

A GOLD MINE ON EVERY LOT.

Recent Developments in the KENWOOD district, comprising the Bradford, Brooke and Syndicate Additions to Helena, make the above statement almost absolutely true.

But there are other features of this part of Helena that outweigh the probability of finding gold in paying quantities, and those are the freedom from smoke and dust that



KENWOOD



Enjoys beyond any other suburb, the direct water service, insuring purity and freshness, the fine view, the rich soil, school facilities, street car service, good drives and numerous other advantages.

Prices are now reasonable, and the present is the time to buy. My list comprises many very choice locations.

WM. MUTH,

214, 215, 216, POWER BUILDING,

HELENA, MONTANA.

UNCLE LEM DREW A PRIZE

And He Wanted Some Advice About the Way to Collect the Prize.

It Was Worth \$10,000 and the Charges Were Only \$69.

Some Friend Sent Him the Ticket, Though He Could Not Imagine Who That Friend Was.

(Written for THE SUNDAY INDEPENDENT.)
I HAVE BEEN OBLIGED TO SAY ONE or two unpleasant things about my neighbor, Uncle Lem Drew, but if anybody has taken the notion, therefrom that he is a bad man I am glad to be able to correct that impression here. Uncle Lem is a man who prides himself on his unscrupulous integrity, and on that thrift which enables him to wear one suit of clothes every week day for four years and not look ill dressed for those who knew him.

He regulates his daily affairs by the strictest rules. He has kept tally with the contribution box, and flatters himself that he has obtained more spiritual advantage for less money than any other man in Grimesville. He has been in a good many lawsuits which have stirred up some feeling among his neighbors, but nobody can say that he hasn't paid his counsel and his witnesses according to agreement.

Therefore when I observed that Uncle Lem was troubled in spirit I knew that it couldn't be because of anything he was going to do, and the thought made me uneasy. For I was evidently mixed up somehow in Uncle Lem's misadventure. I caught him several times looking at me over the fence which separates our property, as if he couldn't quite bring himself to cut me off in the flower of my youth, but was trying very hard. These suspicious were proved to be unfounded when, one day, Uncle Lem called me up to the fence and told me what was troubling him.

"I've got a letter here, and I want your advice about it," he began with that air of embarrassment which we all wear when we try to consult a doctor or a lawyer in a

might be something wrong about it. Though they refer me to any quantity of influential people—well-to-do men like Jay Gould and Clarence D. Dew. They write that the profits of the lottery are used for religious purposes, like sending out missionaries and helping young men through the schools where they make ministers of 'em. The head men of the lottery don't draw any salaries. That's what made me think it might be a fraud, for it ain't in reason that men should work without pay. But these fellows do, because they admit it in their letter."

He produced a worn and greasy envelope, and took from it a letter which had evidently been read many times. "There ain't none of your folks in here," he said, "is there?" he asked as he spread the letter out on the top of the fence. "Of course I have to be a little careful about this matter, because people round here think lotteries are sinful; though I don't see why, if it's for a charitable work. And it seems I've won a prize, too."

"What's it worth?" "Ten thousand dollars," he replied, in a voice full of reverence. "It's mostly in jewels, diamonds and such stuff—there's a list of them here. I'd rather have cash, but probably I wouldn't have much difficulty in selling out at a fair profit, considering that it didn't cost me nothing at all."

"When did you buy the ticket?" I asked, although, of course, I knew what his answer would be.

"Well, ye see, that is," he hesitated, evidently trying to decide whether he should lie about it, the fact is, I didn't buy no ticket. I calculate somebody must have bought for me, as a Christmas present, or something. The letter says that this is done often by people who want to help the good work along and haven't got confidence in their own luck so that they never expect to win anything on the ticket. I dunno who could a-done it. I ain't got none too many friends, and I don't know scarcely anybody down in York. There was a nephew of cousin Sam Drew, who went down there in '75 or thereabouts. He might a-bought it, though we ain't none of us heard from him in ten years."

How the old sinner tried to argue himself into the belief that this prize was his. I realized that he was addressing his battered wreck of a conscience more than me. I knew what he really believed, and the temptation to put the question squarely before the corrupt tribunal of his soul was more than I could resist.

"There may be some mistake about this," said I. "Perhaps this prize belongs to somebody else."

"Well, I can't see as that's any lookout o' mine," he exclaimed, with an asperity which showed that he was fortifying himself for argument. "If these men are running a business, it's for them to see that their prizes are sent to the right people. I ain't responsible. They say I've won the stuff, and I'm going to take 'em at their word."

"It might be inconvenient, though," said I. "If the rightful owner should show up later and claim his property."

"That's what I wanted to ask you about," he said, and in his impatience and anxiety he gnawed his ragged whiskers. "Would they have any claim? Suppose somebody else should come round and say that the jewels wa'n't mine, could I get into any trouble? I wouldn't mind being sued, I could beat 'em at that game, you bet. But what I'm afraid of is that they'd come up to this town, and make a fuss and let folks know that I'd been playin' a lott'y. They'd be dead set agin him in this town, as I've told ye, though why they should be I don't see. They have raffles at all their church fairs, and they're a good deal worse. When you buy a ticket for a raffle you pay 10 cents and you never get nothing back. Here I pay \$5, or would have if I'd bought the ticket, which I would have done if I'd known where they was sold and felt sure o' winnin' a prize—here, as I say, I pay nothin' and I win \$10,000. That looks fair and honest like."

