

Weekly Chronicle.

S. W. LANGHORNE, Editor.

TERMS: (In Advance) 2.50
SIX MONTHS, (In Advance) 15.00
THREE MONTHS, (In Advance) 7.50

THE CHRONICLE is delivered in Bozeman at 5 cents per month or \$5.00 per year.

THE CHRONICLE PUBLISHING CO., BOZEMAN, M. T.

WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 3rd, 1883.

BUSINESS CARDS.

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.

W. E. BOWE, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, BOZEMAN, MONTANA.

Office—Over the Blue Front, Entrance by the side of the office of Dr. H. H. Webster.

G. M. CHAMBERLAIN, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, BOZEMAN, MONTANA.

Office on Main Street, over the Post Office.

THOMAS G. DABOLL, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Bozeman, Montana.

Office on Main Street, over the Post Office.

DR. R. M. WHITEFOOT, OFFICE NEXT TO MONROE'S DRUG STORE.

G. W. MONROE, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, BOZEMAN, MONTANA.

Office—Corner Main and Tracy Streets, Of- fice hours from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

D. CAMPBELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BOZEMAN, MONTANA.

Office—Over the Blue Front, Entrance by the side of the office of Dr. H. H. Webster.

BOZEMAN, MONTANA. All business entrusted to me will receive prompt attention.

J. H. ARMSTRONG, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BOZEMAN, MONTANA.

Office—Over the Blue Front, Entrance by the side of the office of Dr. H. H. Webster.

BOZEMAN, MONTANA. All business entrusted to me will receive prompt attention.

J. L. STUART, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BOZEMAN, MONTANA.

Office—Over the Blue Front, Entrance by the side of the office of Dr. H. H. Webster.

BOZEMAN, MONTANA. All business entrusted to me will receive prompt attention.

J. V. BOGERT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BOZEMAN, MONTANA.

Office—Over the Blue Front, Entrance by the side of the office of Dr. H. H. Webster.

BOZEMAN, MONTANA. All business entrusted to me will receive prompt attention.

T. B. EDWARDS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BOZEMAN, MONTANA.

Office—Over the Blue Front, Entrance by the side of the office of Dr. H. H. Webster.

BOZEMAN, MONTANA. All business entrusted to me will receive prompt attention.

VIVIAN & CANTERLINE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BOZEMAN, MONTANA.

Office—Over the Blue Front, Entrance by the side of the office of Dr. H. H. Webster.

BOZEMAN, MONTANA. All business entrusted to me will receive prompt attention.

BOWEN & NEWMAN, CARPENTERS, BOZEMAN, MONTANA.

Office—Over the Blue Front, Entrance by the side of the office of Dr. H. H. Webster.

BOZEMAN, MONTANA. All business entrusted to me will receive prompt attention.

G. A. CARDWELL, CARPENTER AND BUILDER, BOZEMAN, MONTANA.

Office—Over the Blue Front, Entrance by the side of the office of Dr. H. H. Webster.

BOZEMAN, MONTANA. All business entrusted to me will receive prompt attention.

ENGINEERS, &c.

W. H. HOLLIDAY, ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR, BOZEMAN, MONTANA.

Office—Over the Blue Front, Entrance by the side of the office of Dr. H. H. Webster.

BOZEMAN, MONTANA. All business entrusted to me will receive prompt attention.

PRINTING.

WE WOULD REVERENTLY call the attention of our Business Men to the fact that our Job Printing Department is one of the best west of St. Paul and that we can supply you with anything in the printing line. Fine color work especially.

BANKERS.

NELSON STORY, BANKER, BOZEMAN, MONTANA.

Office—Over the Blue Front, Entrance by the side of the office of Dr. H. H. Webster.

BOZEMAN, MONTANA. All business entrusted to me will receive prompt attention.

Transacts a General Banking Business.

BOYS TERRITORIAL, COUNTY AND GOVERNMENT SECURITIES AND WARRANTS.

Exchange on the commercial centres of the United States Bought and Sold.

COLLECTIONS MADE AND PROCEEDS REMITTED PROMPTLY.

