

Every Morning Except Monday,
no day except Sunday.

THE OFFICIAL PAPER OF CUSTER CO.

Population of Miles City . . . 3,000
County Seat.

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Sunday, January 15, 1906.

REPRESENTATIVE HUFFMAN of Custer county has given notice of a bill for the location of the agricultural college at Miles City.

SENATOR GIBSON of Cascade county is the leader of the "hunting policy" in the legislature. His idea is to put all the institutions under one roof, the dome of which to be in plain view of the city of Great Falls, though this latter provision has not yet been made public.

THREE NEW COUNTIES are to be asked for at this session of the legislature. Valley county is to be made of that portion of Dawson north of the Missouri river, with Glasgow as the county seat. Teton county is to be sliced off of the western end of Chouteau, with small additions from adjoining counties, with either Chouteau or DePuy as the county seat. Flathead, or Lake county as its name indicates, is to come off of the north end of Missoula county. Kalispell, Columbia Falls and other young and aspiring towns will fight for the honor of being the county seat. Missoula county is also threatened with dismemberment at its southern extremity, the Bitter Root section, which is strongly agitating a county of that name, but success is doubtful. The three first named changes will probably be argued in by the legislature.

THE standing committees of the senate and house have been announced, the appointments so far as Custer county is concerned, being as follows:

Senator Swift is chairman of the committee on Libraries, and a member of the committee on Enrolled Bills, Public Lands, Election and Privileges and Apportionment and Representation.

Representative Hoffman is chairman of the committee on Water Rights and Irrigation, and a member of the committee on Appropriations and Claims, and Apportionment and Representation.

Representative McKay is a member of the committee on Ways and Means, Agriculture and Stockraising and Game and Fish. Representing the largest stockraising county in the state, it would seem to have been the proper thing to have made Mr. McKay the chairman of the committee having this interest in charge, but the speaker evidently thought differently.

A committee whose recommendations to our readers is that known as Public Buildings, Hospitals and Asylums in the senate and state institutions in the house, these committees are made up as follows: Senate—Hoffman of Gallatin, chairman; Matts, Carlwell, Hatch and Bayless. House—Bray of Silver Bow, chairman; Bainsack, Rose, Aune, Coler, Ash, Gorman, Bercher and Marz. Custer county is not represented on either, while Gallatin, our strongest opponent for the agricultural college, has the chairmanship of the senate committee. As a possible offset to this, it is said that Bray, the chairman of the house committee, is favorable to Miles City. It would have been more reassuring if we had been given representation on one or both committees, but we must content ourselves with the assurance that the battle will not be confined to the committee rooms, and that we have a delegation in the legislature abundantly able to protect our interests.

Unsettled.
Sweet Girl—Is your love for me absolutely unshakable?
Ador—Absolutely.
Sweet Girl—Then I wish you'd go somewhere else tonight. Jack Hanson promised to call.—New York Weekly.

Good to Think Over.
Yes, my dear boy, there are 87,740,000 people in this country and you are only one of them—just one! Think of that once in awhile.—London Tit-Bits.

The Same.
Maud—Aunt Marie, what does "love" mean in lawn tennis?
Maud—Just the same as in anything else—nothing.—Brooklyn Life.

A Fast Pace.
"Isn't Miss Bolivar going rapidly?"
"Yes, but she had to catch up, you know. She was twenty for thirteen years."—Herper's Bazar.

NYE ON THE NEW YEAR

IT ISN'T WELL TO BE TOO MUCH OF A "JOLLY DOG."

William relates a pathetic box office scene. The landlord who ran a hotel at Hurley, and something about that place. The Newly Wedded Pair.

Copyright, 1905, by Edgar W. Nye.
The new year brings with it many hopes and fears, joy and regret—hopes and fears for the future, joy and regret for the past. A great French philosopher says that after forty we should be very grateful if we are not absolutely and con-



stantly unhappy. This ought to bring up those who are only unhappy every four years or every alternate four years. I like to sit down on the first day of every year for a few moments and think over the good I have done. It does not take long. I can mostly attend to it before breakfast. Then I can attend to my regrets for duties unperformed during the rest of the day. But I am a poor regretter and soon tire of this.

