Even St. Peter Acknowledges It.

[Newark Press.]

As Peter sat at heaven's gate
A maiden sought permission,
And begged of him, if not too late,
To give her free admission.

"What claim hast thou to enter here?"
He cried, with earnest mien.
"Please, sir," said she, 'twixt hope and fear,
"I'm only just sixteen."

"Enough!" the hoary guardian said,
And the gate wide open threw.
"That is the age when every maid
Is girl and angel, too."

His Honor Does, Though, Sometimes.

[San Francisco Wasp.]

Against all law and evidence,
The prisoner was acquitted.
The judge exclaimed: "Is common sense
To jurors not permitted?"

The prisoner's counsel rose and bowed:
"Your honor, why this fury?
By law the judge is not allowed
To sit upon the jury."

Joe Blackburn Wasted No Opportunity.

[Chicago News.]

A funny anecdote connected with the Hon. Joe Blackburn's first race for congress was told to me the other day. Joe happened to be passing through Owenton, the county seat of Owen county, on the occasion of the hanging of a noted criminal. As a hanging is a rather exceptional episode in the state of Kentucky, the honorable Joe concluded he would stop over a few hours and witness the event. The gallows was erected in the public square, so that no citizen, however humble, should lose the opportunity of witnessing the unusual spectacle. It was, in fact, a gala day, such as the history of Owenton has seldom recorded. The sheriff, with true Kentucky hospitality, invited Blackburn, as one of the distinguished guests present, to occupy a seat on the gallows. Blackburn did so. After the preliminaries had been arranged the sheriff consulted his watch and discovered that it was not quite 12 o'clock, the hour fixed for the execution. Turning to the prisoner, he said:

"You have ten minutes yet to live. Is there anything you desire to say in the meantime?"

The prisoner sullenly replied there was not.

At this instant Blackburn sprang from his seat, and, advancing to the edge of the scaffold, said:

"If the gentleman will allow me his remaining ten minutes I will be glad to announce myself a candidate for your suffrages. If elected to congress——"

At this point the prisoner interjected: "Say, you! Is your name Joe Blackburn?"

"Yes, sir," responded Blackburn, politely.

Turning to the sheriff, the prisoner said: "We won't stand on a few minutes more or less when the alternative is presented of death on one hand, or listening to one of Joe Blackburn's long-winded speeches on the other. Flip the trap and let me go."

Bill Nye's Advice to Forefathers From a Land Where Women Vote.

[Boston Globe.]

SEATTLE, Wyo. T., Dec. 12.—I am up here on Puget sound in two senses. I rode down to day from Tacoma on the sound, and to-night I shall lecture at Frye's Opera house.

Seattle is a good town. The name lacks poetic warmth, but some day the man who has invested in Seattle real estate will have reason to pat himself on the back and say "ha, ha," or words to that effect. The city is situated on the side of a large hill, and commands a very fine view of that world's most calm and beautiful collection of water, Puget sound.

I cannot speak too highly of any sheet of water on which I can ride all day, with no compunction of digestion. He who has toiled for days upon the briny deep will understand this and appreciate it.

In Washington territory the women vote. That is no novelty to me, of course, for I lived in Wyoming for seven years, where women vote, and I held office all the time. And still people say that female voters are poor judges of men, and that any pleasing $2 Adonis who comes along and asks for their suffrages will get them.

Not much!!!

Woman is a keen and correct judge of mental and moral worth. Without stopping to give logical reasons for her course, perhaps, she still chooses with unerring judgment at the polls. Any one who doubts this statement will do well to go to the old poll books in Wyoming and examine my overwhelming majorities—with a powerful magnifier.

I have just received from Boston a warm invitation to be present in that city on Forefather's day to take part in the ceremonies and join in the festivities of that occasion.

Forefathers, I thank you! Though this reply will not reach you for a long time, perhaps, I desire to express to you my deep appreciation of your kindness, and though I can hardly be regarded as a forefather myself, I assure you that I sympathize with you. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to be with you on this day of your general jubilee and to talk over old times with you.

