

**A SECRET GAMBLING ROOM.**

Lined with Iron and Apparently Without Doors.

We had probably proceeded from a main street of San Francisco some 100 feet when Choy Loy, my guide, stopped suddenly, and, turning around, confronted me. Involuntarily my hand swung around to my pistol pocket. My heart-beat quickened, and I wished that I had not made up my mind to enlighten readers as regards the Chinese.

"Do not stop," said he, "whatever the 'look-out' may say, but show him your ticket," which he handed me, and with that he descended into a dark basement, and I followed close behind him. As we neared the foot of the stairs I perceived a light burning in what appeared to be a cigar store. The door was open and my guide entered and said something in Chinese to a fellow-countryman. We passed to the left of the store, and drawing aside a heavy curtain which was fastened to the ceiling and trailed on the floor, Choy showed the way into an ante-room dimly lighted by a waxen taper burning in nut oil. Choy, drawing me close to him, informed me that the room we stood in was as far as anyone uninitiated into the workings of the house could go. I gazed around me and not an opening of any description was discernible except the one we had entered by. I could hardly believe that the walls surrounding me were sheet-iron, but a blow with the head of my cane convinced me that the neat-patterned wall-paper, with which the walls were covered, hid hidden beneath a layer of quarter-inch sheet iron. The room was destitute of furniture of any kind, with the exception of a clock.

The den was to be reached, not by words, but by action. Lee walked over to one corner of this iron tank and pointed out to me a small plush-colored button, almost concealed by the clock, the hands of which pointed out to us the hour of 9. He pressed on the button and a small door, probably six inches square, flew open about five feet from where we stood. This opening showed us a knotted rope which appeared to pass through a second wall of sheet-iron. Choy then directed me to pull the rope out as far as I could. I did so, and slowly about one-half of the wall began to move. By degrees it opened, something after the fashion of a folding door; the difference being that only one-half receded, leaving to my astonished gaze a room about twenty-five feet square, well-lighted and almost filled with a motley collection of men of all nationalities, and two women. Choy did not show the least sign of astonishment, and undoubtedly was a devotee of the fascinating game, for he immediately walked up to the table around which the players were seated and, taking a ticket, proceeded to mark it. While he was thus engaged I turned around, and, looking back of me found the wall had closed after our entrance. There were about thirty men and boys of all persuasions seated at the table and two American women. The women were heavily veiled, and the dark veil and cloak worn by one of them could not hide her youth and beauty. To her right was a big burly negro smoking a short-stemmed clay pipe; to her left a butcher, whose apron betrayed his vocation. Two Chinamen, called "markers," were seated at the head of the table busily engaged checking off the tickets and receiving the money from the players. All was quiet. Now and then you could hear a sigh as some unfortunate player, by comparing his tickets with the drawing, found out he had lost.

**The Owl and the Farmer.**

An owl who was reconnoitering a farmer's hen-coop, was caught by the leg in a steel trap, and held fast until the toil-hardened agriculturist came out in the morning to finish him.

"Sir! What is the meaning of this outrage?" demanded the Owl.

"You were after my Poultry," was the reply.

"We will let the law settle that point. I will see if a free-born American Owl is to be treated in this lawless manner!"

Being taken into Court, the Owl put in the defense that no farmer had any legal right to keep Hens, and the Judge closed the case by saying:

"While the presence of the Owl in the vicinity of the henery goes to show that he would prefer Fowl to Hens, the Farmer has failed to prove whether the trap was bought of a man with a squint in his left eye or a wart on his nose. The Owl is entitled to \$100 damages for his injuries, and the Farmer is jugged for thirty days for unlawfully obstructing the United States Mail."

Moral: Keep Owls instead of Hens.

The usual fortune of complaint is to excite contempt more than pity. — Johnson.

A CLOUD of 10,000 gnats danced up and down in the sun, the minutest interval between them, yet no one knocked another headlong upon the grass, or breaks a leg or wing, long and delicate as these are. Suddenly, amid your admiration of this dance, a peculiar high-shouldered vicious gnat with long pendant nose, darts out of the rising and falling cloud, and settling on your cheek inserts a poisonous sting. What possessed this little wretch to do that? Did he smell blood in the may dance? No one knows. — Podie Free Press.

Whatever difference there may appear to be in men's fortunes, there is still a certain compensation of good and ill in all that makes them equal. — Chamon.

**Santa Claus**

—AT—

**J. BINGHAM'S FURNITURE Store.**

**A GRAND EMPORIUM**

Of nice things for

**THE HOLIDAYS.**

Silver-ware, Majolica-ware, China-ware and Glassware in every form and of every description.

Now is the time to make Selections of Xmas Gifts to gladden the hearts of those you love best.

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M. C. MURPHY, Propr.

This elegantly appointed and carefully managed hotel is now ready for the reception of guests. Travelers seeking neat and comfortable rooms and a well supplied table will find them at the BRUNSWICK, opposite passenger depot, Livingston, Montana.

LIVINGSTON, MONTANA,

Located on the

**Main Line**

Of the N. P. R. R., and at its

**Last Crossing**

Of the Yellowstone, and at the

Junction of the National Park Branch R. R.

With the main line of the N. P.

**End of 3 R. R. Divisions**

Railroad Company are building Shops and Round Houses at this point.

Good Bituminous Coal Mines west of the city

Clark's Forks Mining District reached from Livingston.

National Park entered from Livingston.

For plats and information of lots in the Original Townsite and adjacent to the Freight and Passenger Depots, apply to GENERAL LAND AGENT N. P. R. R. CO. St. Paul, Minn.

NICKEUS, WILBUR & NICHOLS, Jamestown, Dakota, or

JOHN H. ELDER, Agent Land Dept. N. P. R. R. Co., Livingston, Montana.

L. TAYLOR, Gen'l Townsite Agent.

**Northern Pacific Coal Co**

Orders left at the Office on Second street will be filled promptly.

F. D. PEASE, Agt.

THOMAS J. NOBLE

(Successor to F. W. Draper.)

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**Open Day & Night.**

Large stock of nothing but strictly first-class

LIQUORS, WINES AND CIGARS.

Finest Billiard and Pool Tables in the city.

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Milwaukee Keg Beer Always on Tap and Imported Cheese and Summer Sausage Sandwiches.

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Having purchased Wright & Holliday's old stand, we solicit the patronage of all their old customers, and as many new ones as wish to be squarely dealt with, both in quality of meats and price.

**PARLOR**

**Restaurant**

We are now located in our new quarters, cozy and neat. When in want of a

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An Oyster Stew, Fry, or oysters in any style, give us a call.

PEICES REASONABLE.

FOULKES & KELLY, Props

**EARLEY & HOLMES,**

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Livery, Feed and Sale Stables.

Full rigs or saddle horses to let, and careful drivers furnished if desired.

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They are prepared to carry travelers into the Park or to any other point, ahead of all competitors.

**A. KRIEGER & CO.,**

**FURNITURE,**

Glassware and Crockery

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Our furniture establishment has been greatly enlarged, and we have just received in carload lots a complete stock of our line in every description direct from the best factories, which we will sell at prices that will compete with any in the territory. Call and examine our large stock and be convinced.

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Main Street, Opposite Postoffice.

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First Appearance in Livingston of the Distinguished Comedian, MR.

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Wood Sawed and Split any Size you may wish and Delivered.

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