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Poetry.

EPIGRAM.

ON THE TWO LAST FIGURES OF THE PRESENT YEAR, 1877. The total of two sevens will give, The age of youth and fun, When years through vista bright appear, A glorious race to run.

Selected Story.

BILDERBACK'S WOLF.

How he was raised and how he raised the neighbors.

It wasn't many weeks ago that Mr. Bilderback, in an evil hour, received from a friend out in Kansas the singular present of a pet wolf, which had been captured, when very young, by the friend, and trained and tamed until it was declared by all good judges of wolves to be perfectly harmless, docile and civilized.

Mr. Bilderback is not a very good judge of wolves, and he had his doubts about the civilization of his pet, but his boy begged so hard for it, and Miss Bilderback thought it would look so romantic, she said, pointing about the yard, "with its long gallop, that can tire the hound's deep bark, the hunter's fire," that he decided to keep it. He kept it chained for several days in order to get it accustomed to its new home, and it behaved in a very civilized manner indeed. It did not show any disposition to destroy any body, but, on the contrary, when any one went near it, it evinced the most unconquerable desire to back clear through the end of its kennel, and hide itself from mortal view.

After a few days, so mild and inoffensive and submissive was its demeanor, they gave it the liberty of the yard, and Miss Bilderback sat at the upper window for hours at a time to see "the long gallop," etc., that Mizeppa told about. The only "long gallop," however, that this native of the wilderness practiced was a sneaking sort of skulk, smelling around the alley where the kitchen scraps were thrown out, glancing furtively in at the hen-house, and slinking under the porch whenever any body came out of the house.

Every body was deceived in regard to that wolf's temper. The first party to be undecieved was a strange dog, with straight ears and a game eye, that came trotting along, saw the wolf through the fence, piled over him, came sliding out from under the porch as if like a cyclone, with just enough hair left on his back to show that hair would grow there if properly cultivated and half way protected. The dog was so thin and excited that he crawled out between the pickets instead of jumping over the fence, and he was out of sight in thirty-five seconds, although they could hear him howling away out toward the south, all the rest of that day and part of the night.

About three o'clock the next afternoon Miss Bilderback's patient watch was rewarded by a sight of the "long gallop." The hired girl was just going out of the front gate, when the wolf, which had been making calls, came scampering down the street like a scared hurricane, and jumped through the gate, striking the domestic like a rocket, and knocking the breath so far out of her body that she had to catch it with a stomach-pump, and under the porch he went like a flash, and whimpered and snarled to himself the rest of the day, just as though something had happened. And, singularly enough, it began to be talked around that end of town the next day something was bulldozing the chicken coops. And along in the afternoon old Mr. Troop called in, in a terrible rage.

"Bilderback," he roared, "couldn't you take a contract to winter some menagerie around here? Can't you buy a lion or a giraffe, or something with a good, healthy appetite, to eat up what that precious wolf of yours leaves?"

Mr. Bilderback was surprised; he hadn't heard that his wolf had been committing any depredations. "O, you haven't?" said Mr. Troop, very sarcastically. "Well, here's a little statement of facts that will interest you, then I put the fowls down at exactly what they cost me, and they cost me more than I'm willing or able to pay for wolf feed these hard times, now you bet!"

And he slammed the door, and banged the gate and went away, while Mr. Bilderback read a bill of items which included a

pair of \$7 game chickens; four \$3 Dorkings; a \$2.50 pheasant; a brood of imported ducks, very choice, \$9.75; a \$3 Brahma, and a number of common fowls, in all valued at \$26.85, alleged to have been slain and eaten by Mr. Bilderback's wolf. Mr. Bilderback was amazed. He said he couldn't understand it; it was perfectly anomalous.

Just then he was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Bartholomew, who was very much excited. "Bilderback," he said; "your wolf came to our house this afternoon, and ate every last solitary chicken in the hen-house. Didn't leave a feather; not a claw, sir. Just cleaned the roost of seven dollars' worth of the nicest hens that ever laid eggs on Christmas. Them hens cost me seven dollars in clean money, not counting their keep, and I'm blowed if it isn't more than I can stand. I don't want to quarrel with an old neighbor over a trifle, you know, but times are hard, and because an old neighbor is insane enough to want to keep a wolf, I can't afford to rob my family to keep his wolf in chickens, you know."