One who has never experienced the thrill of genuine joy that wakens a man to a glad realization of the fact that he is a forefather cannot understand its full significance. You alone know how it is yourself, you can speak from experience.

In fancy's dim corridors I see you stand, way back in the early dawn of our national day, with the tallow candle drooping and dying in its socket, as you waited for the physician to come and announce to you that you were a forefather.

Forefathers, you have done well. Others have sought to outdo you and wrest the laurels from your brow, but they did not succeed. As forefathers you have never been successfully scooped.

I hope that you will keep up your justly celebrated organization. If a forefather allows his dues to get in arrears, go to him kindly and ask him like a brother to put up. If he refuses to do so, fire him. There is no reason why a man should presume upon his long standing as a forefather to become insolent to other forefathers who are far his seniors. BILL NYE.

Brevities.

Burlington Free Press: If Dakota can't get into the Union, she proposes to send her weather in, anyway.

Burlington Free Press: Woman is not much of a philosopher, but she is proverbially a clothes observer.

Paris News: They are going down to dinner. He—May I sit on your right hand? She—Oh, I thank you; you had better take a chair. He did.

Somerville Journal: There is joy ahead for stout ones and dilapidated bachelors in Pennsylvania. Nineteen thousand girls are learning sewing in the Philadelphia public schools.

French Joke: Lawyer—How far is the tavern from your house? How long would it take you to walk the distance?

Witnes—Oh, that would depend upon whether I was going there or coming home.

Norristown Herald: Next Easter falls on the latest date on which it possibly can occur—April 25. This gives the spring bonnet an extra week or two to ripen; but it will deprive many women of at least one sermon during April.

Arkansaw Traveler: The nerves which convey pain are rather slow in their power to convey information. Stick a pin in the tail of an elephant, and quite a perceptible interval occurs before the noble animal gives his opinion of the man or boy at the end of the nervous system on trial.

St. Paul Pioneer Press: Some time ago a little 3-year-old, playing in the yard, came into the house and said to his mother: "Mother, I saw nothing with a tail to it." His mother, being unable to understand him, followed the child into the yard, where the little fellow pointed to a snake which was gliding away through the grass.

To Trot or Not to Trot.

Undertaker (to recent widow)—The carriages will be $5 apiece, madam, if the horses trot. If you prefer to have the funeral procession move slowly to the grave I shall have to charge $7.50 for each carriage on account of the extra time. Widow (very much distressed)—Let them trot. Poor John could never bear to ride a-after a hearse on a walk, even when going up hill.—Harper's Bazar.

Weather Indications.

[Norristown Herald.]

A new poem in an exchange says: "Winter now is here." When we find our hydrants frozen and the thermometer down to zero, and a fantastic coating of ice an eighth of an inch thick on the office window panes, we are constrained to admit that the poet is not far out of the way. Any one who mistakes this weather for August deserves to have his ears frozen six inches deep.

Behind That Mysterious Screen.

[Texas Siftings.]

Customer—Can't you give me something to take the redness out of my nose?

Druggist—Go in front. Back here is where we put the redness on a man's nose.

TOBOGGANING.

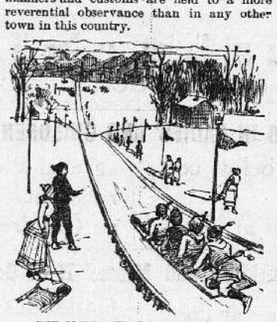
THE NEW WINTER SPORT INHERITED FROM THE INDIANS.

Scenes at One of the Fashionable Slides. The Costumes—The Toboggans, and the Improvements Yankee Ingenuity Has Made in Them.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Jan. 27.—Our Canadian neighbors have long held a monopoly of the sport of tobogganing. We were compelled to be satisfied with the glowing accounts which reached us of the exhilarating effects of a drop of a few thousand feet down one of their celebrated slides. Last season a slide was in use at Saratoga Springs, and one in Vermont. This winter they have been announced as being in full swing at various points, the most notable one being at Orange, N. J.

