

## THEY COMPROMISE

### END OF THE BATEMAN-RAYMOND SUIT.

Resulting in the Transfer of the Townsite of Sheridan—The Price Fixed at \$11,000—All Sales Made Prior to May 21, 1894, Valid.

The townsite of Sheridan, over which there has been so much litigation as to the title, changed owners last Saturday, passing from Winthrop Raymond into the hands of Samuel Word, of Helena, R. P. Bateman, of Sheridan, and W. A. Clark, of this city. The deed, a bargain and sale, conveying what is known as the Bateman ranch, consisting of 1,040 acres, and including the Sheridan townsite, was filed with County Clerk Jones Saturday, and is the result of a compromise effected during the recent session of court. By the compromise, which was not fully consummated until Saturday, Mr. Raymond receives \$11,000.

The first suit, tried May 21, 1894, resulted in a decree in Bateman's favor, declaring Raymond's deed to the property, executed by Raymond, a mortgage, and in the settlement of the account the court fixed the amount to be paid Raymond at \$14,000. On the accounting, Bateman appealed. The supreme court sent the case back and ordered a new accounting. The matter was to have been tried at the last term of court, but before it came to trial the compromise was effected, the details of which were concluded Saturday, all the parties directly interested being in Virginia.

By the deed all sales of lots made prior to May 21, 1894, were made valid.

### RAILROAD QUALIFICATIONS.

An Examination Said to be Enjoyed by Masons.

I am told that Masons will particularly enjoy the following story which is told on Superintendent Joseph Maxwell of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railroad, and I must say, though I have not the honor of belonging to that ancient and distinguished brotherhood, I think it is quite worth printing myself.

Superintendent Maxwell, or plain, blunt "Joe," as his friends call him, has the reputation of being very particular in the matter of employing trainmen, desiring only those who have had considerable experience in that branch of the service. The following is a conversation said to have been overheard in Mr. Maxwell's office between that gentleman and an applicant for a position as passenger conductor:

"Where did you come from?"  
"From General Manager St. John of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy."  
"What did you come here to do?"  
"To learn to subdue my energies and improve the railway service."

"Then you are a railway man, I infer?"  
"I am so taken to be by all officials who know their business."

"How may I know you to be a railroad man?"

"By looking over my letters and examining me in the signals. Try me."

"How will you be tried?"  
"By the punch."

"Why by the punch?"  
"Because it is an emblem of honesty and the principal tool of my profession."

"Where were you first prepared to be a railroad man?"

"In my mind."

"Where next?"  
"Upon a farm adjoining the right of way."

"How were you prepared?"  
"By braking upon a threshing machine for six months, after which I went to town and sought admission to the train masters' clerk."

"How were you received?"  
"Upon the gaze of the train master applied to my physiognomy, which was thus explained: As it is always a source of great pleasure to the train master to receive callers, I should drop in and chat with him a little while upon every occasion possible."

"How were you disposed of?"  
"I was seated in a chair near to the train master's desk and asked if I put my trust in safety coupling devices."

"Your answer?"  
"Not if I know myself, I don't."

"What was then done with you?"  
"I was led up and down the yard three times to accustom myself to the noise of the trains; thence to the chief dispatcher."

"How were you then disposed of?"  
"I was seated upon a brake wheel before a train boy and caused to take the following horrible and binding oath: I, Steve Sears, do hereby and hereon most everlastingly, diabolically swear by the great horn spoon that I will always remit and never conceal any of the cash collected by me as conductor, and that I will not cut, make, use, collect or emit any cash fares less than those found in the regular tariff book."

"Further promise and swear that I will not carry on my train friend, railroad man's

wife, mother or sister, daughter or widow, or permit any other conductor to do so if I can prevent it. I further promise and swear that I will freely contribute to all subscriptions circulated to buy my superior officer a token of esteem, etc., as far as he may desire and my salary permit, to all of which I solemnly swear binding myself under no less penalty than that in having my salary cut from year to year, all my perquisites taken away and expended for sand ballast to put under the McKinley extension, where the trains come and go twice in twenty-four hours, so help me Bob Ingersoll and keep my backbone stiff."

"What did you then behold?"  
"The trainmaster's clerk approached me and presented me with a Bishop safety coupling knife and instructed me to take it to the yard master, who would teach me how to use it."

"How are Bishop coupling knives used?"  
"By sticking them in the left hip pocket with the blade turning up."

Mr. Maxwell here informed the applicant that he was satisfied that he was a railroad man and asked him if he would be "off" or "from."

"I will be off from here if you will give me a passenger train."

"Have you any cigars?"  
"I have."

"Will you give them to me?"  
"That is not the manner in which I got them and cannot so dispose of them."

"How can I get them, then?"  
"I will match you heads or tails for them."

"I'll go you, begin."