The glad new year should be more wisely used. We should only regret just enough to chastise ourselves, and then with a firm and rigid upper lip proceed to do better. Some people do not allow their sorrows to heal, but keep them open, torn and bleeding, just as weak and cowardly soldiers sometimes crawl and maintain ghastly staves in order to avoid a coming battle. We must cheerfully go forth to meet our duty with each returning year, and the home is the best place to investigate a man's efforts. There are a good many "jolly dogs" in this world, but as Grotchen says: "Did you ever see the wife of a jolly dog? She sleeps in a coffin. Did you ever see the children of a jolly dog? They are the curs of the street."

So the jolly dog may boast had as the indignant regretter. Let us therefore not overdo the jolly dog business with strangers and exhaust ourselves, so that at home we may be more civil.

Pardon me for musing on the glad new year, but there ought to be one day in each year when we can put our past out on the line and look it over and pound it with a broom to knock out the heaviest of selfishness and unkindness.

Enough of the glad new year! Last evening there was a pathetic scene at the box office in Paris, where we spoke for the benefit of a thirty church society under the auspices of the ladies' committee. As usual in such cases, the seats were sold the day before. Paris generally is regarded as the wickedest and most immoral city in the world, but Paris, like, should not be confused with Paris, France.

We came at midnight registered at the Hotel Bristol, on the Place Vendôme, pronounced Place Vendôme—and in the evening we began, after prayer meeting, it being Wednesday evening. At 9 o'clock a third man, with tall, heavy boots and the suit of an old man who had been thirty years trying to prove that agriculture was one of the most delightful occupations known to humanity, asked the man at the box office window for a good seat.

"If you had been here yesterday," said the ticket seller, "you could have bought a seat, but not today."

"Sir," said the man.

"Seats all sold yesterday," was the gentle reply.

"If I didn't hear what you said," answered the old gentleman, unrolling his bag and placing a hand with a red mitten on it behind the ear.

"No seats, I say!" was the hurried answer in a loud tone.

"Not even in the orchestra?"

"Not."

"Whimsy?"

"No!"

"Well, that's me all over. Come fourteen miles over a road that's frozen tighter than the top on a new bill, and can't bear nothing over eight feet to save my life, and got to lay standin' room. Louisiana and the girls has got the half on this time."

they also bring on the bank of the Union army during the war. They have therefore arrived at the age of discretion. If they did not care to be kidnapped they could have gone right away from there.

When a retired landlord from Hurley on the train to Alpena the other day. It was a handsome young fellow of Irish birth and was dressed in purple and blue. He also wore a light silk hat with a broad band on it, and his golden hair seemed to have caught the gleam of a dying day in October. He was just the kind of man to make a low, dirty, drunken, impudent, unscrupulous, he looked so cool and clean and sweet.

He had been at Hurley running a hotel. He had worn a white vest one day last summer to market, also a tall hat. He did not get his marbling, but he got a wealth of tobacco juice on his white vest, and his hat was found on the roof of the opera house after ten days had sped on winged wings.

Hurley has seven or eight opera houses which are open every day in the year. The audiences are entirely men, women, and opera glasses are not called for. The Sabbath is set aside as a day for recovering from the Saturday night debauch, but the recovery also requires Monday, and even Tuesday forenoon. The Hurley jag has a worldwide reputation and speaks for itself.

Social notices are held in the morning to accommodate the miners who work at night and cannot see society except in the daytime. Men wear their hats and smoke Calbe tobacco—i. e., tobacco that one can smoke in Wisconsin and send in Europe. Wearing their hats at these theatrical performances is a cheap imitation of the custom among ill-mannered ladies, but the tobacco habit they have picked up out of their own heads.

The opera is in the line of comic opera and consists of varied specialties and is played by artists who wear thin property clothes on the street, and their tight clothes on the stage show how high their boot legs come when they are dressed for the street.

The girl who sings about the picture that was turned toward the wall has an Aeolian nose, through which she sings a sad lay. She stands on the outside of her feet as she warbles, and there are traces of sadness on her face, also traces of iron ore around her waist. Possibly some one has loved her—some man under the influence of drink, I mean—and with his iron covered arm has clasped her ore, and ore, only to be repulsed impatiently by those thoughtless words: "Oh, go and chase yourself!"

And so he has gone away, leaving her there alone to face all those people and sing and try to be gay. Girls ought to be more careful what they say to men who are intoxicated.