The group of Oranges, or the five villages bearing that name, are located on an undulating plateau, about eighteen miles west of New York. The inhabitants are chiefly New York business men, who make it their first duty to look after their own health and that of their families, for which reason they choose to live in this suburban place the year round, rather than risk the effect on health of the confinement of city life. For this reason outdoor sports are cultivated extensively in Orange. Then, beside, the original settlers of the place were a New England colony, so it is not to be wondered at that they would take kindly to any sport that had the prestige of being popular under the British flag. For in Orange English manners and customs are held to a more reverential observance than in any other town in this country.



THE SLIDE AND SURROUNDINGS.

The expense of constructing and maintaining the slide is tremendous. A slide 1,004 feet in length, floored with spruce boards laid lengthwise, was built from a hillside to the valley below. A cozy little cottage has been fitted up as the "Essex County Toboggan Club house." The track is an undulating one, but with a descent sufficiently rapid to enable a toboggan, under favorable conditions, to go over the entire course in fifteen seconds. A rate of twenty-five miles an hour is considered mere sloth's progress. The track averages four feet in width, and is guarded by eighteen-inch side guides flanging outward. At the top is a platform, from which the toboggans, carrying from two to half a dozen persons each, are started. The steerer sits in the rear, using one or both feet as a rudder.

I had thought that only one thing necessary to perfect the sport would be an endless cable, worked by steam power, that would haul the members and their toboggans to the summit. I soon found, though, that the principal enjoyment is said to be in the journey up the hill again, and that the young folks would rebel if anything was done to curtail it. In fact, many of them would not mind if the walk were just a little longer. Of course, it made considerable difference whom I talked to on the subject. There was one young lady who said the walk back was very tedious, but she did not appear to have the monopoly of any special escort.

LADIES' COSTUME.

The costume adopted by the club adds greatly to the picturesqueness of the gay groups who congregate daily at the slide. The ladies wear blanket costumes, in gay colors, with fur caps and "clouds" on the head, and moccasins on the feet. The gentlemen wear the club colors, red and blue, made up jauntily in warm woolen stuff, and crowned with the customary toque or hood cap. Then there are numerous guards, hired to keep everything in order. They were dressed in scarlet flannel, and lent much to the gorgeousness of the scene. The president of the club wore the most elaborate costume, made up of violet blue and stunning red.

THE PRESIDENT.

Along the sides of the course were stakes at regular intervals, carrying brilliant flags. At night torches flamed at the top of the stakes, and these, with immense bonfires, lent a grandeur to the scene that is never to be forgotten.

A TOBOGGAN AND SECTION.

The engraving shows how little there is to a toboggan after all. These toboggans look as much as possible like long, broad strips of pasteboard, with one end rolled upward, and with little railings running along the side. Instead of being pasteboard they are made of thin strips of hard wood, lashed together with throngs instead of nails or screws, and rubbed as smooth as glass underneath. The Canadians have been using them ever since they were taught their use by the Indians, but it remained for us Yankees to immediately improve on the ones handed down by the aborigines. This improvement was made at Saratoga last season, and consists in rounding the bottom of each slat instead of keeping it flat, so that it is chiefly the lowest portion of the curve that bears on the ice. The result is a tremendous gain in speed.

A still further improvement was made in the toboggan at Saratoga this season which brought the speed up to about seventy-five miles an hour. This rate was found to be too dangerous, and the use of this style of toboggan has been forbidden. Considerable ingenuity has been brought to bear on the construction of slides. The one in use at Albany was designed by an architect and cost about $1,000.

The cost of these costumes vary from $30, upward. To a slight figure they are a decided improvement but to a corpulent one the effect is sometimes very ludicrous. They look as much like Polar bears as anything.

ALL READY TO START.

