

PONY PATRIOTISM

SHE OBSERVED THE NATIONAL DAY.

By a Celebration With Attractions in Gorgeous Variety—The Surrounding Ranchmen "Get a Fourth of July Hustle on Them"

Pony, July 7.—[Special Correspondence.]—The fire of patriotism which burned so brightly in the bosom of the average Ponyite on July 4, 1894, had begun to smolder for want of fuel, but on Thursday last a new supply came to hand and it burst forth with renewed vigor—the detonations of the customary sunrise salutes reverberating through the mountains and descending into the valley, warning the ranchmen to get a Fourth of July hustle on themselves and be on hand for the glorious occasion. They had plenty of time, however, for the sport did not commence till along in the afternoon, although the inevitable small boy with the energetic little fire-crackers was on hand "from early morn till dewy eve," and later.

Down by the depot, about two o'clock the exercises commenced in the shape of a 300 yard horse race for glory and greenbacks. Basil Finsley's dapple grey ran \$23 into his owner's pocket. George Hale's bay captured \$30; but Dick Harwood's grey scooped in neither glory or gold.

Soon after that Charles Morse caught on to \$5 by jumping 32 feet in three jumps, but your reporter did not learn what the feet-footed Charley Lewis won in his 100 yard race, coming in ever so many feet ahead of his several competitors.

Then came a base ball game, by the Pony nine against the Pony nine. The Pony nine won and they all adjourned under the pine bough arbor to drink lemonade at the expense of the Pony nine who lost.

The most interesting event of the afternoon, however, was the drilling match between Joe Marshall and Jim Kearn on one side, and Charley Gilbert and W. Carson on the other, for a purse of \$20. Time 15 minutes. There was blood in their eyes when Marshall and Kearn started in and drilled 25 inches, and plenty of blood on Marshall's finger when his partner sent a scale of steel into it from the drill-head. Nothing daunted by their opponents, no mean record of muscle and skill, Gilbert and Carson went to work with a will, and in 15 minutes there was another hole in that boulder 23 inches deep. The records were quite good considering the fissure nature of the rock which deflected the drills, making them hard to turn.

After the children, in their race, succeeded in kicking up a big dust with their ambitious little legs, and Charley Young's "Dan" showed his 16 year old heels to the youngsters in the last horse race, the crowd adjourned to the upper town, and great was the rush of everybody into the O'Brien house where they indulged in a splendid supper—with strawberries and cream on the side—gotten up by the Ladies Aid society. Simply because some of the young men were heard to exclaim: "We could hardly eat a darned bit for lookin' at the pretty waiter girls." It must not for a moment be thought that it was on the score of economy that the society placed the p. w. g's. on duty. The proceeds amounted to \$119. The society feel very grateful to Mrs. W. W. Morris for an additional \$30, which was raised by her individual effort and also to the numerous contributors of edibles for the occasion. The money is to be expended in the purchase of furniture for the new Presbyterian church here. The ladies are entitled to much praise for the nice way in which everything was conducted and for the laudible purpose to which the proceeds are to be appropriated.

In the evening, in front of Smith's hall, Hon. N. J. Isdell, in a few appropriate remarks, introduced to the assemblage, Mr. Monte M. Donegan, who delivered an oration, replete with patriotism, rhetoric, wit and wisdom, and then read the "Declaration." Monte received the plaudits of his admirers and listeners with becoming modesty.

Soon afterwards commenced the pyrotechnical display. When balls of fire and rockets sped far into the darkness overhead; while fiery serpents and pin-wheels bright scattered their beauties out in the night.

Then came the ball, for which 51 tickets were sold, given by the A. O. U. W.; musiced by Prof. Gordon's orchestra; floor managed by Sam Mar-

shall, W. L. Taft and Lume Allen; supported by Mrs. Tommy Beckwith, and attended by as gay and well dressed a throng as ever filled the hall, how could it be otherwise than the brilliant ball it was. B.

FROM PULLER SPRINGS.

Reports of White Caps at Red Rock—A Fastidious Statesman.

PULLER SPRINGS, July 6.—[Special Correspondence.]—Hon. John Donegan returned from Butte City recently, and feels very jubilant over the horses he took over there and sold, having received very satisfactory returns.

Wm. O. Metzler received one hundred head of steers from Idaho last week. He has them on the Red Rock range for the summer.

Mrs. L. A. Fenner was at York ranch visiting her sister, Mrs. E. Spicer.

C. P. Tureman came over from Red Rock Lake yesterday and reports that the White Caps have organized and waited upon a wife beater, with instructions to leave inside of twenty-four hours, if he could not behave himself.

Mrs. Wanderly and daughter Belle who have been ill with la grippe the past two weeks are improving slowly.

