



Stephen Girard



As a small boy he ran away to sea and at nineteen was captain and part owner of a trading vessel.

There is not much variation in these stories of men's achievements. The poor boy who works earnestly and saves as much as possible for future investment generally is the person who commands men and directs great enterprises in after years.

Now is the time for you to build for the future. Begin by depositing a part of your salary with us this week. Get the saving habit. It will help you later.

Multiply your money in our care.

The Milk River Valley Bank

19 Years Ago Taken from the Files of The Valley County Gazette of Nineteen Years Ago.

Bulah Davenport of Saco attended the dance here Monday night.

Dr. Hoyt was called to Saco on professional business Tuesday evening.

Harry Drabbs was down from Hinsdale the first of the week on business.

Warner J. Colwell of Oswego attended the banquet in Glasgow Saturday night.

Judge DuBoise of Benton visited the Fort Peck agency on official business Thursday.

A number of young folks drove out to John R. Nelson's ranch last night and enjoyed a social hop.

Al Watkins of Nashua was a caller in Glasgow yesterday. He had a few coyote pets for the county clerk.

Louis Hoffman attended matters pertaining to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers in Havre Tuesday.

Tom McAllister and Ed. Stevens were in town Thursday. They are rounding up their cattle preparatory to feeding them.

Winn Cooper, who acted in the capacity of wagon foreman for a Malta outfit last summer, is now located in Maple Creek, Canada.

Ben Durrill came up from Nashua after supplies Thursday. His reports on the conditions of stock in that vicinity are not very encouraging.

Ed Clark, while on a coyote hunt on the Missouri last week, ran up against a huge mountain lion and had a narrow escape from being torn limb from limb. Even now as he relates the incident to his friends his

waving locks, now whitening with age, assume the attitude of a hog bristle.

Jack Heinman, a Great Northern inspector, was inspecting trainmen as to their official duties in Glasgow this week.

The system of running engines over two divisions, recently inaugurated on the Great Northern, met an untimely death last night and engines will run as heretofore.

Miss Theresa Mooney, who left for Minnesota last week, was taken suddenly ill on the train and had to be taken off at Williston. The next day she returned to Glasgow and now lies at the Coleman house a very sick patient.

A syndicate of western editors offered a \$1000 prize for the best appeal poem to newspaper subscribers to pay up. Christopher McShees, editor of the Rocky Mountain, won the prize with the following poem: "Lives of poor men oft remind us,

The banquet at the Coleman hotel Saturday night was a "swollen" affair and will march down the corridor of time as the first successful event of its kind in Glasgow. About twenty-five of the doctor's friends were present and the best was none too good for the occasion.

James McNabb was in town a few days this week. He has not yet regained the use of his left arm, which was wounded in a shooting affray at Hinsdale recently. His opponent, John Wiley Davis, who received a chunk of lead in the leg was also here in company with John Parrent. He has not yet discarded his crutches.

Commissioner Chas. Hunter of Saco was an interesting caller in Glasgow Sunday. Mr. Hunter is a man universally admired by the people of this town for the stand he has taken in the management of county affairs. Had he chose to try for re-election last fall he would not have been the last man in the race by any means.

A fellow townsman took a seat on the slippery sidewalk with more haste than grace Sunday list. The slippery walks will result in a suit for damages by someone sustaining an injury on them ere many moons. It

will be necessary, however, that the party seeking indemnity make affidavit that he has not attended a champagne banquet on the previous night.

A lady friend of the Gazette, who, by the way, ranks foremost among those whose lives are devoted to Christianity and temperance, writes us asking if champagne is an intoxicating beverage. We have referred her to any member of the "Glasgow Rustlers." As far as we are concerned the question is a leading one and we don't propose to incriminate ourself just now—not while there are laws that govern the point.

Andrew Nelson, the Vandalia sheepman, was in for a supply of provisions Sunday. Mr. Nelson remarked that this winter has been an unusually severe one on stock, and especially has this been so with sheepmen whose winter accommodations were inadequate for their flocks on stormy days. In the Milk river valley snow lays all the way from ten to fifteen inches deep, making grazing impossible, while on the side hills where the sun has melted the snow, there is nothing to graze.

Honest toil don't have a chance; The more we work there grows behind us,

Bigger patches on our pants. On our pants, once new and glossy, Now are stripes of different hue, All because subscribers linger and don't pay up what is due. Then all of you be up and doing; Send your mite however small, Or when snow and winter strikes us, We shall have no pants at all!"

MIMICKED HIS BOSS.

When Nat Goodwin First Gave an Imitation of Stuart Robson.

Nat Goodwin had just finished his monologue at the Palace one night when William Barkus, a veteran actor and lifelong friend of the comedian, said:

"Nat, I remember the first night you went on the stage at the Howard Athenaeum and played Ned the Newsboy in Stuart Robson's production of 'Law in New York.' You gave imitations then, and I never heard better ones before or since."