The above gives an idea of a party about starting, but a picture of the same party a few seconds after they had started would simply be a streak of beautifully blended red and blue. The writer thought that a trial of a toboggan trip down to the valley would enable him to describe it, but he got down there so quick that he hadn't time to collect his thoughts. It was delicious, of course, to be sandwiched in between two such lovely girls as those that patronize the Orange slide, but then that wasn't what I was thinking of. The feeling when we got going was that we had nothing under us to speak of, and the thought that entered my head was the disaster that would follow if the little there was should wear through. I had slid down cellar doors in my time and this was the nearest I had approached it since, and it brought back instantly a reminder of old time consequences. To describe the sensation of speed is utterly impossible, you simply hold your breath and the toboggan rail and feel the wind rushing past, and in a few moments you are there.

If the sport is favored by many such winters as the present one it will not be long before each little town will boast of its own toboggan slide. S. H. HORGAN.

Statue of Garfield at Cincinnati.

After the tragic death of President Garfield Cincinnati outdid all other cities in doing honor to his memory. The name of a shaded spot in the center of the city was changed from Eighth Street park to Garfield place. The sum of $2,000 was collected in $1 subscriptions to build a bronze monument.

BRONZE STATUE OF GARFIELD.

The commission was given to Carl H. Niehaus, a young Cincinnati sculptor of rising fame. His design for the Garfield statue to be set in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington had already been accepted.

Niehaus' models are by far the best representations of the lamented Ohioan that have been made. Their point of excellence is the realism of the large neck, the broad shoulders and deep chest. The work has been objected to somewhat on this account, but this was Garfield. He was a man, and very much of a man, no scrawny ascetic and dyspeptic. Those who would idealize him make a mistake.

Mr. Niehaus went to Rome in 1884 to make studies for the Cincinnati monument. He has lately returned home with his task accomplished. The statue itself is nine feet two inches high. Those who knew President Garfield will recognize in a glance at the illustration the faithfulness of the likeness in face and attitude. He is represented as making a speech.

The figure was cast at Rome, in the art foundary of Bastinelli. It will be placed upon a high pedestal.

The New York Charity Ball.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Jan. 27.—The Charity ball is held to be the swell event of the season here and has been so considered for generations. When the oldest parties who attended the ball the other night were babies in their cradles their fathers and mothers attended the Charity ball of those days. It is a good gauge of the fashions and manners and wealth and social ties of its time. A glance in at the Metropolitan opera house recently while this social event was in full glow called to mind the line: "Oh, Charity, what strange doings are committed in thy name."

IN ONE OF THE BOXES.

People go to the Charity ball for a variety of motives, but it is evident that many of the belles of our present society go there on exhibition. The four tiers of boxes are arranged so as to give one almost as much seclusion as in a parlor, and this fact is taken advantage of by many of the fair occupants to reveal as much of their charms as possible. One thing that would force itself on the mind of the observer of those boxes is the fact that the dressmaker has reached the minimum in the amount of material used in many of the costumes. And that branch of art like many others has reached that point of which it can be said: "Thus far can thou go and no further." S. H. H.

What Tennyson Is Responsible for.

Lord Tennyson has in a measure brought upon himself the deluge of correspondence which he seeks in vain to stem by periodical announcements like that published to-day. He, more than any other poet, has popularized the art of writing, not only metrically, but musically. He has invented rhythms and cadences which can be imitated almost as mechanically as a waltz of Strauss on a piano organ, yet which were far beyond the reach of even the greatest poets before his time.

Lord Tennyson has taught the veriest poetaster of to-day to write as Wordsworth never wrote and could not have written. He has not taught him to write as well as Wordsworth—that is quite another affair—but he has shown him how to extract effects from the English language which would have filled Wordsworth with astonishment and (when his ear had become used to them) with admiration. Thus the laureate has led thousands of young men and women into the delusion that they, too, in the "golden prime" were born with golden stars above." Pope had in this way his scores of victims, Byron his hundreds, but Tennyson his thousands and it is only naturally that they should victimize him in turn. It is an instance of poetic justice.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Trick of the Photographer.

