JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

The recent issue by H. O. Houghton & Co., of Cambridge, Mass., proprietors of the *Atlantic Monthly* magazine, of a life-sized crayon likeness of Whittier, the best of our lyric poets, will be welcomed in thousands of American households where his writings are read an appreciated. Our readers will thank us for giving some particulars of the life and character of this good man, just now touching his three score years and ten.

Whittier has often been called the Burns of America. The same simplicity of language, the almost exclusive use of common Anglo-Saxon words, the description of lowly life and the humblest scenes in nature, the same whole-hearted and generous appeals to whatever is best in humanity, pervade the writings of both. Born in poverty and reared at the plough-handle, as was Burns; without other education than that obtained at the road-side school house and by an attendance of two years at an academy, but with happier surroundings of home and society than fell to the lot of his Scottish prototype; with an unyielding, life-long adherence to temperance in all things, sincerity, and love of his kind, this good man, just now verging upon his threescore years and ten, has made for himself a place in the hearts of his countrymen, and in those of the best of all English speaking countries, like that which Burns has held for a century past on the banks of Ayr and in bonnie Dundee.

Whittier's father was of a tall, gigantic, long-lived race, able to cope with bears or Indians, both of which were not unfrequently encountered on the banks of the Merrimac, where our poet was born, and where most of his life was spent; a non-resistant by principle and practice, as—except, perhaps, in the case of wild beasts—are all Quakers; a good, well-meaning, useful man in his day and generation. He, however, could not see in his boy anything more than he himself was, or more than were his ancestors before him—a promising ploughman; but the boy's mother, with keener insight, recognized the divine spark, and happily encouraged and administered to it, until it broke forth in a flame which has burned with ever increasing fervor, until the brow then clustering with raven locks has been silvered with age.

Of his mother—of French descent, with the maiden name of Abigail Huzzey—Whittier says: "All that the sacred word mother means, in its broadest, fullest significance, our dear mother was to us; a friend, helper, counselor, companion, ever loving, gentle and unselfish. She was spared to us in the seventy-eight year, and passed away, after a sickness of about three weeks, in the full possession of her faculties, in exceeding peace, and with an unshaken love in the boundless mercy of our Lord. It was a beautiful and holy death-bed: Perfect love had cast out all fear."

Whittier himself was very sensitive and diffident. He sent his boyish effusions in a sly way to the nearest village newspaper, and blushed to his finger tips when William Lloyd Garrison, who edited the paper, after a long and diligent search, found him out; but the hour had come, and then and there, in an obscure farm house in East Haverville, Mass., these two men—then in their teens, now so famous and beloved—first struck hands, and for more than half a century have pursued, each in his own way, through evil report and good report, the path of conviction and rectitude, and yet live to reap a rich reward of appreciation and love.

In his extreme modesty Whittier considered his literary attainments rather accidental and fortuitous.

Mr. Whittier has attempted other parts from time to time than that of poet, driven thereto by the bane of literary men, "*res agusta domi.*" At eighteen he essayed school keeping; but the rough, harum-scarum boys of the district were too much for him, and he resigned. For years thereafter he called himself an editor, but never attained more than moderate success in that apparently easiest of all professions; He has represented Haverhill and Amesbury occasionally in the Massachusetts Legislature, but it is believed that he does not pride himself on his record as a politcia nor legislator. He never was very poor because his wants were small, and because, with the frugality and conscientiousness characteristic of Quakers everywhere, his outgoes never exceeded his income. It is related that years ago, when he was not as popular as he is now, he was walking one day at Cornhill when he met Muzzey, the publisher and pill-seller. After some conversation about poetry and one thing and another, Muzzey proposed to pay him $500 for the copyright of his productions, and a percentage on the sales. Mr. Whittier was vastly astonished. He thought pill and book making had combined to make the man crazy; but Muzzey was in dead earnest, and at last Mr. Whittier, with a reserved feeling of compassion for the demented publisher, consented to the arrangement. Muzzey brought out the hitherto ill-dressed and obscure children of the poet's brain, which he picked up here and there, in neat and attractive shape. The sales which immediately followed astonish-nobody so much as the poet himself; but he gradually reconciled himself to them, and began to put money in his purse. He realized, however, no very great sum for his productions before the advent of Snow-Bound, which he himself considers a very indifferent piece of versification, its sudden popularity being one of the greatest surprises of his life. Mr. Charles H. Brainard, who paid him a visit soon after its publication, and tells the story, says: "I found his house newly painted and improved, whereupon I said to him, 'It is evident poetry has ceased to be a drug in the market.' The next morning Mr. Whittier's answer came. It was in the winter, and as the poet went up to the fire to warm his boots, preparatory to putting them on, he said: 'Thee will excuse me, for I must go down to the office of the collector.' Then, with a humorous gleam in his eye, he added: 'Since Snow-bound was published, I have risen to the dignity of an income tax.'"

