

THE QUEEN.

He knows, the roguo on the tree,
That over mountain and sea
The spring is coming, coming,
Faster than eye can see.
Last week he was stark with cold,
Went heavy, songless and old.
Why, hark to the tune he is humming!
'Tis a song for the days of gold.
And her voice that calleth the swallows
Home, and the gold wren follows,
Nearer is coming and nearer,
Thrilling the hills and hollows.
And he knows, the roguo on the tree,
'Tis the queen from over the sea.
Her voice is sweeter and dearer
Than any blackbird's can be.
—New York Tribune.

NONA.

Some years ago I passed several weeks at a fishing village on the coast of Brittany. What a hole it was! But how picturesque! A miserable anchorage, for ten boats at the most, a single stony street, which I can compare to nothing better than a mountain torrent. On top of the hill a church, a veritable gothic toy, which stood in the middle of a cemetery from which a magnificent view of the ocean was obtained. Finding myself in the vein for work, I lingered in this out of the way corner until the end of the month of September, which by a rare chance in rainy Finistere, was that year exceptionally mild and clear.

But one cannot always compose verses and write, and a walk was my hygiene and my distraction. My most frequent promenade was along the beach, having on my right the bleak and rocky cliffs and on my left the uncovered stretches of sand—an immense desert of sand left bare by the outgoing tide. Two or three times I had exchanged civilities with some custom house officer going his rounds, his gun slung over his shoulder. I was so regular and peaceful a promenade that the sea swallows were no longer afraid of me and hopped in front of me, leaving the print of their star shaped feet in the wet sand. I walked six or eight kilometers a day and returned home with my pockets filled with these dainty shells which are found by burying the hand deep down in the damp pebbles.

This was my favorite excursion. However, on the days when a strong breeze was blowing and the tide was very high I abandoned the seashore, and climbing the village street I strolled along the sandy moor, or else I settled myself with a book on a bench in a corner of the cemetery, which was sheltered by the church tower from the west end.

It was a lovely spot, conducive to sadness and reverie. The church tower stood out against the autumn sky, over which dark clouds were scurrying. Crows, whose nests were in the steeple, flew out with their hoarse cawing, and the shadow of their large wings glided over the scattered tombstones, almost hidden in the grass.

In the evening more than at any other time, the last rays of the setting sun bathing the sea as though with blood, the ragged branches of the skeleton of an old apple tree silhouetted against the crimson sky and the deep intense stillness of the wild home of the dead flooded my soul with melancholy.

It was on such an evening as I have just described that, wandering among the tombs, many of which bore under the sailor's name this mournful legend, "Died at sea," I read on a new cross the following words, which astonished and puzzled me: "Here reposes Nona Le Maguet. Died at sea Oct. 26, 1878, at the age of 19."

"Died at sea! A young girl! Women hardly ever go out in the fishing boats. How did this happen?"

"Well, monsieur," said a gruff voice behind me suddenly, "you are looking at poor Nona's tomb?"

I turned around and recognized an old sailor, with a wooden leg, whose good graces I had acquired by the aid of a few glasses of brandy, which I had given him in the taproom at the inn.

"Yes," I replied. "But I thought that you fishermen never permitted women to go out with you. I have even been told that they bring you misfortune."

"And that is the truth," responded the good man. "Besides, Nona never went into a boat. Would you like to know how the poor little one died? Well, I will tell you."

"First of all, I must tell you that Pierre, her father, was a topman, like myself, and an old comrade. At Bourget, when Admiral La Ronciere raised his golden helmet on the point of his saber, and we flung ourselves, hatohet in hand, on the embattled houses, we marched elbow to elbow, Pierre and I, and it was he who received me in his arms when those cursed Prussians put a ball in my thigh. That same evening in the ambulance at the fort Pierre held my hand to give me courage while the surgeon amputated my limb, and he was there at my bedside when the admiral brought me my medal. But those rascally Prussians got the best of us, and we were sent home. I, with my wooden leg, was practically helpless. But Pierre, who was uninjured, hired on board a fishing smack. Very soon afterward his wife died from an intermittent fever, leaving him the care of little Nona, who was going on 10 years of age.

"Naturally while the widower was at sea it was I, his comrade, I, the old bachelor, who cared for the little one. She was a good and pretty child, monsieur; courageous and sweet tempered. We very often went to the rocks at low tide to gather turtles, shrimps, prawn, and sometimes we were fortunate enough to find a lobster. Ah, but we were good friends!"