"It is funny," said a leading photographic artist the other day, "to note some of the peculiarities of people who come in here to have pictures taken or copied. Now one day last week a lady and and gentleman came in and the lady wanted a vignette, done on porcelain, of her father and mother. I did the work, and when the parties came again they both pronounced the picture of the father to be perfectly exquisite, but that of the mother was horrid. Oh, simply awful. I must fix it; of course, I said. Oh, yes, I could easily fix that, and I took the picture and called one of my assistants and gave a few directions. I said 'Call again in a few days and I will have it all right.' In a few days back they came, and both at once pronounced the picture perfectly splendid. Oh, there, that was something like it! The expression was so much better, and the nose so graceful, and the light and shade so delicately outlined."

"What had you done to it?"

"Done to it? Nothing; put it in a drawer and let it lay till the fools got some sense in their head. They wanted to kick any how. Why if a Raphael had painted it, and a Titian colored it, and a Dore shaded it, they would have found fault. Oh, there are tricks in all trades but ours."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Baptism of an "Illefant."

An old Scotchman, when taking his bairns to be baptized, usually spoke of them as laddies or lassies, as the case might be. At last his wife said he must not say it was a laddie or lassie, but an infant. So the next time that Sandy had occasion to go to the clergyman the latter said: "Weel, Sandy, is it a laddie?" "It's nae a laddie," was the answer. "Then it's a lassie?" "It's nae a lassie," said Sandy. "Weel, man, what is it then?" said the astonished preacher. "I dinna remember very weel," said the parent, "but I think the wife said it was an illefant." The clergyman finally found out that it was not an elephant, but an infant, he was expected to baptize.—Exchange.

No Wonder He Dares Favor Home Rule.

[Chicago News.]

"Well, I never knew that before," said Mrs. Gummidge, looking over the edge of her newspaper. "What's that, my dear?" asked Mr. G. "Why, that Mr. Parnell is a bachelor?" "Well, you might have guessed it. He's in favor of home rule." Mrs. Gummidge was silent a long, long time, wondering just what her husband meant. Meantime Mr. Gummidge went and sat on the back doorstep like a prudent man.

Why Jews Live So Long.

The *New England Medical Monthly* comments very favorably on the proverbial long and healthful lives of the Jews. Dr. Picard holds that this superiority is due to their stringent health laws. The Mosaic, like the older Egyptian code, is very stringent regarding the eating of flesh and other articles of food. Of the animals examined, a large proportion are always condemned as unfit for food. People who eat meat indiscriminately are very prone to disorders of the blood and of the kidneys; for meat is composed of nitrogen, which the kidneys have to remove from the blood, and of course they cannot do this successfully except by the aid of Warner's Safe Cure, the best kidney strengthener, unless it is temperately partaken of and only the very best meat is used. Jews also use alcoholic liquors very sparingly and thus keep up good digestion; and then again they are a holiday-loving and Sabbath-observing class.—[Housekeeper.

HOW MIS-MATCHES ARE MADE.

The Young Men and Women of To-day—Affectations and Mannerisms.

It is unfortunate that men marry as a rule before they reach the years of discretion. Circumstances bring them into the society of young, pretty, attractive girls. They are young because they are young. They are pretty in the eyes of their friends because they intentionally prepare themselves. The young man doesn't see the young girl in her chamber, in her retiracy, in her own proper self. He sees her when she is pretty and attractive, because he sees her in the show case with her best clothes on, in her pleasantest moods. He selects her, not because of her mental qualities, not because he knows anything of her moral nature, but because he is drawn to her bodily beauty, her pretty face, her shapely figure and the smile that plays about her mouth, illumining her face and shinning through her eyes when he comes into her presence.