I once knew of a young lady who told a man to stand under these circumstances, and now, although she is happy and wealthy, she is an old maid.

How much better it is to have some one you can call your own, no matter how worthless and low, than to be an old maid!

Hurley is gay and lively with its foreign tongues heard here and there, the merry music of the orchestra of the nearest theater and the dull thud that strikes one's ear as he is richly repaid for wearing eyeglasses on the street or wiping his nose with a handkerchief.

I can imagine a sweet voiced oratorio girl reciting one of Browning's poems here to these great, strong, manly fellows who wear whiskers wherever they happen to spring up, and who drink to excess.

We did not play Hurley. I would not mind playing the Siberian yellow candle circuit, but Hurley does not appreciate real art.

Opposite to us one day in a Pullman there was a pair of newly wedded people. I was reading, but the story was too massive for me, treating of sin de cycles and one thing or another, and of living for a purpose, and of getting a firm grasp on the ball of the age in which we live, and so forth, and thus I sort of listened to the bright and childlike talk of the two sweet things cuddled up there together, with her little grey gloved hand now and then gliding through his whiskers in such a way as to make him feel that he was one great solid mass of whiskers, whereas he only had little "siders," which looked like ear wuds that had worked forward.

"And so we go to New Orleans, Ambrose?" she asked as she opened her new traveling bag and took out a new cake of soap to smell of.

"Yes," said Ambrose, kneeling at the toe of his new boot, which was hurting him. I judge, "we take the Q. and C. from Cincinnati, or we take the luxurious Illinois Central, which has such cunning little depots all along its line, and we will spend a week in New Orleans."



THE NEWLY WEDDED PAIR.
"And what is New Orleans like, Ambrose?" she asked in a shy way, nestling her head under his arm, with her nose in his cigar pocket.

"New Orleans is an old city of the south," he said, "with crooked and crooked in it, and a shell road, so-called because the two armies shelled each other along that road in the war."

"New Orleans," he said, looking hastily at his cell. "Is also a great sugar market for the plantations along the river."

"Oh, how sweet!" she said. "We will go out to a plantation where they are making sugar, and we will make our sugar. Did you ever eat any of that, Ambrose?"

"No. What is it?"

"Why, you just take the hot sugar, you know, and pour it on the snow. It is real good."

She will make a good wife to him, I am sure, and will order things from the market. She will order her cravat from the set and live for weeks on purple cold slaw because it matches the tablecloth.

But Ambrose will not care—that is, for three or four weeks—and then he will have the colic some night, and she will talk to him about his heart and how to keep it ever true to her, when it is not his heart that is hurting him at all, and she will put a beautiful pale blue night-shirt on him to roll on the floor in till the doctor comes, and the doctor will, after he has heard the history of the case, take her aside and tell her if she really does love Ambrose she had better get goods that will match his interior decoration instead of the tablecloth, and he will recover, and by and by they will accidentally know something.

Bill Nye
Fortune's Smile.



"Now that I have spent a good deal of money in putting up my establishment I will wait with the hope that fortune will smile upon me."



"Ah, now! That's it—only when I say three, smile pleasantly. One, two."



"What a fool I was to mention that matter!"—St. Nicholas.

The Light Headed Youth.
The clock struck 11, and the young man rose to go. "Is it possible I have been here so long?" he murmured, apologetically.

"Oh, do you look at it in that way?" suggested the young lady with sudden coolness.

"Such a waste of time," he continued, stumbling nearly on to destruction.

"Sir, if you—"

"Of your time, my dear miss," he gasped on the brink, and was saved from going over.

"Don't mention it," she said sweetly, and they parted as friends, but he realized that it was a narrow escape.—Detroit Free Press.

Too Short.
"These are the shortest days in the year," said Mrs. Jimpson to her husband.

"What of it?" asked Jimpson testily. "I'm just as short as the days and a blam'd sight shorter since you came back from that shopping expedition."—Buffalo Express.

The March of Intemperance.
Father (rebukingly)—When I was a little boy I never thought of asking such questions.

Tommy (the youngest)—Ah, but, papa, when you was a little boy I wasn't born!—Funny Folks.

With a Ring.
The winter girl who is described as decent to Bill won't—articles be classified as a form of—Washing-ton Star.

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