"This went on for about two years. Nona had made her first communion, grown and shot up like a thistle in the sand. But one day the Amelia, Le Maguet's boat, was overtaken in a storm and wrecked. The skipper did not haul in his sail soon enough, and the boat struck on that reef you can see over there—just a little more to the starboard. There were four men in the crew—the skipper, two sailors and my poor Pierre. But the sea only gave up three of the drowned men and retained my comrade. Nona became an orphan. It goes without saying that I did my best to replace her father. But the child, even after the first sorrow passed away, did not seem to console herself. And do you know why, monsieur? Because of an idea all the women around here have. They believe that a soul must remain in pain unto the judgment day unless it reposes in consecrated ground. We men do not believe in all this nonsense when we know what happens when there is a death on board ship. But Nona could not be forced to believe other than the women had taught her and continued to burn candles at all the pardons in the neighboring towns for the repose of her father's soul."

"However, in spite of everything, time is a famous merchant of forgetfulness, and Nona after a few years appeared to me to become somewhat reconciled. Besides, her grief had not prevented her from growing handsomer and taking a pride in herself, and it is not because I loved her like a father, but, upon my honor, she was the freshest and prettiest young girl in the parish. We lived so happily together. We were not rich, to be sure, but we lived, and we enjoyed ourselves all the same. I had my pension and my medal, and then we used to go together to hunt for lobsters in the rocks. The trade is a paying one, and there is only one danger, that of being overtaken by the tide. Ah, unfortunately that was how she met her death, poor little one!"

"One day when my rheumatism confined me to the house she went fishing alone. It was just such a day as today, the sky clear, the wind high. When the rock searchers gathered together with full baskets, they perceived that Nona failed to respond to their calls. There was no possible doubt. Great God, she had been delayed and surrounded by the rising tide! She had been drowned! Ah, what a night I passed, monsieur! At my age, yes, a hard hearted man like me, I sobbed like a woman. And the remembrance came to me of the poor child's belief that to go to heaven she must be interred in consecrated ground. Therefore as soon as the tide went down I went to the shore, and, with the others, searched for the body."

"And we found poor Nona," continued the old sailor in a trembling voice. "We found her on a rock covered with seaweed, where, knowing that she was going to die, the poor little one had prepared herself for death. Yes, monsieur, she had tied her skirts below the knees with her fichu, through modesty, and with her old idea uppermost had attached herself to the seaweed by her hair, her beautiful black hair, certain that she would thus be found and interred in consecrated ground. And I can say, I, who know what bravery is, that there is perhaps not a man brave enough to do likewise."

The old man was silent. By the last gleam of the twilight I saw two great tears rolling down his weather beaten cheeks. We descended to the village side by side in silence. I was profoundly touched by this simple girl's courage, who, even in the agonies of death, had retained the modesty of her sex and the piety of her race, and before me in the distant immensity, in the solitudes of the heavens and the sea, gleamed out the beacon lights and the stars.

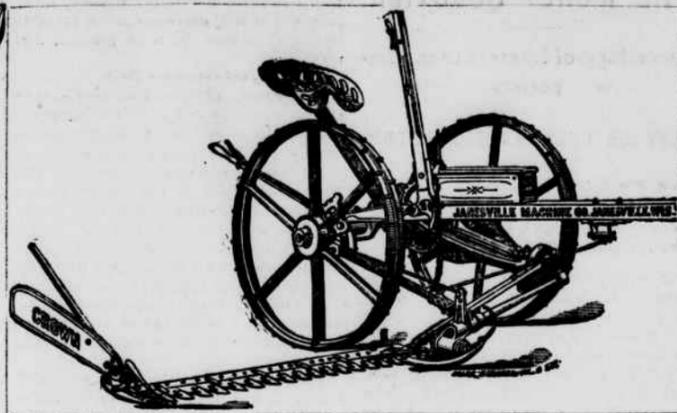
Oh, brave men of the sea! Oh, noble Brittany!—From the French of Francois Coppee For Romance.

Dickens' Characters.

Not even Dickens, I think, found room for a butcher amid his Babylon of trades. A bailiff he has and eight sheriff's officers, half a dozen beadles and half as many more brokers. The sheriff's officer is, of course, a familiar enough figure from the days of our literary drama.