Mr. Bilderback said he would see that no man lost a cent through the indiscretions of his wolf, and just as he bowed Mr. Bartholomew out, a boy, breathless and bareheaded, came panting up, and handed him a note. Mr. Bilderback opened it, and read:

"Dear Sir:—That infernal old wolf of yours has got the run of all the hen-roosts between here and Denmark, and unless he's headed off mighty quick there will be enough dead poultry this side of Kookuk, in twenty-four hours, to make a Christmas dinner for the poor-house. He has just eaten Throckmorton's prize peacock that cost him twenty-seven dollars at the last State Fair, and Throck is mad enough to fight about it. You'd better get track of your property and chain it up or shoot it, or you'll be bankrupted. "JOSKINS."

Mr. Bilderback always did detest Joskins, and liked him less now than ever. He groaned and put on his hat and overcoat, and dolefully started out to hunt up Joskins and get on the trail of the wolf. At the gate he met an ill-natured looking female, who accosted him with some asking. "Is it yez they call Mr. Bilderback?"

And with a dreadful sinking of the heart he admitted that his name was Bilderback.

"An' hav' yez a wulff?"

Mr. Bilderback caught his breath and set his teeth hard, and acknowledged that he was sole proprietor of or wit, one undivided wolf.

"An' div ye think, ye gomme ho, that a poor lone widdy woman wid a drunken husband and more chilthrin than ye can count in a week, to support, is goin' to kape yer bloody-minded wulff in pigs to eat? Yer roosters; and swate, clauer purter pigs never slept in the straw, fed in one day to the laukiest skeleton of a wulff that ivir sucked eggs. An' the dead aw' winter comin' on, an' the snow on the ground, in chilthrin widout a bite or a sup, an' a husband on the sthone pile, an' both pigs kilt an' ate wid a basely wulff! O, wira! wira! Woe's the day whin— That are ye goin' to do wid it?" she shrieked, suddenly turning upon the terrified Mr. Bilderback. "Are ye goin' to pay me for me pigs, or am I goin' to welt ye like an ould shoe?"

Mr. Bilderback concluded that he would rather pay for the pigs. He then resumed his hunt, but he soon became convinced that he could never catch up with the wolf without a locomotive, and further, that he was a ruined community. He heard of the animal's bull-dozing operations in remote parishes as he wandered on. Wherever he went he was assailed with reproaches and overwhelmed with claims for direct and consequential damages, until he felt as though the entire burden of the national debt rested on his shoulders. He finally gave up the search, and made up his mind that he would have to repudiate all claims arising out of the destruction of property by an animal for the actions and depredations of which, it having lapsed into its normal condition of wildness, he was no longer responsible. He made up his mind to fight with the next man who gave or offered to give him a wolf, bear, tiger, hyena, or elephant, or any other wild animal, however thoroughly tamed and trained, and after telegraphing to various localities in the direction of which the wolf, when last heard from, was headed, "Look out for Bilderback's wolf. Ten dollars offered for his scalp," he went home and went to bed, and was kept awake nearly all night by the terrible apprehension that he had offered a reward of ten dollars for his own scalp, and the fear that some one who had been visited by the wolf would come around and take it.

A miss of seventeen summers has concluded to marry a big man for a first husband, and a little one for the second, so that she can eat the clothes of the first down, and make them over for his successor. Thus the hard times force home lessons of rigid economy and practical sense upon tender childhood.

At a certain hotel up town three ladies on the same floor have each a piano, and by one of those singular arrangements of Providence, all practice at the same hour. Nine guests have already been taken to insane asylums, and those who remain on the floor are being treated by physicians for brain fever.

I would I were a schoolmaster And among the schoolmaster's band With a small boy stretched across my knee And a ruler in my hand.

A Donkey Race.

The officers of a cavalry regiment stationed at a dull English garrison town, lately got up a donkey race for their amusement, and very amusing it proved to be. One donkey took the lead from the start, and rapidly neared the goal amid the wildest shouting. When within a few feet of the winning post his rider thought to put on a fine spurt, and so gave the beast a spur, but with disastrous effect. The brute put his head down, kicked furiously, stopped dead short, and would not budge an inch! Those who were running second and third saw their comrades slowly, and redoubled their efforts. Slowly but surely they came along, every stride bringing them nearer to the goal. At last the rider of donkey number one came to the conclusion that some action ought to be taken, and that at once. Should he let the prize slip from his hands, when it seemed almost within his grasp? He sprang to the ground without a moment's hesitation, and seizing his steed's tail, put over his shoulder, and dragged the unwilling animal backwards past the post! An objection was lodged, but the decision was given in favor of the winner.

