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Men's suits from \$7.00 up. Boys suits, with knee pants from \$2.00 up. " guaranteed all wool \$12. " combination suits, 1 coat, 2 pair knee pants and cap \$4.00. " Finest black worsted suits \$14.

Do You Think You can Afford to Pass Us By? ELIEL BROS., DILLON, MONTANA.

PONY POINTERS

CREWS AND HIS CHRISTMAS 'POSSUM

The Pony Annihilator Up and in Arms Against England—Lament of a Poet-Politician—Elaborate Preparations for the Holidays.

PONY, Dec. 16.—[Special Correspondence]—The holidays will soon be here and the eyes of the little Pony folks already glisten in anticipation of Kris Kringle and the nice Christmas tree presents; the larger folks are fixing up their finery for the ball; a grand array of talent is rehearsing for the theatrical performance to be given on the 28th The Tom and Jerry boys are securing a corner on eggs; the fat gobblers are in the back yards waiting to be gobbled, and Crews has just received a dispatch that his Missouri 'possum will be here on time.

The Pony Fair, gotten up by the ladies here for the benefit of the Presbyterian church at Smith's hall, commenced on Saturday evening. There was a large attendance and a goodly sum was realized by the ladies from the sale of the many useful and beautiful articles displayed by them at their different stands. A bountiful supper was served with fresh oysters on the side.

Dr. I. S. Stafford recently purchased the Myer's stock of drugs and medicines here and will continue the business at the same stand, in the Smith building. The doctor will carry a full line of everything pertaining to the drug business.

Mrs. Annie Hofer, daughter of the late Mrs. I. S. Stafford, and her two children are visiting relatives and friends in Pony and vicinity. They will return to their home, in Neihart, after the holidays.

Miss Georgia Heinzman, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Hawkins for the past six weeks, returned to her home in Virginia City on the 30th ult. While here Miss H. made a host of friends.

Thomas Hunt and niece, Miss Maud Williamson, left for Buffalo and other eastern points on the 2nd inst.

Mrs. C. M. Gilbert has leased the Pony hotel, which is newly furnished and renovated throughout.

George McLeod and family have returned here from Sheridan. George says Pony will do to tie too.

George Hanson is in Bozeman this week.

Roland Righenour, representing the M. J. Connell Co., of Butte, is doing the town with a complete line of dry goods, etc.

B. O. Hatfield and family are now domiciled in their new residence on School House addition.

George W. Barnes, the Norris cattle king, is registered at the Reel house.

Judge Reel, of Sterling, accompanied by his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Cora Reel, was in town Saturday and took in the fair. The judge says the mines around Sterling and at Richmond Flats are looking very much better than they ever did before.

In hot pursuit of a band of mountain sheep, near the springs up South Willow; John Kelly, of Butte, while in the act of putting a cartridge in his gun, stumbled and fell. The cartridge, yet in his hand, struck a rock and exploded, tearing his thumb and fore-finger badly. Part of the shell entered near his left eye, also making an ugly wound. Dr. Smith, of Pony, dressed his wounds in good shape, and John thinks he will soon be able to tackle some more sheep.

Our Pony warrior, who a short time ago, was going to buy a tub and a potato gun, annihilate the British navy, liberate Cuba and regulate distant warlike affairs generally, has concluded to let such matters out to Uncle Sam's navy and not worry himself about such trifles. He thinks the lamentable condition of our country needs all his patriotism and statesmanship to set her once more upon that lofty pedestal of prosperity from which she has been knocked by the terrible bludgeon of gold-bugism and misrule. Inspired by a free silver sentiment, in a frenzy of political order he

starts in on his crusade with the following, which he handed to your correspondent, who takes the liberty of sending it to the MADISONIAN:

"I used to be a Democrat
Of the Jeffersonian school,
And to vote the good old ticket
Was my hereditary rule.
If 'twere labeled "Democratic,"
I'd vote for the town pump,
And even I would spout for it
On a Democratic stump.
But now, my friends, Oh, kick me hard!

I wish that I were dead!
I voted for Old Cleveland!!!
I'll go and soak my head!!!
I don't like Benny Harrison,
Nor yet McKinley Bill;
I don't like Mr. Tommy Reed—
All drinking gold-bug swill.
I swore I am not in love
With a Populistic cuss,
Because his creed might sometimes lead

To anarchy, or wuss.
Now there is grand old Dickie Bland,
And General Sibley, too,
One of whom we'll run for president,
Either one of them will do,
And then I'll bet 16 to 1
At next 'lection will be seen
R's, D's, and P's afraid to bet
Even I against 16." —B.

SPRINGTOWN HAPPENINGS.

The Story of Some Photos That Never Came—Personal Mention.

STRINGTOWN, Dec. 11.—[Special Correspondence]—With plenty snow and ice and a roller mill and creamery right at our door ice cream and cake will be as common in Stringtown next summer as bull beef at a penny a pound.

Our school is out and the little folks are so glad they are wearing a smile too sweet to kill. School out and Christmas right on hand is about all the little folks can stand at once.

Hank Warner lost a valuable cow some days ago, but that cuts no figure with Hank as he is working a mining claim this winter and we understand things are coming his way.