SEBREE, FERRIS & WHITE, BANKERS, BOZEMAN, MONTANA.

Office—Over the Blue Front, Entrance by the side of the office of Dr. H. H. Webster.

BOZEMAN, MONTANA. All business entrusted to me will receive prompt attention.

Transacts a General Banking Business.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO COLLECTIONS IN MONTANA, IDAHO AND UTAH.

Foreign and Domestic Exchange Bought and Sold.

The Chronicles of the Yellowstone.

An Accurate Description of the Country; its Indians; the Early Settlers; Their Struggles with the Aborigines, and Interesting Reminiscences Gathered from The Early Pioneers.

[The copyright for the "CHRONICLES OF THE YELLOWSTONE" has been applied for and it will eventually appear in book form.]

CHAPTER XXVIII.

There was a party of ten people from Helena, Montana, at the Yellowstone Falls at this time, and on the morning of the 25th they packed up and started for the Yellowstone Lake. When at Sulphur Mountain they discovered Indians and riding back to the timber near the falls cached themselves.

Their camp was found about mid-day by the Indians, who crawled up and fired a volley at camp which killed one man (Kenck) and wounded another named Stewart. The latter fell as he was hit and the others escaped to the woods. As the Nez Perces came to the camp, Stewart begged for his life and gave them his watch and money, and they let him go.

Two of the party were out on a scout. When coming home they ran into the Indians and received a volley, and one of them named Welkert, was slightly wounded in the shoulder. Finding the camp deserted and things destroyed, the two started for the Mammoth Hot Springs. After traveling a few miles they overtook Stewart, the wounded man, and Stone, the negro cook, who was leading him along, and together the four went down and arrived at the springs that night. During the night three more of the party came in. The other two wandered through the mountains and were four days without food; then came out on the Madison river opposite Henry's Lake and there had their necessities relieved by some of Howard's packers.

On the morning of the 29th of August, McCarty, proprietor of the buildings at the springs, and Welkert, went to the falls to look for the missing men. They found and buried Kenck, and finding no signs of the others, came back. When on the plateau between Blacktail creek and Gardner river, they were attacked by about thirty Nez Perces and ran for dear life. They succeeded in getting in a patch of brush, at the head of a coulee that ran from Mount Everts. When near the brush Welkert's horse was shot from under him, but he ran to the shelter and from it, the two stood the Indians off, who soon afterward left.

Dietrich, Stoner and Ben Stone had stayed at the springs to await the return of McCarty and Welkert. The same Indians that attacked these, had in the morning come down Resce creek and found Henderson's house (where the branding road now ends) deserted, pillaged and burnt it; then on to the Mammoth Hot Springs. When they first came in eight Stoner and Stone fled to the timber up the gulch. Dietrich, thinking them to be scouts stayed, and was shot dead.

Ben Stone told a pretty and amusing story of being chased by an Indian and that being hard pressed, he climbed a tree, under which the Nez Perce came and stood peering around, and at last went down without discovering the scared negro. But the story is considered apocryphal by those who were near by and knew the circumstances.

Gen. Sturgis, with the 7th Cavalry had come up the Yellowstone and Clark's Fork on the 29th of August arrived at Heart Mountain. He immediately sent three couriers to Howard, with the information of his whereabouts. The couriers (two white men named Lenard and Gough and an Indian boy) did not know where to find Howard, and when the came to the Yellowstonest Barometts bridge, on the 1st of September, went down it. As they were passing around that was struggling to break through what they were saluted by a volley from concealed Indians, who had seen them coming and hid. The Indian boy fell, and Gough, who was hit in the neck, ran with Lenard to a point of rocks near the trail; but out of sight of the boy. After a few shots had been exchanged the Indians went on. Night soon came and the two scouts went on afoot without looking for the boy.

About noon of the next day Jack Barometts and John Works, who were scouting with Lieut. Doane, came to where the fight had occurred, and finding a trail of blood leading toward the Little Blacktail followed it. The Indian boy had recovered consciousness and crawled a half mile. Near the creek the trail was lost and his body was never found.

A man named Shively, was captured by the Nez Perces in the geyser basin. The Indians found that he had a little knowledge of the country across the Yellowstone and took him with them as guide; for not one of the Nez Perces had been on the upper Yellowstone.

