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Church of Sacred Heart, Catholic—Sunday, 10 a. m. E. W. J. Lindemith, chaplain, U. S. A.

SOCIETIES.

A. O. U.—Division No. 1 meets first and second Sundays of each month.

E. O. U.—Meets first and third Wednesdays at 7:30 p. m., at Odd Fellows' Hall.

A. F. & A. M.—Yellowstone Lodge, No. 26, first and third Wednesdays.

K. A. M.—Yellowstone Chapter, No. 5, second and fourth Saturdays.

K. T.—Damasus Commandery, second and fourth Thursdays.

I. O. O. F.—Custer Lodge, No. 18, every Monday at their hall.

I. O. O. F.—Sentinel Encampment, No. 6, first and third Fridays.

K. of P.—Cruiser Lodge, No. 7, Thursday evenings at Odd Fellows' Hall.

C. K. of A.—Miles City Branch, every Sunday at 7 p. m.

K. of L.—First and third Fridays.

G. A. R.—U. S. Grant Post, No. 14, first and third Tuesdays.

I. O. G. T.—Star of the West, No. 24, every Thursday evening.

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WILLIAM COURTENAY.

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Most Important to Insurers!

That certain insurance companies represented in Miles City have not yet paid a loss which occurred three years ago. That policies have been delivered to the assured without the agent's signature, thereby rendering them void and of no effect. That property has been insured for DOUBLE its cost in some instances by some of the local agents in town.

NEXT!

WILLIAM COURTENAY.

THE CATTLE TRUST.

A Chicago Paper Expresses Anything but Flattering Views of the New Scheme.

Anecdote of "Billy the Kid"—The Musical Treat for To-morrow Night.

The American Cattle (Mis) Trust.

By those who are familiar with the "ins and outs" of the western cattle business the American Cattle Trust is looked upon as one of the most stupendous frauds that was ever attempted to be perpetrated upon a confiding public. It is declared to be a scheme concocted by a few shrewd (and some time since wealthy) "cattle kings" to unload upon other shoulders their unprofitable holdings. To assume that any considerable number of the western ranchmen will complacently and unreservedly resign the entire management of their private business into the hands of men who have no greater claim upon the confidence of the public than have those at the head of the American Cattle Trust, presupposes a state of mental imbecility not at all consistent with the past business success of the cattle men of the plains. If the men who conceived and are carrying forward the "Trust" are suffering from financial straits, the desire to obtain relief is pardonable, but that does not impose upon their more fortunate brethren any obligation to assist in furthering the scheme. The heart of the Chicago end of the concern certainly does not beat in unison with the producer, and the men who are booming the thing out west have not hitherto been recognized as philanthropists.

The secrecy enveloping the movements and the designs of the "Cattle Trust," certainly justifies the public in regarding the combination with suspicion. Beyond the fact that such a concern has actually been organized, and that a few big cattle owners and a Chicago dressed beef man are at the bottom of it, nothing is known. Under these circumstances, to assume that the western cattle men will without long and cool deliberation turn their business over to the tender mercies of the "combine" is a reflection upon their intelligence.—Chicago Exchange.

An Old Subject.

In the good old times, long gone hence, when it was perfectly proper to wear a calico shirt, when common whitewash was plenty good enough for the front fence, before the sinless and simple game of euchre had progressed to progressiveness, when "two old cats" was all the ball game the boys played and expert players were not sold for a season. The women of that olden time wore for their head-gear a conveniently arranged and curiously contrived straw structure, known in classic mythology as the shaker. But it has gone. And where? Ask some cold, mute fashion plate and it will tell you that the shaker has shookee'er, so to speak, and the women wear it not. The most wild and weird designs in hats and bonnets have taken the rack made vacant by its departure, and the husband's purse is dry. The women of America should stop and ponder instead of paint and powder—and think how they are affecting literature by the reckless and ruinous expenditure of their hubby's funds. No words are sweeter, no sentiment so inspiring, no melody so soothing as that grand and golden song, "The Hat My Father Wore," maybe if the women would call a halt in fashion—the curse of the rich and the burden of the poor—there might be a chance of immortality in composing, arranging, publishing and singing for that matter, a song "The Bonnet Her Mother Wore." As it is now, the song would be laughed out of existence, and the girl would be voted out of style in a last spring's bonnet.—Ex.