An ingenious American has compiled a list of Dickens' characters, classified by callings, and it reads like nothing so much as a trades directory. There are architects, auctioneers, bankers, barbers, boarding house keepers, blacksmiths, carpenters, carriers, chandlers, chemists, clerks (a perfect army of them), coachmen, coal merchants, constables, corn chandlers, costumers, detectives, doctors, domestic servants, dry salters, engineers, engine drivers, farmers, fishermen, gamekeepers, grocers, green grocers, haberdashers, hoppers, jailers and turnkeys, laborers, lamp-lighters, lawyers, law stationers, locksmiths, manufacturers, merchants, medical students, money lenders, notaries, hostlers, pawnbrokers, parish clerks, plasterers, porters, postmasters, potboys, report-

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The list might be made longer, but that perhaps is long enough to make you realize how amply provided with trades and tradesmen are the teeming streets of Dickens' imagination.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Iridium.

Singularly enough, iridium, though a metal of such comparative rarity, is said to be a source of no small trouble in the operations of our mints, on account of the difficulty experienced there in separating it from gold bullion. Practically, as is well known, this metal is utilized to some extent for making instruments of delicacy which require to possess the property of not corroding, and is obtained from iridosmine, a natural alloy of iridium, osmium, rhodium, platinum and ruthenium, an extraordinarily white mixture of rare metals, much of it being found in washing for gold in the beach sands of Oregon, and it resists the action of all single acids. In its use for tipping gold pens, in which it is specially serviceable, the grains of it, which are flat, like gold dust, are picked out with magnifying glasses.—New York Sun.

The Web of Life.

A thousand busy fingers
Day and night
Weave a wondrous web of mingled
Shade and light.
Oh, the glory of its beauty
As it swiftly is enrolled!
Oh, the shining of its silver threads,
The flashing of its gold!
The devices quaint and rare
Which the flickering and the gleaming
Of its mystic tissue bear!
Bright as the dew
To the lily cup given,
Soft as the blue
Of the midsummer heaven—
Slowly, slowly, slowly,
The glowing god grows dim,
The busy fingers silently instead
Weave in the darkness of a sable thread.
The early splendor waxeth cold and dead,
As when at vesper hour
A cry of human woe shall overpower
The jubilate of a choral hymn.
For the child asleep on the mother's breast
Is the marvelous web begun;
When the daisies bloom on the old man's grave,
The web of life is done.
Bending from heaven,
Joyous or grieving,
Angels watch over
The web in its weaving.
O tried and true,
How shall the garment be wrought for you
That your souls may stand
Crowned and exultant at God's right hand?
No richer gem in the diadem
Enriching a monarch's brow appears
Than the priceless pearls of a mother's tears.
For a charm against the tempter's snare
Weave in the gold of a mother's prayers.
Tinsel of falsehood
Glisten there never;
Truth alone dureth
For ever and ever.
Weave in the night of a woman's heart,
The strength of a hero's soul,
So shall your garments be silken soft
When you reach the distant goal.
But strong as the knights of long ago
When they went forth to fight with their armor on,
O dearly loved,
When the day is done,
May angels rejoice
In a victory won,
And your robes be free from travel stain!
Washed in the blood of the lamb that was slain!
—Gail Hamilton.

The World's Fair Tests showed no baking powder so pure or so great in leavening power as the Royal.

Notice to Creditors.

Estate of Anna Lyon, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executors of the estate of Anna Lyon, 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 said executors at the store of Wm. Ennis, in the Town of Ennis, county of Madison, state of Montana.
Wm. Ennis, and Geo. Lyon, Executors of the Estate of Anna Lyon, deceased.
Dated at Ennis, Mont. this 9th day of July, 1895. 34-41

Notices for Publication of Time Appointed for Proving Will, etc.

State of Montana, county of Madison. In the district court in the matter of the estate of George H. Godwin, deceased. Notice for publication of time appointed for proving will.
Pursuant to an order of said court, made on the first day of August, 1895, notice is hereby given, that Monday the 19th day of August, 1895, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day at the court room of said court, at the City of Virginia, in the said county of Madison, has been appointed as the time and place for proving the will of said George H. Godwin deceased, and for hearing the application of Julian A. Knight for the issuance of the will annexed, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same.
Dated August 1st, 1895.
THOMAS DUNCAN, Clerk. 41-3

Order to Show Cause.

