

BISHOP POTTER'S WIT

Amusing Experiences of Famous Episcopalian Churchman.

AN EARLY JOB INTERRUPTED.

How He Was Called Down by a Walking Delegate—An Episode of His Boyhood—Odd Experience on One of His Tours.

Bishop Henry C. Potter, the famous Episcopalian divine, while visiting his daughter, Mrs. Mason Devige, at her place in the Adirondacks one summer, got up early one morning, thinking to give her a surprise and put in a profitable hour or so by painting the barn, a job which, to his daughter's despair, the local painter had promised and procrastinated about for weeks.

The bishop donned an old suit of overalls, rigged up a scaffolding and was soon absorbed in imparting the traditional dull red spot to the rural landscape when a voice, stentorian and peremptory, assailed his ears with the inquiry: "Hey! What are you doing up there?"

Looking down and around, he found that the question proceeded from an important looking individual with square jaw and thick mustache and smoking a big cigar. Imputing the question to neighborly interest, the bishop meekly answered: "I'm painting the barn. It's almost finished."

"Well, you just drop that brush right there," commanded the walking delegate, as he proved to be. "Before you hit the barn another lick I've got to see your card."

Still mystified and a little embarrassed at not being able to produce a card from his overalls pocket, the amateur painter put on his eyeglasses instead and, facing about, benignantly said: "Sorry I haven't a card with me, but my name's Potter—Henry C. Potter. I'm Mrs. Devige's father, you know."

When the bishop was once laid up with a sprained ankle, Mrs. Potter, with wifely consideration, had ventured to remind him that the injury might have been intended to give him an opportunity to display the resignation of spirit he had long commended to others in misfortune.

"Madam, the mere fact that I have a 'game leg,'" he had retorted, "gives you no right to make game of me."

Turning then to several clergymen of the diocese who were present, he indulged himself in reminiscence: "Something by way of diversion, gentlemen. This leg reminds me of an episode of my boyhood. I went once to visit a venerable relative, a farmer, who had a fine cow, which it was my delight to drive daily between pasture and barn. I guess, though, I was fond of my bed, and the old gentleman had hard work to get me out of it. One morning he aroused me thus: 'Get up; get up quickly, Henry. The old cow is on her last legs.' I jumped, hurried into my clothing and tore down to the barnyard. There stood the cow, being milked and as fit as ever."

"Thought you told me she was on her last legs!" I exclaimed.

"So I did," he drawled. "Do you expect her ever to have any more?"

Ambassador Joseph H. Choate met Bishop Potter one day in New York city. Mr. Choate said: "See here, Potter, you must wear something to make yourself more easily distinguished. Why, a man just met me and addressed me as Bishop Potter. Awkward mistake, wasn't it?"

"Well, Choate, I do think there's something of a resemblance—slight, you know, for of course you hardly travel in that handsome class that I fit in so snugly."

"Possibly, possibly," slowly replied Mr. Choate. "I confess there's some resemblance, and possibly the mistake was excusable, for you must admit I look more like a clergyman than you do."

During a recent visit to a western city Bishop Potter was entertained several days in the home of a prominent churchman. His room was prepared and garlanded for the occasion, and among other details his hostess arranged upon the dressing table an elaborate silver toilet set. The bishop on seeing it carefully transferred it to a drawer, replacing it with his own set. The divine's visit over, the hostess went to the room and was dismayed to find her silver missing. She searched everywhere in vain and questioned the servants to no purpose. Finally she summoned up courage to write a very apologetic letter to the bishop, asking if by any chance he had found any of the articles among his luggage. There was an immediate and characteristic reply. The telegram read as follows: "Poor, but honest. Look in the washstand drawer."

At one time Bishop Potter was a speaker at a meeting in the interest of an organization of which a woman is president. With the idea of being facetious the bishop inquired of the president, "How many long winded speakers will there be at this meeting, madam?"

"You are the only one," she replied charmingly.

FAIRIES OF CORNWALL.

Superstitions That Still Live in This Corner of England.

Cornwall, that corner of Britain that has resisted modernism, made a strong appeal to the imagination of Katherine Lee Bates, and she writes of it in her "From Greta Green to Land's End." In Cornwall, as in Ireland, the fairy is still in possession and folk lore is almost a religion. "The small people have been gay and kindly neighbors, sometimes whisking away a neglected baby and returning the little mortal all pink and clean, wrapped in leaves and blossoms, 'as sweet as a nut.' These are the spirits of Druids or of other early Cornwall folk who, as heathen, may not go to heaven, but are too innocent for hell. So they are suffered to live on in their old happy haunts, but ever dwindling and dwindling, till it is to be feared that by and by, what with all the children growing stupid over school books and all the poets writing realistic novels, the small people will twinkle out of sight."

