

General Agency of the
L. S. L.
GREAT FALLS, MONT.

The Monthly Drawing
Capital Prize, \$300,000.
Will take place at
NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, JULY 16, 1893
Tickets Sold—Prizes Cash.

Address by ordinary letter containing money orders issued by express companies, exchange and postal notes, or checks, circulars and all information.
JOHN RENNER,
Great Falls, Mont.
Address registered letters containing currency to First National Bank, Great Falls, Montana.

200 HEAD!
Cows, Calves,
Yearlings,
and Two-Year-Olds,
Graded Short-Horns,
Herefords and
Holsteins
For Sale,
AT
SAM DODD'S RANCH, Sun River,
4 Miles West of Great Falls.
ALSO ONE POLLED ANGUS BULL.
REMOVED!!
Opposite Park Hotel.

THE DELMONICO
RESTAURANT,
Great Falls, Mont.
Choice Wines and Liquors.
Rates per day—\$1.00. Weekly Board and Room \$7.00.

Open Day & Night.
JUST RECEIVED!
3 CAR LOADS
OF
GEDAR and FIR

Fence Posts,
—AT—
LOW RATES.
Goodrich Lumber Yard.

Brigade Major,
THE BEST
Draft Horse
In Montana.

Will stand at Major
Field's Ranch, Sand
Coulee, for about ten or
fifteen head of outside
horses as an accommo-
dation to the people of
the vicinity.

"Breed to the Best."
FOR SALE.
One Clyde Stallion,
BAY WITH BLACK POINTS,
Five years old, weight about 1,500 pounds. Well
broken and gentle.
Kenneth McIver,
Can be seen at Billie's Stables.

THE LITTLE COURIER.

"Hello, my little man!"
"Hello!"
"Where you going?"
"To the house over there."
A mounted officer in gray uniform, at the
head of a dozen troopers, was speaking
with a boy of ten or twelve years old, who
was walking along a path by the side of the
road. The time was at the close of a southern
winter, in 1861, and the location was in a
wooded area.
The child was small for his age, but sturdy,
and his head was in a straw hat, through
which his hair peeped in places. He wore a
short jacket, cut at the elbows, and trousers
rolled up at the bottoms. Several little rocks
were thrust through cracks in his shoes,
and his shirt was unbuttoned at the collar.
Despite his unbecoming apparel, the child did
not appear to be cold. He was ready as an
apple.

"Where do you live?" asked the officer, a
lieutenant, after surveying the little figure
contaminated by the boy's uniform around
and pointed to a house on an eminence in the
direction from which he had come.
"Got a father?"
"Yes, sir."
"Union or Confederate?"
"Union or Confederate?"

The officer smiled. During the civil war
the southern troops were the more bitter
against the Union men of the south than to
ward northern soldiers.
"I ain't no Union man, though," added the
boy, thrusting his hands into his pockets,
playing his legs freely at an angle, and look-
ing up at the soldiers resolutely.
"You! What are you?" asked the officer,
automatically.
"I'm a rebel."
"There was a burst of laughter from the
troop at his impudent defiance.
"What's your father's name?"
"Tom Lane."
"And yours?"
"Mime's Tom Lane, too."

The officer turned his head and glanced
meaningly at a sergeant who was close be-
hind him.
"How does it happen, my lad, that your
father is Union and you are Confederate?"
"Maw, ah, maw southern. Pop, he belongs in
East Tennessee."
"Is your father at home?"
"No, sir."
"When will he be at home?"
"I dunno. The boy knit his brows. Then,
with a quick look of interest and expres-
sion, he asked, "Was you was good?"
The officer smiled. "Where are you going,
my lad?"
"Over there." He pointed with his finger.
"Oh, yes, I forgot. And what are you go-
ing to do over there?"
"You colored. Oh, I ain't got no notion
but to leave samplin' in the postoffice on
the fence."

The "postoffice" was a box with a slit in
the top which had been put up for the pur-
pose of collecting correspondence. The offi-
cer noticed that the chubby hand grasped a
bit of faded paper.
"Would you like to see it?" he asked.
"Naw." The boy turned away with an
absent look.
"Suppose," said the officer, speaking low,
"Tom Lane's man was a rebel. This is his
boy. We must try to find out if Lane is
at home, or where he is. Two orders to take
him, dead or alive."
"My little man," he continued to the boy,
"I've got some questions for the good of
your country."
"I reckon so."
"Then tell me where your father is."
"He ain't none of us, he's Union."
"Yes, but where is he?"
"My pop ain't got nothin' to do with you
uns. Ask me some other thing, I'll tell
you."