In 1840, thirty-seven years ago, Whittier gave up newspaper writing and other public work, and retired from public observation, almost entirely, to a plain, white, old-fashioned house, which his limited means enabled him to purchase, on the outskirts of Amesbury, a manufacturing village in northeastern Massachusetts. Here he has lived ever since, devoting himself entirely to literature, having for his only companion until 1864, when she died, his last surviving sister, Elizabeth. His study is a cosy room of medium dimensions; a cheery, open fireplace, with the old-fashioned brass andirons, is a prominent feature of it,—indeed, all the poets seem to look upon stoves as intolerable innovations and pledged enemies to poesy; near a window is his writing table, which is usually strewn with manuscripts and writing materials, very rarely including books of reference of any kind; there are a few chairs, some simple pictures of anti-slavery acquaintances on the walls, with here and there a photograph of some literary or personal friend. His bookcases are roomy and well filled, and the number of autograph books sent him by authors is very large.

Usually it is not long after he conceives a poetical idea before he has it reduced to writing. He writes only when the mood seizes him, and then he writes as if fired by inspiration, losing all consciousness of time and things, going out of himself as it were, and becoming part and parcels of his subject. His first draft suffers little subsequent alteration, and the various editions of his works represent little or no time spent in revision. A thought seizes: he does not mature it by slow processes and an infinite number of incidental thoughts and mental finishing touches; he deliberately seats himself at his plain little writing-table, and at once puts it on paper. May be it is a poem of four or five short stanzas he will write: he does not strain after his ideas or expressions; they tranquilly come to him as fast as he needs them, and he writes them down. He may scratch a half line here and there, and begin again; he may substitute one word for another that does not mean enough; but there is no struggle, no nervous fidgeting about with the legs; no biting the top of his pen-handle in mental agony; no waiting for the sluggish current of thought to bear along on its surface the right idea.

In stature Mr. Whittier is like his ancestors, tall,—measuring six feet or more,—of slender build, but straight as an arrow; a fine-looking, oldish man, with high forehead, a fine face, a quiet smile, dark, piercing eyes, and hair once black, but now thinned and gray. He dresses in a suit of black cut in Quaker fashion, and his speech is characterized to a slight extent by the peculiarities of the people whose form of service and creed he prefers to any other; although, it is well understood the latter is hardly broad enough to cover all his opinions and convictions. He walks about the country in the neighborhood of his home considerably, is pleasant and companionable with his neighbors, but never drives in a carriage, and cannot be coaxed or compelled to attend a gathering of literateurs or ex-antislavery people, a lyceum lecture, or any secular assembly whatever. He occasionally,—not often,—visits Boston, and usually spends there a portion of the winter at the house of his friend, Ex-Governor William Claflin; he has never been abroad, and Washington, which he visited on one occasion, is the extreme limit of his journeying in this country.

Josh Billings to the Girls.

Dear girls, are you in search of a husband?

That is a pumper, and you are not requested to say "Yes" out loud, but are expekted tew throw yure eyes down onto the earth as though you was lookin for a pin, and reply tew the interrogatory with a kind of draulin sigh.

Not tew piess so tender a theme until it bekums a thorn in the flesh, we will presume (tew avoid argument) that you are on the look out for something in the male line. Let me give you sum small chunks ov advice how to spot your future husband:

1. The man who is jellous ov every little attenshun which you get from some other fellow, yu will find after yu are married to him he luvs himself more than he duz yu, and what yu mistook for solissotude, yu will discover has changed to indifference.

Jellosy isn't a heart diseze, it is a liver komplaint.

2 A mustash is not indispensible; it is only a little more hair, and is much like moss and other excressences—often doz the best on sile that won't raise anything else. Don't forget that those things which you admire in a fellow before marriage, you will probably in a husband after, and a mustash will get to be a very weak diet after a long time.