"The spriggans, lurking about the cairns and cromlechs, where they keep guard over buried treasure, could better be spared. They are such treacherous and mischievous trolls, with such extraordinary strength in their ugly bits of bodies, it is more likely they are the diminished ghosts of the old giants. The pikies are nearly as bad, as any bewildered traveler who has been pisky led into a bog could testify. The only sure protection against their tricks is to wear your garments inside out."

"Many a Cornish farmer has found a fine young horse all sweated and spent in the morning, his mane knotted into fairy stirrups, showing plainly how some score of the pikies had been riding him overnight. And many a Cornish miner, deep down in the earth, has felt his hair rise on his head as he heard the 'tap, tap, tap' of the knockers, souls of long imprisoned Jews sent here by Roman emperors to work the tin mines of Cornwall."

HIS WEAK SPOT.

The Thought That Made the Nervy Man Lose His Composure.

"Speaking of nerve," said a Massachusetts congressman, "there generally is a weak spot in the most colossal variety. If it only can be found. In this connection I remember my grandfather used to tell a good story."

"Some forty or fifty years ago a longshoreman's eating place in Boston was the resort also of truckmen and other teamsters whose business brought them out early in the morning."

"One gray November morning about 5 o'clock a stranger entered this place and took his seat among the habitués. He ordered a substantial breakfast and ate it slowly and with evident enjoyment. Then he took his hat down from the peg on the wall and started to go. As he got abreast of the cashier's desk, behind which stood the proprietor, he slowed up."

"'Much obliged,' he said genially. 'So long!'"

"The proprietor had a good many rough customers to deal with, and his pistol was handy. In a second it was out and the man covered. Then he demanded the price of the breakfast."

"The man, apparently unmoved, looked at the shooting iron with curiosity. It was a queer, clumsy affair of ancient date, and it was evident that he had never seen its like before. Suddenly his expression of curiosity changed to one of apprehension, even terror, and he drew back a step."

"'Is—that—a stomach pump?' he faltered."

"This story has a happy ending," the congressman concluded. "The man kept his breakfast!"—Boston Post.

Chinese Torture. The ingenuity of the Chinese in devising punishment for offenders surpasses that of the most cruel people of the middle ages. Some time ago a boy was kidnaped from a village about thirty miles from Chinkiang and brought to that city to be sold. The kidnapers were arrested and returned to the village, where the people dug a hole in the ground, like a grave, about three feet deep, covered the bottom and sides with unslaked lime, placed the offender, with his hands and feet tied, upon the lime and covered his body with the same material. Then they filled the hole full of water, and as the lime slacked he was roasted alive and his body consumed.

The Good Old Days. The richest man in King Charles II's England could not get so good a dinner as tens of thousands will sit down to today. Cattle were of a far poorer breed, vegetables were few and bad and the commonest conveniences of the table were unknown. Fish knives, for instance, are hardly considered an extravagant luxury, but Mr. Gladstone could remember when they were not to be found on any table.—London Telegraph.

Meals and Brains. We give too much thought to our meals, for instance. They need contriving, and it is pleasant to have them set temptingly upon a table on which fresh flowers are arranged and to eat them in a room wherein there is not a speck of dust, but it is not right that our bodies should be fed at the expense of our souls or that the dust should be taken from every ledge in our house and left to gather thickly in our brains.—Reader Magazine.

Frank About It. Shoe Store Salesman—What size would you like, madam? Miss Larjun—'I'd like a No. 2, but there's no use talking about that. You may as well show me your No. 5's.—London Telegraph.

PSYCHIC FORCES.

Their Existence Proved, Yet Scientists Cannot Grasp Them.

I have seen enough to make me believe in Zoller's fourth dimension, but I don't. My mind is so constructed that such wonders as we meet in sciences produce very little effect on me. They are as normal to me now as the popping of corn or the roasting of potatoes. But as for belief—well, that is not a matter of the will, but of evidence, and the evidence is not yet sufficient to bring me to any definite conclusion. In fact, in the broad day and especially the second day after I have been through one of these experiences I begin to doubt my senses. Richet speaks of this curious recession of belief and admits his own inability to retain the conviction that at the moment of the phenomenon was complete. "No sooner is the sitting over than my doubts come swarming back upon me," he says. "The real world which surrounds us, with its prejudices, its scheme of habitual opinions, holds us in so strong a grasp that we can scarcely free ourselves completely. Certainty does not follow on demonstration, but on habit."

