

Legal Notices.

Sheriff's Sale.

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of an order of sale, and decree of foreclosure and sale issued out of the district court of the Fifth judicial district of Montana, in and for the county of Madison, duly signed and entered on the second day of December, 1895, in an action wherein Philip H. Poindexter and William C. Orr were the plaintiffs and Zebulon J. Cheney and Mabel A. Cheney were the defendants in which said action the plaintiffs obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure and sale against the said defendants on the second day of December, 1895, for the sum of twenty-five hundred and eighty-one dollars and fifteen cents, and the further sum of two hundred seventy-two dollars and thirty cents, costs, percentage, attorney's fee and necessary disbursements; decreeing the sale of the property hereinafter described, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the above mentioned sums of money with interest thereon at the rate of ten per cent. per annum from the date of judgment, I will on Saturday, the 28th day of December A. D. 1895, at the front door of the court house, in the city of Virginia, county of Madison and state of Montana, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, sell all the right, title, claim and interest of the above named defendants, of, in and to the following described property situated, lying and being in the county of Madison, state of Montana, and particularly described as follows, to-wit: The northeast quarter and the east half of the northwest quarter of section No. thirty, township four south of range six west of Montana meridian, containing two hundred and forty acres; together with all improvements situate upon said land or used in connection therewith, and all water ditches and water rights connected in any manner with said land; together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments, and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in any wise appertaining.

Dated this 4th day of December, 1895. JOSEPH I. HAINES, Sheriff. By Jas. Summers, Under Sheriff. First publication Dec. 7, 1895. 7-4t

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, wherein Henry Elling is plaintiff and H. A. Ohmer, George Stephens and John Riley are the defendants, upon a judgment rendered the fifth day of December, 1895, for the sum of one hundred ninety-two and 80-100 dollars damages and costs, with interest thereon at the rate of ten per cent. per annum from the date of the judgment together with one dollar accruing costs, I have this day levied upon all the right, title claim and interest of said defendants H. A. Ohmer, George Stephens and John Riley, or either of them, of, in and to the following described real estate, situated in the said county of Madison and state of Montana, to-wit: The Crystal, Alhambra and Puritan mining claims, in Brown's Gulch Mining District, and located near the head of Williams Gulch, about one and one-half miles from the Easton mine, in a westerly direction. Notice is hereby given that on Saturday the 28th day of December, 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 lawful money of the United States, all the right, title, claim and interest of said defendants, H. A. Ohmer, George Stephens and John Riley, 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 5th day of December, 1895. JOSEPH I. HAINES, Sheriff. By Jas. Summers, Under Sheriff. First publication Dec. 7, 1895. 7-4t

[NO. 145.]

Application for Patent.

U. S. LAND OFFICE, Bozeman, Montana, November 30, 1895. Notice is hereby given, that Nelson J. Isdell and William W. Morris, whose postoffice address is Pony, Madison county, Montana, have this day filed application for U. S. patent for 64.68 acres of the Norwegian placer mining claim, situated in the (unorganized) mining district, Madison county, state of Montana, and designated by the U. S. Surveyor General for Montana, as survey No. 4703 in section 30, township 2 south, range 2 west, and section 1, township 3 S., R. 2 west, which claim is recorded in the office of the recorder of Madison county, Montana, in Volume No. 7, page 306, of placers, and described as shown by the official plat and field notes now filed in this office as follows, to-wit: Beginning at corner No. 1, a granite stone 22x10x3 inches, set in the ground with mound of earth alongside, and upon the extreme east boundary of m. e. No. 149, and marked 1-4703, from which the quarter section corner between sections 36 and 1, townships 2 and 3 south, range 2 west, bears south 33 degrees, 25 minutes east, 1200 feet; thence north 320 feet along the said east boundary of m. e. No. 149; thence west 659.6 feet along its north boundary; thence north 325.9 feet along boundary of m. e. No. 20; thence east 20 feet along boundary lines of m. e. No. 20 and 44, 255.2 feet to corner No. 3; thence south 60 degrees, 48 minutes west, 607 feet; thence south 15 degrees, 38 minutes west, 485.7 feet; thence north 87 degrees, 44 minutes west, 248 feet; thence north 12 degrees, 38 minutes east, 4,475.7 feet; thence north 63 degrees 23 minutes west 500 feet; thence south 76 degrees, 40 minutes west, 447 feet; thence south 60 degrees, 12 minutes west, 351 feet to place of beginning, containing 64.68 acres adjoining hereunder.