Mummies Converted into Paint.

Few persons are aware that veritable Egyptian mummies are ground up into paint. But in this country and in Europe mummies are used for this purpose, the asphaltum with which they are impregnated being of a quality superior to that which is elsewhere attained, and producing a peculiar brownish tint when made into paint, which is prized by distinguished artists both of this and other countries. The ancient Egyptians, when they put away their dead wrapped in clothes saturated with asphaltum, builded, as it were, better than they knew, and could never have realized the fact that ages after they had been laid in the tombs and pyramids along the Nile their dust would be used in painting pictures in a world then undiscovered, and by artists whose languages were to them unknown. That a portion of one of the Pharaohs, or a Potiphar, or even of the historic Mrs. Potiphar, may even now be on the canvas of a Veruet, a Millais, or a Church, who may question?

The Fireman's Daughter.

It was a large school, the pupils were assembled and busily engaged in their work, when a sudden alarm of fire, as usual, a terrible panic ensued. The firemen came with shrieks and cries every one darted to the doors of the schoolroom, forming there a mass so dense as to render escape absolutely impossible to many. In the struggle to get out, several of the children were seriously injured, and one young lady, a teacher, rushed to an open window, and jumped out of it.

Through-out this scene of confusion one little girl—one of the best conducted in the school—maintained herself composed and remained seated on the bench, where she had been when the alarm commenced, without once moving. The color had indeed forsaken her face; her lips quivered, and some tears rolled slowly down her cheeks; but not one cry, not one word escaped, and there she sat silent and motionless as a white marble statue, till all danger was declared to be over.

After order had been restored, and her companions had been brought back to their places, except those who were too much hurt or too much frightened for their duties for that day, the question was asked her, how it happened that she had been so composed as to sit still when every body else was in such a fearful state of fright? Her reply was, "My father is a fireman, and he has told me that if ever there was an alarm of fire in the school I must just sit still. I thought of his words and did as he desired me, and this was what made me stay so quiet."

A Batch of Whys.

Why are ambassadors the most perfect people in the world? Because they are all ex-cellencies. Why is sympathy like blind man's buff? It is a fellow feeling for a fellow-creature. Why is the sun like a good loaf? Because it's light when it rises. Why is a crow a brave bird? Because it never shows the white feather. Why is a sawyer like a lawyer? Because whichever way he goes, down comes the dust. Why are washerwomen silly people? Because they put out their tubs to catch soft water when it rains hard. Why is a man who doesn't lose his temper like a schoolmaster? Because he keeps cool (keeps school). Why are mountains like invalids? Because they look peakish. Why are umbrellas like panaceas? Because they are seldom seen after Lent. Why is a drunkard hesitating to sign the pledge like a sceptical Hindoo? Because he doubts whether to give up the worship of Jng-or-Not. Why cannot two slender persons ever become great friends? Because they will always be slight acquaintances.

A young man who was courting a Boston girl upset a can of kerosine upon her pet dog. In the hurry of his anxiety to repair the misfortune he picked the animal up and set it before the stove to dry. The experiment could not have been entirely successful, as she wrote that night: "We have met for the last time. You can't extract any more of the square root of my affection."

I would I were a schoolmaster And among the schoolmaster's band With a small boy stretched across my knee And a ruler in my hand.

Houdin.

Houdin, the conjuror, used to tell of a Count de Torrini, who, being reduced to poverty, took to the display of his skill as a conjuror for the means of living. He, too, used to do the William Tell trick, and place the apple on the head of his son, of whom he was devotedly fond. On one occasion, when continued success and a crowded audience had raised his spirits to the highest state of pleasurable excitement, he placed the apple on his dear boy's head, aimed and fired. To his astonishment, the boy fell flat upon his face on the stage. At first he smiled, and then his face grew white with a terrible fear. He raised his son. The boy was dead. It must have been an awful scene to witness. Frantic with horror he denounced himself as the slayer of his son—himself. He afterwards confessed that the exhibition had been no fair feat of skill, but a mere conjuring trick. The ramrod removed the bullet—as he thought with unerring certainty—but in this case it had failed to do so, and his son's life had been sacrificed in consequence.