Maxwell says: "I believe in these phenomena, but I see no need to attribute them to any supernatural intervention. I am inclined to think they are produced by some force within ourselves." Just what he means by that I can't precisely explain. It's harder to understand than the spirit hypothesis. He goes on to say that, while he is certain that we are in the presence of an unknown force, he is convinced that the phenomena will ultimately be found orderly, like all other facts of nature. "Some future Newton will discover a more complete formula than ours," he prophesies. "Every natural fact should be studied and, if it be real, incorporated in the patrimony of knowledge." He then adds, with the true scientist's humble acknowledgment of the infinite reach of the undiscovered universe, "Our knowledge is very limited and our experience young."—Hamlin Garland in Everybody's Magazine.

CUBE ROOT.

Do You Know the Method of Extracting It Without Pain?

Think of the inestimable value of knowing how to extract cube root! Ah, there is the priceless boon! Knowing that has saved us money many and many a time, to say nothing of the social blunders it has assisted us to avoid. Do I know yet how it was done? Certainly. I know it just as well as if it were yesterday that I studied it. You take the number whose cube root is wanted, divide it by 10, put it down on a piece of paper or on your slate and divide it off into periods of three figures each. Write 4-11-44 to the left, multiply that by 300, divide it by something, then pour some red ink on your handkerchief, tell teacher you have the nosebleed and go home.

That's the way I usually did it. No doubt it is done much the same way by the ingenious youth of the present generation. Is there a successful man living today and holding up his head among other successful men who cannot painlessly extract the cube root without giving the number an anaesthetic? If so, he should be ashamed of himself. He is a freak, and he attained distinction by a fluke. Some day the muck rakers will get to probing around, and when they discover that he can't extract the cube root of anything his career will be ended and his gray hairs will sink in sorrow to a dishonored, Jimson grown grave. The jails and asylums are filled with vacant faced and craven hearted wretches who never learned the way to remove a cube root, no matter if the number containing it was threatened with blood poison. They don't know whether to run a horsehair loop down its throat, as in the case of gapes, or whether to use tweezers.

Let us try to impress upon our children—by precept—the importance of cube root extraction, but let us have business elsewhere in case they ask us to show them how.—Strickland W. Gillilan in Chicago News.

A Genuine Grouch. A certain farmer noted for constant complaining was met by a friend one morning. "Fine weather, James," said the latter. "For them as ain't got to work," was the response. "Your farm looks in fine condition."

"To them's as ain't got to dig in it."

"Well, James, I'm glad your wife's better."

"Them as don't have to live with her may be!"—London Family Herald.

The Rubicon. The Rubicon was the small stream separating ancient Italy from Cisalpine Gaul, the province which had been allotted to Caesar. When Caesar crossed this stream at the head of an armed force he passed beyond the limits of his own province and legally became an invader of Italy.

Merely a Sample. "What is the matter, little boy?" asked the professor. "Have you the measles?"

"Nope," answered the boy. "I've got the measles. They's only one of 'em."

"That's singular!" mused the professor.—Chicago Tribune.

Sign of Precocity. First Magazine Editor—I believe my youngster is cut out for an editor. Second Editor—Why so? First Editor—Everything he gets his hands on he runs and throws into the wastebasket.—Lippincott's Magazine.

A CURIOUS FARM.

Requires No Fences and Never Had a Wheeled Vehicle.

Within sight of the town of Jasper, Mo., in the Ozarks, a settler has a farm which probably is unlike any other in the world.

This farm occupies the tableland on the summit of a ridge and is enclosed with a fence which no animal has ever broken through. It does not rise above the surface of the farm, but falls sheer from the edge a distance of many feet. The man who homesteaded the tableland had a hard climb up the face of a perpendicular cliff to reach the comparatively level summit.

At one point a ledge extends out a few inches and along the face of the cliff at an upward grade. By following this ledge and making use of occasional points of rocks and of shrubs growing in the fissures the discoverer pulled himself to the summit and found a surface well covered with soil and a luxuriant vegetation.

Gradually he improved the ledge until he could carry up tools and seed. By blasting and drilling he cleared a narrow trail, up which he was able to take first some pigs and then a cow. Later on he took up a horse.

And that today is the condition of this curiously protected farm. No vehicle has turned a wheel within its limits of palisades. The live stock has multiplied and consumes the grain raised. Some stones thrown across the trail completely fence in the hogs and cattle. When the farmer has stock to sell he drives the animals down the private trail and strikes the road to Jasper.—Kansas City Star.

