HELENA

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DEER LODGE COUNTY OFFICERS.

The Roster of Officers of Deer Lodge is as follows:

State Senator—W. H. Thornton.
District Judge—D. E. Burlew.
Clerk of District Court—Welling Napton.
Sheriff—J. T. Quigley.
Assessor—A. G. Stafford.
Clerk and Recorder—J. E. Brandjord.
County Attorney—W. S. Shaw.
Superintendent of Public Schools—Margaret L. Greene.
Treasurer—R. T. Kelly.
Surveyor—Henry B. Davis.
Coroner—William Ray.
Public Administrator—R. F. Brown.
County Commissioners—J. L. Hamilton, George Corbett, A. A. McDonald.
Justices of Peace—John R. Cooper, Silvan Hughes, C. N. Crutchfield, F. Hollywood, C. K. Harden brook, R. G. Hunter, J. W. Stuff.

W. H. TRIPPET,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office West Side Court Square, Deer Lodge, Mont.
Practices in all the courts of the State. Special attention to Conveyancing and Collections.

BRANTLY & SCHARNIKOW,
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C. S. CRANSON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office over William Cromwell's store, Deer Lodge, Montana.

J. E. DOWNING,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office over Owen's City Drug Store, Deer Lodge, Montana.

C. F. REED,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
Deer Lodge, Montana. Office over Schlechter's Clothing Store.

J. A. MILLER,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Office in the office of the Deer Lodge Savings Bank, Deer Lodge, Montana.

S. M. HESSIG,
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For terms, etc., apply to Rev. James Reid, President, Deer Lodge, Mont.

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## THE STORY OF A FARM

MRS. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON TELLS A FRIEND'S EXPERIENCE.

**He Failed to Succeed in Agriculture, but His Bad Luck Was Compensated for by Matrimonial Happiness—Thrilling Journey to the Coast.**

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ONE time Horace Greeley used to thunder forth his daily editorials in the New York Tribune headed "Young Man Go West," wherein he set forth all the advantages of growing up in a new civilization. A handsome boy, full of pluck, high purpose and sterling qualities, belonging to one of the first families, were Mr. Greeley was a frequent guest, used to receive his conversations and growing editorials in his young head as he walked to and from the college, until "Young man go west" seemed to be inscribed on every sign and doorpost and haunted him day and night.

As different members of the family owned land in Iowa, where he was graduated and had fully made up his mind to go there, they gave him the deed of 160 acres, some valuable presents and several hundred dollars in money. I will not trouble your readers through the details of his arrival, his good fortune in finding Uncle Philip, his first breaking and seed sowing, stump building, his first experiences in wielding iron and rifle, going miles to mill day in, day out, and cistern out a drive of twelve miles to the river for water, for all the necessaries of life in those pioneer times, and years. I shall say nothing of his entire ignorance of the science of agriculture, of his hard struggles of the long cold winter, his sickness and low ebb of hope and courage in the days and nights of the fever, during that Christmas season, though he would not be cowed.

And with returning spring came the sweet reward of toil in potatoes, corn, onions, pies and chickens, for the cellar or for market, in a thousand little ways and ways, and a thousand little ways, he had capitally all summer long. One day he met one who overtook him with a fine white cloth in his hand, to show that—"I head" said Friday "the grasshoppers all is up with us now!" over boy's eyes were turned steadily down to the ground. He saw these pests skipping by, some there, his grain and grass and food and, not a green thing was left in his possession. As soldiers marched by in an another spring, the young man sold his live stock and spent the winter at home.

For an idyl, so to speak, in the west, he met his village belle, a fair young girl from Maine, with luxuriant auburn hair, fair skin, bonny eyes, fine hands and feet—a happy, joyous little soul, who was yet had grown mature. As they did all around, keeping time to the easy waltz and quadrille, Cupid and Miss Jenness Bible said, as usual work.

A two story house with four rooms appeared soon after, like magic, in the place of the shanty, and the little girl from Maine had engaged sewing from day to day by the window.

She was a girl of uncommon courage and executive ability, proved the boy's great author, and, for fourteen years they made a brave struggle hand in hand together, in the face of many adverse winds. I was referred to the young man's family to marriage, and also always taken a great interest in his welfare, and made it a point to visit my western lyceum trips to spend a few days with them every year. I have seen that little wife, not weighing much over a hundred pounds, drive an immense rather wagon and two large horses twelve miles to town, to bring back a load of lumber. But with droughts one year and blight another, with prairie fires and hog cholera, cattle diseases and the difficulty of securing help for work either outside or in, the young people grew weary and longed for their native air by the sea.

MET AT A VILLAGE HALL.

Having a chance to rent their farm, to advantage, they promptly decided one day to give up the struggle, and forthwith packed what goods they could not sell, and without a pang said farewell to the farm forever. As they had no place in view, the little wife went ahead to recommoiter in Connecticut, New Jersey and Long Island for a convenient stopping place, while the husband attended to the moving.

He chartered a car thirty-six feet long bound eastward for $100, and in one end stored their furniture, in the other he made stalls for two cows, one mare, one pig, fifty hens and turkeys, oats, corn, hay, salt and barrels of water. In the center was an old stove, a lounge, table, packing chair, boxes of coffee, sugar, butter, utensils for cooking and for the toilet, among which sat the young man reading the daily papers and an immense black Newfoundland dog, who kept a faithful watch while his master went on on a foraging expedition for something to eat and drink, for although he had his own coffee and the hens laid all the eggs he could eat, and the cows gave all the milk he could drink, yet the dog must have an occasional bone and the master some meat and fruit, whatever might be purchased by the way. In opening on the oil stove he was subject to many mishaps, a sudden bump of the cars would sometimes put out his fire, upset his table and scatter his viands on the floor.