The adjoining claims to these premises are m. e. No. 149, Thomas Clark, claimant, on the south and west of the extreme west end, and on the west and north by m. e. Nos. 20 and 44, J. T. P. Fletcher, et al. claimants. C. P. BLAKELY, Register. J. V. Rogert, Atty. for applicants. First publication Dec. 7, 1895. 7-10

Mining Application No. 149.

U. S. LAND OFFICE, Bozeman, Montana, December 4, 1895. Notice is hereby given, that Oliver P. Chisholm and George Cox, whose post office address is Bozeman, Montana, have this day filed application for U. S. patent for 1465 linear feet of the Exchequer lode mining claim,

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder Forty Years the Standard.

with surface ground 502.6 feet in width, situated in an (unorganized) mining district, Madison county, state of Montana, and designated by the U. S. Surveyor General for Montana as survey No. 4750 in section 25, surveyed township 2 south, range 1 east, and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at the N. E. corner, a granite stone 24x12x10 inches set in ground, with mound of stone alongside and marked 1-4750 for corner No. 1, from which the 1-4 section corner, between section 25, twp. 2 south, range 1 east and section 30, twp. 2, south, range 2, east, bears south 21 degrees, 8 minutes east, 871.2 feet; thence south 45 degrees, 4 minutes west, 502.6 feet; thence north 60 degrees, 19 minutes west, 1465 feet; thence north 45 degrees, 4 minutes east, 502.6 feet, thence south 60 degrees, 19 minutes east, 1465 feet to the place of beginning, containing an area of 1630 acres claimed hereunder.

The location of this claim is recorded in the office of the recorder of said county, in book 3, page 102, book 9, page 433, and book 9, page 517, of lode locations. The adjoining claim is the Exchequer west lode on the west (unsurveyed). C. P. BLAKELY, Register.

W. BOGERT, Atty. for Applicants. First publication Dec. 14, 1895. 8-10t

Sheriff's Sale.

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of an order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, issued out of the district court of the Fifth judicial district of Montana, in and for the county of Madison, duly signed and entered on the twentieth day of November, A. D. 1895, attested the seventeenth day of December, A. D. 1895, in an action wherein J. B. Laurin, was plaintiff and John Casper and Leola Casper were the defendants, in which said action the plaintiff recovered a judgment and decree of foreclosure and sale against the defendants for the sum of one hundred thirty-eight and 10-100 dollars, and the further sum forty-three and 85-100 dollars costs and attorney's fee, decreeing the sale of the property hereinafter described or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the above sums of money and interest thereon, I will on Saturday the 11th day of January, A. D. 1896, at the front door of the court house in the city of Virginia, county of Madison and State of Montana, at one o'clock p. m. of said day sell all the right, title, claim and interest of the above named defendants, of, in and to the following described real estate, situated in said Madison county, and State of Montana, to the highest bidder for cash in hand to-wit: one acre of land only to-wit: commencing at a stone set in the ground seven rods due south from the northeast corner of the north half of the south half of the southeast quarter of section thirty-two (32) in township five south of range four (being a tract of land formerly owned by one Henry Lettice) and running due south twenty rods to a stone set in the ground, thence running due west, eight rods to a stone set in the ground, running thence due north twenty rods to a stone set in the ground and thence running due east eight rods to the place of beginning; and all the improvements, structures, buildings and erections, and the water, water-rights, and ditches thereto appertenant or appertaining in anywise, together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining.

JOSEPH I. HAINES, Sheriff. By Jas. Summers, Under Sheriff. First publication Dec. 21, 1895. 9-4t

LIZA.

A plain, old fashioned name, unheard by me for many years, But still I see it has the power to ope a fount of tears. It calls up, too, the youthful days among the hazy hills, Of mornings thrilled by mocking birds, of nights by whippoorwills, And somehow even now I think, as often long ago, No days have been as sweet as then, when I was Liza's beau. I'm told her married life was hard and changed her much at last, But now she's slumbering well up there, where all her years were passed, Forgotten are all wrongs to her in that unending sleep— The look unkind, the cold neglect, the words that made her weep— But now and then I find myself a-wishing she could know One heart is still as true as then, when I was Liza's beau. —Memphis Commercial-Appal.

STABAT MATER.

Father Michael—the choir boys had dubbed him Old Hunchback—was organist in Muhlhausen. Every man, woman and child in the parish knew him. Mon Dieu! for over 80 years the old women had dozed and nodded to his music and the young girls had sat dreaming about weddings and christenings while Old Hunchback up in the organ loft sat and improvised soulswaying melodies on his instrument. But outside of the parish not a cat knew Father Michael.