HIS CRYING BABY.

And the Cheerful Elderly Man Who Was Generous With Advice.

A young man about twenty-five years old was sitting in one of the third class waiting rooms of a London railway terminus with a baby on his knee, and his helplessness in pacifying the howling child attracted the attention of passersby. Presently an elderly man walked up, with a smile of pity, and queried: "A woman gave you that baby to hold while she went to see about her luggage, didn't she?"

"Yes."

"And you expect her back, I suppose?"

"I think she'll come back." A woman played the same trick on me once, but no one ever will again. Young man, you've been 'done.' You've been taken for a country greenhorn and been sold. Better give the baby over to a policeman and make a move before some reporter gets at you."

"Oh, she'll come back," replied the young man as he looked anxiously round.

"She will, eh? Joke grows richer and richer. What makes you think she'll come?"

"Because she's my wife, and this is our first baby."

"Oh—h'm, I see," muttered the old man, whose hilarity suddenly evaporated, and when he also discovered that he'd lost his train he kicked a dog that had been left unguarded on the platform.—London Answers.

A Bridge of Coffins. When the British forces were marching to Pekin in 1860, after the capture of the Taku forts, one of the rivers became so swollen with the heavy rains that it was rendered almost impassable. While in this quandary a bright idea suddenly struck one of our officers. Being well aware that the Chinese generally order their coffins years in advance and keep them on the premises and also that they are perfectly air tight, he consulted with his brother officers, with the result that orders were given to search all the houses of the village and collect every coffin. With the aid of a few empty casks the soldiers constructed a pontoon bridge of coffins sufficiently strong to bear the artillery, and the river was thus passed in safety.—London Standard.

An Odd Post Card. The most curious post card ever produced, according to a leading philatelist, was one which the Japanese government put out in 1873.

In describing he says it is "really a sheet of paper folded so as to form four pages of a narrow book. On the front page is a border inclosing an impressed stamp for the postage rate and a space for the address. On the second page are printed in native characters only minute directions for use. On the third page are ruled a number of vertical lines, between which the sender was to write his communication, and the fourth page was a blank." They remained in use until 1875.

"Eatin' a Mountain." A good example of the caustic humor of a Scotch examiner floats this way from we know not where. It seems that Scotch parish schoolmasters are in their appointment examined as to their literary qualifications. One of the fraternity, being called by his examiner to translate Horace's ode beginning "Exegi monumentum oere peniculus," began as follows: "Exegi monumentum" (I have eaten a mountain). "Ah," said one of the examiners, "ye needna proceed any further, for after eatin' a dinner this parish was a pie mouthful' t' ye. Ye manna try some wider sphere."—Poet Lore.

Disappointed. Sylvia—What's the matter? You look as if you had lost your last friend. Maude—I went to see a fortune teller yesterday, and she told me I was going to marry a tall, dark man. The only real rich fellow I know is dumpy and has red hair.

Notice of Final Proof.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, GREAT FALLS, MONT., July 10, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that DANIEL DUPEE, of Fort Benton, Montana, who, on July 23, 1908, made homestead entry No. 388, (serial No. 037) for the E½ NE¼, N½ SE¼ section 21, township 21 north, range 9 east, Montana meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof to establish claim to the land above described, before Chas. H. Boyle, U. S. commissioner, at his office in Fort Benton, Montana, on the 15th day of August, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses: Benjamin H. Mandeville, of Steele, Montana; John Postill, Ernest H. Pendergast and Daniel Traynor, of Fort Benton, Montana. J. M. BURLINGAME, Register.

Desert Land—Final Proof.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, GREAT FALLS, MONT., July 11, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that ALFRED BAIN, of Big Sandy, Montana, who, on December 29, 1903, made desert land entry No. 2026, (serial No. 0131) for the land ordering No. 111, Missouri river beginning about one-half mile north and opposite side of said river from the mouth of Arrow creek, thence up said river about one mile, thence easterly to the land above described, one mile, thence westerly one-fourth mile to place of beginning, containing about 160 acres, probably in township 23 north, range 15 east, has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof to establish claim to the land above described, before Chas. H. Boyle, U. S. commissioner, at his office in Fort Benton, Mont., on the 25th day of August, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses: Andrew Larson, Telle Carlberg, James Conley and John T. Sneath, all of Big Sandy, Mont. J. M. BURLINGAME, Register.