Quite a number of Ruby Valley people visited the circus at Dillon last week and all seemed very well pleased, reporting a splendid time.

Mrs. Young from your city is spending a few weeks with Mrs. Snapp.

One of our young men had a very curious accident happen him a few weeks ago. Upon helping a young lady to alight from a carriage she accidentally stepped upon his big toe and he has been carefully nursing the injured member ever since. Look out for your Trilby feet next time Bill.

It seems our Senator is getting very tony of late as he sent to Fairbury, Neb., for Professor Henney to mow his front yard, and his work with an Armstrong machine was performed in a very creditable manner, and to the satisfaction of both parties.

James Williams who has been on the sick list for the past few weeks is recovering rapidly.

The Misses Ann and Elsie Peterson and Sam and Alex Peterson who have been very sick with the mumps are improving.

Professor Henney of Fairbury Neb., accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Wilhart, the latter from Twin Bridges) was visitors at York ranch last week.

Albert Metzler left Saturday for the Bridges on his bicycle and made the run in three hours, but coming back was five hours. Cannot account for the difference in time unless it was some girl he was going to see.

Mrs. D. Harding, accompanied by her niece, Miss M. Bogue, are spending the fourth with Mrs. M. Maloney and daughters.

It is a fact—but not known very widely that one of our stockmen on this valley is a natural born poet, and if he had the chance would probably eclipse Longfellow or Tennyson and others. The few lines below will tell the tale of The Cow and the Rain. A short time since the cow was sad; she scarce could raise her head be glad; Her hoofs were sore, her tail was limp; Her mane and bangs had lost their clump; And miles she trudged from grass to drink, With scarcely strength enough to wink. The owner, too, looked blue and glum, And cursed the cattle business some. But since the rain the grass is tall—The cow can raise her head and baw! Her hide is sleek, no bones protrude. She prances like a Home Park dude. Her tail is sleek, her eyes are bright. She sports and dares the crowd to fight. Her owner, too, digs up the chinik. And asks the boys to take a drink. God bless the rain, the gentle rain; It makes a man feel young again, He feels like tossing up his hat, And h-w-ling like a democrat.

ONCE IN A WHILE.

The Portland Vase.

Glassmakers at an early day, even before the Christian era, arrived at so great a degree of skill and proficiency as to more than rival anything within the range of modern art. Among the antiquities which have been preserved the Portland vase holds first place. For more than two centuries it was the principal ornament of the Barberini palace. Pollat, in his work on the incrustation of glass, says of the Portland vase: "It was found about the middle of the sixteenth century, inclosed in a marble sarcophagus, within a sepulchral chamber, under the Monte del Garno, 2 1/2 miles from Rome, in the road to Frascati. It is ornamented with white opaque figures in bas-relief upon a dark transparent ground. The subject has not heretofore received a satisfactory elucidation, but the design, and more especially the execution, are admirable. The whole of the blue ground, or at least the part below the handles, must have originally been covered with white enamel, out of which the figures have been sculptured in the style of a cameo, with most astonishing skill and labor."

The Duchess of Portland became the purchaser of the celebrated vase which bears her name, at a price of nearly \$10,000. Wedgewood was permitted to take a mold from the vase, and he disposed of many copies, in his rich china, at a price of \$250 each.—Boston Herald.

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.

HAD A GOOD TIME

TRYING TO SQUARE HIMSELF.

After Inducing His Friends to Bet Against a Sure Thing—Echoes of the Celebration—Leiterville Lights and Shadows—Daily Stage Line.

LEITERVILLE, July 11.—[Special Correspondence.]—We are gradually recovering from the effects of the royal entertainment afforded us by our genial good friends in Virginia on Thursday last. The program and its execution was far beyond expectations and many were the complimentary remarks heard on all sides. Whether it was the existing good fellowship, the beautiful day or the peculiar bracing quality of the refreshments dispensed that spread enjoyment on every hand I am unable to say but certain it is that good nature was visible on every countenance. We of Leiterville had reason to feel good natured as we swiped nearly everything in sight and almost broke some of our best friends. This however is a common failing of ours and perhaps we forgot ourselves and carried our camp manners into the homes of our friends, when our boys carried off the honors.

We were perhaps more demonstrative than gracious but in this you are not wholly blameless. We were treated too well as you will find out to your sorrow for we propose to invade your city not only on every holiday but on every occasion that presents itself. The day was thoroughly enjoyed and the promoters deserve honor and credit for the brilliant success of the celebration.

Beginning on Monday a daily stage line from Sheridan to Leiterville and return will be run under the efficient management of Thos. Shaw. The stage will leave Leiterville at 9 a. m. and will connect with the Dillon and Whitehall coach returning at 4 p. m. This will be a great convenience and assure us a daily mail.