If anybody "sees" the smooth talking man that came through here some weeks ago enlarging pictures and getting five dollars in advance from his patrons they will tell him his patrons would be pleased to have him call again as they want to "kiss him for his mother."

We are in receipt of an invitation to the Sand Creek dance on Thursday night the 19th and we've been there before many a time and the mirth and fun was fast and furious and we'll take this one in or know the reason why.

Our roller mill, one of Stringtown's foremost enterprises, is lying idle just now from the fact the ditch is banked up with snow.

The Harrison Creamery, run by steam and under the supervision of B. N. Smith, an eastern gentleman, is running in full blast. It is a success and we are glad to say it has come to stay.

Mrs. Shaw of South Boulder, mother of Mrs. Lee Martin of this place, spent several days in our city, this week, visiting her daughter.

There are a number of old bachelors in and about this place of a marriageable age and they are all in the market and not hard to please—it would be any body lord! with them.

We had occasion to cross the Sterling range last week, going to Higby's saw mill and found the road in places a sheet of ice. As a gentle reminder to those contemplating a trip in that direction, we would say have your horses shod before starting.

Some of the young men in the neighborhood have been quite successful in poisoning coyotes this winter. We are told there is a bounty of three dollars paid for each hide.

Henry Fort has been quite sick with typhoid pneumonia. We are glad to report he is up and going about again.

Some of the ranchers in this vicinity have killed their hogs during the cold spell. The Harrison ranch has killed and shipped 40 head up to date to Butte and will ship as many more during the winter.

J. Joyner has been engaged in threshing out his oats crop during the past week. The crop is a very fair one.

John Roberts, our enterprising merchant, has been busy this week repairing the mill.

There are some people who probably don't know where Stringtown is. For the benefit of those inquiring we will say it is on a parallel line with Taji-holt, Tennessee.

We've lots to write about this week, if you will give us room. Willow Creek is on "a tear" and Stringtown on "a boom." MORTIMER.

ON BALD MOUNTAIN

MINES THAT ARE FLOURISHING

Both Mills Have Been Completed and are Crushing Good Ore—A Madisonian Correspondent Visits the New Eldorado—Other Matters.

WASHINGTON BAR, Dec. 17.—[Special Correspondence]—Your correspondents hereabouts having lapsed into a state of "innocuous dissuade" (G. C.) a few brief items may help to fill up your columns, if nothing more. Just now we are having good snug winter weather. Not many haystacks will be summered over next year if this weather continues until April. Our neighbor, O. B. Walton, has a new hay press and is putting his hay in a more compact form for handling.

There is rumor in the air of one of our bachelor farmers trying to persuade some of our marriageable dames, to forsake her father and mother and cleave unto him, until death does them part, but dame rumor is a fickle jade, and you can't always tell.

A recent trip to New Eldorado, the name recently adopted for the camp at toe head of Meadow Creek, and what was seen may be of interest to your miner readers.

The Little Kid is running day and night, and the machinery runs like clock work. Not a jar of any kind enough to hinder conversation in an ordinary tone of voice. This is a "Bryant" mill with a capacity of 20 tons daily. Just now they are running 15 tons, as everything is new and has not gotten down to its best licks yet. There are two "Johnson" vanners as a part of the process for saving concentrates that work to a charm; a Dodge rock breaker and a Champion ore feeder, all run by steam. The main building is of huge dry logs, but all machinery rests on frame work entirely disconnected from the outside building to avoid any displacement of machinery by reason of settling of the log part. The ore is brought down the side of the mountain, 560 feet, by a gravity tramway to the base of the steep part of the mountain and hauled about 1/2 mile to the mill. It is the purpose of this enterprising company to extend the tramway to the mill in the spring. The mine is developed by four tunnels; the one highest up the mountain is in 120 feet; the second one 340 feet; the third one 300 feet, and the fourth one 190 feet. The ore in all these openings varies from one to six or seven feet in width, safe to say an average of three feet throughout, and is estimated to average \$20 per ton. A more complete or better ordered plant is not in the county. There is no brass knobs or fancy gewgaws, but all is arranged for utility. Just east of this a few hundred yards is the new water mill of the Bald Mountain Company. This is a ten stamp mill of 20 tons capacity each 24 hours. They were just starting up when your scribe was there and were experiencing some trouble with the cold weather, but that will soon be overcome when the building is more thoroughly enclosed and better heating facilities added, which was being done as rapidly as possible. The ore is brought down 2500 feet off the side of Old Baldy by a bucket tramway. There are 33 buckets each holding about 100 pounds, so that one revolution of the tram delivers 3300 pounds of ore into the mill and cannot cost more than 10 cents per ton for transportation, decidedly cheap. This company also has two Johnston vanners, which seem to be taking precedence over all others. All the machinery of this company is from the Risdon Iron Works, of San Francisco, and is complete and up to date in every particular. With two such men at the helm as Mr. Page, of the Bald Mountain Company, and Mr. McKelvey of the Little Kid, you may reasonably look for some addition to be made to the \$100,000,000 gold reserve next summer.

(CONTINUED ON LAST PAGE.)

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Highest of all in leavening strength.—U. S. Government Report

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