Being young he is susceptible. The two susceptibilities come together, and it isn't until the final word is spoken that makes them one under the law that each finds the weaknesses of the other, often both regretting with feelings that can find no utterance in words the absurdity of the step they have taken in common. I don't know that it has struck you before, but suppose the next time you go to the theatre, or a concert, or a lecture, or a certain range of church in the evening, look at the young people who sit together, the young men who escort the young women. I think you will be struck with the appearance of them, and if you think about it at all, it seems to me you must look forward to the coming generation with solicitude, if you care for your race and have any pride in your country. "These be my jewels," said the Roman matron, but if she had pointed out to the emperor the puny simperers of the present generation she would have shown a sorry set of sparks, I think.

As a rule young men nowadays, hereabouts at all events, have small heads, weak eyes, slim necks, narrow chests and a curious complexion, indicating a disordered stomach and an inactive liver. I call your attention to the young men in these public places, because there you have ample time to study them. You see them when they come in, and are struck at once by their airs and graces, by their affectations and mannerisms.

Why, I can find you a dozen young gentlemen in the first theatre we come to whose aim and ambition it would really seem is to be regarded as girlish, effeminate. They hold their arms in a kangarooish sort of a way. They elevate their shoulders like a deformed camel. They do not walk down the aisle as if they had a pair of legs they have had for years and knew all about and trusted in, but they dwaddle down and really pose as a set of invalid scarecrows. Their costumes are absurb. Well, there they sit. Many of them suck the heads of their canes, others glare and stare about the house as I have seen idiots in the asylum.—Joe Howard's Letter.

Lacerating the Feelings of a Dog.

We are so ruthlessly destructive of tradition, so iconoclastic of even proverbial things, that we are no longer willing to "let dogs delight to bark and bite." The fright at hydrophobia is general, the dog-destroying apparatus at the pound is ready for unaccustomed midwinter operation, and it is an exceedingly good time for a New York dog to lead a retired life. It was an attractive carriage-load of dog and woman that was seen in Central park. The canine beauty was a ponderous Newfoundland, whose red tongue lay out over his white teeth in a benignant smile as he sat at the feet of his mistress, and of whom nobody ought to have been afraid. Nevertheless, those pedesirians whom the vehicle passed shrank away as though he were the savagest of bulldogs or the maddest of rabid biters, instead of the mildest and healthiest of his species.

He suffered his most grievous misconception, however, when the carriage stopped at the head of the mall, where children thronged. His mistress let him leap to the ground, and he dashed among the youngsters with the same bow-wow that had commonly gained a welcome for him in any society and the gambols that had once made him hail-fellow with children especially. But this time there was a wild scattering of the little ones, a screaming for parents and nursemaids, a grabbing up of babies, and all the manifestations of consternation, accompanied by heroic protection of toddlers by elder playmates, less commendable readiness to sacrifice kith or kin to self-preservation, and such a scene of dire disorder as lacked only carnage to be terrible.

But that big dog did not know how to bite. He was himself lacerated in his feelings—wounded at heart. To be fled from by former friends was something as appalling to him as he was to them. He stood still for an instant, as though shocked to a benumbing degree. Then he dejectedly, dazedly trotted back to the carriage, with head and tail drooped, and rode away in a pose of profound meditation.—"Uncle Bill" in Chicago Herald.

The History of a Silver Mine.

An eastern young man returned home a few days ago from a trip to Colorado for his health, and, in narrating his adventures, he told about buying a silver mine for $3,000.

"I knew they'd rope you in!" exclaimed the old man. "So you were ass enough to buy a humbug mine."—Wall Street News.

"Yes, but I didn't lose anything. I formed a company and sold half the stock to a Connecticut man for $7,000."

"Y—you did?" gasped the old man, as he turned white. "I'll bet I'm the one who bought it."—Wall Street News.

Terms of District Court.

FIRST DISTRICT.

Dawson County—Glendive, first Monday in February; first Monday in September.

Custer County—Miles City, third Tuesday in February; third Tuesday in September.

