

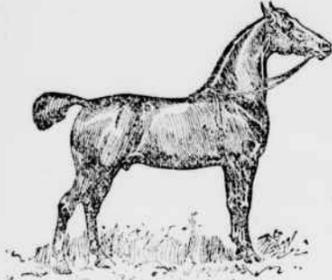


FRENCH AND GERMAN.

Coach Horses of the Two Nations That Hate Each Other.

The first illustration shows one of the Oklahoma studs' most famous prize winners, an imported French coaching stallion. The traveler in Paris observes that the common hack and carriage horses there are the handsomest and apparently the best cared for of any he has seen in Europe. Those of Italy are the worst.

The animal in the picture is a first class type of the horses the French have been breeding and training for generations for coach animals. The blood is well distributed throughout the country,



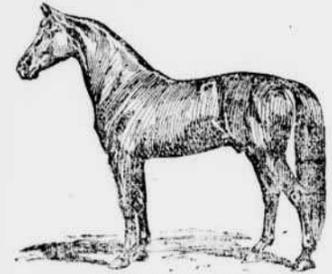
FRENCH COACH STALLION.

and the lively stable horses that draw the traveler so merrily, their heads up and full of spirit, along the beautiful drives of Paris have their share of it.

The reader will see in this horse not a little resemblance to the hackney type. In fact, he looks like a rather refined type of hackney.

The second picture shows a prize German coach stallion of the imperial Trakehner breed.

The German coach horse, as one might expect, seems taller and heavier than the French carriage animal. The Trakehner is, in fact, adapted to the heaviest style of carriage horse, the great family heavy swell carriage or the equally swell four-in-hand, with which the rich amuse themselves in warm weather. Trakehner is the name of the imperial German domain on which these horses are bred. The farm is eight miles square and contains sometimes over 1,000 horses. They are divided into brands, according to their color—black, bay and chestnut. In Germany the division between saddle and harness horse, which the Kentuck-



GERMAN COACH STALLION.

ians have succeeded in breaking down, is kept up with military strictness. The animals trained to saddle are not allowed to mingle with the harness horses. The Trakehner horses have been bred with great care and purity upon the same lands for 170 years. One great advantage they possess is that they are heavy enough to serve the farmer as general purpose horses, while he breeds them for large carriage teams.

Galloway Robes.

Just having killed an immense bull buffalo and sent the meat to Helena to be sold for Christmas dinners makes me think more forcibly than ever that the Galloway is to take the place of the extinct buffalo. Having in the ten years between 1873 and 1883 tanned nearly 200,000 buffalo hides into buffalo robes, or more than any other man, living or dead, I think I know whereof I speak when I say the Galloways and their grades furnish robes that are equal to the famous buffalo robes of years ago.

Any one can tan them equal to the best Indian tanning. The squaws did that work entirely. On the plains wherever the hunt was going on the squaw at once stretched out the robe on four poles quite tight, and in freezing weather they were allowed to freeze over night. Then in the morning early the squaws would stand on the hide with their chipping tool, and with a quick sharp stroke make the chips fly like a carpenter with his plane. In about one hour the hide was ready for the grease. They smeared on any kind on the flesh side. Then they persisted over with water and rolled it up for an hour or two. Then they would fasten a green hide rope on a stout stake driven in the ground, or a tree, about four feet from the ground, and fasten it again at the bottom, making the rope tight. Then grasp the hide with both hands and saw back and forth for a time; then stretch and hold over a fire in the lodge for a few moments; then at the rope again, and so on until perfectly dry, soft and white.

The Galloways, like the buffalo, are prime for robes only in winter months, being best in November, December and

January, or up to the time the hair begins to loosen in spring. The better care and richer feed the better the robe. That Galloway cattlemen can grow and make their own robes I know, and at no greater cost than a few hours' work which can be done in winter. One can easily make one robe in a day. I can make from five to ten in a day with one boy's help. The full blood steers, 3 years old, killed in season, ought to make robes worth \$35, and the grades, according to fineness and amount of pure blood they carry, say, \$19 average. That they can add that much to the profits of the farm and occupy leisure hours there is no doubt.—F. B. Clark in Breeder's Gazette.

BABY LOUISE.

I'm in love with you, Baby Louise! With your silken hair and your soft brown eyes, And the dreamy wisdom that in them lies, And the faint, sweet smile you brought from the skies, God's sunshine, Baby Louise.