Desert Land—Final Proof.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, GREAT FALLS, MONT., July 11, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that LUTHER BAIN, of Great Falls, Montana, who, on October 4, 1904, made desert land entry No. 1714, (serial No. 0128) for the E½ NW¼, W½ NE¼, W½ SE¼, E½ SW¼ section 12, township 23 north, range 6 east, Montana meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Chas. H. Boyle, U. S. commissioner, at his office in Great Falls, Montana, on the 21st day of August, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses: Charles Ambury, Anthony H. Fey, Fred R. Parent and Frank Smith, all of Great Falls, Montana. J. M. BURLINGAME, Register.

Notice of Final Proof.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, GREAT FALLS, MONT., July 10, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that JOHN FALCON, of Fort Benton, Montana, who, on August 19, 1901, made homestead application No. 12,599, (serial No. 0129) for lots 3 and 5, section 7, township 23 north, range 7 east, lot 1, W½ SE¼, section 12, township 23 north, range 6 east, Montana meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Chas. H. Boyle, U. S. commissioner, at his office in Fort Benton, Montana, on the 23rd day of August, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses: William J. Sullivan, Charles G. Records, Fred Early and John P. Sullivan, all of Fort Benton, Mont. J. M. BURLINGAME, Register.

THE GERMAN COACH HORSE

MAYOR, . No. 2325

Will continue to stand throughout the season at the LaBarre Stables, Fort Benton.

Service fee: \$20 to insure colt.

H. LABARRE, Prop'r.

THE ENTERPRISE

... RESTAURANT.

LEE GEE & BRO., Proprietors.

Soldiers' Additional Application. No. 060.

In the United States Land Office, Great Falls, Montana, July 6, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that ARTHUR E. MCLEISH, of Fort Benton, Montana, as the assignee by mesne conveyance of Adelia S., widow of William T. Maxson, on June 25, 1908, has made application for the NE¼ NE¼ section 19, township 33 north, range 10 east, in Chouteau county, Montana. Within the next thirty days from the date hereof protest or contest against this application or selection on the ground of adverse possession, or that the land is more valuable for agricultural purposes, or for other purposes will be received and noted for report to the commissioner of the general land office.

J. M. BURLINGAME, Register.

Notice of Contest.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, GREAT FALLS, MONT., June 25, 1908.

A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by DONALD SILLERS BANNATYNE, contestant, against homestead entry No. 470, made January 23, 1903, for the S½ NW¼, NE¼ NW¼, NW¼ NW¼ section 31, township 24 north, range 10 east, by Hansine Wagon, contestee, in which it is alleged that Hansine Wagon abandoned the above described land; that he has changed his residence therefrom for more than six months since making the said entry, and last past; that said tract is not cultivated and settled upon by said party as required by law, and parties are hereby notified to file a response and offer evidence touching said allegation at 10 o'clock a. m. on August 10, 1908, before the Register and Receiver at the United States Land Office in Great Falls, Mont.

The said contestant having, in a proper affidavit filed June 24, 1908, set forth facts which show that the said contestee has abandoned this notice cannot be made, it is hereby ordered and directed that such notice be given by due and proper publication.

J. M. BURLINGAME, Register.

Notice for Publication.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, GREAT FALLS, MONT., July 7, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that the NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY, whose postoffice address is St. Paul, Minnesota, has this 7th day of July, 1908, filed in this office its application No. 063 to select under the provisions of the act of congress, approved July 1, 1906, 30 Stat. 57, 221, the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of section 34, in township 23 north of range 10 east of the Montana principal meridian, containing 40 acres.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the lands above described, or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land, or for any other reason, to the disposal of applicant, should file their affidavits of protest in this office on or before the 10th day of August, 1908.

J. M. BURLINGAME, Register.

Notice

Serial No. 097, 098.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, GREAT FALLS, MONT., July 8, 1908.

To whom it may concern: Notice is hereby given that THE STATE OF MONTANA, acting under the provisions of an act of congress, approved February 28, 1891, has made application for the selection of the following lands, to-wit: S½ NE¼, NE¼ SE¼, NW¼ SE¼, section 9; W½ NE¼, NW¼ NE¼, NW¼ SE¼, section 15; S½ NW¼, NW¼ NW¼, section 19; SW¼ SW¼, section 11, all in township 22 north, range 6 east. A copy of said list has been conspicuously posted in this office for inspection by any person interested or the public in general. Under departmental regulations of April 25, 1907, protests or contests against the claim of the state to said land, or any subdivision thereof, on the ground that the same is more valuable for mineral purposes, or for other purposes, will be received and noted for report to the general land office at Washington, D. C. Failure to protest against the claim of the state to said land before final application will be considered evidence of its non-mineral character, and the selections being otherwise free from objections will be recommended for approval.

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