Ed Walters is building a new retorting furnace in the assay office.

Mr. Witley and the Foster boys are hauling concentrates to Dillon and Whitehall and have already made three trips. There are about 3000 tons on hand which will keep the boys pretty busy all of this year and of next.

Mr. Audley representing the Anaconda Standard, and a couple of gold bugs representing the North Western Magazine, were doing camp last week. The Standard got several new subscribers; as our sympathies are not with the gold bugs we hope they were less successful.

Ed Costin is batching for a few days during the absence of his wife who is spending a few days with her mother Mrs. Walker, in Sheridan.

Four bicycles in camp and several others ordered, we hope to be able to carry off the bicycle race next Fourth. Ed Wright and Ben Hunter are building new towers for the tramway. It is proposed to remodel the entire system and make it nearly an air line. This will probably remove many of the difficulties that we have heretofore had to contend with.

Judge Showers spent about an hour incamp on Wednesday visiting, Mr and Mrs. Teal.

FROM CENTENNIAL VALLEY.

Looking for Lost George Humphrey—Cattle News.

MAGDELENE, July 1.—[Special Correspondence.]—How swiftly this beautiful month of June has passed. The month of roses in the New England States, but it has been "the beautiful snow up here."

The people of the valley are trying to find George Humphrey. They have tracked him part way, found the remains of his cat about two miles from home, up the mountain side. It is supposed the cat tried to follow him. Also a coyote hide was found hanging on a tree where he probably put it until he came back. The snow is very deep yet in the slide.

Monida is booming with cattle men and cow boys. Poindexter and Orr unloaded 1,400 head, and Mr. Shineberger 1,000 for this valley, besides their regular herds. Tom Clark will soon be in with a bunch. He is driving his herd through from Boise. Wm. Hollinworth has gone to meet him.

Harry Winslow brought in three hundred head from the Jefferson to herd, and now he has gone to Salt Lake to buy one hundred and fifty head for himself.

Ed Blake, Levi Shambow and W. N. Culver have gone to southern Utah to buy more steers.

James Nye was in Lima last week. Harry Nye returned from Willametta Valley Oregon last Monday.

Charlie Robbins of Butte, is visiting James Blair, and gathering up his horses, preparatory to making a trip into the Salmon country as guide for tourists.

James Blair expects to take a party to the Salmon River country this summer.

Wm. Culver and wife, L. Shambow and wife and Sam Burnside of Monida, and R. Burns, all have to go to the County seat on business and hope to get there in time to take in the Fourth.

Poison has been unusually bad this spring owing to the wet weather.

There will be a celebration at Lake, Idal o. and every one in this valley has an invitation. The meeting place is at Ed Sautell's. Wm. Fitch is busy doing road work.

Three Davis brothers of the Bitter Root Valley, have arrived with their families, and intend to settle.

SUMMIT.

MEADOW CREEK.

Ice Cream Socials and Ministerial Visits—Personalities

MEADOW CREEK, July 10.—[Special Correspondence.]—An Ice Cream social is the event of this evening to be at the M. E. Church. A good attendance is assured. Revs. Morse of Virginia City, and Oliver, of Twin Bridges, accompanied by their wives, are visiting in the valley this week.

W. J. Oliver is home for a few weeks. It is understood that Mrs. Oliver will constitute one of the faculty at the University, Helena, the coming year.

Miss Clara Buell is home from an extended visit to Butte relatives. She is accompanied by Miss Veva Hutchinson of Butte.

Messrs. Geo. Wills, of Bozeman, and H. V. Beeman, of Miles City, are the guests of their friend, C. D. Pinckney.

"I kin almost make out this feller's poem," said Uncle Si, laying down the magazine his niece had brought to the farm, "but not quite."

"Read it, uncle," said the niece.

"It goes this way:
"Low in the west there sullen lies
A cloud portentous, black, with tongues of flame;
A strange thrill brings the teardrop to my eyes,
A subtle feeling permeates my frame."
"Well, what is there you do not understand? It seems a clear exposition of moods produced by a coming storm."

"Oh, I understand the storm part of it all right, but what I can't get at from his verses is whether he feels it comin in his rheumatics or his corns. Some folks feels it one way, and some the other, you know."
—Cincinnati Tribune.

Not Acquainted.

It was not entirely a serious occasion at Oakwoods cemetery Thursday. Some little scintillations of humor crept out among the solemn observances. Following is a sample: A lady searching for the lot where friends were buried accosted an old Irishman whose general appearance might lead one to imagine he was familiar with the locality.

"Can you direct me to lot so and so?"
"No, mum," was the reply. "I don't live here."
—Chicago Tribune.

Time Thrown Away.

Clara—What's the matter, dear?
Dora—It's too much to bear. Mr. Faint-heart hasn't proposed yet.

