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TOM CLARK

SENATOR HILL SPEAKS.

Attacks the Chicago Platform and Says No Democrat Can Support It.

New York, Sept. 21.—A resolution was created at the meeting of the democratic state central committee last night by the appearance of Senator Hill. The Hill men were on the floor of 15 to 18. It was very nearly 10 o'clock when the light came on. Senator Hill, the nominee for governor, was presiding at the reading of his letter addressed to Chairman Duffel and defining his position. John Shea, of Tacoma, introduced a resolution calling upon Mr. Thatcher to resign his nomination. In an instant there was a tumult, a dozen members striving to speak at once. Mr. Shea declared that Mr. Thatcher could have given his views upon the platform question before the convention had he intended to be honest. Senator Hill then took the floor. For 30 minutes he held the attention of his audience, skillfully avoiding any reference to his own views on the endorsement of the Chicago platform. He said that his whole argument was directed at the chief cause of the party's defeat, a strong man on state issues and that there was no need of forcing national issues into the state campaign. State Senator Duffel replied, bitterly condemning Mr. Thatcher.

The resolution was read again and Senator Hill again spoke at length, attacking the Chicago platform. "A man must not be contented for his agreeing with the national platform," said he. "It has things in it which are in direct opposition to democratic tenets. I have no objection to saying that these things in the platform that no democrat can support. To say that you support the platform is to say that you support the platform every leader and every man with common sense in the party leaves this. Do you want to whip them out of the number you would whip Thatcher? It is political cowardice. Don't do it. If we go down let us go down together with flags flying and our eyes on our heads." It was after midnight when he concluded with an attack on the free coinage clause and Senator Thatcher began his rejoinder. Senator Hill in all made six speeches.

There were a number of amendments proposed. They were all withdrawn and a substitute was adopted. It was as follows. Resolved: That a committee of five be appointed by the chair to modify the candidates upon the state ticket, of their nomination and that such committee report back to this committee at a meeting to be held Monday evening, Sept. 25, the result of its action.

This is construed as a move to tide over matters until after the Brooklyn conference of the grid men on Thursday. It is believed Thatcher will maintain in the ticket.

Suicide in Phillipsburg.

Phillipsburg, Sept. 22.—August Nemitz shot and killed himself in his own home this afternoon. The cause for the act is not yet known, and it will probably always remain a mystery. Mr. Nemitz has been a respected citizen of Phillipsburg for the past three years, and during that time has been regularly employed by the Hope company. He was 56 years of age and leaves a wife and three children, one of his daughters being married, the wife of the foreman of the Hope mining company. It is said that he has been despondent for some time, owing to failing health, but this is thought not to be a sufficient cause for his act. This afternoon Mr. Nemitz purchased a revolver from Herman Weinstein, went home, asked his younger daughter to leave the house, as he intended to kill himself, and when she went on he calmly laid down on a bed, placed the gun to his head, pulled the trigger, and in a few minutes after expired without a struggle. An inquest was held and a verdict rendered in accordance with the above facts.

Fund Murder.

Billings, Sept. 23.—Word was received here today of the killing of a sheep herder named Hyde, a cousin of John and Henry Heide of Carbon county, whose sheep the murdered man was tending. When found he was lying at his tent door with a charge of buck shot in his breast. The murderers also killed about 260 head of sheep. The killing is supposed to have been done by small ranchmen who have been trying to keep sheep out of that part of the country. The killing occurred between Grove creek and Fishburn, in the vicinity of where a large number of sheep were maliciously poisoned last year. The Heides are highly respectable men. Great indignation is expressed at the outrage and it is very likely that the perpetrators of the deed will be run down and punished.

The Ideal Panacea.

Jan. L. Francis, alderman, Chicago, says: "I regard Dr. King's New Discovery as an ideal panacea for coughs, colds and lung complaints, having used it in my family for the last five years to the exclusion of physicians' prescriptions or other preparations."

Rev. John Burgess, Keokuk, Iowa.

writes: "I have been a minister of the Methodist Episcopal church for fifty years or more, and have never found anything so beneficial, or that gave me such speedy relief as Dr. King's New Discovery." Try this ideal cough remedy now. Trial bottles free at Valley Drug Store.

NEWS OF THE STATE.

Mrs. Lizzie McClain, a young married woman of Butte, who had left her husband and was living with another man, committed suicide last Wednesday by taking strychnine.

The fish hatchery at Bozeman now presents a pleasing appearance, and is quite a resort for wintermen. The water is in the pools, the grounds are being shaped up, and the buildings and grounds are nice to look upon. Mr. Luck has certainly accomplished wonders this summer.—Cannonville.

