

**LATEST FASHIONABLE NUISANCE.**

It is twelve months ago that, dejected and flat, I sang in dismay of "The Matinee Hat." But fashion, resolved my existence to curse, since then has developed a nuisance much worse:

A nuisance, alack! which I see with a thrill, Has palpably grown and goes on growing still; A nuisance from which there's small chance of reprieve— The always augmenting, bepudded modern sleeve!

I have looked at it swell, as it were, 'neath my eyes; I have gazed at it waxing yet larger in size; Ever fresh convolutions I've known it essay; Ever new variations I've watched it display. I have seen it—much worse than in fashion books drawn—

Outbush the prelate's "balloonatic" lawn Till at length, my too long repressed wrath to relieve, I am forced to denounce the bepudded modern sleeve!

It in front of me spreads and shuts out all my view;

At my side it encroaches and tickles me too. One matinee hat is a lady's full share, But of matinee sleeves she, alas! wears a pair! So, whereas of a play fitful peeps I once got, Now a puff barricade intercepts the whole lot. They are aural impressions alone I receive. When I'm sitting behind a bepudded modern sleeve!

If women were angels 'twould alter the case. P'haps then we might suffer their wings in our face.

But whilst they are mortals and not fairy elves, Why I think their gifts should keep to themselves.

When ruffs grew too high in the reign of Queen Bess,

A royal decree made their altitude less. Will not our princes, then, new favor achieve By declaring against the o'ergrown modern sleeve?

—London Truth.

**He Was Very Mean.**

They were discussing the perversity of mankind in general, with direct reference to one in particular, when the girl with the blackbird hat exclaimed, with great vehemence:

"Mean! Honestly, Sarah, I never saw his equal. Did you know that he invited me to the theater the other night? Well, he did, and how he came to do it is beyond me. I fancy I see him counting over the money before he bought the tickets and wishing he could go back on his invitation. But he came on time all the same, and then while I was putting on my gloves I looked out of the window and saw it was actually sprinkling. Imagine! There I was with my best cloak on—you know, the velvet one trimmed with ostrich feathers—and I just knew he wouldn't get a carriage unless I actually made him do it, and I was in despair. But I plucked up spunk enough to say that it looked dreadfully stormy. He came to the window and looked out and said he guessed it wouldn't rain very hard, and I said I hoped not, for I was naturally delicate and had a cough last year that lasted a month just because I got my feet wet one evening. Then I shook my head and looked dubious and said I didn't know about it, until finally he hesitated and remarked that he thought perhaps we would better have a carriage. It was just like pulling teeth. Of course I replied that I was afraid it was a great deal of trouble, and he said, oh, no. He would go right out and get one. Oh, how it must have hurt! But he went, and it just did my heart good. But mean! That isn't anything. What do you suppose that parsimonious wretch did? He didn't get a carriage at all, but just a coupe. Oh, I could have shaken him. I was so thoroughly disgusted."

"But wasn't a coupe big enough?" asked Sarah.

"You silly thing, of course not," said the girl with the blackbird hat. "Why, we both had to sit on the same seat, and my sleeves were ruined, utterly ruined."

—New York World.

**A Peculiarity of Man.**

He was leaving the crowd where the theater tickets for a big engagement were being sold. There was a happy look on his face, which suddenly vanished. He put his hand to his temple, and then he said:

"I guess I'll hunt up some quiet place and kick myself. That's what I'll do."

"What's the matter?" asked the friend who had overtaken him.

"I have been letting the calcium light of mathematics into the opalescent mist of my enthusiasm," he replied.

"What do you mean?"

"I've just figured it out that I've stood out in the snow in line for five hours to pay extra money for a theater seat rather than stand up for three hours at the performance, where it's warm and comfortable!"

—Washington Star.

**A Great Idea.**

"I got a bill that will fetch 'em," said the legislator from Plunkville in a confidential whisper.

"Tell us about it," asked the reporter.

"I'll never give it away."

"It's just this: I'm going to make it a felony to sell cockroaches in mince pies. One of them pure food bills, you know. Why, they ain't a reterunt keeper in the state that won't give up from \$2 to \$5 to have that bill kept from passin'."

—Cincinnati Tribune.

**JAPANESE HEROISM.**

**His Body Guarded the Magazine After He Had Been Shot to Death.**

In the Japan Weekly Mail are two instances of heroism during the war that illustrate the pluck of the Jap. The best is the story of a brave seaman on board the Itsujushima Kan, who was shot to death while endeavoring to save the powder magazine. The man was a marine who had been told to stand as sentry or guard at the entrance of the powder magazine. During the hottest part of the naval engagement, that of Hai-Yang, the Itsujushima was so steered that the shots of the enemy's small arms seemed to concentrate in the vicinity of this vital point, and noticing this the sentry fearlessly endeavored to cover the whole doorway with his body. In his attempt he was wholly successful, not a bullet reaching the interior of

the magazine. When the affair was over, relief was sent to the faithful guardian, who was seen still standing at his post, with a somewhat troubled expression on his countenance. He was discovered to be stone dead and literally honeycombed with bullets, of which no less than 36 had struck him. Of course death had ensued long before his wounds reached that terrible total, but even in death his body had continued to guard the post kept so fearlessly and so well in life.

The Fuzoku Guho gives an account of a very daring feat performed by an infantry soldier just before the Ping-Yang battle. Boats were imperatively necessary, but every available craft in the neighborhood had either been requisitioned by the Chinese or else moored on their side of Taidong river. One of the Japanese volunteered to go across alone and fetch at least one of these boats, and on receiving permission to make the trial he swam across, mostly under water and in the face of a storm of bullets, unmoored one of the smaller junks and towed her back again to his starting place. He escaped without a wound, much to the satisfaction of his regiment. The bold fellow is said to be the stoutest and most intrepid swimmer in the army.