When you fold your hands, Baby Louise, Your hands like a fairy's, so tiny and fair, With a pretty, innocent, saintlike air, Are you trying to think of some angel taught prayer? You learned above, Baby Louise?

I'm in love with you, Baby Louise, Why, you never raise your beautiful head! But some day, little one, your cheek will grow red, With a flush of delight to hear the words said, "I love you," Baby Louise.

Do you hear me, Baby Louise? I've sung your praises for nearly an hour, Yet your dark fringed eyelids droop lower and lower, And you've gone to sleep, like a weary flower, Ungrateful Baby Louise! —Margaret Eyttinge in Detroit Free Press.

DELAYED DISPATCH.

I had never been left alone in charge of the office before. It was a cold, blustery day in January, one of those dreary winter days that make one feel so melancholy and blue, the wind shrieking about the building and the snow falling thickly in great white flakes, which seemed to be vying with each other for a comfortable spot on which to fall when reaching the friendly bosom of earth. Old Sol had not favored us with a smile all day, but had sulkily hidden his face behind the gray restless clouds. It was truly a dismal afternoon.

The office building in which I was domiciled was one of those dreary old country stations which seemed to be dropped along the side of the railroad track at intervals without an effort at making them other than what they are, both uncomfortable and unsightly.

The little town of B— was a sleepy little village of about 900 inhabitants, built down in a valley, surrounded by hills, from which flowed an abundance of beautiful, clear, pure spring water, supplying the humble, contented citizens. Today the place presented a picturesque appearance. The snow had been falling heavily during the night, and the trees, fences, housetops, bushes and streets were completely covered with the "beautiful."

The principal street of the village ended at the foot of the long winding hill which served as a coasting place for the merry young people. The only sign of life about the place this memorable afternoon was the occasional jingle of sleighbells wafted to my ears on the frosty air as some farmer's boy took advantage of the deep snow to exhibit his new sleigh, and a merchant now and then coming to the station for his small shipments. One or two disconsolate looking tramps passed my office, trudging along through the snow, casting an envious glance in my direction as I sat in the bow window.

This cold wintry day, as I sat in the little office listening intently to the tick of the two instruments on the table in front of me, little did I dream that it was to be the one eventful day of my life. Looking from the windows, I could see east and west of me the straight line of track stretching away like two silver reptiles running side by side over a vast white sheet. A short distance north of the office was the old wooden mill of Bartlet & Sons, from which issued the sound of the merry wheels as they hummed in busy unison with the click of the looms, keeping company with my wandering thoughts.

At a distance of perhaps a quarter of a mile on each side of my office were two curves, preventing my seeing a train approach the station from either direction until the shrill whistle of the engine called for my signal or down brakes.

I had just learned telegraphy, or thought I had, having studied it about four months, and had become proficient enough, as my sanguine teacher avowed, to fill the place with perfect safety while he made a pleasure trip to Louisville, the center of gravity for him. I remember I had serious misgivings as to my ability to take care of the office work and sat with tears trembling on my eyelashes long after the train bearing my only assistance had disappeared and felt very much depressed, as though on the eve of some great calamity.

To throw off this dreadful feeling I walked to the waiting room and back several times, humming a popular air to keep up my spirits. I think I had been thus occupied an hour or so when I heard the train dispatcher at "M." giving an order to the operator at Wilmington for No. 48, a freight train coming east. It read: "Train No. 48, engine

236, has until eleven ten (11:10) a. m. to run to Raysville for No. 11, engine 245.—R. G. L."

I went to the table and copied the order as it was given, simply doing so to pass the time, and heard the operator at Wilmington receive it and give the signatures of both conductor and engineer of No. 48, the dispatcher giving him the correct time. Then I noted Wilmington reporting No. 48 out of his station at 10:40 a. m. After an interval of half an hour or so the operator at "M." asked if there were any orders for No. 111, receiving a negative answer from the dispatcher. All this I noted casually, not thinking for a moment that it had the slightest interest for me, other than something to copy, and in blissful ignorance that we were on the verge of a terrible catastrophe.