Gallatin County—Bozeman, fourth Tuesday in March; fourth Tuesday in October.

Madison County—Virginia City, first Tuesday in May; fifth Tuesday in November.

Yellowstone County—Billings, third Tuesday in May; second Tuesday in December.

SECOND DISTRICT.

Silver Bow County—Butte City, third Monday in February; third Monday in September.

Beaverhead County—Dillon, second Monday in April; fourth Monday in October.

Missoula County—Missoula City, second Monday in June; second Monday in November.

Deer Lodge County—Deer Lodge, first Monday in May; first Monday in December.

THIRD DISTRICT.

Lewis and Clarke County—Helena, first Monday in March; first Monday in November.

Jefferson County—Boulder City, third Monday in October; first Monday in May.

Meagher County—White Sulphur Springs, first Tuesday in April; third Tuesday in September.

Choteau County—Fort Benton, third Tuesday in April; first Tuesday in October.

OLD HOSS SALE.

I have in my possession two trunks, contents unknown, left with me by the Public Administrator of Deer Lodge county nearly five years ago, which will be sold for storage at public sale to the highest bidder, for cash, at 2 o'clock p. m. Saturday, February 13, 1886.

Jan. 19, 1886. PETER LANSING,
863 4t Deer Lodge.

Job Wagon and Teaming.

I have a Job Wagon on the streets of Deer Lodge during working hours every day, and am prepared to deliver Trunks or Packages to and from any residence promptly and at reasonable rates. Also do heavy teaming and Job Hauling at low rates. Leave orders at A. Kleinschmidt & Co's.

809-tf GEO. TUCKER

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

Summons.

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

John Anderson, Plaintiff,
vs.
Hannah Anderson, Defendant.

The People of the Territory of Montana send greeting to Hannah Anderson, 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 judgment that the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and yourself be dissolved, and for general relief, because [as alleged] you have wilfully, without reasonable cause, and against plaintiff's will and consent, absented yourself from plaintiff for more than one year last past.

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 said 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 18th day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-six.

(SEAL.)

865-4t REUBEN L. DAVIS, Clerk.
F. W. COLE, Plaintiff's Attorney.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

William Thompson,
vs.
Catherine Smith.

To be sold at Sheriff's Sale, at 2 o'clock p. m., on Saturday, February 27, A. D. 1886, in front of the Court House door in the town of Deer Lodge, county of Deer Lodge, Montana Territory, under and by virtue of an order of sale in the above entitled cause issued from out the District Court of the Second Judicial District of the Territory of Montana, in and for Deer Lodge county, the following described property, to-wit:

Lot number five [5], in Block number five [5], in the Town of Anaconda, county of Deer Lodge, Montana Territory, according to the official plat and survey of Anaconda, now on file in the office of the County Recorder of Deer Lodge county, Montana Territory, together with all improvements on such property, consisting principally of a two [2] story frame, shingle roofed house, heretofore used as a boarding and lodging house.

All of said property situate, lying and being in Deer Lodge county, Montana Territory.

Dated this 3d day of February, A. D. 1886.

865-4t JAMES B. McMASTER, Sheriff.

NOTICE TO CO-OWNERS.

TO JOHN WINGER AND CORNELIUS WIPP:

You are hereby notified that I have, in accordance with Section 2324, Revised Statutes of the United States, expended in labor on the BAY HORSE and on the BROWN HORSE quartz lodes, in Flint Creek mining district, Deer Lodge county, Montana Territory, one hundred [100] dollars on each, for the year ending December 31, 1885. And you are further notified that unless you, John Winger, within ninety days after the date of this notice, pay or cause to be paid to me your one-fourth of the amount expended on the Bay Horse lode, which is $25, and one-fourth of the amount expended on the Brown Horse lode, being $25, which is the pro rata for representation of your interest in said lodes: And that unless you, Cornelius Wipf, within ninety days after the date of this notice, pay or cause to be paid to me your one-fourth of the amount expended on the Bay Horse lode, which is $25, and one-fourth of the amount expended on the Brown Horse lode, being $25, which is the pro rata for representation of your interest in said lodes, all your right, title and interest of, in and to the said quartz mining claims will become the property of the undersigned, your co-owner, who has made the required expenditures.

