Humbling An Egotist. By

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CHAPTER L. Arthur Singleton was being refused, the logical outcome of proposing to Miss Berkely after an acquaintance of barely three weeks. Futhermore, the young lady, no less compassionate than beautiful, had deemed it advisable to suggest for his own sake, that his visits should cease, until he could regard her merely as a faithful friend who, though esteeming him highly, did not

though esteeming him highly, did not love him and could never be his wife. "Is at not better so?" she had asked. "After what has now passed between us—if you are as sincere in your profession of regard for me as I believe you are—my apparent lack of reciprocal sentiment, being day by day impressed upon you, must necessarily cause you pain."

Now had Singleton been an ordinary

Now, had Singleton been an ordinary man, this gentle though firmly-expressed negative would have been sufficient to convince him of the utter hopelessness of his suit; but Singleton was not an ordinary man, or he would not have replied as he did.

not have replied as he did.

"And in requesting me to cease my visits are you not, Miss Berkley, actuated by a fear of the consequence of their continuance—to yourself?"

"I don't understand you," said Miss Berkley, looking at him quickly. She saw a faint smile playing about the corners of his mouth, but in her surprise the failed to charge how grim it was she failed to observe how grim it was.
"I metan," returned Singleton, "that
having formed the resolution not to

love me, are you not fearful lest a pro-longed acquaintance chould impel you to accept me as a husband?" An expression of blank astonishment overspread Miss Berkley's features; then a flush of pardonuble indignation

mantled her brow.
"I must confess myself a dull observer of human nature, Mr. Singleton, for during the three weeks I have known you I was not aware that ego-tism was dominant in your character. "Why not say 'confidence?" But no matter—call it what you will. Your manner plainly indicates, however, that you climk the very idea of my being atte to chake your resolution is abmust a feet of the control of the co suit. I will prove it is not."
"How?" asked Miss Berkley, sarcas-

"By winning you for a wife against

"The enterprise is unique, I'll con-fess," continued the imperturbable Singleton, "Let us make it more so. You tike bon-bons, do you not? Well, I am especially desirous of having you select a bookmark for me. Now, I will wager a box of bon-bons against a bookmark that three months from to-day you will accept me als a husbard subject, however, to certain condi-

"And the conditions, please?" The smile on Miss Berkley's lips would in all probability have discouraged anyone effec, but Singleton did not seem to mind it in the least.

"First, that you continue to receive me as you have lately done; secondly, that at the expiration of the three months you will give me an opportun-Ry to repeat my proposal, and that you will then give me a definite an-

"Very well; I accept the wager and grant the conditions."

"Your hand upon it, Miss Berkley."

They shook thands; then Singleton

As Singleton left the room, a change touched the futures of Miss Berkley; her face flushed, she stamped her foot, and denoted her field in such a manner that the "thumbs were between fingers and palme-an ominous sign in a wo-

"Why, the impudent, egostistical

Oh, but I'll humble him."
To the credit of Miss Berkley be said that she -athered conscientiously to the terms of her compact with Mr. Singleton. The gates and the doors and even cerriain windows in the Berkley establishment yawned whenever he was pleased to enter, and day by day the spider's parlor became more famil-

iar to the self-invited fly.

Miss Berkley was not long in determining on her taccies. Slowly and taboriously would Mr. Singleton be permitted to climb heavenward, then she would suddenly hurl him down. She, would suddenly hurl him down. She, therefore, began to manifest a profound interest in poetry of a sentimental nature. Singleton, who was an excellent reader, tendered his services, which Miss Berkley graciously accepted. The young lady could not deny that his voice was wonderfully sympathetic; but then, she reasoned, good as he was, there must surely exist men who were buter readers than Mr. Sinre butter readers than Mr. Sin-So she listened, and he read



"Your Hand on It, Miss Berkley."

the poets—Browning and Swinburne and Shelley and any number of them. Sometimes, after having read a canto or two, Singleton would become fatigued, then they would talk, and Miss Berkley usually contrived to find some pretext that appeared reasonable for disagreeing with nearly everything in the form of an aphorism that emanated from Singleton.

ed from Singleton.

Thus through long summer afternoons they rowed together, walked together, read together talked together and drowsed together, till at length Miss Berkley reached the conclusion that Mr. Singleton was deriving rather that Mr. Singleton was deriving rather more satisfaction from her society than he deservel. She consequently resolved to give him a preliminary huri into the abyss of blighted hopesjust to see how he would be likely to look when the three months were expired and he had the bon-bons to buy. sistency of chese attacks made her irritable. That was the reason she scold the bon-bons to buy, about this time Lady Plympton gave a ball in honor of the home-coming of her son. Captain George, who had for several years served her majesty in a military capacity in India. Singleton besought of Miss Berkley the privilege of escorting her to the function, and it was accorded him; but when he besought of her that when he besought of her the further privilege of inscribing his name on her dancing card in five or aix places, his hopes were dashed by the intimation that he would be restricted to two.