"You begin."

"No, begin yourself; you have the cigars."

"All aboard; you are O. K. Come around again in the morning and I will arrange to send you down to the Trinity and Sabine division to take the mixed train there.—The Dispatcher.

### PLUCK AND LUCK.

How a Young Irish Lad Became an American Hero.



WHEN the first mutterings of the Revolution were heard in this country, they awakened an echo on the other side of the Atlantic, and that echo sometimes carried with it a conviction of the justice of our cause and our right to revolt.

Such was its tone when it reached the little hamlet in Ireland wherein dwelt Matthew Lyon, a stripling yet in his teens.

An old sea captain from America was a guest in the Lyons' home, in which Matthew was not happy with his stepmother and from which he had frequently begged his father to let him depart.

He listened day after day to the wonderful tales of the old salt, tales told with a sea captain's coloring, that would have made the story of Sinbad, the sailor, tame in comparison.

The more he listened the more restless he grew, and finally he determined that he would go to America. As the captain would not take him without the consent of his father, and that consent could not be obtained, he bided his time, and the night the old captain sailed away Matthew Lyon shipped as a stowaway.

Not until he was too far out to be returned did he reveal himself to the captain, who was very angry and swore all the oaths in the sea captain's vocabulary, declaring that he would return him by the first boat that sailed on their arrival in America.

"Do you know," he said, "that you will be sold as a vagrant over there if you land without money or friends?"

This did not frighten the determined boy, who said he was willing to be sold—anything to get there.

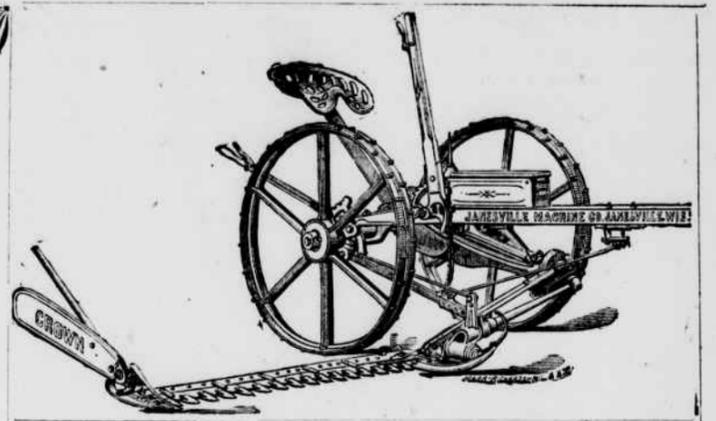
The vessel landed in Boston harbor. Governor Chittenden met the captain, who was a personal friend, the day after the arrival. The captain told him of the daring little stowaway, and they agreed to go through the form of a mock sale. The boy took his stand upon the sale block, and the bidding commenced. After a lively contest he was knocked down to Governor Chittenden for a pair of bulls.

He went home with his purchaser, made himself generally useful and soon found such favor in the eyes of his master that the latter took him into his office, where he commenced the study of law. He was soon an interested participant in the Boston tea party and enrolled himself with the "Green Mountain Boys," under command of Ethan Allen, and became as true a patriot, as tenacious of the rights of Vermont and aggressive to those of New Hampshire and New York, as if he had been born and bred upon the soil of the Green Mountain State.

But soon there loomed up a stumbling block in the way of Matthew's patriotism. His warm, young Irish heart went out toward the pretty daughter of his benefactor. She did not scorn the advances of the young patriot, but learned to look with eagerness to the surreptitious meetings, when Matthew would steal away from camp to get a look at her pretty face. Governor Chittenden had more ambitious views in regard to his daughter and frowned upon this intimacy.

After the battle of Concord the continental congress at Philadelphia began vigorously preparing for war, and when George Washington was made commander in chief of the army Matthew Lyon found himself a continental soldier, having won his spurs at Lexington a month previous.

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## DILLON · IMPLEMENT · CO.

But at the close of the war he returned to Vermont and became associated in the law firm of Governor Chittenden, whose daughter he soon afterward married.

So steadily did this young enthusiast win his way into the hearts of the people that he was sent to represent them in the continental congress. While serving in this capacity he fought the "alien and sedition" bill and once in the heat of argument spat in the face of his opponent, a man of the name of Fitzgerald, I think. For this he was arrested, and refusing bail was imprisoned. While in prison he was again chosen to represent his adopted state in congress.

Subsequently he was sent by the government to Arkansas to settle some Indian disturbances in that locality. Finally he drifted to Kentucky, or "Fincastle county," as it was then known. Here he joined forces with Daniel Boone and became an Indian fighter, his love of adventure finding in this pastime a fitting means for its accomplishment.

