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WILL THE ROBIN SING THERE?
Will the robin sing in that land,
That land so fair and so far,
That lies as our souls fondly dream,
In the depths of the uttermost star?
Will the violet bloom in that land,
And the mosses so sweet and so shy,
All the dear common things that we love,
In the dim, distant deeps of the sky?
Will the children sing in that land,
All the sweet, simple songs of the earth,
And shall we rejoice and be glad
In their music and frolicsome mirth?
Oh! will there be friends in that land,
Friends who love and rejoice in our love,
Will they look, will they speak, will they smile,
Like our own 'mid the strangeness above?
Oh! shall we have homes in that land
To return to where'er we may roam?
Oh! the heart would be lonely and sad
E'en in heaven if we had not a home.
I love not the new and the strange,
But a friend and the clasp of his hand,
Oh! I would that my spirit could know
That the robin will sing in that land.
--Woman's Magazine.

MUGGINS.
Van Galters bought his famous bull pup when bull pups were in fashion and paid a good round sum for him. The pup came of a long line of fighting ancestors, and his noble name was Muggins.
Inside of a week Muggins had Van Galters completely in subjection. Muggins slept on Van Galters' bed and chawed Van Galters' feet when he moved them in the night; Muggins breakfasted on Van Galters' cuffs, lunched on Van Galters' boots, dined and supped on choice bits of Van Galters' friends.
Muggins, plus Van Galters, walked down Fifth avenue of an afternoon, and was sure to become involved in some street brawl before Van Galters got him home again. Generally Van Galters got mixed up in the row as well, and once the two landed in a police station and had to be bailed out.
Not that Muggins picked quarrels. Far from that. But Muggins was so bow-legged that he walked in a chain-stitch pattern from one side of the walk to the other, and Muggins was of an ugliness that appalled one; like the reflection of a respectable dog in a convex mirror with a kink in it.
There was something about the crooked, yet jaunty advance of him, something in the slanting leer of his bulging brown eye, that set other dogs' teeth on edge. Hence battle for Muggins brooked no criticism. Pugs and such things he rolled about on the cobble until their tails were out of curl. But when big dogs went home minus an ear or a section of tail or with badly lacerated leg the owner merely growled. "It's that beastly bull pup of Van Galters'."
So much for the valor of Muggins. For intelligence Muggins was a wonder. Humor—Muggins' sense of humor was colossal.
He used regularly to charge upon the blind man who sold pencils at the foot of the "L" station and grab the handful of his wares the old fellow so pathetically extended. Then Muggins would retreat to the cable track to devour them, leaving Van Galters to pick up the poor old chap, set him on his camp stool and make good his loss. The blind man never came to endure Muggins' onslaughts with equanimity, though he profited largely by this novel method of sale.
Muggins went about Brooklyn in a cab with Van Galters at the time of the trolley strikes, when Van Galters was hunting up sensations and various regimental friends of his. Muggins escaped from the cab in Hicks street and upset a whole company of the Thirtieth Regiment boys, who were drilling in front of a Chinese laundry, their temporary quarters. Muggins started to run around the block and dashed between the legs of company K, then changed his mind and dashed back again, bowling over the whole line. The boys were angry enough to have bayoneted him if Van Galters had not caught him in the rebound and hauled him into the cab.
Then Muggins was the sworn enemy of the young De Poysters, next door, who were always playing tricks on the passers-by. They were trying the cobblestone trick one day, and had set on the walk a granite block done up in wrapping paper with a pink string. While they lurked in the arseway, waiting to hoot at the first unfortunate who should attempt to kick it out of his path, Muggins came trotting down the steps and made for it. The boys charged him, but Muggins kept them off. He tried his jaw on each of the four corners of the block, and a howl of derision went up from his foes. Then Muggins tried to carry it off by the string and failed. Finally, with infinite difficulty and low growls he rolled it to the foot of the Van Galters steps and stood guard over it, nibbling it pensively the while till his master appeared.
It was "tamale" year that year and tamale men were on every corner. Muggins has ideas on the subject. He liked the smell of the hot tamales and the grateful warmth emanating from the big tin cans in which the tamales were stored. If he found a tamale man absent from his post for a moment Muggins would squat down like a Chinese idol in front of the can, and take charge of it for the rest of the evening, while customers waited and the tamale man shrieked and swore, afraid to approach and Van Galters enjoyed the fun.
Then Muggins prevented his master from proposing to Miss Emilia Remson. The night of Mrs. Van Galters' empire ball Muggins had concealed himself in the conservatory some time during the