Clara—But you told me you wouldn't marry him.

Dora—Of course I wouldn't. But after all the time I've wasted on him I think he might at least give me a chance to refuse him.—New York Weekly.

A Financial Creed.

"Mike," said Plodding Pete, who had been reading from a newspaper, "what kind of money do you like best?"

And Meandering Mike, as he rolled over far enough to break off a daisy that tickled his ear, murmured:
"Any kind."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Albert Hooke of Chicago was almost murdered by her servant girl, who is thought to be insane.

It is reported that the Black Flags are menacing foreigners on Formosa. British marines have been landed.

Four of the men charged with lynching Barrett Scott were discharged at the request of the attorney general.

The federal grand jury has indicted 10 cosmetic manufacturers in South Bend, Ind., for using the mails to defraud.

J. K. Emmett, Jr., the actor, who attempted to kill his wife in San Francisco, has been discharged, Mrs. Emmett refusing to prosecute him.

THE WHISTLING WIND.

When'er I hear the whistling wind,
When'er I see the drifting snow,
What anxious thought disturbs my mind,
So poor the sweetest lass I know!
How can she bide the bitter storm?
The winter, cold and bleak, endure?
She tells me that her wrap is warm—
For she is proud as she is poor.

I think of her when'er I see
Another robed in richest fur.
There's not another face to me
So fair, so good and kind as hers,
And when I sit beside my fire
I wish her there, for her dear sake,
And, troubled with its vain desire,
It seems as if my heart would break.

God teach her 'tis the high and low,
'Tis not the rich and poor, mate ill,
That she may not refuse me, so
That I may have my perfect will.
God bless her, keep her evermore!
And patient let me hope to see
Time bridging all the difference o'er
She fancies 'twixt herself and me.
—Ralph H. Shaw in New York Ledger.

ONE WAY TO LIVE CHEAPLY.

A Scheme That Was Developed by Gal-lant Colonel Wilk.

Joseph Tanski, the Polish refugee, narrates many stories of the shifts to which he and his fellow exiles were compelled to resort in order to keep soul and body together. None of these is more curious and interesting than one relating to his friend, Colonel Wilk, who had been decorated by the emperor of the French for gallant service in the French army, but who afterward found himself obliged to live upon 60 francs a month.

It was pretty tight work, and so Colonel Wilk had to confess, but one day he met with a strange bit of good fortune.

He had been out for a walk and was on his way home when a big Newfoundland dog came running down the street, pursued by a gang of boys and men, all armed with sticks. The dog, panting and terrified, ran straight toward Colonel Wilk and took refuge between his feet. The crowd drew near with loud and excited shouts.

"It is a mad dog! Kill him!"

A policeman, more courageous than the mob, stepped forward.

"Halt!" shouted the knight of the Legion of Honor. "The dog belongs to me. It is not mad."

His resolute air and perhaps the red ribbon in his buttonhole made an impression upon the policeman.

"Very well," he said, "since the dog is yours, lead him away."

So said, so done. Colonel Wilk took the dog home, washed and combed it, and then went with it to the butcher's to buy it some scraps of meat. For 25 centimes the butcher gave him a fine lot, and on his way home Wilk bought a few vegetables.

All these bits—bits of meat, bones and vegetables—he put into a pot together with a suitable quantity of water, and out of the pot both he and the dog made a sumptuous dinner.

The problem of living was solved. Day after day, as often as his purse ran low, which was pretty often, he bought bits of meat "for his dog." Nobody was the wiser, and the Polish exile and his dog lived upon 35 centimes a day, and the knight of the Legion of Honor could once more receive his friends like a man of the world.

The Pleasing Part.

Fuddy—How did you like Hammetton in "Julius Caesar" last night?

Duddy—Well, I can't say that he was altogether satisfactory in the earlier scenes, but it was a real pleasure to see him die.—Boston Transcript.

Ex-City Treasurer Tuite of Detroit, Mich., has been declared a defaulter by Judge Lillibridge, and a verdict for \$14,000 ordered against him and his bondsmen.

J. C. Nelson, one of a mob that attacked E. M. Harvey's house near Salem, Mo., for the purpose of chastising young Harvey for persecuting a girl, was shot and killed.

Taylor, the defaulting treasurer of South Dakota, has arrived at Pierre. Terms have been arranged whereby he will be pardoned to save his citizenship and his bondsmen relieved of liability.

ELIEL BROTHERS . . . DILLON, MONTANA.

Dealers in
**Dry Goods,
Carpets,
Clothing,
Boots and Shoes,
Hats and
Gent's
Furnishings.**

Complete lines in all departments. Lowest prices. Reliable goods. Mail orders promptly filled. Correspondence solicited.

ELIEL BROS., Dillon, Mont.