The Montana railroad is moving right along with its track laying and every indication points to an early completion of the road. Twenty-five miles of track had been laid at last accounts, and the company is contracting to deliver goods at Dorsay, on this valley, not later than the 15th of October. Whether any attempt will be made this winter to build to this town is not known, but it is well understood that this point is to have a railway connection at an early date.—Hustandman.

A special to the Great Falls Leader from Havre says: "Saturday was democratic convention day. The convention on covering at 4:30 p. m. was about to proceed with the regular order of business when a delegate called two Republicans among the spectators. Instantly he arose and without ceremony commenced but they leave the hall. The gentleman not complying with the request as quickly as some of the delegates thought, they might, a rush was made for them and they were roughly ejected, not a delegate objecting to the rough treatment accorded the two men. The gentleman were Mayor John McNally and C. W. Ling.

E. J. Morrison, formerly of Phillipsburg, who has been spending a few years in Minneapolis and a year in his old home in Belfast, Me., arrived here Saturday last for the purpose of again taking up his residence in Montana. He figures that Montana is bound to be the garner of money which was the election goes. If McKinley wins the sheep industry will flourish, and if Bryan wins silver mining will flourish. Coming from from Maine Mr. Morrison naturally thinks McKinley will be elected, and is therefore in the market to buy sheep. However, he is buying at a price that will insure the safety of his investment even if Bryan should be elected. In any event Mr. Morrison thinks the future of Montana is very promising.—Hustandman.

It is a sure cure for headache and nervous diseases. Nothing relieves so quickly. For sale by Smalley.

Montana and The Tort.

We notice in the Thoroughbred Record of Sept. 12 that a Montana bred colt, Aquinas, won the 3 mile dash in the remarkably fast time of 1:14. Aquinas was bred by Kihns & Redenberg of this place, he is by Gallan, out of Sadie, she by Dalakava, out of Missadie the dam of Marlette, now owned by Marcus Daly. Aquinas was taken east last season as a yearling together with a number of two year olds, all the get of Gallan, and was sold to Barney Scriber of St. Louis. Mr. Scriber also had from the same get a two year old filly, Clara B., full sister to Aquinas.

H. R. Baker, who has charge of Mr. Scriber's stable, is an old Montanan well known to the horsemen of this vicinity as one of the best and most careful of trainers, and we are pleased to learn of his success in the east, especially with Montana bred colts.—Silver State.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, pimpled sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no cure required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. D. Miser.

After Wolcott's Scalp.

Denver, Sept. 23.—Petitions asking for the removal of Wolcott to resign, which have been circulated all over the state, are now being collected by G. B. Holmes of this city, who has been most active in furthering the movement. "These petitions will not be sent to Mr. Wolcott to be thrown into the waste basket," said Mr. Holmes. We propose to allow him to inspect them and then ask him to resign. If he does not, every petition will be filed with the United States senate, demanding the action of that body. In case they should refuse to act, the matter will be taken right into the United States supreme court, and a test case be made. It will decide the question as to whether a majority of the people of a sovereign state have a right to recall an official who has been recalcitrant to the trust reposed in him."

At Chicago, Harry M. Conway, 21 years of age, was shot and instantly killed by his wife, Grace Clark Conway, who was only 18 years old. The Conways have been living in Chicago for three months, he coming from Lyons, Iowa, the home of his wife before her marriage being Rockford, Ill. The couple had frequent quarrels over the attentions paid by Conway to a young woman in Sterling, Neb., and it was during one of these quarrels that the woman killed her husband. She shot herself through the heart immediately afterward.

DUBUS DRIVE.

The Famous Escape of Gambetta After His Voyage in a Balloon.

M. Dubus was maire of Eponeuse, Oise, in 1870, and his name is bound to be recorded in history and to remain there until the records of the "Terrible Year" are lost and forgotten. He was the man who saved Gambetta from falling into the hands of the Prussians during the Franco-German war. The story is simple enough, but its very simplicity serves to teach sound citizens of every country the priceless value of patriotism. On the 8th of October, 1870, taking advantage of a favorable wind, Gambetta, accompanied by Spuller, left Paris in a balloon, intending to reach Tours. After sailing in the air at a comparatively slow rate the balloon drifted toward the north. The Prussians noticed it, gave chase and fired at it furiously. It was his several times, but the holes made in it by the bullets caused only a slight escape of gas. After some little time, however, the leaks began to tell, and the balloon began to descend slowly. The famous travelers distinctly heard the hoarse cheers of the enemy, who imagined that their long chase was coming to an end and that they were about to congratulate themselves on their capture. But just then all the remaining sandbags, together with everything that could be disposed with in the car, were thrown out, and once more the airship pointed toward the clouds. The fuselage became more furious, but the bullets were harmless. A slight increase in the wind also favored the fugitives. The enemy was left behind, but he was still in hot pursuit. The balloon, becoming weaker and weaker in buoyancy, at last began to descend gradually. It landed in the woods of Echerey, 11 kilometers from Clermont. The Prussians were coming on rapidly. The maire of Clermont, M. Dubus, who watched the balloon and saw the danger of the fugitives, hitched up his two strongest and fastest horses to a light wagon, and a few moments after their landing he was driving them at full speed on the road to Montdidier. In that drive he beat the record and brought Gambetta and Spuller into the hide town in safety. Of course the Prussians found the balloon, but no trace of the men who were in the car.