BILLY, THE TERRIBLE KID. An Outlaw Relates how Two Cow Boys Lights were Put Out.

"Billy, the Kid, was, an' no mistake, a holy terror. He was one of those strange things you come across once in a lifetime, an', while he was as smooth an' pleasant a little feller as yer could wish to associate with, he filled a feller with a sort of awe—I think that's the word. He was slim an' light-haired, an' blue-eyed, an' his face was sort o' pale; his upper teeth stuck out a little bit, an' that made him look more innocent than, ever. You somehow ain't afraid of a fellow whose teeth stick out in front. He didn't weigh much more than 130 pounds, an' he was a pleasant com-

panion. His eyes were rather pleasant until he got mad and then they shot fire.

"I seen Billy kill two men, an' he did the job up clean. They never kicked, an' they had their lights put out in grand shape. This was cow boys, an' they swore they'd kill the Kid 'cause they heard so much about him. That time at least the Kid was not to blame. He hadn't killed no relatives o' ther'n. It wasn't very fur 'm Socorro, whic' wasn't much more'n a village then, an' we were in camp when the Kid an' another feller come up. Now we wasn't overglad to see Billy, 'cause he had a hard name; they said he'd kill a man if he didn't happen to be stuck on the color of his hair an' sich like. But we wasn't goin' to let on. That little devil was so sweet on us that you'd a thought butter would a been safe in his mouth, an' that made us more uneasy than ever, though there was ten of us an' only two o' 'em, the feller with him. Well, as I was a sayin', we was eatin' dinner, or supper, fer it was after sundown, when two fellers rode up. The Kid had seen 'em, but he never let on an' kept on eatin' as natural as if there wasn't nobody in a hundred miles that was goin' to hurt him.

"When the strangers got near enough to see the faces o' the fellers eatin' one o' 'em said: 'There he is, an' without more sayin' they let loose. I never saw anybody skin around so lively as the Kid did; he skipped six or eight feet, an' I thought sure he was hit because I've seen fellers do the same way when they had a bullet straight through the heart; but Billy wasn't teched. The feller on horseback let loose twice, and then Billy up with his gun—he had one of the purtiest Winchester you ever laid eyes on—an' fired twice. It was a bullet for each man, 'an' he brought 'em both, each one through the heart. Billy's pardner didn't seem 'ticularly nervous; he sat eatin' his supper all the time, an' seemed to think that the Kid could take care of himself. When Billy had killed the fellers he sat down again an' finished his supper, an' then rode away. As he an' his pal was goin' Billy says to us: 'I'm in a hurry or I'd help you bury those ducks.'—Omaha World.

Surveying Indian Lands.

Surveyor General Greene has just received notification to immediately make a contract for the survey of some lands on the Crow Indian reservation. Last winter there was appropriated for the survey of lands to be allotted to Indians in severally the sum of \$100,000. Of this amount \$6,000 has been apportioned for the survey of lands on Pryor creek in the Crow reservation. The Pryor creek valley has been settled by Plenty Coues of the Crow tribe and his immediate band. They have made some progress in agriculture and are anxious to succeed. It is therefore decided that their lands shall be surveyed. The department directs that the land to be surveyed shall be in the Pryor creek valley, twelve townships in ranges 25 and 26 east of the principal meridian, beginning at the Yellowstone and working south, six townships in each range. The work is to be done as well and promptly as possible and as promptitude is the essence of the work, it is directed that the contract may be let without advertising to whomsoever the surveyor general may select, but at a price not to exceed \$6,000.

But upon examination Surveyor General Greene finds that if it is desired to allot lands in Pryor creek valley, a survey of townships in ranges 25 and 26 will be of no value whatever as they are not in that valley. He has written a letter to the department recommending that, instead of ranges 25 and 26, which are not in Pryor valley, ranges 27 and 28 be chosen as the field of survey. These ranges are in the Pryor creek valley now occupied by the Indians, and there is no possible excuse for not giving them the land they occupy. There is little doubt but what the department will comply, as there can be no objection.