3 If husbands could be took on trial as Irish cooks are two-thirds ov them would probably be returned; but ther don't seem to be enny law for this. Therefore, girls, yu will see that after yu git a man yu have tew keep him, even if yu luz on him. Consequently, if yu have got enny kold vittles, in the house, try him on them once in a while during scouring season, and, if he swallows them well and sez he will take sum more, he iz a man who, when blue Monday cums, will wash well.

4 Don't marry a phellar who is alwus tellin how hiz mother doz things. It iz 2 hard to wean a yung one.

5 If a young man can beat yu playing on a pianner, and kant hear a fish horn playin on the street without turning a summerset on account of the music that is in him, I say to leave him; he might answer to tend babe, and if you set him hoeing out the garden, yu will find yu have got to do it yourself. A man whoze whole heft lies in musick (and not too hefty at that), ain't no better than a seedlitz powder; but if he luvs to listen while yu sing sum gentle ballad yu will find him mellow and not soft. But don't marry ennybody for just one virtew enny quicker than yu would flop a man for just one fault.

6 It is one of the most tuffest things for a female to be an old maid successfully. A great many has tried it, and made a bad job of it, and had a hard time. Everybody seems to look upon old maids jist as they do upon dried herbs in the garret—handy for sickness—and therefore, girls, it ain't a mistake that yu should be willing to swop yourself oph with some true-hearted phellow, for a husband. The swop iz a good one; but don't swop for any man who iz respektable jist because his father iz. You had better be an old maid for four thousand years and then join the Shakers, than tew buy repentance at this price. No woman ever made this trade who didn't get either a phool, a mean cuss, or a clown for a husband.

7 In digging down into this subject, I find the digging goes harder the further I git. It is much easier tew inform yu who not to take, for the reason there iz more of them.

I don't think you will foller my advice, if I give it; and, therefore, I will keep it, for I look upon advice as I do upon castor ile—a mean dose to give and a mean dose to take. But I must say one thing, girls, or spile. If you can find a bright eyed, well ballusted boy, who looks upon poverty az sassy az a child looks upon wealth—who had rather sit down on the curbstone in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and eat a ham sandwich, than go inside and run in debt for his dinner and toothpick—and who is a man with that sort of pluck that mistakes a defeat for a victory, mi advise is to take him body and soul—snare him at onst for he is a stray trout, a breed very skarse in our waters.

Take him, I say, and bild onto him as hornets bild on a tree.

GOOD ADVICE FROM JEFFERSON, which if Congress would wisely follow there would not be so much time foolishly wasted to tire the people's patience,

"I served with General Washington in the Virginia Legislature before the revolution, and during it with Dr. Franklin in Congress. I never heard either of them speak ten minutes at a time, nor to any but the main point which was to decide the question. They laid their shoulders to the main points, knowing that the little ones would follow of themselves. If the present Congress err in too much talking, how can it be otherwise in a body to which the people send 150 lawyers, whose trade it is to question everything, yield nothing and talk by the hour."—*Lacon.*

A Political Almanac of the Senate.

Now that the struggle for the political control of the Senate is concluded for the present, it is time to make up the official returns and see how the Senate stands. The Republicans have gained Kellogg, the Democrats Butler, and Eustis is still knocking at the door. Counting Conover and Patterson, the Republicans have 39 Senators, and the Democrats, including Davis, of Illinois, 36. But one of the Republicans, Sharon, is habitually absent without a pair, so that the Republican side is practically reduced to 38. It is probable, also, that Eustis will soon be admitted, increasing the Democratic side to 37. Or, to put the whole in tabular form:

Republicans with Sharon	39
Republicans without Sharon	38
Democrats with Davis & without Eustis	36
Democrats when Eustis gets in and Davis stays in	37
Democrats when Eustis gets in and Davis gets out	36
Republican majority (without Sharon) when Davis is a Democrat	1
Republican majority when Davis is a Republican	3
Republican majority when Davis is an Independent and artful dodger	2
Democratic majority, if Patterson should do so again, with Davis as a Democrat	1
Republican majority, if Patterson should do so again, with Davis as a Republican	1
Republican majority, if Patterson should do so again, with Davis as an Independent dodger, making a tie, to be decided by the Vice President's casting vote	1
Democratic majority, if Patterson and Conover should both do so again, with Davis as a Democrat, but his position in that case not changing the result no matter what he might do	3

Home-made Presents.