Such is the simple story of Dubus' drive, for which he received the cross of the Legion of Honor and an appointment to a judgeship in the canton of Mevy. Four years ago a monument was erected to Gambetta near the spot where his balloon descended, and the tree in which the airship got fastened was named Gambetta's oak. The owner of the land on which it stood has lately cut it down, because he did not like to have patriotic pilgrims and picnickers on his property.

This goes to prove that there are dogs even in France, but, fortunately, they are among the sans patrie.—New York Sun.

White and Green Houses.

"I am inclined to think," said Mr. Baglioni, "that if a man is going to build a house in the suburbs or the country white, with green blinds, is about as well as he can do in the way of paint—that is, if there are trees around the house. If there are no trees, if the house stands right out by itself, then white would be pretty staring, though, according to my fancy, a house painted white and green looks all right anywhere if the paint is kept fresh and bright. I was out in the country the other day, and I saw some white and green houses, standing back in yards, surrounded by trees, sunlight touching 'em in patches where it shone through the leaves, houses looking cool and comfortable and with some character about them. I like it myself better than the dull rainbow tints in which many modern houses in the country are now painted, and if I were going to build a house to-morrow in the suburbs, if it was on land where it would be surrounded by trees, I think I should paint it white, with green blinds."—New York Sun.

The Struggling Young Author.

"I don't do much in jokes," said the struggling young author, "but occasionally I do invent one. Here, for instance, is one I made up the other day: "This," said a writer as he folded up a manuscript and addressed it to the publisher, "may mark the turning point of my career."

"More likely," said his unsympathetic auditor, "another returning point."

And the 'unsympathetic Auditor' was right."

A Bare Article indeed. A little girl not long ago displayed a bit of father—black, as it happened—to a caller at the house. This man looked impressed and inquired gravely, "What is that, Nelly—an angel's wing?" The child slowly shook her head. "Oh, no," she answered at once. "Angels' feathers are white, and I think they are very scarce."—Exchange.

A Discrepancy of the Minutes.

Before any aid could come to the young English officer the tower was surrounded by a crowd of spies, bent on the most unlikeliest cruelty and slaughter. The few soldiers he had with him were helpless against their overwhelming numbers. He saw that his doom was sealed, and that also of those dearer to him than his life. He made his men shift for themselves as best they could, and then he took his wife and children to the highest room at the top of the tower and stood waiting with his loaded revolver in his hand. To his ears the countless spears swarming up the stairs, having quickly disposed of the few soldiers, one of whom only managed to hide in a dark corner, where he saw all that passed and related it afterward.

It was well known that these Indian rebels were like devils in their cruelty, and as their excited shouts were heard coming close to the door of that last refuge the young wife turned to her husband and said quietly: "Dear, you must not let me fall into the power of these savage men. You know it would be worse than death. Will you shoot me yourself? Let me die only by your hand." He looked at her, his heart broken, his gentle, tender wife, and who could fathom the agony of that moment to his loyal heart? But he knew she was right. "Yes," he said quickly, for there was no more moment to lose. "It will be best so. Good-by, my darling." And he fired the shot which laid her a corpse at his feet. Happily he did not live many minutes after.

The spears burst into the room and cut him down at once, furious that part of their prey had escaped them as they saw the young woman lying dead, and then they killed the two girls and left the whole family a ghastly heap on the floor.—Blackwood's Magazine.

A Discrepancy of the Minutes.

A woman with a very dress is less an object of interest to herself than a man who, after waiting naturally, succeeds to the Olympic way which is sweeping the world. He was standing up in the middle of the room, while his wife criticized his attire. Season after season she had had new dresses made, and he bestowed on them no further attention than to comment that they were very pretty and perhaps to add a word or two about the expense. But, to return good for evil, she was criticizing in detail and giving him suggestions.