"Yes," said I, "if the Charitable Missionary Lottery company can stand that method of doing business I should think you could."

"Now, what I want to ask you," said Uncle Lem, ignoring my last remark and catching at the word "company," "is, how shall I claim the property so as to be safe from any trouble? I forgot to say that there was \$69 due for storage charges. It seems that they had some trouble about getting my address. It's the rule in such cases to wait ten days

and then turn the prize into the missionary fund, but it seems that the president of the concern thought it was a little tough to do it in this case, where the winner was a poor man and a farmer, so he put the goods in storage and extended the time to three months. He urged me to send the money right on and not risk anything by delay. I wrote back for them to sell a few loose diamonds and pay themselves out of the proceeds, but the president replied here—"

Uncle Lem ran through his pockets anxiously for this second communication from the letter."



MADE FOR THE HOUSE.

the kind-hearted lottery company, but couldn't find it. He got nervous and turned all his pockets inside out, but it didn't appear.

"By Jimmy Neddy!" he exclaimed, "could I have left that in my Sunday vest? and mother's going to sew a button on it to-day. Great Peter, suppose she should find it! I say, wait a minute while I run into the house and save my reputation."

He came back in a few minutes breathless.

"Just in time," said he: "she had the vest and was all ready to begin on it, but she hadn't been through the pockets. Narrow escape, but I got the letter. The president says that it's against the rule for them to take anything out of the prizes, and I must send the cash. He says that \$69 ain't much in comparison with \$10,000, and by jimmies it ain't, now you come to think of it. I'll send it on to-morrow. I'm glad to hear that you know about the concern and think they're all right. I'm much obliged for your advice, and as if the stuff comes, and is up to what they claim for it, I don't mind lettin' you have a few of some sort for Mrs. Fieldin'. I suppose she wouldn't want anything very gorgeous—not to cost much money."

He looked at me apprehensively with his little greedy eyes, as if he feared I should claim a share of his imaginary jewels.

"Mr. Drew," I said, "it is very painful to me to have this duty to perform. I realize that if you got this wealth you would use



LOOK OUT FOR UNCLE LEM.

it for philanthropic and worthy purposes, that you would give largely to the poor—"

"Well, I dunno," said Uncle Lem, as if he feared I was exacting a pledge. "Nobody never gave me nothin', an' I don't feel

called upon to be extravagant in the matter of charity. It never does people any good. No, sir; I'm set agin it. I've worked for what I've got, an' anybody who gets a cent of it away from me, has got to work hard-er'n I did, you bet. He's got to have a good grip."

"Mr. Drew," said I, "this whole thing is a fraud. There isn't any lottery."

"No lottery, hey?" he cried. "Why you see the letter yourself?"

"I've seen a hundred like it before," I replied. "It's an attempt to cheat you of \$69. New York has a large population which lives off the rural districts. Some of them do it by means of railroads which they steal, and others by means of buying and selling crops which they never see. There are others who seem to disguise robbery in the garb of business. They go to it straight out from the shoulder as your correspondent has done—for I cannot believe that anybody could suppose such a proposition as his to be honest. Don't send your money; you'll lose it, and you'll never see the jewels for they exist only in the lottery man's imagination."

Uncle Lem seemed staggered at first by this statement. Then he looked distrustful, and finally he muttered something about my being jealous of a neighbor's good fortune. I tried to show him that the thing was a fraud; I used all the arguments and illustrations I could think of. I even swore at him a little in a mild way, and called him a preposterous old idiot, blinded by his covetousness, and his inherent love of getting something which did not belong to him. I said these things in a kind, neighborly way, but they failed to impress him. He preferred to believe the president of the lottery company; he even intimated that I had a plan for getting the prize away from him. Finally he said that he'd like to see any New York sharper that could get the best of him, and that he'd fix it so that he'd get the prize he'd honestly won in spite of them or of me.

I have watched Uncle Lem with interest during the weeks which have followed this interview. I have seen him growing thinner and more nervous. He has looked at me with an evil eye, and he evidently regards me as the author of his misfortune. He has consulted the spirits (whom I have referred to in a previous communication) and there is something in the wind. I daresay the squire confided as much to me the other night over a game of forty-five.

"Look out for Uncle Lem," said he as he raked in the stakes; "he's after you. He says you cheated him out of \$10,000, and he'll get it back if there's any law in the land."

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The Bee Hive has just received a large lot of infants' embroidered long cloaks which they purchased cheap at an auction sale in New York, and they are giving their patrons the benefit of their bargain. Call and see them.

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ANNUAL MEETING—THE ANNUAL MEETING of the stockholders of the Helena Lumber Company for the election of officers and the transaction of other business as may properly come before the meeting will be held at the office of said company, 180 Lyndale avenue, in the city of Helena, Mont., on Thursday, Aug. 20, 1891, at 12 o'clock.

W. B. MORRISON, Secretary.



DUCE AN ENVELOPE.

manner so friendly that he can't send a bill. "It seems that some gentlemen are conducting a lottery in New York for philanthropic purposes. It's the only lottery permitted by the law of the state. Did you ever hear anything about it?"

"Often," said I, "it's been fully described a thousand times in the papers."

"Ye don't say!" he exclaimed, brightening perceptibly. "I was afraid there