Imitation marble brackets are a new species of "fancy work," which just now happens to be engaging the attention of Western young ladies. A great deal of care and pains-taking are necessary to produce a good piece of work, but if successful they make pretty articles of ornamentation, and suitable Christmas gifts. Proceed as follows: Have a bracket made of smooth seasoned pine or soft wood, cover every part with pure white linen, securing it firmly to the frame with liquid glue or with tacks, taking care that there is no wrinkle or unevenness. Then mix, a little at a time, the finest plaster of paris, in which a little white glue has been dissolved, apply with a brush and work thin. It "sets" so very quickly that only rapid work will succeed. Continue to coat it till the surface is clear even, marble white. This makes a plain bracket any shape or size you may desire, so much like marble that the closest scrutiny can scarcely detect the difference. If you want to ornament it with fret-work and stucco designs, you will find it a much more difficult job, but may do it in this way: Make ornaments after leaves, flowers, scrolls, etc., out of paste-board, and cover with linen and coat as before, secure to place with the best white glue, or by applying while the plaster sets.

A beautiful bracket may be made in this way: Make a rough wooden framework and cut paste-board to fit it. Cover the paste-board with dry moss, litchens and twigs, sewed on with green thread, the different shades and varieties tastefully combined. Then crystalize in a solution of alum-water, till the moss is studded with fine crystals like dew drops. When dry, fasten to the frame with long, slender tacks, which will be hidden by the moss.

Mines Not Yet Found.

Under the above head, data might be collected in California for a very interesting chapter in the mining history of that State. In almost every mining town and camp of the Golden State the old settlers tell of the places where streams, gulches and ravines were immensely rich in placer gold up to a certain point, when they suddenly ceased to pay. Somewhere in the neighborhood, doubtless, lies the channel whence came the gold found below, but no man has ever been able to hit upon it—it is one of the mines that have never been found. Sometimes, on a flat, or in a sag on the side of a hill or mountain, the placer miner has unexpectedly found great quantities of bright quartz gold, or fragments of quartz rich in gold. In vain he searches for the lode from which came the gold and the quartz; it remains one of the mines that have never been found.

In places not only fragments, but also great blocks and boulders of quartz filled with gold are found, and for a time diligent search is made for the place whence it came; but, one after another, the prospectors become discouraged, and finally the source of the gold is set down among the mines that have never been found.

We might furnish a list of not a few such places as are spoken of above, but shall leave a particular account of them to be given by the man who shall, one of these days, write the history of the mines that have never been found.

Such a history would make quite a thick pamphlet, would include many interesting and romantic stories and would prove an incentive to prospecting and mining in many now almost deserted camps, provided some pains were taken to get at the facts in all cases.

In California there is doubtless, to-day, more gold in mines that have never been found than remains in all those that are known and worked.—*Virginia, Nevada, Enterprise.*

COLT'S REVOLVER.—"You know how Colonel Colt got out his revolver? He never invented one side of it. He was looking over some cases in the British Museum when he saw an old revolver, very much on the pattern of ours to-day. He thought he saw where the trouble lay, and took a thumb-nail drawing on the spot, fitted a cap to the lock and made a heap of money. You see the trouble was they hadn't got to making fulminating powder in those days. They had the revolving principle, but the powder was loose in the pan, and when the flint struck off a perfect shower of sparks, if that powder happened to be spilled a little, all six barrels were as likely to go off together as not. A grain of percussion powder in a cap made all the difference, and they haven't improved so much on the pattern of the old revolver after all."—*Corr. Boston Traveler.*

BISHOP MARVIN'S FAMILY.—A correspondent of the St. Louis *Christian Advocate* proposes that the Methodists contribute means to buy a home for the widow and children of the late Bishop Marvin. All pastors of churches and editors of the various church papers are asked to solicit contributions. The deceased bishop leaves a widow, one son, and four daughters. The son is just starting in his profession as a lawyer; the others, it is left to be inferred, are unprovided for. Dr. Marvin, after a life of entire devotion to labor for the church, died poor.

Mr. and Mrs. Tilton.

The Utah *Observer* gives the following account of an interview with Frank Moulton:

"Mr. Moulton, have you read the recently published article hinting that a reconciliation was likely to be effected between Tilton and his wife?"