A remnant of the fort built by Boone and himself is still standing at the junction of the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers. The huge stone chimney, large enough to roast two or three oxen in at one time, forms the foundation for a house which he afterward built and in which he lived when he first settled in Kentucky. This house is one of the historical spots in the Blue Grass State, and many tourists annually visit it. The little three cornered rooms, queer chimney places and porthole windows are reminders of the time when Kentucky was known as the "dark and bloody ground."

From that state Matthew Lyon was also sent to congress, and often when hot in debate he would cry out, "By the bulls that bought me!" Numbers of his descendants are scattered throughout Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia, all of whom have been more or less prominent in public affairs. F. G. DE F.

### The Old Time Way.

The land is full of children—not a day older than their grandparents were at the same age—to whom the firecracker is an unmixt joy and the sky rocket an awe inspiring delight. It may be a little dangerous to indulge the fancies of these youthful patriots, but they are as much entitled to their day of hazardous sport as their parents and grandparents before them and are quite as likely to live through it. Old John Adams' idea of a Fourth of July is not so far wrong as some timid souls have come to regard it, and if the little extra risk is met by a good deal extra care the present generation will enjoy and survive an old fashioned Fourth quite as well as their ancestors.

### Two Maxims of Liberty.

Is uniformity of opinion desirable? No more than of face and stature.  
I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man.—Thomas Jefferson.

### ON THE FOURTH.

Love, Romance and Why He Was Never Married.

Jack sat on the piazza smoking a cigar. I joined him. A parcel of mothers were gathered together in the front yard watching their respective kids, five of whom belonged to Jack. They were making a perfect racket. Pinwheels swished against the blackened gateposts, powder crackers spit and snapped, skyrockets banged through the air, and the youngsters squealed with delight. Now and then a frightened "Oh!" from one of the mothers could be heard above the din.

"What are you laughing at, Pete?" said Jack as I threw my head back and gave vent to the most uproarious laughter.

"Well, to tell the truth," said I to my innocent companion, "I was thinking of a Fourth of July experience I once had with an auburn haired girl," and I again laughed.



"Fire away," said Jack very appropriately.

"Well, you see," answered I, "a new girl came to visit my cousin Jane. I was completely gone in half an hour after the introduction. I invited her to go sailing on the night of the glorious Fourth. A fine lunch I stowed away in the bow of the boat. Roman candles and skyrockets lay cuddled together in the stern, and powder crackers by the package were there. That evening arrived. Opposite me in the stanch Clarissa sat the witching girl. Her eyes were bright, her cheeks pink, and her intoxicating auburn bang would have knocked an artist dead on the spot. After an hour or so of small talk verging awfully near the will you be mine period I thought I might frighten her just a little bit, so that I might console and pet her afterward, so I set off a firecracker under the seat on which she was sitting. Gloriana Johnson! With a noise like a rebel yell she shot up two feet in the air, blasphemous, and dropped into the water with a thud that denationalized my soul. She arose to the surface. I made a dive for her and just reached her hair. I clutched it, and the struggling owner dropped again to the bottom, leaving the wig in my hand. I soon again observed an object shining in the moonlight, and I grabbed her just in time. I hauled her into the boat and gave her my handkerchief with which to mop her face. She clapped it on her head in a jiffy and tied it under her chin. I then flipped the wig toward her. It landed on the overturned lunchbox. Such a mess! Divorced slices of bread and ham lay strewn in the bottom of the much bedraggled Clarissa. Cookies swollen to twice their normal size decorated the sides of the sarsaparilla bottles. The odium cheese that I prided myself on rolled hither and thither among the other stuff like

something demented. Not a word was spoken between us. Mutually shocked, we sat like mummies. I landed her at the boathouse, and as she stepped upon the boards she turned and said, 'For heaven's sake, Mr. Waterman, if you have any charity in your heart, any honor in your soul, swear that you will never divulge what has happened this evening.' She looked so drizzily, faded out and woebegone I promised faithfully never to speak of it to a human soul, and of course I never have."

Jack looked at me curiously for a moment, then he said:

"My, my, that's the reason, then, you'd never get married!"

### Surf Bathing.

Excursion to Salt Lake! July 12th Union Pacific will sell excursion tickets from Butte, Anaconda, Deer Lodge, Garrison, Divide, Melrose and Dillon, at rate of \$15 for round trip. Tickets good returning to and including July 23rd.

### Notice of Stockholders Meeting.

Notice is hereby given that the third annual meeting of the stockholders of the Granite Mountain Stock Farm will be held at the office of the company number 222 north Main street in the City of Butte, Montana, on the third day of July 1895 at 10 o'clock a. m. for the purpose of electing a board of trustees to serve for the ensuing year and for the transaction of any other business that may properly be brought before the meeting.

J. S. H. HARPER,  
Butte City, Montana, June 16, 1895. Sec.

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