The officer was baffled. Indeed, he was
astonished of his work in trying to induce a
boy to betray his father. The lad started on,
"The sergeant was about to ride forward to
stop him, but the officer ordered him back.
The troop rode on to a cross road which led
to a wood to the right; then turned down
this road and entered the wood. Finding a
spring of good water, they went into bivouac.
A man was ordered to ride after the boy, and
secure the initiative he intended to drop into
the letter box.
The soldiers picketed the horses and cook-
ed their supper. While they were eating,
the man who had been sent for the letter
came in. The officer unfolded the little scrap
of paper, and read this scrawl in a child's
hand:
Maw Lane,
Dear Maw, I want you far to be a soldier.
When I get a man I want you to be a soldier. My pop
is a soldier, and he's a soldier. He's a soldier
because he's a soldier. He's a soldier because
he's a soldier. He's a soldier because he's a
soldier. He's a soldier because he's a soldier.
That's all, I reckon.

The officer spelled out this communication
with some difficulty, and he felt in his pocket.
He had not much to do but to wait in
order to capture Tom Lane, guerrilla.
The next morning the boy was playing in
the road in front of his father's house. A Con-
federate officer with stars on his collar re-
plied by attending to his staff. He stopped and
questioned the boy.
"How far is it to the river, my lad?"
"The river?"
"Yes, sir."
"Two miles."
"Is the bridge down?"
"The bridge was last Thursday."
"How do you know?"
"Hear'd pop say so."
"And that road—pointing—where does
it lead to?"
"Where to?"
"Where?"
"The mountain."
"You're pretty prompt with your answers.
You seem to know the country hereabouts."
The general changed his position in the
saddle to rest. He looked into the child's
face thoughtfully. His own was a troubled
expression.
"Do you know the road to J—?"
"Yes, sir."
"Can you ride?"
"Bible. Reckon I can ride. Ain't dose
niggers 'sposed to carry a dispatch
for me?"
"What's that?"
"A letter."
"You ain't no Yankee, are you?"
"I'm a Confederate officer."
"Oh, do nothing for our soldiers," said Tom,
with a flash in his eye.
"Then come with me."
And without consulting the child was put
on the back of a red horse beside a cavalry-
man and rode with the general and his staff
to headquarters. When they arrived at
camp the general turned the child over to an
aid, but in half an hour ordered him to be
brought to his tent.
"Now, my little man," said the officer, looking
intently into the child's honest brown eyes.
"I'm going to send you on an important er-
rand. Though you are a boy you must have
the courage of a man."
The boy made no reply. He was looking
straight at the officer, he held up some-
thing that looked like a pill. "It's a roll
of these paper in tin foil, and there's a message
written on it. Take it to Gen—"
muffling the Confederate force at J—
There's but one condition you know the
road to the hills. It's a message to the
general, and you'll find another pill in the
right fork, and you'll find another pill in
the right fork. Do you understand?"
"Yes, sir."
"General," interrupted an aid, impatiently.
"This is a letter for me, not for this child."
"How could you give the enemy's pickets?"
demanded the general sharply. Then, with-
out perceiving a reply, he went on giving
the boy his instructions.
"You are a young man, I think, the pickets
will let you go where you please."
"I'm 12," interrupted Tom.
"Are you 12? Well, you must keep up a stout
heart and not look frightened."
"I reckon I won't be scared considerable."

"Take this." The general put his finger
into the pocket of the boy's jacket to see if it
was whole; then, rolling the pill in a piece
of newspaper, he slipped it into the pocket.
"If you must look at it, swallow it."
"Swallow it?"
"Swallow it?"
"I will," said Tom resolutely.
The general took the little fellow by the
hand. It was a curious contrast, the grizzly
bearded southern commander looking down
upon his six feet of height, and the boy in his
round face, and holding the chubby fist in a
knotty hand. He was loath to relinquish it,
leath to let the boy go. He was about to
send the child on a perilous errand. He could
have sent a man without a companion, even
if he knew the chances were nine in ten that
he would be shot; but this boy—
"God! he said, suddenly, and motioned the
aid to take him away. Another moment
and he would not have done it.
Tom Lane, Jr., was advanced to the dignity
of a Confederate courier, was placed on a
good natural horse which was to carry
him on his journey. The aid took him to the
Confederate picket line, and started him
up the road, looking at the boy in the
flaxen haired archer, whose little feet stuck
out on either side over the round flanks of
the horse at an oblique angle, wishing that he
might kill him back. He watched the boy
as he rounded a curve in the road. The
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