But Where's the Cat?

The skeleton of a cat walked into Ryan's store at Hoboken, Ryan, seeing her, bawled out: "Mickey, didn't I tell ye a month ago to fade that cat a pound of mate a day until ye had her fat?" "You did; and I'm just after fading her a pound." "Has that cat ate a pound this morning?" "Yis, sur." "Sure, I think it's a lie ye're telling.—Bring me that scales. Now bring me that cat." The cat turned the scales at exactly one pound. "There, didn't I tell ye she had eaten a pound of mate this mornin'?" "All right, my boy; there's yer pound of mate; but where the devil's the cat?"

The Small-Pox Dodge.

A chap who had, perhaps, read a newspaper item about how a street car was cleared of passengers in short order when a man in the centre of the car announced that he had the small-pox, tried the game yesterday. Getting aboard, he sat down beside a big fellow. "I don't suppose you object to riding beside a small-pox patient, do you?" "Not in the least," replied the big man, "but as some of the other passengers may, I shall leave you out!" Thereupon he took the joker by the collar and leg, carried him to the platform, and shot him far out into a big snow-drift.

A man in Nevada was boasting of the wonderful scent of his dog, and how far he could track his master. He concluded his yarn with the triumphant query, "What do ye think about that?" "Do you want to know what I think about it?" said one of the bystanders; "well, I think you'd better go and take a bath."

A ratepayer in his great excitement, arrived almost breathless at a school board polling station in Haekey. "I want to vote for a woman!" he called out. "Ah," said a friendly voice, "I suppose you mean Miss Miller?" "No," replied the ratepayer, "that's not her name; let me sit down and think. I saw it on a placard as I came along." Thinks aloud—"I have it, Poll Early—that's her!"

An old bachelor never mourns his blessed singleness so much as when he is awakened at midnight by a masked burglar, and painfully realizes the fact, as he "scratches" over against the wall, that there is no loving heart lying on the outer edge of the bed to discuss the situation with the intruder.

He was a nice young man, and he started out the other evening to call upon a nice young lady. He was told by the servant that the nice young lady would return from a neighbor's in about twenty minutes, and that she desired any caller to wait. So he waited, and as the streets were very wet his feet were very damp and cold, and he concluded to utilize the twenty minutes by taking off his boots and warming his feet over the register. In a quarter of an hour he had accomplished his purpose, and proceeded to put his boots on again, but they stuck at the instep, and neither pulling nor mental swearing availed anything. When the N. Y. L. appeared he looked exceedingly tall to her, and somewhat unsteady on his pins. When her father dropped in, and he turned about to greet him, only to lurch frightfully towards the old gentleman as one of the boots turned under his weight, he was instantly seized and deposited in the street, with the information that a station-house was the proper place for young men to call when in his condition. He hobbled home, and the next day bought a pair of shoes.

A Card to the Public.

For many years we have made two medicines suited to the ailments of a vast class of sufferers. Thousands of cures have been made by them, and, in fact, the word failure could not be coupled with them. But within the last two years counterfeiters of our medicines have sprung up, dangerous in their close imitation of our Trade Mark. To secure the people we have placed upon each genuine box of Holloway's Ointment the fac-simile of the signature of our agent, Mr. Jos. Haydock. To counterfeit it is felony. We shall relentlessly pursue any one who imitates this, with the utmost vigor of the law. We most earnestly beg that the great mass of the American people will aid us in our efforts to protect their health, and help us in our task of bringing these most unprincipled men to the bar of justice. Uniformly refuse to purchase Medicines purporting to be ours unless Mr. Joseph Haydock's signature is attached to each box of Pills or of Ointment, and the end will soon be reached. The public's obedient servants, Holloway & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Ode to a washerwoman—\$1.60 "John, you said Sally kissed you, did you kiss her back?" "No, I kissed her lips."

"Not lost, but gone before!" exclaims the man when his hat blows off and ahead of him.

The question agitating fashionable circles is: "Do these gentlemen in Ulsters wear trousers?"

Mrs. Partington is credited with saying that few persons nowadays suffer from suggestion of the brain.

Senor D. Quinones has published a Spanish novel with the queer title of "Three Men for One Woman."

