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CHICKORY!

Gallatin County, M. T.

Is situated on the National Park Railroad, twenty-eight miles from Livingston and about the same distance from the National Park. At this point the Northern Pacific Railroad company are building a Depot, Section House, Water-Tank, Etc., and many other substantial improvements are going on. The town is indorsed by the railroad company, who own a one-half interest in the same, and will do all in their power to further its interests. The lands lying north and south are exceedingly fertile, and west cattle ranches are numerous; east are the celebrated Mill Creek, Emigrant Gulch and Six Mile Mining Districts and in the place itself thrift, energy and intelligence are to be found among its citizens. The Villard Mining Co's claims adjoin the town on the east. The Gold and Silver bearing quartz mines in Emigrant Gulch are very rich, as are the Placer mines. Coal mines within one mile of the town are being vigorously worked; and Iron, Lime and Sandstone abound. Before the town was platted, lumber was on the ground for a number of buildings, and before the town was entirely surveyed buildings were in course of construction.

THE TOWN IS YOUNG YET!

And thereby affords opportunities for securing lots at low figures, and we feel confident that the constant and increasing demand for the same will advance prices from twenty-five to fifty per cent. within a short time. Full particulars, prices and plats will be furnished upon application to

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For Sale.

A saw-mill located ten miles from Livingston; also, Teams, Oxen, Yokes, Chains; a large quantity of native lumber in Livingston.

R. B. Emerson, at Burr & Park's, will measure the lumber.
Terms, cash, or good security. Address,

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The Latest styles and Fashions of

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Clothing!

Fine Gents' Dress Suits,

In great variety; Warranted the best in style, price and quality, at

I. ORSCHEL & BRO.

MONTANA NEWS.

Alexander Thackeray, a Philadelphia lawyer, is missing. No reason for his disappearance can be figured out.

The Tongue River Irrigating Ditch has been bonded for \$20,000, and the money will be utilized to complete the work.

The Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise have left Canada, the former's term as governor-general having expired.

The new opera house at St. Paul was opened on Monday with the opera "Il Trovatore," played by Emma Abbott's troupe.

C. H. Gould, A. F. Burleigh and W. B. S. Higgins are the republican candidates for the constitutional convention from Custer county.

The officers of Yellowstone county think their probate judge should have control of the Junction City townsite instead of the Custer county judge, and will take steps to have it transferred.

In Yellowstone county so little interest is being taken in the constitutional convention that no one attended the republican caucus in Billings. The democratic caucuses were held yesterday and the convention meets to-day.

A girl went into a Butte bank the other day and, after telling a pitiful story, begged for alms. The next day she and her mother made a deposit of \$48.50 in the same bank. Begging is a paying business in Montana.

Ed. Creeley, known as "Big French," constable at Junction City, is reported to have been badly injured in a row at that place on Sunday evening by a blow in the forehead from a stone thrown by Prof. Glabbe, pianist.

The tapping of the wires and sending false reports of the Jerome Park races cost pool sellers throughout the country \$100,000. No clue has been obtained to the identity of the perpetrators, though the Western Union is working hard to find them out.

COW-BOY DEVOTION.

As Witnessed by a Correspondent of the Fort Worth Journal.

My greatest trouble in making long trips in the west is that I am very often forced to spend the Sabbath in thinly settled portions of the country, where the opportunity of attending divine worship is denied me. Not so on this occasion, however, for we had preaching at a neighboring ranch last Sunday. A very good sermon indeed, and it seemed to sink deep in the hearts of those present. There would have been services in the afternoon, but most of the mourners had to attend a round-up a few miles off. The series of camp-meetings and other services which have been held out here this summer have had a marked effect on the boys and good has been done. You should see how changed the boys are, and how careful they are to let their lights so shine that they may show their faith by their work. Now for instance, last Sunday after attending church and the round-up with the boys I went home with Luther Clark to spend the night. Along about 10 o'clock Luther leaned back in his chair and said: "Well, boys, it's getting nearly bed-time; we'll play this jack pot and then engage in our evening devotions, as it's getting high on to bedtime and I don't believe in this way of betting 'em so high and playing so late on the Lord's day." The jack pot was played and duly scooped in by Luther, after which he arose and asked some one to bring him the family Bible. One of the boys rustled among old papers on a shelf in the corner a few minutes and then said: "That book ain't here—oh, yes, I remember now Tom gave that book to Bruce Wheeler the other day, when he wanted some paper to make cigarettes of."
"Well, Tom, you shouldn't be so darned free with my property—cause I thought a heap of that book here of late," said Luther, and then he hunted up his last Stock Journal and read a very pious article headed "Slade on his Rambles" after which he gave a short lecture about as follows:

"Fellers, this religious racket and family prayer business is kind of a new thing to me, and I know its kind of troublesome to take time every evening and stop the game and attend to this racket, but I believe in going the whole hog or none, and when I undertake to live religious, I'll do it or bust a trace, and you can just bet your sweet life on that, besides, its a good thing to mortify the flesh a little now and then; lal are apt to hold better heads afterwards. I believe in showing some faith in your works, and not acting the sneak in any-

thing. Now, there's Bob Trice, who just set like a stoten bottle to-day when the preacher was passing the hat and never chipped in a cent. That kind of religion won't stand fire, I tell you—

"Hold on a minute, pard," said Bob; "now see here, there ain't any man in this range that will chip into a little game quicker than me, but I didn't understand the game; I didn't know how much it took to play, nor what the limit was. I had my mind made up that if the dealer would explain the game that I would raise the ante, stand pat and run a blazer over the entire mob, but I didn't know."

"Set down, don't interrupt the services again," said Luther, and then he proceeded: "As I said before, I think it right to mortify the flesh a little now and then, and I don't believe its right to run a game too late on Sunday nights, and what's more, while we are all trying to lead a different life, I think you boys might quit holding out cards—especially on Sundays, for which let us pray."

And then all knelt down and kept quiet while Luther prayed:

"Oh, Lord! we haven't got much to worry Thee about on this occasion, as things are running pretty smooth in this part of Thy mortal range. The range is pretty good, water not very scarce, the cattle are looking fine and the calf crop is panning out amazingly, and we are not the kind of boys to come begging to the throne of grace for little things we can rustle for ourselves. We might state, oh, Lord! that it hasn't rained here for some time, and that we are soon going to need some moisture, but there is nobody hurt yet, and we suppose that the matter will be duly looked after. Lord, if in accordance with Thy divine pleasure and opinions of how a decent game should be conducted, forgive Pitts Neal for stealing out that ace full which he wickedly played against my flush, but if it so be that Thou art on to his many sins and much iniquity as the rest of us are, and seest fit to give him a little sample of thy divine wrath, Lord let it please Thee to place in his hands a diamond flush and cause him to buck against Thy servant, who shall be provided with a jack full. But, Lord, in this operation, it will be necessary to exercise a great deal of care lest he steal out four queens and scoop in the shekels of Thy servant, for verily he is mighty to pilfer, and in that case, Lord, there would be an uproar thereabout, and crushed and broken bones, and moreover, a great deal of faith would be shaken and lost, and Thy servant would perhaps backslide the length of many Sabbath journeys. So mote it be—ahem."

After the devotional exercises were over Pitts Neal was heard to remark that he'd be darned if he played in the game with Luther again. He said he wasn't afraid that any one man could play dirt on him, but that he wasn't going to play against the entire kingdom of Heaven and all the boys too.

On the Wheels.

One night, as the stage was approaching Woodford canon, Nevada, the team began to fag wonderfully, and the driver was at a loss to account for it. After stopping to rest a few minutes, they were unable to start again. The driver got down and took a lantern to examine the running-gear, when, to his astonishment, he found, as he supposed, that a rope had been tied between the two wheels. Laying his hand on the rope, he started back, with a yell of horror, on discovering that a live snake had twisted itself between the hind and fore wheels, and was holding the stage as securely as if the wheels had been tied with an inch rope. The passengers got out and tackled the snake with clubs and stones, and, as the reptile thrashed about under the wheels, the horses were wild with terror. He was finally killed by a blow on the head, and it was after midnight before they got him disentangled from the wheels. He was the style of snake known as the mountain runner, and measured twelve feet four inches. When stretched tightly between the wheels he was much longer.

A Good Dog and Horse Story.

A lady and gentleman residing in Aiken, S. C., own a pair of ponies, also a spaniel. Last year, as their custom is, they sent these animals out of the town, about three miles distant, to their farm, to remain during their absence through the summer. When they returned in the fall they traveled home on horseback, and, having these horses at their town home, did not send for the ponies at once. The dog came in from the farm, however. This was on Friday. The dog showed himself very uneasy and dissatisfied with something, and the lady observed him carefully. She came to the conclusion that he did not like the new horses (which were two boys) and remarked upon it to Mr. R. On the following Sunday morning the dog disappeared, and had not returned in the afternoon when they went to drive with the boys. After an absence of an hour two they returned, and found standing at the gate the dog and the two ponies. He had evidently trotted out to the farm, informed the ponies that their place was taken by strangers, and this was the result.—Our Land and Animals.