WILLIAM C. BRADSHAW.

Philipsburg, Jan. 12, 1886. 862 90d
Date of first publication, Jan. 15, 1886.

Notice to Co-Owners.

To William G. Price, John Wingle and Conrad Wiph.—

You are hereby notified that I have, in accordance with Section 2324, Revised Statutes of the United States, expended in labor and improvements on the WHITE HORSE lode, in Flint Creek Mining District, Deer Lodge county, Montana Territory, one hundred dollars [$100] for the year ending Dec. 31, 1885. And you are further notified that unless you, William G. Price, within ninety days after the date of this notice, pay or cause to be paid to me your one-third of the above amount, which is thirty-three and one-third [$33⅓] dollars; and unless you, John Winger and Conrad Wiph, within ninety days of the date of this notice, pay or cause to be paid, each, to me, the sum of sixteen and two-thirds [$16⅔] dollars, being the pro rata of representation for your interests in said lode, all your right, title and interest of, in, and to the said quartz mining claim will become the property of the undersigned, your co-owner, who has made the required expenditures.

FRANK WILSON.

Philipsburg, M. T., January 1, 1886.
First Publication Jan. 1, 1886. 860-90d

Notice of Final Entry.

U. S. LAND OFFICE,
Helena, Mont., January 22, 1886.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Hon. Wm. J. Galbraith, Judge of the District Court of the Second Judicial District of Montana Territory, or in his absence before the Clerk of said Court, at Deer Lodge, Mont., on March 6, 1886, viz.:

GEORGE DANA,

who made Homestead Application No. 2482 for the NE¼ of Section 14, Township 9 North Range 9 West—160 acres.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz—

David Holdcroft, Vincent Pefaur, both of Deer Lodge, M. T.; Jacob Overturf, Nathan Smith, both of Garrison, M. T.

864-6t S. W. LANGHORNE, Register.

Notice of Contest.

U. S. LAND OFFICE,
Helena, Montana, January 20, 1886.

Complaint having been entered at this Office by Richard H. Mitchell against John H. Norton, for abandoning his Homestead Entry No. 1216, dated July 3, 1886, upon the NE¼ SW¼, N½ SE¼ and SE¼ SE¼ Section 14, Township 4 N, Range 10 W, in Deer Lodge county, Montana, with a view to the cancellation of said entry: the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this Office on the 8th day of March, 1886, at 10 o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment; said testimony to be taken before Orren Emerson, Probate Judge of Deer Lodge county, at his office at Deer Lodge City, on the 27th day of February, 1886.

865-6t S. W. LANGHORNE, Register.
O. B. O'Bannon, Att'y for Contestant.

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PETER LANSING.
Deer Lodge, Jan 19, 1886. 863

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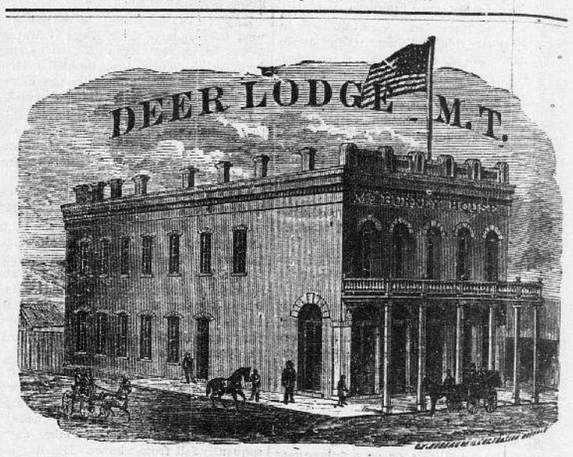

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