"Yes."

"Do you know anything about it?"

"Nothing, absolutely nothing, never having exchanged a word with Mr. Tilton on the subject; but I do know that his two daughters, who are very dear to him, feel keenly the separation of their father and mother, and I know, too, that Tilton has been deeply affected by their sorrow. I know also that it causes him much pain to think of his son Carroll, who is one of the brightest boys I ever knew, growing into the sorrowful knowledge of the separation of his parents. I think that the tongue of gossip should be still on the subject of the reconciliation of Tilton and his wife. I think it would be better to leave them to the fulfillment of whatever duties their souls suggest."

HONORS PAID HON. A. H. STEPHENS.—The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Inquirer* has the following:

No member of the House of Representatives for many years has had so many honors and favors thrust upon him as the present House has conferred upon Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, ex-Vice President of the Southern Confederacy. When it was first organized the most desirable seat in the House was reserved for him before the drawing of seats. Then the Speaker gave up to him the large Speaker's room immediately in the rear of the hall, which has always been a kind of show room, having a portrait gallery of the ex-Speakers, and being gorgeously fitted up. Then a seat on wheels was rigged up, so that he could be moved around the House whenever he liked and to-day the House voted him a clerk to his committee on coinage, at $6 per day, although there is no committee work for a clerk, and he has nothing to do but act as private secretary to Mr. Stephens. The number of clerks to committees is in excess of the number under the Republican regime and their pay is raised from $4 per day to $6 per day.

WOODEN AND IRON SHIPS.—The Huron disaster was the leading theme of discussion this afternoon at the Maritime Exchange, and among the shipping people generally. The old question as to the comparative superiority of iron and wooden ships is also revived. Mr. Roach, whose father built the Huron, expressed the conviction that had she been made of wood she would not have been able to stand so great a strain as she did, whereas, Mr. Wm. H. Webb, an equally experienced shipbuilder, ventures the opinion that a wooden ship, striking as the Huron is supposed to have struck, would have held longer together; for that matter he goes so far as to say that iron ships, without a solid backing of good oak timber, are not fit for service. In further support of this theory the case is recalled of a couple of Italian vessels that recently went ashore in a gale not far from the same part of the coast, yet managed to work off safely.

DEEP SEA PLOUGHING.—During the past summer we witnessed deep sea ploughing in the harbor of Belfast, Maine. The bottom of the bay is covered with a tenacious, clayey deposit, into which the steam shovel penetrates with difficulty; and to loosen it a huge Michigan plough was set at work under the water, drawn by steam power on the shore, using a wire rope to form connections. The water at high tide was about 20 feet deep where the plough was working. The man that held it was encased in a diver's armor, and supplied with air by a flexible tube connecting with an air-pump on board of a vessel floating above. He came up at our request, and after removing his air-tight helmet and conversing a few moments, was again put in connection with the pump, and disappearing under the water, went on with the ploughing. This to us was a novel proceeding, and so far as we can learn, it was the first experiment of the kind ever made.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

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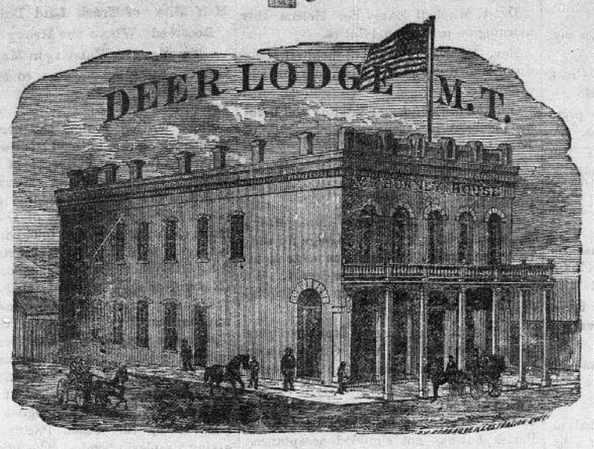

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WALL PAPER,

PATENT BUILDING PAPER

BIRD CAGES, NOTIONS, ETC.

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF

Assayer's Supplies,

MUFFLES,

MATTRASSES,

BEAKER GLASSES,

CORIFIERS,

CUPELS, ETC.,

ALWAYS IN STOCK.