What happened to him has happened to many others; after his death his name was known over land and kingdom. Then fame took it on its wings, and now, wherever dwells an Alsatian is known the legend of Father Michael's Stabat Mater.

In his youth he had dreamed of great achievements and honor as an artist, but never had he believed that his name would be celebrated in legend and in song—he who in his old age had become accustomed to being laughed at by everybody.

And pitifully ridiculous looking he was with his hunched back and his monkey face, so ugly that the dogs barked when they saw it. And for this reason he had gone through life with

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love for naught but his music. Up in the organ loft of the church, lifted above his fellow men, he was transformed into another being. And he played with such wonderful skill and touch that the maidens heard sweet whisperings of love in the flow of melody, while the dozing mothers were swayed into dreams of happy girlhood under the influence of his strains. But this was of no consequence to Father Michael; he played mostly for himself—expressions of his heart's silent dreams.

They jeered and ridiculed him in the village. Every time he went into Moser's, the tobacconist, he was greeted by a sarcastic:

"Why don't you marry, Father Michael? Are you going to live without leaving so much as your name after you? What you improvise on the organ amounts to nothing; it dies away at once. No, it is a great deal better to give the schoolmaster a little trouble and present some fine boys to the army."

Everybody in the store laughed at this sally. Michael was just the right one to give his country brave soldiers! But he let the people laugh and sought consolation in his beloved organ.

The war was ended.

But after that time it was that Father Michael felt his loneliness heavier and more dreary than ever. The wounds of jeering words sunk deeper, and he felt their cut with bleeding heart. There were moments when even the music failed to bring him peace. It seemed to him as if the words of his neighbors were becoming more cruel and that there lay more seriousness in their railway. Perhaps he was right. Misfortune dwelt with them; there was bitterness in many hearts. Perhaps now they found a certain satisfaction in giving relief to their bitterness by tormenting Old Hunchback—him who did not weep with them, but only played on his organ—the old good for nothing.

Yes, poor old Michael thought that he himself was the most wretchedly useless creature in existence.

Moser and the others were decidedly right. During the anxious days of the war the others had done everything they could. Fathers and sons had seized their arms and gone forth to battle; the women had cared tenderly for the sick and the wounded—he, he alone had only been able to mourn and dream. Day after day he had sat for hours before his organ immovable, with his face hidden in his hands—seeking after something he had never been able to find—a melody which he breathed and lived in his soul; a miserere full of tears and of sorrow, but through the sighs there should sound the cry of wrath! the cry of revenge! Oh, if he, with thunderous, raging and rushing billows of sound could have checked the advancing enemy!

But days, weeks, months passed. The loathsome annexation was a bitter fact. The time passed and no deliverer came. Gradually the necks were bent. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, they grew accustomed to the burden of the yoke. Now and then was heard an exalted voice hurling an insanely impotent protest against the conqueror and seeking to incite the people, but the people listened, terrified, to the bold words. Once in a while a rebellious conscript created a scandal in the barracks by shouting, "Vive la France!" when the oath of allegiance was to be administered. It also happened that a daring patriot had nailed the tricolor to the belfry of the church tower on the morning of the 14th of July. And great consternation was caused by a young blond girl who at a fete crossed the market square, where all the military authorities were assembled, dressed in a neckerchief of red, white and blue.

Further than that the rebellious spirit did not evince itself. But with every such outburst the grief and pain of Father Michael became intensified. The memory's fever, which was whipped out of the others as soon as it showed itself, was locked up and hidden in the soul of the old man. But there it lay and grew to a sickly hate, to a helpless envy against all these others. He envied the unknown youth who had nailed the flag of France to the old tower; he envied the recruit who had shouted, "Vive la France!" in the barrack yard, and he envied the girl who had had courage to bear the colors of France right through the lines of the enemy.

Everywhere about him they found every day some new way of showing their strong memory and a faithfulness that knew no death. He alone could do nothing, could find nothing. He was useless—always useless. Yes, yes—his soul could weep, but his organ—it sang beneath his fingers.

But one day Old Hunchback stepped into the tobacco store, and they scarcely knew him. His face beamed. Moser filled his snuffbox, and as usual began his sarcastic remarks.

"Well, now you see, my good Father Michael, of what use really is such an organist, eh?"

But Moser did not finish. This time Father Michael did not bend his head. This time it was Old Hunchback who smiled with a peculiar and proud expression. He looked frankly and earnestly at those present, and there lay a

calm dignity over this hunchbacked old man with the curious monkey face, and his voice was resonant and firm.

