - - - - California.

The above Companies, among the very best in America, are represented by this Agency.

This is the only Agency in the Territory having

Full Power to Issue Policies & Adjust Losses.

UNIVERSAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

"A good man leaveth an Inheritance."

Assets Double its Liabilities.

Rates Lower than any Other Company's

Best Perfect Security!

Policies Non-Forfeiting!

Having these advantages, the "Universal" justly claims to be the very best Life Insurance Company in America. Send for Circulars.

☞ AGENTS WANTED.

E. W. CARPENTER,

General Agent for Montana and Idaho.

HELENA, M. T.

ROYAL HAVANA LOTTERY OF CUBA.

$600,000 IN GOLD

DRAWS EVERY 11 DAYS!

EVERYTHING CARRIED and information furnished, the [illegible] prompt and fair. Exchanges, Bankers, Land Agents and all kinds of Gold securities and Government Securities.

TAYLOR & CO., Bankers.