Shively, through intention or ignorance, led them the worst possible way; they nearly doubled on their trail and after two days were marching through fallen timber. At last they came to and crossed the east fork of the Yellowstone and going up each creek crossed the high mountain that divides the east fork waters from those of Clark's Fork and down its slopes to the latter stream.

When camped on the mountain the guide escaped and went down the Yellowstone. On Randall creek (a tributary of Clark's Fork) were four Germans, who had, but a few days before, left the Clark's Fork mines on a prospecting trip. They were surprised by the advance of the Nez Perces and three of them were killed in camp; the other escaped to the timber and was found the next day by Howard's scouts, nearly crazy with fright.

Howard's command camped for four days at Henry's Lake; during which time that general went to Virginia City and bought horses, provisions and clothes and transported them to camp; then continued the pursuit on the Nez Perce trail. The command traveled quite fast till they came to the Yellowstone divide; here a road had to be cut through dense pine and graded over a steep mountain. Twenty-four hours work by Major Spurgis's company of pioneers accomplished this and the wagons rolled on to the Yellowstone.

When at the river a courier came in from below, who brought the news that Joseph had gone down the river on the other side and Howard took his cavalry and pack train and went down on the west side of the river to Barometts

bridge, cutting off many miles and having a better trail by doing so.

Major Spurgis and a company started back with the wagons, and the mounts of his skill in road making, show plainly to this day; for two high and rough mountain spurs had to be crossed by him before getting to the Mammoth Hot Springs.

Howard crossed the Yellowstone at Barometts bridge, which had been partially burnt by the war party that had been at the springs, and went up the east fork of Soda Butte creek and up that to the Clark's Fork mines; from thence down Clark's Fork.

At this mines George Huston and some others of the mountaineers joined the command as scouts and were much liked by and stayed with Howard to the end.

When the command passed over the last mountain and down to the Clark's Fork plains, the Nez Perces were but a day's travel ahead.

Gen. Sturgis with six companies of the 7th Cavalry had been lying near where the Clark's Fork pass opened to the prairie for several days; then, thinking that the Nez Perces were coming out of the mountains by the Stinking Water pass, moved over to that river. On the day that he left the Nez Perces came down and when, the second day afterward, he returned, he was both behind the Indians and Howard. He soon overtook the latter and was given a company of cavalry and some scouts and again hurried on in pursuit.

On the evening of the 12th of September, the Nez Perces crossed the Yellowstone and camped.

About two miles away and down the river, was a ranch and stage station, owned and kept by H. H. Stone and Elliott Rouse. Early the next morning they discovered the presence of the Indians and mounting two horses that they had kept in the corral, went about two miles down the river to a ranch owned by Bill Brockway; at which there were two men. They put their horses in the corral at this place and watched the Indians who were at the stage ranch plundering and burning.

Half an hour after their arrival at Brockway's, the stage came in from below with three passengers, two men and a woman. The stage stock was put in the corral with the officer and preparation was made to defend the place, but at the last moment, when they saw the Indians coming in great force they weakened and all went to the brush, which came close to the house.

The Indians took the stock from the corral and hitching up the stage team rode, with horses at a gallop, all over the prairie and when through with this sport, left the stage and harness about four miles away.

Before leaving Brockway's the Indians set buildings and haystacks afire and as at the stage ranch everything was burned.

A small band of Nez Perces went down the bottom to a cabin nearly opposite the Josephine tree and surprised and killed two men while they were eating their dinner. After firing this cabin, they went a little further down and burnt a little store, whose proprietor had fled.

The Crows and Nez Perces had very friendly and had hunted buffalo together for years, but the chance of plunder offered was too strong for the Crows' friendship, and many of them volunteered to help crush the little band that was struggling so bravely for what they believed to be right.

On the morning of the 13th the Nez Perces sent their women and children and extra stock ahead up Canyon creek, and most of the warriors stayed behind to plunder and burn the ranches spoken of. About a hundred Crows, unseen by the Nez Perces, went around the hills and striking the lead of the fleeing band, captured and ran off a great many horses.