A New York villager says "the dearest spot on earth" to a high-minded Bostonian is a pot of baked beans.

An Irish lover remarks, "It's a very great pleasure to be alone, especially when your sweetheart is wid yer."

Josh Billings says that "one of the hardest things for any man to do is to fall down on the ice when it is wet, and then get up and praise the Lord!"

Black silk stockings, with the instep and ankle embroidered with gold, and costing from sixteen to twenty dollars, have made their appearance.

A little boy came to his mother recently, and said, "Mamma, I should think if I was made of dust I should get muddy inside when I drink coffee."

A young man in San Francisco put out one eye while taking off a shirt, a spiral stud doing the mischief. This is a sad warning to those who wear shirts.

The Chicago journals complain that it is coldest just about the time a man has decided to get up and build a fire. The whole country should be heated by steam.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, speaking in connection of the Brooklyn disaster, said, "Place two thousand people in an open prairie and start a panic among them, and some are sure to be injured."

A spinster lady of fifty remarked the other day that she could get alone at six months old. "Yes," said her hateful young brother, "and you've been going it 'alone' ever since, and never eueched anybody."

Lincoln's advice "never to swap horses when crossing a stream" is set at naught by fashion inventors, who just in the dead of winter have changed the style of mufflers. They are now to be made large enough for but one hand at a time.

They are mostly wool, and arranged in the French twist style, or else snuk in a myriad of puffs and braids. A very pretty style and one now much in vogue is to have the comb correspond with the jewelry worn.

A man had a placard up—"Cheap Ladies shoes for sale here." He found that not a woman entered his store. No wonder; the ladies don't like to be called cheap—they want to be called dear.

According to Lieut. Cameron, the tribes near Lake Tanganyika dress their hair with mud instead of pomatum. He found on one of the African lakes dwellings such as those of Switzerland in the ancient time.

"I have lived for twenty-two years, and in all that period nevaw experienced such awful weathaw as this," was the remark of a dandy, as he was assisted to his feet from a full length position on a Philadelphia sidewalk.

The "educated fleas" that are exhibited now in most of the large cities are not educated at all, according to a Boston investigator. The performances all consist of efforts to escape.

A Chicago newspaper says that a St. Louis belle, traveling in Europe, had a last made exactly like her foot; and she got it through the Custom House free of charge, as a work of art, by pretending that it was a part of Berthold's colossal statue of Liberty.

A certain swindler in San Francisco may be recognized, says a newspaper reporter, by the following description: "He parts his hair in the middle, and plasters it down on each side of his face with gun shellac. He has long crooked legs and is split up in the body like the hind end of a camel. He walks with a rolling slouching movement, much like that of an Australian emu."

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"I gave one of your pills to my babe for cholera morbus. The dear little thing got well in a day."

"My nausea of a morning is now cured."

"Your box of Holloway's Ointment cured me of ulcers in the head. I rubbed some of your Ointment behind the ears, and the noise has left."

"Send me two boxes; I want one for a poor family."

"I enclose a dollar; your price is 25 cents, but the medicine to me is worth a dollar."

"Send me five boxes of your Pills by return mail, for Childland Fever."

I have over two hundred such testimonials as these, but want of space compels me to conclude.

For Cutaneous Disorders.

And all eruptions of the skin, this Ointment is most valuable. It does not heal externally alone, but penetrates with the most searching effects to the very root of the evil.

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In all diseases affecting these organs, whether they proceed from much or too little water, or whether they be affected with acids or gravel, or with ashes or pains settled in the loins over the regions of the kidneys, these Pills should be taken according to the printed directions, and the Ointment should be well rubbed in to the small of the back at bed time. This treatment will give almost immediate relief when all other means are failed.

For Stomachs Out of Order.

No medicine will so effectually improve the tone of the stomach as these Pills; they remove all the acidity occasioned either by intemperance or improper diet. They reach the liver and reduce it to a healthy action; they are wonderfully efficacious in cases of spasms—in fact they never fail in curing all disorders of the liver and stomach.

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None are genuine unless the signature of J. H. Holloway, as agent for the United States, surrounds each box of Pills, and Ointment. A handsome reward will be given to any one rendering such information as may lead to the detection of any party or parties counterfeiting the medicines or vending the same, knowing them to be spurious.

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