"Yes," he said, "even organists may be useful. Just wait; I will prove it." They crowded around him. They insisted and coaxed him to tell them what it was, but he was silent. Smiling as they never before had seen him, he stepped out of the store, and his step was elastic as that of youth. He looked almost straight, this hunchbacked old man, as he passed down the street.

Moser and the crowd in the store soon came to the one conclusion that the organist had gone mad, stark mad.

In the evening the whole village knew that old Father Michael had a screw loose. This was in holy week, on Wednesday. Maundy Thursday the bells are rung for the Christians of the whole world, even for the Alsations, and everybody goes to church. But in Alsace-Lorraine they thought not only of the holy resurrection, but also of another—the morning of the resurrection of liberty, which no bells as yet had proclaimed.

Good Friday the church was thronged with people. High up on the altar stood the black draped cross. Heavy bands of crape were twisted about the unlighted candles. From the chancel the priest read heavily and slowly the holy words of the suffering of our Saviour; about him who bent his head in death to give to the world peace, forgiveness and liberty.

And the people reverentially knelt on the flagstones and offered up their hearts in silent, sorrowing prayer. Slowly the priest goes toward the altar, and now the grand "Stabat Mater Dolorosa" was to be sung. It was a moment of deepest silence in the church; the congregation had opened their prayerbooks. To them it seemed as if their country was the sorrowing mother, who stood under the cross, with the sword piercing her heart, sighing after deliverance and liberty.

The silence became long, oppressive, long. The organ would not begin. Was it then really true that Father Michael had gone mad?

The sexton in the chancel pulled the string that led up to the organist. Over the entire church could be heard the faint tinkling of a little bell. Then the organ woke. The whole church resounded with fierce trumpet calls. The singers arose in wild amazement. Why, this was not the prelude to "Stabat!" And the whole congregation was as if struck by lightning.

No! It was not "Stabat Mater" that sounded from the organ! It was a hymn full of thunder and of fire, the organ pipes rang out like brazen trumpets, the deep bass tones roared like cannons, and the defiant rattle of the snare drum's beat echoed through the sanctuary. Clanging of arms, rattle of musketry, shrieks intermingled with trumpet blasts and clashing of swords there were in this fierce outburst of sounds. The organ groaned and trembled beneath its burden.

But the congregation below had risen. They were like a crowd in tumultuous uproar. Voices took up the strains of the organ; first one, then a mighty union of voices burst forth in fierce restraint. Mothers stood upon the seats, stretching their children toward the organ, weeping, but singing with wild intensity. Choir boys and priests made frantic motions to check the organist, but all the while they were singing the "Marseillaise" unconsciously. And Father Michael played on; nothing could stop him. He played like one possessed, and now and then his thin, shrill voice could be heard, as if spurring in a wild, challenging cry: "Aux armes citoyens! Le jour de gloire est arrive!"

Suddenly the organ was silent. Father Michael had sunk from his bench. They found him lying on the floor. They heard him whisper with a peculiar smile: "I knew that I should find it. It is my hymn—'Stabat Mater,' retribution's stabat mater dolorosa!" A restful sigh—Old Hunchback's soul had fled.—From the French.

Grateful Appreciation.

Drummer—I've done a big day's work today. Have taken orders for over \$5,000 worth of goods.

Bill Collector—Who are the parties? Drummer—All to Skinner & Slow pay.

Bill Collector—That means steady employment for me for ten months. Thanks. Don't know what I should do if it weren't for you.—Boston Transcript.

Miss Atkinson's Handsome Prizes.

The three prizes won by Miss Atkinson, the new lady champion tennis player, were uncommonly handsome. In the mixed doubles the lady's prize was a silver tea set of very handsome design. The prize to the ladies' doubles was a beautiful wreathpin set with pearls, and in the singles, in addition to holding the cup as champion, she received an exquisite medallion pin of fine workmanship, set about with scrolls of gold, studded with diamonds and pearls. When the cup has been won three times in succession, the holder becomes its owner. This has never happened as yet, but Miss Atkinson's friends are hoping she will keep up playing until she has secured the cup.

Senator Allen of Nebraska announced that the Populists were for recognizing the Cuban belligerents and standing up for the Monroe doctrine.

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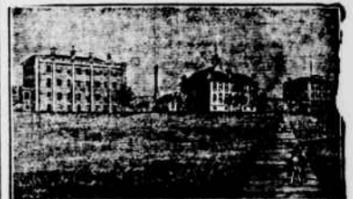
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