One Crow was captured by the Nez Perces, who whipped him with their horse whips and taunted him, saying, that he and all Crows were dogs, that they would not kill him, for he was not worthy of it, but they would use him as any other dog they caught stealing.

About 10 a. m., Sturgis crossed the Yellowstone and rode fast on the trail up the Canyon. In its narrowest place the command was checked by a volley from the hills on either side, which killed two soldiers and wounded another. The cavalry formed and charged the hills but the Indians ran before them. Sturgis kept on the trail but had not overtaken the Nez Perces when he arrived at the Musselshell river at which place he was stopped by a courier from Howard, who wanted to catch up.

The Nez Perces kept on at a good pace and on the 28th came to Cow Island on the Missouri. A large amount of goods for Helena and other parts of the Territory had been landed here from a steamer and a wagon train was in the act of being loaded. The white men who were there made quite a gallant defense of the property, but were too few and had to retire. Bradley (who was well known on the Yellowstone and at Bozeman) was killed. The Indians recruited their scant store of provisions and clothes, and destroying all that they did not want, went on. During the afternoon of the 29th, they crossed a spur of the Bear Paw mountains and camped on Snake creek about four miles from the range.

On the 12th of September, Howard sent couriers to Keogh appraising Miles of the coming of the Nez Perces and their probable destination.

A few days before this, the Ellis battalion, consisting of three companies of the 2d Cavalry, had left Keogh and gone north to meet and escort the boundary commission. Miles sent a courier to Keogh and with one company of the 7th Cavalry and six companies of the 5th Infantry, (mounted) went at good speed across the country to try to head off the Nez Perces before they came to the British line.

At the mouth of the Musselshell, Miles was joined by the Ellis battalion and all were ferried over the Missouri by a steamer. The command moved swiftly

and on the evening of the 27th came to the Nez Perce trail, about five miles from where those Indians were camped. The Nez Perces were located on the creek bottom, at a place where there was about one-fourth of a mile in width; on either side there were low table lands and at the lower end of the camp, the hills came to the creek quite abruptly.

On the morning of the 28th Miles attacked by a charge on either flank by the cavalry, backed by the infantry (dis-mounted) at the upper or south end of the camp. The three companies of the 2d Cavalry from the west, and the 1st company of the 7th attacked from the east side. A mistake was made here by an orderly in carrying verbal instructions to the troops, for the intention of Miles was to send the three companies of the 2d to the east, this side having better natural fortifications.

The charges on the west were met by a heavy fire, but soon turned for they were at the lower end of the camp, a squad of Nez Perces driving off a large herd of stock; dashing after them they captured many head. G company, commanded by Lieut. McClelland, charged up a steep gulch after a party with stock, but when nearly to its head, discovered an ambush and turned back. As they turned a large number of arrows rained from behind a ridge about 150 yards away and fired rapidly at the soldiers, without doing harm. About a hundred yards from the turning point, the horse of the orderly sergeant (Barney) was shot from under him. He being behind was not seen for a moment and he prepared to sell his life dearly. A soldier of the company named Bennett happened to look behind him, seeing the sergeant's horse stop and, in a twinkling, he ran to the sergeant to get on behind him and dashing on they re-joined the troop.

The company of the 7th charged close to the edge of the steep that divided the bottom from the table land and were met by such a terrible fire, that they broke and fell back to the foot of the hills. There was but a sergeant and a corporal left of the company officers, all of the others having fallen in the charge. This sergeant reformed the men and charged again; again came that withering fire and when the sergeant and corporal fell, the company broke and ran back.

Gen. Miles sent a lieutenant from one of the infantry companies to take command of the company officers, all of the men being from the same source. He plainly saw that to charge the camp was but to slaughter the men, so surrounded it in skirmish order and dug rifle pits. With the command there were two large guns, one a forty-five and the other a twelve pounder; one of these was placed at either end of the camp.

Just as darkness came on this first night of the siege, it commenced to rain, which soon turned to sleet and hail. There was no wood but scattering grass brush, near by, and the soldiers were poorly dressed, and had but their saddle blankets for covering. They had nothing to eat but bacon and hard tack and but little of that, not even having coffee and went cold and hungry (though cold and hungry) were they till the evening of the third day, when the wagon train came in with tents, blankets and food.

No more active fighting was done after the charging stopped, but every night, at intervals of about two hours, the cannon at either end would send a shell in camp; then for a few moments the night would be bright with flashes from small arms, and all would be silent till the boom of the forty-five powder came again.

During the day there was a slow firing from whites and Indians, which never ceased while daylight lasted.

On the 3d of October and the fourth day of the siege, a white flag was shown in the Indian camp and hostilities ceased. Chief Joseph came to Miles and Lieut. Jerome on the 2d when they were at the Nez Perce camp. Miles asked for unconditional surrender, but Joseph would not accept those terms and during the afternoon the fight again commenced.

During the next night, many of the Nez Perces skipped out of the lines and made their escape. One little party of these refugees were killed by Crow Veterans and Assiniboin Indians, near the boundary line.

JONES' INFATUATION.

A CHICAGO EMPLOYMENT THAT HAS SEEN THE ENTIRE CITY TALKING.

Abandoning a High Social Position and an Income of \$30,000 a Year—The Couple Leave The Country.

Several weeks ago the people in the vicinity of No. 49 Ada street noticed that the residence of Dr. H. Webster Jones was closed, and it was soon learned that he had mysteriously disappeared. Only two personal friends of the doctor know what had occurred, and they have finally given a statement of the facts for publication.

The allegation that Dr. Jones was guilty of unprofessional conduct, or that he had been convicted of improprieties of any kind with his lady patients, or that he had been chased out of town at the muzzle of a revolver by an angry husband, as some of the papers have announced, are untrue. He has, his friends say, simply become infatuated with a beautiful woman, and in an insane freak he has left the city with her, never to return. He has wrecked his professional prospects and sacrificed his social position to gratify a passion that he could not control. Dr. Jones was a married man, and his character as such irreproachable up to a short time ago. He was an educated and cultivated man, a member of the best clubs, a correspondent of learned societies, a student, and a recognized authority all over the northwest in his specialty, gynecology. He had the largest professional practice in Chicago, from which he derived about \$30,000 a year. He was a hard worker, being up all hours of the day and night. As a skillful obstetrician he was in great request in all parts of the city. During his residence in Chicago he has assisted at the birth of 5,000 children. That he should deliberately sacrifice everything he had for the sake of a woman not his wife cannot be explained by his friends, except by supposing that his mind through overwork had grown weak. Dr. Jones graduated twenty-four years ago, and shortly afterward was married and came to Chicago. By reason of his professional skill and personal magnetism, he in time acquired a large practice, the roll of his patients containing the names of many of the wealthiest and best known people in the city. The society of the doctor and his wife was much sought after because it was worth seeking. Some four years ago Dr. Jones became engaged in a professional way, he made arrangements by which her wants could be supplied without her knowledge, and in such a way that she was led to believe that her liberal income was the legitimate result of her literary labor. The friends of the doctor wondered at his strange fancy, but they thought it a mere freak, and that time would kill it. With time, however, his strength increased. He thought, or said he thought, the woman was the brightest and ablest of her sex; that she could excel Sarah Bernhardt on the stage if she ever had an opportunity to display her talents. Meanwhile Mrs. Dean was married to Rudolph A. Bigelow two years ago. Bigelow was at the time in the employ of Marshall Field & Co., and is now secretary of a company engaged in the manufacture and sale of rubber furniture goods. They lived in La Salle for a time and in suburban town, and in October last rented a flat at 631 Fulton street. By her second husband Mrs. Dean had two children, and Bigelow was the father of a third. The last and one of the first died, and only one, a girl of five years, remains. After Mrs. Dean's marriage to Bigelow the Jones and Bigelow families were socially intimate, visits and dinners being exchanged at all reasonable hours. But aside from these social courtesies it was observed that the doctor would spend all of his leisure time at the Bigelow mansion, and that his carriage was always at the disposal of Mrs. Bigelow. Some six weeks ago Mrs. Bigelow left the city ostensibly to visit friends in Indiana, but told a few friends here that she was going never to return, and left a note for her husband to that effect. Two weeks later Dr. Jones left the city. It is understood that they met, but there are two stories as to where they have gone. One is that they sailed on a steamer from Quebec to Liverpool. Another is that they sailed from New York on a clipper ship bound for Australia. Both reports concern in this that Dr. H. Webster Jones and Mrs. Rudolph A. Bigelow have left America in company. The wife of Dr. Jones is with relatives in Connecticut. A gentleman who has been intimately acquainted with Dr. Jones, as well as with his patrons, for many years, stated last evening that he had yet to hear of any unprofessional conduct on the part of the doctor in the course of his practice. He was scrupulously exact almost to a fault, in his dealings with his patients.