day and appeared when Van Galters was starting in. Emilia looked very well under the light of the fairy lamps, and it was all very tender and touching. Muggins changed all that by pretending to start a rat or a cat or any old thing and chivvying it round and round the conservatory till he got Van Galters laughing so that he couldn't speak and another man came up and claimed Emilia for the next dance, and there was an end of that. Very glad Van Galters was of it, too, for just then he fell in love with little Marie.
Marie was the only person whom Muggins feared. She was a second cousin and poor, and visited the Van Galters most of the time. You can judge of her status in the family by the fact that the children alternately hugged and bullied her, and the elders made her handsome presents when they remembered her existence.
Marie was little and fragile and sensitive, but by no means a coward. She remained dependent because she had been brought up to believe that she would be doing a deadly injury to the family if she attempted to earn a living for herself. She had the courage of a dozen men in her slender body and was only withheld from rash plebeian enterprise by her loyalty to the great Van Galters line.
Muggins was rather nice to Marie. True, he affected her society when she didn't want him and deserted her when she most needed consolation, yet he paid considerable attention to her commands and came to her after his battles to be bathed, healed and lectured.
Van Galters, perhaps, might have explained this partiality. Marie had not been anxious to make Muggins' acquaintance. Indeed, Muggins had been obliged to introduce himself. He entered into Marie's room one day and seized a pair of slippers. Marie shrieked and Muggins fled down the hall, his mouth full of red morocco. Marie pursued and caught him just outside Van Galters' door.
Van Galters, hearing the scuffle, rushed out and was astonished to find Marie kneeling on the prostrate Muggins and pommeling him violently with both little fists. Muggins was snarling like a fiend, and his face was screwed up like a withered apple, but protect himself he could not unless he gave up his prey, and relinquish it he would not while life lasted and anyone opposed. So Marie continued to beat him.
Van Galters grasped Marie by one thin little wrist and drew her to her feet. She was crimson and out of breath, and more than a little ashamed of herself.
"I hope I haven't hurt you, Gerard," she said, apologetically.
Van Galters could have roared, but he asked very seriously what Muggins had done.
"Stole," said Marie briefly.
Van Galters looked, but was unable to ascertain the nature of Muggins' mouthful.
"Something valuable?"
"To me, yes," said little Marie, with a sob in her throat, and then she turned and hurried away.
Muggins started after her, his big under jaw hanging. Then he let the slipper fall and followed her silently, apologetically, his bullet head dropped upon his massive chest. Marie slammed the door in his face, and Muggins sat down outside. Presently he began to claw energetically at the woodwork, and Marie opened the door on a crack. Muggins frisked grotesquely and pawed the door. It was opened a little wider and Muggins shot in.
"By Jove, that's a bright dog," declared Van Galters, picking up the discolored object from the floor. "If it isn't one of the Turkish slippers I bought Marie at the fool bazaar last summer. Well, well," and Van Galters walked into his room, reflective, and set the poor, little, mangled slipper in the place of honor on the mantelpiece.
He had never noticed Marie very much, but he always had been kind to her in a careless way. Now he noticed her a great deal, for there seemed to be something uncanny in her ascendancy over Muggins. His own attempt to discipline the beastly bull pup had been a dismal failure, and here was little Marie ordering the brute about as she pleased. He tried to find out her methods, but Marie was reticent on the subject and so was Muggins.
Still Muggins relapsed from grace occasionally. Once when he ate Marie's best hat Van Galters heard of it and wanted to buy her another, and little Marie refused, almost rudely, to allow it. There was never a more astonished man than Gerard Van Galters when he found he had fallen in love with little Marie, except when he informed little Marie that he wanted to marry her and Marie refused him out and out. The little thing even seemed to take a cold delight in his discomfiture. Only when Van Galters sulkily announced his intention of going abroad and forgetting her she offered to take charge of Muggins.
So Muggins went down to Long Island by boat along with little Marie and the particular Van Galters' aunt with whom she was to spend the summer.
No word came from Marie, but his aunt wrote Gerard a letter of grievance against Muggins. Muggins had disgraced himself. Marie had bribed the mate of the steamboat to take charge of Muggins for the night, and the man had chained Muggins to the leg of the lower berth in his stateroom.
Muggins had promptly chawed—no other word expresses Muggins' method—chawed it through and when the mate turned in at 3:30 in the morning he found Muggins peacefully snoring in the lower berth with his hand on the pillow. The man was afraid to wake Muggins, and afraid to climb over him to the upper berth, so he turned the quilt over Muggins and, in his own words:
"Chucked him out. An' he runs all