"That's very pretty," she said. "You mean that girl's stocking?" "No, I don't mean the whole stocking; just a part of it."

"Which part?" he demanded. "Why, I suppose it must have a name. It's the part you turn over, you know. What do you call it?" "I don't know anything about it, I know of but just stocking."

"It must have some name, I know," she exclaimed. "It all depends on which way you look at it. If you regard it as the top of your stocking, it's a frize, and if you consider it the bottom of your knickerbocker it's a dodo."—Detroit Free Press.

Conversation Alphabet.

"Did you ever hear of the girl who made up a conversational alphabet?" asked the girl in blue one morning after we had come to be really acquainted. "She was obliged to entertain a great many strangers, and, as she was not a ready talker, she made a little catalogue of subjects to talk about and under each topic arranged thoughts and phrases of her own. She kept adding to it, a little at a time, till she had a variety of topics and could be bright and entertaining about any of them."

"And did she begin at the beginning and imitate the whole collection, in alphabetical order, upon each victim?" And what did she do if she met him a second time?"

"No, she tried one topic and then another until she found something that would make her companion talk. This is the true secret of being entertaining. Don't you think so? Of course she exercised her discretion and chose topics that seemed suitable to the victim. And now, what are you smiling about?"

"It reminds me of a doctor trying new remedies on his patients."

"Never mind. I am going to try it myself."—Chicago Record.

"How did Schuman?" If you are "worri'd," you send for "soo fischchen," and say "Sooffel! Do not touch me! El lahoh oh palm in mei back, dokter," whereupon "soo fischchen" replies "scholoh nu jühr tong." If you have only "e kuhf" (cough) or "oh sohoh zroht," you may go to "soo apposi kerri" and ask him prettily, "Pilliz, will ju peppler szis meddelszin for mi?" or "Pilliz, will ju giw mi forr feif zents kummomeit tib, o dolsch of knator oul ammentment, oh weskizerker, szo konstipatschen o porgativ, doloria, o scalditz ponders." Some of those requests may puzzle him, but that is his affair. If you "hab o moist terribel tubsz alk," you "most geoz tubsz stuff."—Saturday Review.

GREAT FRUIT COUNTRY.

Capt. Mills surprised at the Fruit Interests of Great Fruit Country.

Capt. James H. Mills returned this afternoon from Stevensville, and speaks enthusiastically of the fruit interests of that fertile section of Montana. He says the growth of fruit there is something marvelous, and he has not seen anything like it since he came west. "Talk about your apples," said he, "it would make your mouth water and if I should tell what I saw I am afraid you would not believe me. I visited the Bass farm two miles from Stevensville. I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw a tree laden with ripe cherries. And apples, why, it beats anything I saw even in the east. East the trees are big and the apples scattered, while in the Bitter Root the reverse obtains. The Basses have about 6,000 fruit trees on their ranch. They also have a strawberry patch bearing the second crop of the Bitter Root berries. Here's some of the figures of last year's production of fruit in Ravalli county that will give you an idea of the way they do over there in the fruit land: Apples, 25,121 bushels; crab apples, 3,941 bushels; cherries, 457 bushels; plums, 1,059 bushels; peaches, 1 bushel; pines, 209 bushels; pears, 53 bushels; peaches, 10,964 bushels; raspberries, 5,306 gallons; gooseberries, 11,427 gallons; blackberries, 2,122 gallons; blackberries, 2,122 gallons. This year's production has been considerably larger.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A cable received from Constantinople announces the death there of Calista Bey, who recently married the widow of P. T. Baplanis.

A dispute from Lakeview says: Edward Boyer, of Helena, president of the Western Federation of Miners, arrived here and was immediately arrested on a charge of inciting riot.

The body of Edison Keith, of the big wholesale millinery firm of Edison Keith & Co., at Chicago, was found in the lake. It is supposed he committed suicide while temporarily insane.

The two-minute horse is nearly here. Last Thursday, at Portland, Maine, John H. Gentry paced a mile in 2:00. The last quarter was done in the space of a single stride, and had the race been a mile longer, certainly the two minute mark would have been reached.

Miss Emma Ashley, who shot at E. J. Baldwin, the non-Bonnie horseman, in court and narrowly missed killing him, was acquitted on the ground of temporary insanity. The shooting occurred while the suit of William Ashley against Baldwin was in progress. Emma Ashley, the plaintiff's sister, sat behind Baldwin in court and fired a pistol at him at close range. The bullet grazed Baldwin's head, but did no further damage.

D. W. Feller, of Canajoharie, N. Y., says that he always keeps Dr. King's New Discovery in the house and his family has always found the very

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