CHAPTER XXVIV.

Early in the winter of 1877, the McAdow brothers of Bozeman saw, that all danger from hostile Sioux being past, the large and fertile stretch of land, known as Clark's Fork bottom, would soon be secured; so they located a large amount of land in the lower end of the bottom and built a store. Other locaters came and a little town sprang up, which was called Coulson.

This town grew and flourished till 1882, when a rich corporation bought the greater part of the railroad lands, that lie in this valley and laid out a new town about two miles from Coulson, which was called Billings. With the advent of the railroad the new town grew fast and by the fall of 1882 all of the business men in the old town had moved to it and Coulson became a thing of the past.

A few people took ranches near the mouth of Glendive creek and a town was laid out the summer of 1877, but not much growth came till the winter of 1878-81. Then the continuation of the Northern Pacific became an assured fact, and the favorable location of this place; it being where the railroad first strikes the Yellowstone, caused a great rush to it. This was the hardest town on the road and till June 1881, at which time the track passed on and the rough element went ahead for fresh fields, neither life or property was safe.

Glendive has not grown in numbers since that time, but the buildings and quality of people has improved and it is now the centre of a prosperous grazing and farming country.

In June of 1877 a man named Bill Taylor started a little trading house on the north side of the Yellowstone, a short distance above the mouth of the Big Horn and opposite cantonment Terry. Soon afterward Paul McCormick located there and quite a lively trade started up, with river men and soldiers. The little place was called Terry's Landing at first, but saloons, restaurants and a dance house and the usual accompaniments of a frontier town, were being exchanged at the place and was not dignified enough for the brisk little town and it was changed to Junction City.

On the same side of the river and about ten miles below, commenced the large and fertile valley known as Pease's bottom. During the fall of 1876, the same year that the Fort Pease adventures were taken away by the military, John G. ex-herd of Gallatin county and his sons, located ground at the upper end of the bottom. Afterward, when other settlers came and the logs in the buildings and stockade at Fort Pease were being hauled away, Mr. Goy took up and moved the bodies of those who had fallen at this place by Indian hands and buried them on a hill at the upper end of the valley. The bones of Fort Pease and those interested in it each put in a small sum and reimbursed him for his trouble, and the project is now ripe, among those interested, to put an appropriate monument at the heads of the Ft. Pease dead.

This bottom (Pease's) is the most thickly settled of any on the lower river and is the highest in which farming without irrigation can be carried on.

Near Goy's place there is a little town called Echeta, which is from the Crow and signifies horse. While the railroad was coming up the river valley, there was, ten miles below Echeta, a town called Kurtville, which for meanness, rivaled Glendive, but when the railroad track went by, it willed and passed away. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Story of Lincoln's Youth.

The origin of Lincoln's intimacy with Joshua F. Speed is thus related: "Mr. Speed began his business life as a merchant in Springfield, Illinois, where he was settled when Mr. Lincoln came there to open a law office. One day he was sitting in his store in an interval of leisure, Mr. Lincoln, whose unusual earnestness was then aggravated by youth, came up to his counter, accosted him with visible embarrassment."

"I want to know, Speed," he said, the cost of a bedstead and bed," adding a rough description which indicated the cheapest kind of both.