over de boat and in ter de ladies' cabin and scares de wimmen half ter det', till d' engineer catches him and makes him fast ter der enstain."
The captain had been freshly painted vermilion, and in the morning Muggins was a gory horror. The monster refused to get into the carriage which awaited them at the landing, and none of the deck hands would go near him, so little Marie had to boost him in herself.
Van Galters didn't go to Europe at all. He went down to Long Island instead. His aunt was surprised to see him walk in one hot day.
"Well!" said the aunt.
"I came down," said Van Galters, "to look after Muggins."
"Muggins is out walking now," said his aunt, "and Marie is with him, I believe. They are inseparable."
"Which way?" asked Van Galters, after he had something cool to drink.
"You are throwing yourself away, Gerard," said his aunt. "But if you follow the path through the field there, into the woods, you will find—Muggins."
"Thank you, aunty," said Van Galters.
Van Galters followed the path till it led him into the thicket of the woods; still no Muggins, no Marie. He hoped Muggins would have sense enough to make himself scarce. He wanted to say something to little Marie, things no fellow could say with a frog-faced bull pup staring at him. That goggle-eyed Muggins would take the sentiment out of any man.
Still no Marie. Perhaps Muggins had cavorted off through the underbrush and led her away from the beaten path. Perhaps they were coming home another way. Perhaps—what was that?
A shrill scream, and another, and another. Van Galters set off at a run. That was Marie, as sure as fate. What could have happened? Was she hurt? Why was she so quiet now? And where was Muggins? Muggins should be taking care of her.
"Marie! Marie!" No answer. She must be hurt. What right had they to let her run about like this, little Marie with no one to look after her? He would soon stop all that.
A turn in the woodland way, and Van Galters almost fell over her. She was sitting in the middle of the path, with Muggins' head in her lap. She looked at Gerard with her mouth open and the big tears running down her cheeks.
"Ah, Gerard," said she, "poor Muggins!"
"What has happened?" gasped Van Galters, kneeling down beside her. There was a distinct crackling in the underbrush. Van Galters sprang to his feet.
"No, no," said Marie, catching at his arm: "it's too late now—the man—oh, oh, such a brute! If it hadn't been for Muggins—"
Muggins tried to lift his battered head, but dropped it with a queer, gruff moan. He was covered with blood, and so was Marie.
"The man sprang out and caught my arm, and I called Muggins, who was some way behind, and Muggins flew at his throat, and the man let go. And then Muggins got him by the arm and hung on and wouldn't be shaken off. And the fellow beat him with a great stick, and finally Muggins dropped."
Muggins quivered and wagged his stump of a tail feebly, and Marie took one of his clumsy paws tenderly and held it in her small hand.
"Poor Muggy, poor, bad, brave old Muggy, who loved me!"
"Rook!" said Muggins, faintly. "A-rook, a-rook! Woof," and so, with that hoarse bark, he died, game to the last, and most sincerely mourned.
Van Galters buried him there under a big oak tree, and cut "Muggins" in the bark, and proposed again to little Marie on the way home.
"Please, Gerard," said little Marie, "another day."
"To-day," said Gerard, stoutly. But it was not that day, nor for many a long day, that little Marie made answer.
By that time Muggins' epitaph had extended until it climbed up into the branches. Van Galters added something to it every time he and Marie visited Muggins' grave.
"That beastly bull pup," said Gerard, jealously, one day, when Marie was reading the finished epitaph aloud: "We've made him out a regular angel."
"Poor Muggy," said Marie, softly, putting her frail little hand on his sleeve. "Poor, bad, brave old Muggy, who loved me!"
And that, I think, should have been Muggy's epitaph.—Vogue.

The Sistine Chapel.
The chapel is a beautiful place in itself, by its simple and noble proportions, as well as by the wonderful architectural decorations of the ceiling, conceived by Michael Angelo as a series of frames for his paintings. Beautiful beyond description, too, is the exquisite marble screen. No one can say certainly who made it; it was perhaps designed by the architect of the chapel himself, Baccio Pontelli. There are a few such marvels of unknown hands in the world, and a sort of romance clings to them, with an element of mystery that stirs the imagination in a dreamy way, far more than the gilded oak tree in the arms of Sixtus IV., by which the name of Rovere is symbolized. Sixtus commanded, and the chapel was built. But who knows where Baccio Pontelli lies? Or who shall find the grave where the hand that carved the lovely marble screen is laid at rest?—Century.

Compensation.
"I hear half the audience left the theater at the end of the first act of your play, Hicks."
"Yes," said Hicks, gleefully. "We sold their seats to late comers, and cleared enough to make the performance equal to a three-night run."

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