In a few moments, while lazily gazing west from my window, I saw a hazy, dark mist curling up over the snow capped trees in the distance, which looked very much like smoke from an engine, and while I was conjecturing as to what it might mean I heard the signal for my target as it sung around the curve into sight. It struck me as being exceedingly strange that No. 48, a freight train, was running to "M.," regardless of the limited, and I concluded to inform the dispatcher of the unusual situation, telling him "No. 48 is coming." He answered "O. K.," and then I gave them my signal to go ahead. Just as they were rounding the east curve, the caboose just disappeared, "M." called me and asked, "Is No. 48 on the siding?" I told him "No;" that they had just left the station, giving the time they had passed.

His reply: "My God, has No. 48 gone? No. 111 is pulling out. They will collide. Can't you get No. 48?" My hair felt as though it was raising off my head, chills chased themselves up and down my spine, and the cold perspiration poured down my pallid cheeks as I rushed with all speed and less grace from the office and frantically waved a white apron I wore and which I tore off as I ran, but the crew of the freight failed to look back as the caboose sailed round the curve, and my heart almost failed me as I realized that the only hope now was to catch No. 111 before they left "M."

I ran back into my office and sank into a chair, no longer able to stand on my feet, scarcely breathing until in a few—hours it seemed to me, but in reality—seconds the dispatcher called me, saying, "We've got No. 11." Were ever words so sweet to mortal ears? The tick of that little brass sander as it rang those words through the room was like sweet music, so welcome were they to me.

How did they get No. 111? I will tell you. When I told the dispatcher that No. 48 was beyond recall, he opened a window in mad haste and screamed to the people on the platform below him, "For God's sake, stop that train!" And they, realizing that something was terribly wrong, rushed after the rapidly disappearing train, frantically waving handkerchiefs and umbrellas, screaming like madmen, finally attracting the attention of the rear brakeman just as No. 111 was going out of sight and hearing. They backed up on a siding and waited, and soon the freight train pulled into "M." station, the crew as unconcerned as though they had not just escaped a smashup and the possibilities of instant death a few moments before.

A white faced operator, with trembling lips, leaned out of the window and asked them, "Haven't you forgotten something?" And the forgotten order was suddenly remembered, but too late for them.

The whole crew was of course discharged, and I—well, when those welcome words were ticked off that dear old sander, telling me that No. 111's crew and passengers were safe, I lost consciousness and only came back to life in time to hear the conductor of No. 111 say to his engineer: "Poor girl, she has fainted. She is almost frightened to death."

Had I not warned the dispatcher in time for him to catch the passenger train, there would have been a horrible collision, and we can only picture to ourselves the horrors accompanying such a catastrophe.

My reward was a position with the company and a handsome gold watch. I staid with the company but a short time, however, for I never could cure myself of the horror I had of railroad telegraphing produced by my terrible experience that wintry day in January, and as I write this story, sitting here in my cozy little sitting room by a bright coal fire, watching the flames creeping around the black diamonds in the grate, as I go over the scenes and situations of that dreary afternoon, I shudder and wonder if old Father Time will ever enable me to forget that dreadful experience, so that I can speak of it all without a shudder.—Northwest Magazine.

Mrs. Yates, who as mayor of Onehunga, New Zealand, did so much to discourage other communities from making women mayors, has not been re-elected. Her fellow citizens have repudiated her and placed a mere man in the mayoral chair. But Mrs. Yates is going to have her revenge on a world that watched her czarlike rule without sympathy. She is going to make a tour and lecture.—New York World.

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Alex. Metzel. P. O. address, Puller Springs, Montana. Cattle and Horse brand of Alex. Metzel, thoroughbred cattle and American horses are branded J on left jaw. Vent, same brand on left thigh. Cattle mark, down-cut dewlap in brisket. Range, upper Ruby valley, from lower upper canyon, including all tributaries.

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P. O. address, Puller Springs, Montana. Cattle brand as shown in cut; horses same brand on left thigh. Vent for cattle same on left thigh; for horses, same under mane. Cattle cropped on right ear, and with down-cut dewlap on brisket. Range, upper Ruby valley, from lower to upper canyon, including all tributaries.

Jack Taylor. P. O. address, Virginia City, Montana. Horse brand, circle T on left shoulder. Cattle brand as shown in cut. Range, Madison divide. JACK TAYLOR.

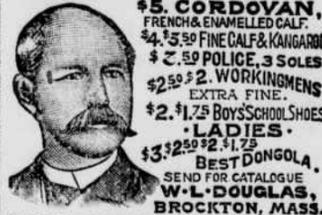
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