In the district court of the fifth judicial district of the state of Montana, in and for the county of Madison. In the matter of the estate of A. B. Kiser, deceased.
It appearing to this court by the petition this day presented and filed by Elizabeth Kiser, administratrix of the estate of A. B. Kiser, deceased, that it is necessary to sell the personal property and the whole or some part of the real estate of said decedent to pay the debts of said estate, the expenses of administration and the family allowance, it is therefore ordered by this court, that all persons interested in the estate of said decedent do appear before the said district court of Madison county, on the 26th day of August, 1895, at the hour of ten o'clock, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said administratrix to sell the personal property and so much of said real estate as shall be necessary, and that a copy of this order be published once a week for four successive weeks in the Madisonian, a weekly newspaper, published in said county.
FRANK SHOWERS, Judge of the District Court.
Dated July 27, 1895. 41-41

Order to Show Cause.

In the district court of the fifth judicial district of the state of Montana, in and for the county of Madison. In the matter of the estate of Jas. G. Cherevov, deceased.
It appearing to this court by the petition this day presented and filed by Elizabeth Cherevov, administratrix of the estate of Jas. G. Cherevov, deceased, that it is necessary to sell the personal property and the whole or some part of the real estate of said decedent to pay the debts of said estate, the expenses of administration and the family allowance, it is therefore ordered by this court, that all persons interested in the estate of said decedent do appear before the said district court of Madison county, on the 26th day of August, 1895, at the hour of ten o'clock then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said administratrix to sell so much of said real estate as shall be necessary, and that a copy of this order be published once a week for four successive weeks in the Madisonian, a weekly newspaper published in said county.
FRANK SHOWERS, Judge of the District Court.
Dated July 27, 1895. 41-41

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder A Pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder.

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of an execution issued out of the district court of the fifth judicial district of Montana, in and for the county of Madison, in an action wherein Charles M. Van Brocklin, is plaintiff and Jack Griffin is the defendant, upon a judgment rendered the 19th day of June, A. D. 1895, for the sum of one hundred, ten and 48-100 dollars damages and costs, with interest thereon at the rate of 10 per cent per annum from the date of said judgment, together with two and 50-100 dollars accruing costs, I have this day levied upon all the right, title claim and interest of said defendant, Jack Griffin, of and to an undivided one third interest in Tilden Quartz Lode Mining claim, situated in Silver Shower Mining District, in Madison county, and state of Montana, the location notice of which is recorded in Book 23 at page 520 of Quartz Lode locations of the records of said Madison county. Notice is hereby given that on Saturday, the 17th day of August, A. D. 1895, at one o'clock, p. m., of said day at the front door of the court house, in the city of Virginia, county of Madison, and state of Montana, I will sell at public auction, for cash in hand, lawful money of the United States, all the right, title, claim and interest of said defendant, Jack Griffin, of, in and to the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment with interest and costs to the highest and best bidder.
Dated this 22nd day of July, 1895.
JOSEPH I. HAINES, Sheriff.
By JAS. SUMMERS, Under Sheriff.
First publication July 27, 1895. 40-41

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of an execution issued out of the District Court of the Second Judicial District of Montana, in and for the County of Silver Bow, in an action wherein James Davidson is plaintiff and N. T. Nelson is defendant, upon a judgment rendered the 11th day of October A. D. 1894 for the sum of one hundred and forty-six dollars, lawful money of the United States, besides interest and costs and accruing costs, I have this day levied upon all the right, title, claim, and interest of said defendant, N. T. Nelson, of, in and to the following described real estate to wit: One fourth interest in the Tidal Wave Quartz Lode Mining claim, one third interest in the Great Western Quartz Lode Mining claim, one third interest in the Excelsior Quartz Lode Mining Claim and one third interest in the Chilli Fraction Quartz Lode Claim, all in Sand Creek Mining District, in the County of Madison, and State of Montana.
Notice is hereby given that on Saturday, the 10th day of August, A. D. 1895, at one o'clock p. m. of said day, in front of the Court House Door of the County of Madison, I will sell at public auction for cash in hand, lawful money of the United States, all the right, title, claim, and interest of said defendant, N. T. Nelson of, in and to the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, to the highest and best bidder.
JOSEPH I. HAINES, Sheriff.
Dated July 13, 1895. 39-41
First publication July 20, 1894.



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