BUYING goods from first hands in the East, and shipping in large quantities at low rates of freight via Fort Benton we are enabled to sell goods at rates that

DEFY COMPETITION.

Our stock is the largest on the West Side, full and complete in every line and prices lower than ever before

Orders from the outside solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

H. C. VALITON'S

LIVERY STABLE.

(Sign of the Big Iron Horse.)

Deer Lodge, - - Montana.

The Only Livery Stable in Deer Lodge.

Good Single Horses or Teams and buggies Furnished promptly for drives, excursions or journeys at reasonable prices.

This is the old established Livery of the West Side. The same careful attention which has heretofore commended it to patronage will be continued.

H. C. VALITON.

Moore, Reynolds & Co.,

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS IN

WINES AND LIQUORS

212 California Street,

San Francisco, - California

ORDERS SOLICITED

R. KENNON, H. H. ZENOR

KENNON & ZENOR,

Corner of 1st and C Streets

DEER LODGE, - - MONTANA,

MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN

TIN, COPPER, AND SHEET-IRON WARE.

Cooking and Heating Stoves

Celebrated Albany Manufacture.

QUEENSWARE, CUTLERY,

HOUSE-FURNISHING HARDWARE.

SHELF AND HEAVY HARDWARE.

Tools, Implements Hard Wood

ALL HYDRAULIC APPLIANCES

Iron Pipe, Nozzles, Etc., Etc.

All Goods sold at Reasonable Prices.

Having imported this season a large stock of all goods in the above line, bought for cash at lowest market rates from first hands, we are prepared to supply customers at low rates and to guarantee satisfaction with all articles we sell.

We have also expert workmen, a complete manufacturing establishment, and will do job work of all kinds promptly to order at reasonable prices.

We solicit the examination of our stock by dealers and others, assured our goods will command sale.

KENNON & ZENOR

July 13th, 1875. 314

ESTABLISHED 1866.

WM. H. WEIMAR & CO.,

Deer Lodge, Montana,

Wholesale Grocers,

Groceries,
Liquors,
Tobaccos,
Produce, Etc.

WE SELL GOODS AS LOW AS

Any House in Montana.

THE TRADE WITH DEALERS IS OUR

SPECIALTY.

Please examine our goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

403 W. H. WEIMAR & CO.

C. C. HOUSEL, — REUBEN ALT'N

C. C. HOUSEL & CO.,

STORAGE FORWARDING,

—AND—

COMMISSION MERCHANT

OMAHA, - - - NEBRASKA.

Agents for Merchants Dispatch Transportation Company.

General Forwarders of Freight Overland to all Points the North-West.

LOST GOODS TRACED. CHARGE REASONABLE

MONTANA MERCHANTS

will find it to their advantage to ship in our care and prevent delay

J. H. B. FOSTER,

—DEALER IN—

General Merchandise,

Travona, Montana.

Would solicit the attention of residents in the Upper Deer Lodge Valley, Butte, Hocker, Silver Bow, and the vicinity to the fact that I have now established at Travona, one half mile south of Butte, wit full stock of

Miner's Supplies,
Groceries, Liquors, Tobaccos,
Dry Goods, Clothing,
Boots, Shoes,

AND A FULL GENERAL STOCK OF GOOD Which I am

Selling at Very Low Prices for Cash.

"*QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS.*"

Give me a Call Before Purchasing Elsewhere.

J. H. B. FOSTER.

TRAVONA, Oct. 27, 1875 :29

The White

THE EASIEST SELLING, THE BEST SATISFYING

Sewing Machine

Its introduction and World-renowned reputation was the death-blow to high-priced machines.

THERE ARE NO SECOND-HAND WHITE MACHINES IN THE MARKET.

This is a very important matter, as it is a well-known and undisputed fact that many of the so-called first-class machines which are offered so cheap now-a-days are those that have been repossessed (that is, taken back from customers after use) and rebuilt and put upon the market as new.

THE WHITE IS THE PEER OF ANY SEWING MACHINE NOW UPON THE MARKET.

IT IS MUCH LARGER THAN THE FAMILY MACHINES OF THE SINGER, HOWE AND WEED MAKE.

IT COSTS MORE TO MANUFACTURE THAN EITHER OF THE AFORESAID MACHINES.

ITS CONSTRUCTION IS SIMPLE, POSITIVE AND DURABLE.