"Well," replied Goodwin modestly, "they told me that my stunt went remarkably well that night. If you remember, after I had responded to several encores some of them in the gallery shouted, 'Imitate Stuart Robson!' I was afraid to imitate my manager, so I shook my head. Still they shouted, 'Robson, Robson!' He was standing in the wings, and as I came off I said: 'What can I do, Mr. Robson? They are clamoring for me to give an imitation of you!' 'Do!' said he in that fustet voice so well known to theatergoers of that period. 'Go back and give the villainous —!'"

"On the impulse of the moment I went through an entire scene which the audience had just witnessed between Robson and a favorite player named Henry Bloodgood. As I assumed each voice, particularly Robson's, the applause was deafening, and at the finish, after repeated calls, Robson was obliged to take me on and make a speech, thanking the audience in my behalf.

"After the play Robson said to me: 'Young Goodwin, you have done two things tonight that I shall never forget—halted the performance and given a very bad imitation of me. I could have done it better myself.'"—New York Times.

CARLYLE AND HIS WIFE.

A Glimpse of the Ill Assorted Couple and Their Home Life.

It is certain that the Carlyles were an ill assorted couple. She considered from the beginning that to marry him was an act of condescension on her part. The daughter of a country doctor of Haddington had descended from the skies, like Diana to Endymion, to marry the son of a stonemason. \* \* \* But he loved her and was happy in his love.

Not so she. Jealous of him as she was—furious jealousy—not as a lover, for there she knew she was safe. But she could not bear to think that if she were famous it was as his wife, whereas she, knowing herself to be brilliant, would fain have had him to be known as the husband of that wonderful Mrs. Carlyle. It was his success, social and literary, that she resented. It irked her to be in the second place, and she could not forgive it. \* \* \*

There was something else of which the lady was jealous, and that was the agony of concentration which her husband's work meant for him. At moments her "sacra indignatio" against "that Carlyle," as she would contemptuously call him, passed all bounds.

One day my aunt went to call upon her and found her in one of her tantrums. "What was the matter?" she asked. "Oh, my dear, it's just that Carlyle! Would you believe it, I have had a headache for three days, and he's only just found it out. 'I'm afraid you're not quite well, my dear,' he said, and all the time he has been working, working! I just threw a teacup at his head."—Lord Redesdale's Recollections.

How She Won Sheridan.

Harriet Mellon, the old time English actress, did not lack astuteness, even at seventeen. Her admirable answer to Sheridan when he asked her to read the part of Lydia Languish in "The Rivals," with a view to proving her fitness for Drury Lane, could not have been bettered by a ripe diplomat:

"I dare not, sir, for my life. I would rather read it to all England. Suppose, sir, you did me the honor of reading it to me?"

Delightedly Sheridan acceded and, after reading nearly the whole of the play, enrolled her in the Drury Lane company.

The Latin Language.

Latin was one of the original languages of Europe, and from it sprang the Italian, French, Spanish and Portuguese languages. Many words of our own language are of Latin origin. It ceased to be spoken in Italy about 581 and was first taught in England by one Adelmus in the seventh century. The use of Latin in law deeds in England gave way to the common tongue in the year 1000.

Real Bigness.

A Yankee clinched his argument with an Englishman as to the relative size of the Thames and the Mississippi rivers by saying:

"Why, look here, mister, there ain't enough water in the whole of the Thames to make a gargle for the mouth of the Mississippi!"—Exchange.

Ring up the Curtain.

Fashions in plays change as well as the fashions in the time of ring up the curtain. At the time of the restoration in England the curtain rose at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and Garrick in 1741 rang up his curtain at 4. By 1824 the hour had become 6 and twelve years later 7 o'clock.

Landed on Her Feet.

Wife (during the spat)—I must have been a fool when I married you. Hub—Undoubtedly. But the old adage stood by you—"A fool for luck."—Boston Transcript.

HOODOO SHIP MAKES MONEY

The Old Algoa Has More Than Paid Her Purchase Price.

San Francisco.—The old Algoa, formerly hoodoo freighter of the former Pacific Mail, has blossomed out as a real war baby.

This steamer, which in times of peace used to be tied up in the lower bay with cold boilers for long periods, has earned \$300,000 that was paid for her when she was rechristened the California. Also she has earned \$90,000 more.

Furthermore, the California—nee Algoa—has now been chartered to a powder company at \$1,700 a day, or \$15,000 a month, or \$612,000 a year, or more than twice as much as her owners paid for her.

It is stipulated in this last charter that she shall ply only between neutral ports, which is taken to mean that she will become a nitrate carrier between South America and the Du Pont powder mills in the United States.

KISS FOR A JUDGE.

Carpenter's Daughter Gave Him a Good Smack in Open Court.