It is almost certain that the contract for the survey will be let and carried out as soon as the departmental questions are settled.—Independent.

Big Horn Mineral.

While the Sioux were raising scalps in Wyoming in the seventies, the great mining excitement broke out in Colorado, Nevada and Montana, where it was possible to operate un molested. The redskins were driven out of Wyoming and mining was forgotten. The less exciting but almost as profitable industry of cattle ranging followed the receding mooncain prints, which in turn occasioned the development of the agricultural resources of the Big Horn country. The great mountains sent forth sparkling streams of living water, and the roving

cow boy and staid agriculturist cared naught for else that might be contained in their cool recesses. Occasionally some prospector happened along, picked a few specimens from some canyon, had them assayed perhaps, and not possessing the means to then pursue the matter, would mark the spot and pass on, never returning. More recently has attention been paid to these matters, and in not a few secluded spots may a small party of silent men be found bringing to the surface of some well defined "lead" quantities of ore that old miners look upon with satisfied and even enthusiastic gaze. A vein of galena, random specimens of which have assayed unexpected amounts to the ton is now being worked. At another place, well up in the range, but still accessible, parties have developed gold ore that assayed \$75 to the ton. Prospectors are now coming into the country from old mining districts, and will do much this summer to determine the importance of the mineral deposits. What is wanted most, however, is capital. Without this all important factor these riches may lie undisturbed for years. Let every resident of the country take pains to inform their moneyed friends of the state of things and get capitalists interested. Then all will be plain sailing. We have the meat and produce to feed a thousand mining camps, and the fuel and water to furnish power to the mills and smelters. Lose no opportunity to invite the attention of outside capitalists.—Buffalo Echo.

Benton Will not be Left Out.

A representative of the Benton River Press had a talk with Mr. How, of St. Paul, regarding the portable location of the Manitoba railroad in this city. Mr. How said that he had always been led to believe it was the decided intention of Mr. Hill to bring the Manitoba right into Fort Benton, and that he had never heard anything to the contrary until he heard of the fears of the Benton people that they were going to be left to one side. Mr. How said that of course he did not pretend to know what Mr. Hill's intentions were at the present time in view of the many engineering difficulties that had been encountered between the Coal Banks and Great Falls, but he was satisfied that those difficulties would have to be almost insurmountable to keep the Manitoba out even with its temporary line. Mr. Hill's interest in his great railroad rises far above any personal considerations, and he would be the last man on earth to attempt to advance his own private enterprises at the expense of the railroad. It is not in Mr. Hill's calculations to leave the head of navigation out to one side and force the trade in self-defence to maintain the steamboat lines in opposition to his road. The first and uppermost thought in his mind is the welfare of his road, and if he owned a dozen towns he would never be caught jeopardizing the business of his road to further his private ends. This trait in Mr. Hill's character has won for his railroad enterprises, wherever he has seen proper to push them, the confidence of capitalists throughout the country.

The Future Destiny.

Track laying on the Cheyenne & Northern has been resumed at the seventy-sixth mile from Cheyenne. The road has already been graded fifty miles beyond that point and the bridge builders have had a good start, so that the work of track laying can be pushed with the greatest possible expedition. While this side enterprise of the Union Pacific has been looked on thus far as one of purely local interest, there is no doubt but that it is destined to become something far more and that it will be built on to the north until it has reached the limit prescribed by its charter, which is the northern boundary line of Montana. It will then become a part of a great system, which will embrace the Colorado Central, and Denver & New Orleans, forming a continuous line from Fort Keogh to the Gulf of Mexico, draining the extreme western portion of the great natural basin to which the track of traffic is rapidly changing from its old east and west course, and which includes the greatest food producing states of the American continent. We believe that this is the future destiny of the Cheyenne & Northern, as looked forward to by the projectors. The great trunk lines running east and west will at no distant day become mere leaders to the roads that are lengthening out their tracks to follow the Missouri valley and carry the grain and other products of these states and territories to a gulf port instead of dragging them across the eastern chain of mountains to the Atlantic seaboard. The future will verify this prediction.—Laramie Boomerang.