ITS WORKMANSHIP IS UNSURPASSED.

Do not Buy any other before trying the WHITE.

Prices and Terms Made Satisfactory.

AGENTS WANTED!

White Sewing Machine Co.,

CLEVELAND, O.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

Notice of Hearing Petition.

In the Probate Court of the County of Deer Lodge, Territory of Montana.

In the matter of the estate of John H. Pearson, deceased.

Charles H. Smith having heretofore filed herein his petition, claiming to be entitled to a conveyance from the Administrator of said estate to the following described real estate and property, situated in the County of Deer Lodge and Territory of Montana, to wit:—[1] an undivided two-thirds [⅔] interest in a tract of timber land containing about 1440 acres located upon the middle fork of Willow Creek in said county, about ten miles above New Chicago the said tract of timber land being upon unsurveyed land, and having been located in the month of July A. D. 1874, by James A. Maxwell, and Jacob F. Yoder, J. F. Catching, Geo. W. Irvin, C. F. H. Bielenberg, Henry Adams, John Rains, Michael Sullivan and John Landis under the laws of the Territory of Montana, in adjacent tracts or parcels of 160 acres each, and the claims of the said Catching, Irvin Bielenberg, Adams, Rains, Sullivan and Landis, subsequently conveyed to the said James A. Maxwell and Jacob J. Yoder; also an undivided two-thirds [⅔] interest in a steam saw mill located upon the above described tract of timber land, which said saw mill was purchased of Hammond and was removed from Rattlesnake Creek in the County of Missoula, M. T. to its present location; also an undivided two-thirds [⅔] interest in one yoke of red cattle and a log wagon used for the purpose of hauling timber to the said saw mill, together with an undivided two-thirds interest in all and singular the tenements and appurtenances belonging to the said tract of timber land or to the said saw mill, or in anywise appertaining thereto.

[2] Also, an undivided two-thirds interest in and to the following property, to-wit: All the right, title, interest and claim which the Belmont Mining Company had on the 20th day of September, A. D. 1875, in and to that incompleted structure, designed to be used and known as the quartz mill of the Belmont Mining Company, together with the ground upon which said mill is constructed and known as the mill site of the Belmont Mining Company, together with all the water rights, ditches, privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging, or in anywise appertaining to the said mill site or mill. The said property being located on the south side of Camp Creek and directly south of the town of Philipsburg, Deer Lodge county, Montana Territory. Notice is hereby given that on the 7th day of January, A. D. 1878, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day; that being a day of a regular term of said Court, said petition and the application therein contained will be duly and legally heard before said Court at the Court room of the Probate Court of Deer Lodge county, Territory of Montana.

Dated November 27, A. D. 1877.

O. B. O'BANNON,

439 5t Probate Judge and ex-officio Clerk.

SUMMONS.

In the District Court of the Second Judicial District of the Territory of Montana, in and for the county of Deer Lodge.

John P. Reins, plaintiff.

vs

John H. Whalen, defendant.

The people of the Territory of Montana send greeting to John H. Whalen, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named plaintiff in the District Court of the Second Judicial District of the Territory of Montana, in and for the county of Deer Lodge, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days—exclusive of the day of service—after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days; or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to recover a decree of Court, declaring the defendant, John H. Whalen, a trustee for plaintiff, and plaintiff the legal owner of the following described property, situated in the county of Deer Lodge and Territory of Montana, to-wit: That certain piece or parcel of ground known and designated as lot No. 16, in block No 25, in the town of Butte, according to the official plat and survey thereof, now on file in the office of the County Recorder of Deer Lodge county. That by further decree of court the defendant be required to sign, acknowledge and deliver a good and sufficient deed of said above described premises to plaintiff, and in case of plaintiff's refusal or inability to appear in court and execute such conveyance, the Court to appoint a Master in Chancery or Commissioner who shall execute, sign, acknowledge and deliver to plaintiff a good and sufficient deed of conveyance of said premises, conveying all of the right, title and interest of defendant in and to said above described premises, as fully as if executed by said defendant; also to recover plaintiff's costs and disbursements in this action.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer said complaint as above required the said plaintiff will take a default against you and apply to the court for the relief demanded in the prayer of plaintiff's complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Second Judicial District of the Territory of Montana, in and for the county of Deer Lodge this 26th day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred