

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,
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THE CRYSTAL PALACE

Is Headquarters For

HARPER WHISKEY

The Purest and Best Whiskey Made. WINES, LIQUORS and CIGARS. HAMM'S BEER.

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HARVARD RYE

WHISKEY is our leader. IT HAS NO EQUAL

Klein Brothers Distillers

212-214 East Eighth Street - Cincinnati, Ohio.

Choice Wines and Liquors of all kinds. Imported and Domestic Cigars. HAMM'S BEER always on tap. The cosiest parlor in the county.

THE CAPITOL

FRANK SHELTON, Prop.

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.



A Big Sign

The popularity of our lumber can be judged by the number of loads that leave the yards every day. Won't take a man with a microscope to find "there's somethin' doin'" here all the time.

Goodridge-Call Lumber Co.

Photographs for the Holidays

As the weather in December is always more or less unfavorable for finishing pictures quickly, persons who wish to get their pictures finished before the holidays should arrange to have their sittings made now.

We have a large and varied assortment of the latest cards manufactured for you to make a selection from at prices all the way from \$1.50 per dozen up, and feel certain we can please you.

We also make enlargements and do kodak finishing.

BOOEN & WING,

One Block Back from Jordan Hotel.

The Home Restaurant and Hotel

Rates, \$1.50 Per Day

Regular and Short Order Meals

Pleasant Parlor and Reading Rooms. Our rooms are most desirably located—light, spacious, well ventilated and newly furnished throughout—including all modern conveniences. Our charge is reasonable and guests are accorded every possible courtesy.

HANS WOLSTAD, Prop.

GLENDIVE, MONT.



The New Mayor
Based on G.H. Broadhurst's Successful Play

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

BY
**ALBERT
PAYSON
TERHUNE**
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GEORGE H. BROADHURST

"I only want to help you, Alwyn. I can't bear to see you miserable. A woman's wit and a mother's love are often a combination that can solve problems beyond even the wisest man's powers of logic. Let me help you."

"I was trying to make up my mind," vaguely replied Bennett, sorely distressed by her pleading, "whether a man ought to follow his conscience, even if it leads to heartbreak for those he loves, or whether he ought to let conscience go by the board for once and protect the happiness of his loved ones."

"Alwyn! How can you hesitate a second over such a question. One must do right, no matter what the consequence."

"I don't know about that," he said moodily.

"You know it perfectly well. It is what your father would have advised and—But, Alwyn, you surely are not making yourself unhappy over a mere supposititious case?"

"Well," he continued, "let us take a 'mere supposititious case' if you like. Suppose, for instance, that a man holding a position of trust had had a father whose memory he honored and revered as I do my own father's?"

"Yes?" prompted Mrs. Bennett as he paused.

"Suppose some one tempts him to betray his position of trust, even as I have lately been tempted, and threatens in case of his refusal to make public certain facts which would prove his dead father to have been a scoundrel. Now, what should the man do? Should he let his father's sacred memory be trampled in the mud, let his duty go by default and save?"

"It would be an awful responsibility to decide such a question," said Mrs. Bennett, with a little shudder, "but there could be only one reply."

"And that is?"

"He must do his duty, be the results what they may."

"You really think so?"

"There can be no doubt. Right is right and—"

"It shall be as you say," groaned Alwyn.

"What?" queried Mrs. Bennett, startled at the despair in his voice. "Do you mean it is an actual case? Some friend of yours, perhaps?"

Bennett nodded.

"Oh, the poor, poor fellow!" she sympathized. "What a terrible position for him! It was he, perhaps, that I heard talking to you in here just now. No wonder he seemed excited! The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children even unto the third generation."

"It is something less hard on the children than on the wives," mused Bennett, half to himself.

"The wives? Your friend has a mother living? That makes it doubly hard. Oh, my son, every day I thank God in all humility that my husband lived so blameless a life and left so honored a name! How grateful you and I both ought to be for—"

"It is easy enough to decide for some one you have never seen," retorted Bennett almost rudely, "but suppose the dishonest man in my story had been father and—"

"I refuse to suppose anything of the sort!" interrupted his mother indignantly, rising to her feet. "I wonder that you can speak so! How can you suggest so horrible a thing?"

"Just a thoughtless, tactless speech of mine. That's all," lied Alwyn. "It's very late. You'll have a headache. I'm afraid. Won't you go to bed?"

"Yes. It is late, and I'm keeping you up. Good night, dear. I wish your friend—"

She checked herself suddenly, with a little gasp. Bennett, glancing up to her, saw that her eyes were riveted on a bit of pasteboard lying on the corner of his desk directly beneath the reading lamp.

It was Horrigan's card. Slowly the mother's gaze shifted from the card to her son. From her face the color had been crushed by some swift emotion that left it very old, pale and sunken.

"Mr. Horrigan!" she murmured. "It was he who was your visitor tonight? Surely he isn't the sort of a man to care about his father's reputation for honesty. He?"

"You're tired, mother," interrupted Bennett in haste. "Won't you?"

"Wait!" she panted. "His visit here—Alwyn!" her voice rising to a wail of panic-stricken appeal. "Did—did that man dare to hint anything against your father? Tell me the truth! I

have a right to know. Did not Alwyn bow his head in silence. Tell me what he said!"



Cynthia Garrison.

"He said," muttered Bennett, almost incoherently, "he said my father made his fortune—by—graft!"

"And you thrashed him and threw him out of the house?" she cried, her old eyes ablaze.

"No."

"Alwyn!"

"He—he proved what he said!"

"It is a lie! A wicked, abominable lie!"

"It is the truth, mother. Would I have told you such a thing—would Horrigan have left this room alive—if it were not true?"

A silence—dreadful in its intensity—fell over the room. Alwyn dared not look at his mother. At last she spoke: "I must know more. I refuse to believe one word. You spoke of proofs. What are they?"

Without a word, Bennett handed her the report left by Horrigan. For a time silence brooded over the study, broken only by the occasional turning of a page of the report. Then, after what seemed to Alwyn an eternity of waiting, the document slid to the floor. Bennett glanced at his mother. She was standing rigid, her face cold and hard as granite.

"Horrigan has ferreted this out," he said, not daring to draw nearer or proffer comfort to the woman whom the boss' disclosure had turned to stone. "He has secured the proofs and says he will publish them broadcast unless I withdraw my opposition in the Borough franchise matter. If I let that bill pass, Friday he will burn the report, and—"

"There is only one thing to do," interposed the mother, speaking with slow decision, her voice as cold and colorless as her face. "Right must prevail, no matter what!"

"Mother!" cried Alwyn, trembling. "You advise me to—You advise me—"

"I do not advise, I command. Do right!"

"I do not advise, I command. Do right!"

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The Christmas Prayer

IRISH POINT OF VIEW.

It is a merry Christmas
When there is lots of snow,
For then through my good shovel
Some golden coin I know.

And 'tis a merry Christmas
When not a flake is seen,
For Christmas to the Irish
Is merry when it's green.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

Smallpox Remedy.

In such times as these, when smallpox and scarlet fever are prevalent, it is due to the public to ask that you kindly publish the appended prescription and cure of smallpox and scarlet fever, sent from southern Texas, and used by the sender's family and friends for forty years. It is, he says, "as unfailing as fate and conquers in every instance, even in smallpox though the pits are filling."

Sulphate of zinc.....one grain.

Digitalis.....one grain.

Sugarone-half teaspoonful.

Dissolve in a wine glass full of distilled water or water that has been boiled and cooled. Take one teaspoonful every hour, diminishing the dose according to age for children, and either of the above diseases will disappear in twelve hours.—S. L. Dixon.

Don't forget the firemen's dance on the 31st.

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