

**TAKEN UP**  
 On August 8th, one bay horse about eight years old, branded on left shoulder, and weight about 1,000. Also one light colored sorrel, with stripe in face and hind legs white, branded on left shoulder. Age about 12 or 13 and weight about 900 or 1,000. If not called for in 30 days they will be turned loose.  
**DENNIS MURPHY,**  
 Ridgeland, Mont.  
 Inquire of Mr. Rood, land commissioner.

**L. R. BARNETT**  
 This is my brand—So round up your watches that are out of order, bring them to me and I will put my brand on them.  
 Range, all over Dawson county.  
 L. R. Barnett,  
 Jeweler  
 Glendive, Montana



Don't forget that the Monitor Office always has a full supply of justice court blanks. 'Phone 120. 21f

**BOB HAMPTON of PLACER**  
 By RANDALL PARRISH AUTHOR OF "WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING" "MY LADY OF THE NORTH" "HISTORIC ILLINOIS, ETC."  
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**A NEW DEPARTURE**  
 Having just received a Nobby Line of Suits from the East, I am now prepared to cut and make to measure.  
**YOUR WEDDING SUIT.**  
 Or any other garment that you may require.  
 It will be satisfaction to you to have your CLOTHES CORRECTLY FITTED.  
 right here at home. Call and look over the Line and get my prices for an up-to-date suit or overcoat.  
 Repairing And Cleaning of Ladies' And Gents Garments A Specialty.  
**G. C. LEE,**  
**THE TAILOR.**

**The Newlon Store**  
 Carries a complete line of  
**Gents Furnishings**  
 And what about that STOVE you were talking of? Let us figure with you at once. Hoping to solicit a share of your patronage  
**JOHN O'BRIEN & SONS,**  
 GENERAL MERCHANDISE  
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**THE CRYSTAL PALACE**  
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**HARPER WHISKEY**  
 The Purest and Best Whiskey Made. WINES, LIQUORS and CIGARS. HAMM'S BEER.  
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 And You Will Use No Other  
**Midland Coal and Lumber Co.**  
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**J. A. MORSE, Proprietor.**  
 SUNNY BROOK WHISKEY is our leader. IT HAS NO EQUAL Choice Wines and Liquors of all kinds. Imported and Domestic Cigars. HAMM'S BEER always on tap. The cosiest parlor in the county.  
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**THE CAPITOL**  
**SHELTON & RYAN, Props.**  
 Fine Wines and Choice Liquors always in stock. We carry the celebrated McBRAYER and NONPAREIL Brands of Whiskies. Imported and Domestic Cigars.  
 We will treat you right and solicit a share of your patronage.

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 W. F. STUTZ, Prop.  
**NOTHING BUT THE BEST GOODS HANDLED.**  
 Sunny Brook, Pickwick Rye, Fitzgerald Weiskies. Pure Wines, and Cigars that Smoke.  
**Cosy Parlors and Courteous Treatment.**

**CHAPTER XXIII. The Door Closes.**  
 Totally exhausted, the two men dropped their heavy burden on the earth. Mason swore as the blood began dripping again from his wound, which had been torn afresh in his efforts to bear Hampton to safety. Just below them a mounted trooper caught sight of them and came forward. He failed to recognize his officer in the begrimed person before him, until called to attention by the voice of command.  
 "Sims, if there is any water in your canteen, hand it over. Good; here, Marshal, use this. Now, Sims, note what I say carefully, and don't waste a minute. Tell the first sergeant to send a file of men up here with some sort of a litter, on the run. Then you ride to the Herndon house—the yellow house where the roads fork, you remember—and tell Miss Naida Gillis (don't forget the name) that Mr. Hampton has been seriously wounded, and we are taking him to the hotel. Can you remember that?"  
 "Yes, sir."  
 "Then off with you, and don't spare the horse."  
 He was gone instantly, and Brant began bathing the pallid, upturned face.  
 "You'd better lie down, Marshal," he commanded. "You're pretty weak from loss of blood, and I can do all there is to be done until those fellows get here."  
 In 15 minutes they appeared, and five minutes later they were toiling slowly down to the valley, Brant walking beside his still unconscious rival. Here and there down the street, and especially about the steps of the Occidental, were gathered the discomfited vigilantes, busily discussing the affair, and cursing the watchful, silent guard. As these caught sight of the little party approaching there were shouts of derision. The sight and sound angered Brant.  
 "Carry Hampton to his room and summon medical attendance at once," he ordered. "I have a word to say to those fellows."  
 Seeing Mr. Wynkoop on the hotel porch, Brant said to him: "Miss Spencer informed me that you saw a man leap from the back window of the Occidental. Is that true?"  
 The missionary nodded.  
 "Good; then come along with me. I intend breaking the back of this lynching business right here and now."  
 He strode directly across the street to the steps of the Occidental, his clothing scarcely more than smoldering rags. The crowd stared at him sullenly; then suddenly a reaction came, and the American spirit of fair play, the frontier appreciation of bulldog courage, burst forth into a confused murmur, that became half a cheer. Brant did not mince his words.  
 "Now, look here, men! If you want any more trouble, we're here to accommodate you. Fighting is our trade, and we don't mind working at it. But I wish to tell you right now, and straight off the handle, that you are simply making a parcel of fools of yourselves. Slavin has been killed, and nine out of ten among you are secretly glad of it. He was a curse to this camp, but because some of his friends and cronies—thugs, gamblers and dive keepers—accuse Bob Hampton of having killed him, you start in blindly to lynch Hampton, never even waiting to find out whether the charge is the truth or a lie. You act like sheep, not American citizens. Now that we have pounded a little sense into some of you, perhaps you'll listen to the facts, and if you must hang some one, put your rope on the right man. Bob Hampton did not kill Red Slavin. The fellow who did kill him climbed out of the back window of the Occidental here, and got away, while you were chasing the wrong man. Mr. Wynkoop saw him, and so did your school teacher, Miss Spencer."

Then Wynkoop stepped gamely to the front. "All that is true, men. I have been trying ever since to tell you, but no one would listen. Miss Spencer and I both saw the man jump from the window; there was blood on his right arm and hand. He was a misshapen creature whom neither of us ever saw before, and he disappeared on a run up that ravine. I have no doubt he was Slavin's murderer."  
 "Now, you fellows, think that over," said Brant. "I intend to post a guard until I find out whether you are going to prove yourselves fools or men, but if we sail in again those of you who start the trouble can expect to get hurt, and pay for the piper. That's all."  
 In front of the hotel porch he met his first sergeant coming out.  
 "What does the doctor say about Hampton?"  
 "A very bad wound, sir; but not necessarily fatal; he has regained consciousness."  
 "Has Miss Gillis arrived?"  
 "I don't know, sir; there's a young woman cryin' in the parlor."  
 The lieutenant leaped up the steps and entered the house. But it was Miss Spencer, not Naida, who sprang to her feet.  
 "Oh, Lieut. Brant; can it be truly you! How perfectly awful you look! Do you know if Mr. Hampton is really going to die? I came here just to find out about him, and tell Naida. She is almost frantic, poor thing."  
 Though Brant doubted Miss Spencer's honesty of statement, his reply was direct and unhesitating. "I am informed that he has a good chance to live, and I have already dispatched word to Miss Gillis regarding his condition. I expect her at any moment."  
 "How very nice it was of you! Oh, I trembled so when you first went to face those angry men! I don't see how you ever dared to do it. I did wish that either Mr. Moffat or Mr. McNeil could have been here to go with you. Before Brant could reply his attentive ear caught the sound of a light footstep in the hallway. He met Naida just without, pale and tearless. Both her hands were extended to him unreservedly.  
 "Tell me, will he live?"  
 "The doctor thinks yes."  
 "Thank God! Oh, thank God!" She pressed one hand against her heart to control its throbbing. "You cannot know what this means to me." Her eyes seemed now for the first time to mark his own deplorable condition. "And you? You have not been hurt, Lieut. Brant?"  
 He smiled back into her anxious eyes. "Nothing that soap and water and a few days' retirement will not wholly remedy. My wounds are entirely upon the surface. Shall I conduct you to him?"  
 She bowed, apparently forgetful that one of her hands yet remained imprisoned in his grasp. "If I may go, yes. I told Mrs. Herndon I should remain here if I could be of the slightest assistance."  
 They passed up the staircase side by side, exchanging no further speech. Once she glanced furtively at his face, but its very calmness kept the words upon her lips unuttered. At the door they encountered Mrs. Guffy, her honest eyes red from weeping.  
 "This is Miss Gillis, Mrs. Guffy," explained Brant. "She wishes to see Mr. Hampton if it is possible."  
 "Sure an' she can that. He's been askin' after her, an' that pretty face would kape any man in gud spirits, I'm thinkin'. Step right in, miss."  
 She held the door ajar, but Naida paused, glancing back at her motionless companion, a glint of unshed tears showing for the first time in her eyes. "Are you not coming also?"  
 "No, Miss Naida. It is best for me to remain without, but my heart goes with you."  
 Then the door closed between them.

**CHAPTER XXIV. The Rescue of Miss Spencer.**  
 While Hampton lingered between life and death, assiduously waited upon by both Naida and Mrs. Guffy, Brant nursed his burns, far more serious than he had at first supposed, within the sanctity of his tent. Glendive meanwhile recovered from its mania of lynch law, and even began exhibiting some faint evidences of shame over what was so plainly a mistake. And the populace were also beginning to exhibit no small degree of interest in the weighty matters which concerned the fast-culminating love affairs of Miss Spencer.  
 Almost from her earliest arrival the extensive cattle and mining interests of the neighborhood became aggressively arrayed against each other; and now, as the fierce personal rivalry between Messrs. Moffat and McNeil grew more intense, the breach perceptibly widened. While the infatuation of Rev. Mr. Wynkoop for this same fascinating young lady was plainly to be seen, his chances in the race were not seriously regarded by the more active partisans upon either side.  
 The regular patrons of the Miners' Retreat were backing Mr. Moffat to a man, while those claiming headquarters at the Occidental were equally ardent in their support of the prospects of Mr. McNeil. It must be confessed that Miss Spencer flirted outrageously and enjoyed life as she never had done in the effete east.  
 The Rev. Mr. Wynkoop always felt serenely confident of an uninterrupted welcome upon Sunday evenings after service, while the other nights of the week were evenly apportioned between the two more ardent aspirants.  
 On Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings the Miners' Retreat was a scene of wild hilarity, for it was then that Mr. Moffat was known to be comfortably seated in the Herndon parlor, relating gruesome tales of wild mountain adventure which paled the cheeks of his fair and entranced listener. Then on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday nights, when Mr. McNeil rode gallantly in on his yellow bronco, bedecked in all the picturesque paraphernalia of the boundless plains, revolver swing-

owing his dare-devil eyes, the front of the gay Occidental blazed with lights and became crowded to the doors with enthusiastic herders drinking deep to the success of their representative.  
 It is no more than simple justice to the fair Phoebe to state that she was, as her aunt expressed it, "in a dreadful state of mind." Between these two picturesque and typical knights of plain and mountain she vibrated, unable to make deliberate choice. While laboring in this state of indecision late one Wednesday night Moffat tramped heavily into the Miners' Retreat and called Long Pete Lumley over into a deserted corner of the bar-room.  
 "Well, Jack," the latter began expectantly, "hev ye raily got the clinch on that cowboy at last, hey?"  
 "Dern it all, Pete, I'm blamed if I know; leastwise, I ain't got no sure prove-up. I tell ye that girl's just about the toughest piece o' rock I ever had any special call to assay. Ye see it's this way. She's got some dern down east notion that she's got ter be rescued, an' borne away in the arms of her hero like they do in them pesky novels the Kid's allers readin', and so I reckon I've got ter rescue her!"  
 "Rescue her from whut, Jack?"  
 "Well, ye see, Pete, maybe I'm partly to blame. I've sorter been entertainin' her nights with some stories regardin' road agents an' things o' that sort, while, so fur, as I kin larn, they blame chump of a McNeil has been fillin' her up scandalous with injuns, until she's plum got 'em on the brain. And now, I reckon as how it's got ter be injuns."  
 "Whut's got ter be injuns?"  
 "Why that outfit whut runs off with her, of course. I reckon you fellers will stand in all right ter help pull me out o' this hole?"  
 Long Pete nodded.  
 "Well, Pete, this is 'bout whut's got ter be done, es near es I kin figger it out. You pick out maybe half a dozen good fellers who kin keep their mouths shet an' make injuns out of 'em. Then you lay fer her, say 'bout next Wednesday, out in them Carter woods, when she's comin' home from school. I'll kinder naturally happen 'long by accident 'bout the head o' the gulch, an' jump in an' rescue her. Sabe?"  
 Lumley gazed at his companion with eyes expressive of admiration. "By thunder, if you haven't got a cocoon on ye, Jack! Lord, but they ought to get her a flyin'! Any shootin'?"  
 "Sure!" Moffat's face exhibited a faint smile at these words of praise. "It wouldn't be no great shucks of a rescue without, an' this hev got ter be the real thing. Only, I reckon, ye better shoot high, so thar' won't be no hurt done."  
 When the two gentlemen parted a few moments later the conspiracy was fully hatched, all preliminaries perfected and the gallant rescue of Miss Spencer assured. Indeed, there is some reason now to believe that this

desirable result was rendered doubly certain, for as Moffat moved slowly past the Occidental on his way home a person attired in chaps and sombrero, and greatly resembling McNeil, was in the back room, breathing some final instructions to a few bosom friends.  
 "Now don't—eh—any o' you fellers—eh—go an' forget the place. Jump in—eh—lively, just afore she—eh—gits ter that thick bunch—eh—underbrush, whar' the trail sorter—eh—glops down into the ravine. An' you cumps wanter—eh—git—yerselves up so she can't pipe any of ye off—eh—in this yere—eh—road-agent act. I tell ye, after whut that—eh—Moffat's bin a-pumpin' inter her, she's just got ter be—eh—rescued, an' in blame good style, er—eh—it ain't no go."  
 "Oh, yo; rest easy 'bout all that, Bill," chimed in Sandy Winn, his black eyes dancing in anticipation of coming fun. "We'll git up the ornariest outfit whut ever hit the pike."  
 The long shadows of the late afternoon were already falling across the gloomy Carter woods, while the red sun sank lower behind old Bull mountain. Rev. Howard Wynkoop, who for more than an hour past had been vainly dangling a fishing line above the dancing waters of Clear creeks, now reclined dreamily on the soft turf of the high bank, his eyes fixed upon the distant sky line. His thoughts were on the fussy hair and animated face of the fair Miss Spencer, who he momentarily expected would round the edge of the hill, and so deeply did he become sunk in blissful reflection as to be totally oblivious to everything but her approach.  
 Continued on last page.



**Disturbed The Congregation**  
 The person who disturbed the congregation last Sunday by continually coughing is requested to buy a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar. Glendive Drug Co.

**How to Avoid Pneumonia**  
 You can avoid pneumonia and other serious results from a cold by taking Foley's Honey and Tar. It stops the cough and expels the cold from the system as it is mildly laxative. Refuse any but the genuine in the yellow package. Glendive Drug Co.

**NOTICE**  
 Having purchased all the interests of W. T. Dawe & Son, all bills due the firm are payable to me, and I will pay all bills.  
 J. Benjamin Dawe,  
 Tokna, Mont., Jan. 2, 1908. 454f

**How to Avoid Appendicitis**  
 Most victims of appendicitis are those who are habitually constipated. Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup cures chronic constipation by stimulating the liver and bowels. Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup does not nauseate or gripe and is mild and pleasant to take. Refuse substitutes. Glendive Drug Co.

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 W. B. Herbert, Clerk.  
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 A First-Class Tonsorial Parlor with Up-to-Date Workmen.  
 Two Chairs Make Short Waits  
 you're next for a luxurious shave or a stylish hair cut.

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS**  
 Estate of Thos. C. Holmes, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administratrix of the estate of Thos. C. Holmes, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administratrix at Glendive, Montana.  
 EVART HOLMES,  
 Administratrix of the estate of Thos. C. Holmes, deceased.  
 In the county of Dawson, dated at Glendive this 9th day of December, 1907.  
 F. P. LEIPER, attorney for administratrix.  
 First publication Dec. 12, 1907.

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