**A Good Excuse.**



"Who called?"  
"The doctor."  
"I can't see him. Tell him I'm not well."

**Force of Habit.**

"Who was the man that passed the plate last night?" asked the Salvation Army captain. "I don't know his name," answered the lieutenant, "but he used to be a detective." "I wondered why he held the plate behind him when making the collection."—Indianapolis Journal.

**His Invention.**

"Pipkins is at it again."  
"Another one of his jokes?"  
"Yes. You know he works with a railroad. So he has invented a danger signal post made exactly like a clothespin. He says it will indicate a washout on the line."—Atlanta Journal.

**Not All Profit.**

A New York paper gives a story of a man who is very careful of his dollars. He is a farmer in comfortable circumstances, thrifty and honest, and is respected notwithstanding his painful exactness in money matters.

He married a widow worth \$10,000, and shortly afterward a friend met him.

"Allow me to congratulate you," said the friend. "That marriage was worth a clear \$10,000 to you."

"No," replied the farmer, "not quite that much."  
"Indeed? I thought there was every cent of \$10,000 in it."  
"Oh, no," and the farmer sighed a little, "I had to pay a dollar for the marriage license!"—Youth's Companion.

**More Dangers Threaten.**

Mrs. de Style—What are you studying so deeply?  
Daughter—I have become an anarchist, and I'm trying to learn how to make bombs.

"O-o! Horrors!"  
"Must do it. Civilization is all wrong."  
"Mercy! Of what do you complain?"  
"By the time a man is able to support a girl in the style to which she has been accustomed he is as old as her father."—New York Weekly.

**A Distinction.**

"Mamma, what is the difference between a divided skirt and bloomers?"  
The tender, thoughtful face of the proud mother lighted up with intense pride as she gazed lovingly into the eyes of the precocious little daughter who had displayed such interest in a great subject as she replied:

"There is really no great difference, darling, but among the really select the bloomer is generally considered to be more manly."—Clothier and Furnisher.

**Old Rouser Logic.**

Swags—Ah, you will never know how much I regret my youthful follies.  
Baggs—Why?  
Swags—Because, now that I have money enough to indulge them without compunctions of conscience, all the novelty is gone.—New York World.

**It Generally Works.**

Politiks—It would be a great thing for me if I could get some of my constituents to eulogize me handsomely just now. Can you think of any way of getting them to do so?  
Hartless—Yes. Die.—Chicago Record.

**Warmed Over.**

"How shall we serve that new missionary?" asked the chef.  
"As hash, I guess," said the king of Mbwoka. "He told me that the presbytery had roasted him just before he left home."—Indianapolis Journal.

**Notice for Publication.**

**U. S. LAND OFFICE.**

HELENA, MONT., March 1, 1895.  
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the clerk of the district court at Virginia City, Mont., on April 13, 1895, viz: Solomon D. Hardisty, who made H. E. No. 5784 for the northeast quarter section 19, township 5 south, range 4 west.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: William Walker, Nicholas Banks, Bernard Bogue and Peter Deley, all of Laurin, Mont.

Any person who desires to protest against the allowance of such proof, or who knows of any substantial reason, under the law and regulations of the interior department, why such proof should not be allowed, will be given an opportunity at the above mentioned time and place to cross examine the witnesses of said claimant, and to offer evidence in rebuttal of that submitted by claimant.

W. E. COX, Register. 20-61.

First pub. March 9, 1895.

**Desert Land Final Proof—Notice for Publication.**

**LAND OFFICE AT**

BOZEMAN, Montana, Feb. 16, 1895.

Notice is hereby given that Lillie A. Storey of Ennis, Montana, has filed notice of intention to make proof on her desert-land claim No. 510, for the southeast quarter of southwest quarter section 20 township 8 south range 1 east before the clerk of the district court at Virginia City, Montana on the 1st day of April, 1895.

She names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land:

John E. Woodworth, Elenor E. Ayers, Morris Kilner, James B. Cameron, all of Cameron, Montana.

C. P. BLAKELEY, Register (18-6)

First publication Feb. 23, 1895.

**Notice to Creditors.**

Estate of James L. Minnis, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the under-signed administrator of the estate of James L. Minnis 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 administrator at his office in the city of Virginia, county of Madison, state of Montana.

Dated at Virginia City, this 6th day of March, 1895.

JULIAN A. KNIGHT, Administrator of the said estate. 20-5

**Notice of Administrator's Sale of Real Estate.**

In the district court of the fifth judicial district, of the State of Montana, within and the County of Madison.

In the matter of the estate of Dennis Collins, deceased.

In obedience to and in pursuance of an order and decree, duly made and entered by said court on February 23, 1895; I as the administrator of the estate of said Dennis Collins, deceased, will sell at private or public sale the following real property belonging to said estate to-wit: the south half of the southeast quarter; the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter and the south half of the southwest quarter, of section four; the northeast quarter; the east half the northwest quarter and the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section nine. All in township six, south of range four west, in the County of Madison, State of Montana, containing four hundred and eighty acres together with all the improvements thereon and the water rights and ditch rights thereunto belonging or appertaining. Said property is known as "The Collins ranch," and is about one mile south of Laurin in the Ruby valley.

I will receive sealed bids at my office at Laurin up to and including March 20, 1895, reserving the right of rejection.

Bidders will specify prices and terms. It said property is not sold on said day. I will proceed to sell the same at public vendue on Saturday, March 30, 1895, at the late residence of said deceased. Sale between the hours of 10 a. m. and 4 p. m.

Terms of sale made known on day of sale. Dated this first day of March, 1895.

RAS ROCHESTER, Administrator. 19-41.

First publication March 2, 1895.

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