Pittsburgh.—Congratulations showered on Judge James McF. Carpenter when he took his place on the bench of the common pleas court recently did not make nearly so great an impression on the throng of well wishers as a resounding kiss implanted fairly and squarely on the jurist's lips.

Judge Carpenter, who was elected last November for a full term of ten years, had been sworn in and had stepped down to shake hands with the politicians in the courtroom. As he left the bench his daughter, Miss Alice Lazear Carpenter, stepped up, threw her arms around his neck and kissed him.

"Oh, I'm so proud!" Miss Carpenter exclaimed as the judge disentangled himself.

"Eh, umph! And so am I," her father replied, as he reached for a dozen hands stretched in his direction.

Guarded His Beard.

As Sir Thomas More laid his head on the block he begged the executioner to wait a moment while he carefully placed his beard out of reach of the ax, for, he said, "it hath not committed treason," which reminds one of the story of Simon Lord Lovat, who the day before his execution on Tower hill bade the operator who shaved him be cautious not to cut his throat, as such an accident would cause disappointment to the gaping crowd on the morrow.—English Magazine.

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GLASGOW, MONT.

Our Navy a Century Ago. One hundred years ago the naval force of the United States on the Atlantic coast consisted of thirty-three vessels, twenty-seven of which were in commission. Among them were a dozen great ships, first class frigates and sloops of war, some of them carrying as many as seventy-four guns each. They were all sailing vessels. The era of the steam warship, however, was close at hand. With the aid of an appropriation from congress there was now nearing completion a "floating steam battery," designed by Robert Fulton. This ship, which was launched a few months later, was the first steam war vessel ever built and was destined to revolutionize the methods of naval warfare throughout the world.—Exchange.

India's Hoarded Gold.

For many years London has been steadily drained of her gold by India. In ten years India has absorbed from circulation 150,000,000 gold sovereigns and hoarded them away. The coolie has learned that silver rupees are a poor investment, especially if he melts them into anklets or a nose ring for his wife, as over 30 per cent of the silver is lost in the melting pot, while the gold sovereign preserves its value whether he keeps it as a coin or melts it. When a coolie collects 15 rupees which he finds to be temporarily surplus he buys a sovereign with it. He has come to understand the wisdom of hoarding away only the gold coin, which he knows he can always realize on at its original value.

African Fashion Notes.

The prettiest dress of the Mpongwe woman is a cloth drawn up under the arms, a scarf on the shoulders and a handkerchief folded over the collar hair in a high stiff fold set well up on the head, rather like a child's idea of a crown. There is a great fancy for purples and lavenders set off with shades of rose and red and a sudden keen note of gilt. With black there will be a touch of most delicious bright green. A cloth and a scarf worn by a woman of beautiful gesture—and a Gabonaise is always that—have a certain mutable charm; the movements of the body, the wind that blows from the sea—these renew and display the folds of the garment so that the eye is intrigued.—Atlantic.

But None For Him.

"Any letters for me?" "What name?" "Jason Howlet." "Um-m-m. Nope." "That's strange." "Expecting any?" "No, but Israel Pubbleton was reading the other day that there was enough letters sent through the postoffice last year to give every man, woman and child twenty-three each, and I thought I'd come in for my share."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

ASTONISHES GLASGOW. The QUICK action of buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as mixed in Adler-i-ka, the appendicitis preventative, astonishes Glasgow people. ONE SPOONFUL of this remedy relieves sour stomach, gas and constipation AT ONCE. Lewis-Wedum Co., Drug-gists. adv.

There are 1,088 employers and 38,646 employes enrolled under the provisions of the workmen's compensation act, according to a review of the measure made in a letter by the board to Governor S. V. Stewart.

It certainly looks as if the short-skirters are determined to leave no head unturned.

Man has seven ages. But woman has only two—the age she is and the age she says she is.

Hotel Radisson, Minneapolis, has 409 rooms—275 of which range in price from \$1.50 to \$2.50 per day.

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THE GOOD JUDGE'S FRIENDS ARE SPREADING THE NEWS NOW. JUDGE, I'VE BEEN USING TOBACCO FOR FORTY YEARS AND WILL CONTINUE, BUT I'VE NEVER FOUND ANY THAT JUST SUITED ME. THEN MY FRIEND SIMPSON CAN TELL YOU SOMETHING INTERESTING. I'VE TRIED THEM ALL, AND THE REAL TOBACCO CHEW SATISFIES. GIVE IT A QUALITY TEST, THAT'S ALL. A MAN never forgets his first introduction to "the little chew that satisfies." Let him get the comfort of W-B CUT Chewing—the long shred Real Tobacco Chew—and it's good-bye to the big wad for all time. And he usually lets his friends hear the good news. "Notice how the salt brings out the rich tobacco taste." Made by WYMAN-BRUTON COMPANY, 50 Union Square, New York City