Sometimes a gift his bad wife had pitched into the animals' domain, when in their own language they would all express their dissatisfaction at such an unceremonious invasion. Sometimes a stray rooster, scared in his quiet world announced the dawn with a shrill crow in his ear, which would touch a responsive chord in the breasts of his traveling companions, filling their air with music. Now, this unexpected response for our young man. A calf was born one day and a calf the next, filling him with anxiety lest the young things should suffer from the rough motion of the cars. Whether their advent was due to maternal sorrow in leaving the old familiar scenes, or the excitement of a long journey is a difficult to say. However all of them reached their destination in good order, so many testimonials to our hero's tender care and good judgment.

He had many trials by the way. As a great deal of marshy meadow he were in this car, and, of course, that he had carried from a marsh, who was a physician, and a heavy mask in case he should be thrown on his resources and compelled to act as a doctor. At the sight of this last appendage the dog always howled piteously, it seemed much his handsome master, whereupon the calf bleated, the cows bellowed, the mare neighed, the pig grunted and the hens cackled.

Thus in the course of the journey our young man left an orchestra behind the larder, was cook, groom, a conscientious nurse and housemaid. No exploition I, the northpole ever acquired more dilemmas and varied experience.

Thus we reached safely at Orchard, I cannot tell, but they, the mare and the swift bed grass, which flashed by, fancy, making the hills

AS HE CAME BACK TO

in sight from Portsmouth, Long Island City in just as long a time as it took of years, long transported from Long City to Long Island by a some time, where the old plantation was used as a.

That Friday was Christmas eve, and, who came and to meet a little girl, Miss Jenness Bible spoke and notified St. Nicholas. And there she stood a stranger called to not it was such that she was in reality the man and wife, a stranger, and immediately sent a free from the car that they were quite comfortable.

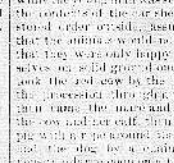
They dashed about in the cars, with their heels in the air, he in a relaxed frame, so she said from her seat, in the cow quietly alarmed for fear, in the horses in a fever to dinner, feeding their last day and come and the dog, and the calf a quiet, long at farm, was, as paled with the sight and sound of a higher civilization. The red cows, as if possessed of an evil spirit. The mare set up, stood with their hands in their pockets and daring to touch one of the animals. None of the men engaged to do the milking work, touch that cantankerous red cow, and the great Dog, looking like a huge black bear, frightened in no easy out of their wits.

Her carriage under or her cow was there, and the animals knew her voice, and, while the young men was struggling with the conductor of the car she at length restored order, quietly, assuring the men, that the animals would do her bidding. She, they were only happy to find themselves on solid ground once more. She took the red cow by the horns and led the procession thro' the entire street, then came the mare and her colt, next the cow and her calf, then a man with a pig with a rope around its legs, another and the dog by a chain, then came Jenness, a large company, a hurdy-gurdy, hen wagons loaded with furniture, harness and barrels, with the master in the load. A comical procession!

I do not believe there were more amusing scenes at the declaration of Nicholas and. I do know that Mrs. Nicholas laughed till she cracked, the little girl from Maine, or Mors would have told us something about her. She certainly had time to mark, to manifest her great qualities, if she had any.

Your readers may be interested to know that our young people are on a farm of about thirty acres, adjacent to Orchard, for the New York market. The last I heard of them they were watching an incubator which had just hatched 600.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

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Can you ask more?

That's the prevalent plan all Dr. Pierce's medicines are sold on, through druggists.


## NOW HE IS A DUKE.

LORD HARTINGTON SUCCEEDS TO THE TITLE OF DEVONSHIRE.

**He Has Long Been a Prominent Figure in English Politics, and His Constancy as a Lover Has Added to His Fame.**

At last Lord Hartington, so well known by his courtesy title of marquis, has come into the full glory of the birthright of the dukes of Devonshire. The dukedom is just up in two centuries old. Rarely has an heir had to wait so many years as Lord Hartington has done before coming into full possession, though Lord John Manners, the present duke of Rutland, had passed his seventieth year before he succeeded his father of the title. Time was to the house of Cavendish of greater than the gain to the house of lords by the transfer. Be that as it may, the new duke was just long enough in the house to fit him for the duke's place, yet no circumstance conspired to bring a degree of sadness into the occasion of his elevation, but instead he was as much as he delighted his compatriots of every party. England will some of later have a duke for premier, one, perhaps the equal in great name of its "great duke" Wellington.

A singular character is Harty. Nothing could be more a hero of romance and, yet the Fates have made him just enough of a hero of romance in spite of himself. He is now fifty years old. The most of his country men, versed in fashionable gossip, know all about the loves and heart-burnings of his youth. And they could tell many a tale

of the days when he was a young man, and of the days when he was a young man, and of the days when he was a young man. Lord Hartington, in his youth, was a great lover of the ladies, and, in his time, he has had many loves, and, in his time, he has had many loves, and, in his time, he has had many loves