"What you want," answered Mr. Speed, "is not over \$17." At this Lincoln's jaw dropped, and a painful expression of sadness and perplexity spread over his countenance. Mr. Speed, noticing the look, and rightly interpreting it to signify that the price exceeded Lincoln's means, quickly added:

"Mr. Lincoln, I have a proposition to make you. My partner has just got married, and his bed in my room up stairs is vacant. If you are willing to occupy it and share my room with me, you are more than welcome." The painful expression instantly vanished from Mr. Lincoln's face, as, with a few simple words of thanks, he accepted the offer and disappeared. In a short time he re-appeared with a pair of old-fashioned saddle bags on his arm, and directed by his new friend, ascended on stairs to the designated room. A minute had scarcely passed before he shambled down again, and as he reached the shop room, cried out, his face beaming with joyous content:

"Well Speed, I've moved." Henceforward until death, Lincoln and Speed were bosom friends."

—During the past year there have been received at the Northern Pacific bureau of information at St. Paul and Portland, over 90,000 letters of inquiry, to which 2,500,000 responses have been made. These were in the way of copies of descriptive pamphlets, circulars, foldings and letters, printed in the English, Norwegian, Swedish, Danish, German, Dutch and Finnish languages.

"Captains, we are entirely out of ammunition, said the orderly-sergeant of a company to an Irish captain in one of the regiments of the Union army at the battle of the Wilderness. "Antirely out," said the captain. "Yes entirely out." "Then see firing!" said the captain.

The Flora of Montana.

Correspondence New York Tribune. Mountains are piled up confusedly in every direction about the Bozeman Valley, the summits of the higher peaks glittering with snow. The challenge to climb is not to be resisted. Only eight miles away towers Mt. Bridger, at the extremity of a spur from the great Belt range. It rises nearly 5,000 feet above the level of the plain, and despite its rugged look the ascent is comparatively easy. But to gather Alpine flowers from among its snows and return before nightfall, would occupy all the hours of a busy day, even here at the north where summer days are long. Mystic Lake, which lies fourteen miles away in the Gallatin Range, and is said to consist of trout and water in equal proportions, is therefore selected as the point to attain, and a party of half a dozen, with a guide, is soon galloping toward the foot-hills. It is seven miles to the mountain trail. The noble sky-line of the mountain ranges and the grand sweep of their slopes, the sense of freedom and enlargement under the spacious sky, the exhilarating motion through the upper air, all combine to make such a ride memorable to those whose senses have been schooled under strangely different influences

GO TO

It is not only the larger features of the scene which are novel. The vegetation, from the grasses on which the herds of cattle are feeding to the dark forests which clothe the flanks of the mountain, belongs to a flora whose forms are new and strange. The plain is bright with lupines and lupins, gallardias and phloxes, geraniums, lilies, and forget-me-nots, but the flowers are not those known at the East. Even the roses, white and pink, which bloom among the shrubs along the gullies, have an unfamiliar look. At the base of the mountain stands a stunted red cedar which makes itself at home on both sides of the continent. The note of the little song-sparrow can also be heard in the chorus of alien bird music. But the familiar sights and sounds are so few that they only serve to remind one how far away he is from the things he knows best and prizes most.

WILLSON'S

FOR CLOTHING

Up the narrow trail, in single file, the stout little horses begin to climb. The broncho blood enables them to pick their way with sure-footed ease over fallen timber and slippery rocks. A man of science, whose fighting weight is 218 pounds, seems a light burden for the stocky roan pony under him, and the summit of the first divide is gained with hardly a rest. It is not much of a hill for Montana, but it is a good thousand feet higher than the summit of Mount Washington, and the view between the last and the wider prospect along the plain to the endless mountain belt beyond, all billowed like a troubled sea into snowy peaks and ridges, are memories forever to any one whose good fortune it has been to see them through the clear morning air.

—A leading Iowa paper, in its contribution to the verbal food induced by the completion of the Northern Pacific, has this clever paragraph: "In 1873, to business men a year of memories, the larger business interests of the country were prostrated and the most apparent cause of the prostration was the collapse of the Northern Pacific railroad system. The editorials of leading American and European journals of that time, doleful though they were, would make rich reading for President Villard's party now. 'I told you so,' was the sum and substance of them all. Dakota was a treeless, rain