After this first measure they separated. Miss Berkley was then appropriated by the hero of the evening. Captain George Plympton, whose attentians to her for the next few house or conspicuous enough to existe comment. It was also apparent that that had been shooting, and if shooting as mosted question among the speculative whether or not Miss Berkley had ever treated man so graciously before.

But where was Singleton t

Oh, Singleton was dancing with Mrs Colchester; a charming widow, young, handsome, witty and rich. On the mer-its of this widow, public opinion was



At Last They Disappeared.

divided. The ladies maintained she was artificial, and held her conduct not always "the thing." One wall-flower once remarked suggestively to another once remarked suggestively to another that Mrs. Colchester was "deviliy-eyed." The gentlemen, however, took the ground that old Dame Nature had done a good job when she fashloned the adorable Mrs. Colchester, and as for her eyes—well, they were devilish fine eyes." Whether it was the inherent charm of widowhood, the wit beauty, wealth, or the questionable eyes of Mrs. Colchester that first attracted Singleton, it were difficult to determine. It was likewise impossible to state what qualities Mrs. Colchester to state what qualities Mrs. Colchester

determine. It was likewise impossible to state what qualities Mrs. Colchester found fascinating in the person of Mr. Singleton; but that she did find them was obvious. The result was that he devoted himself to Mrs. Colchester, and she reciprocated his manifestations of devotion. Each of them fairly reveled in the society of the other. At last they disappeared. People wondered, Miss Berkley among them, what had become of them. Captain George alone was without curiosity; he would not have given a clank of his saber for the knowledge.

By and by Captain George proposed to Miss Berkley that they should "sit out" one of the dances. He knew of such a charming place—a little alcove half way upstairs—wouldn't she come? Well, she was a little fatigued, and thought she would—and did. But they did not sit in that little alcove, for there they found Mr. Singleton and Mrs. Colchester. They all nodded pleasantify to one another, and Captain George and Miss Berkley "sat it out" somewhere else. In consequence of the date of the Alexendre of the Alexendre has a line consequence of the Alexendre has a line of the Alexendre has a l somewhere else. In consequence of this Miss Berkley has since consistently and emphatically maintained that a tachelor who deliberately flirts with a widow in the presence of an assembly widow in the presence of an assembly of respectable people is a social abomination, and should be repressed. This introduction of third and fourth parties into the Singleton-Berkley tournament wrought a new phase in the relations of the first and second parties, and each of the latter now began to mistrust the motives of the other. Was Mas Pirkley really in love with Can-Miss Birkley really in love with Cap-tain Plympton? Was Mr. Singleton sincere in his professed adoration for Mrs. Colchester? Well, the three months had nearly expired; all would con be known.

Miss Berkley was resolved, however, that the egotist should not thus lightly escape his well-merited punishment if she could prevent it. In the circumstances only one thing was to be done. and she did it. Captain George was re-tained as a fell wherewith to parry the widow-thrusts of Mr. Singleton; but the smalbility apparently inspired by the emaibility apparently inspired by Captain George at the ball was also extended to the man destined to select the bon-bons. Never before had Singleton found her so gentle, so graceful, so sympathetic, so lovable. He was enchanted, and his attentions to Mrs. Colchester began to lose much of their ardor and pensistency. But when he charaved that Capitain George was simobserved that Captain George was sim-Sarly rewarded by those manifesta-tions of awakened affection he became at once chagrined and depressed. His calls on Miss Berkley became less fre-quent, the widow was neglected, his male friends began to know him bet-ter, and the extermination of gamebirds appeared now to become the pre-valling motive of his life.

In this manner the last two weeks

In this manner the last two weeks passed away. The morning of the lith of September dawned clear and bright. This was the day on which Fare, invoked by Singleton, was to provide at the interview which should determine the future relations of Miss Bookley and her egotistical wooer.

Singleton went shooting; Miss Berkley remained at home.

CHAPTER II. Singleton, in the fields, confessed that he had never before had such execuable luck with his gun. Miss Berkley, in the library, acknowledged that never before had the hours seemed so tardy, and so unpromising of better things. Was Singleton coming, or wasn't be? Well, he knew what her abover would be sty there was no new wash the: Well, he knew what her anower would be, so there was no necessity of his appearing. Still, she believed in a man adhering to his word, no matter what the consequences. These were her reflections in the morning. In the afternoon she wondered just how much Singleton cared for that just how much Singleton cared for that Colchester woman. Perhaps he was calling on her then. What was there in Mr. Singleton that pleased Mrs. Colchester? She did not know, and tried to ascertain by comparing Singleton with some other young men of her acquaintance. She recalled his words, actions, mental and physical characteristics, habits, virtues, and those vices which the had contrived to unearth. The result was that she brought a great deal about Singleton that afternoon; but why did the man not come? great deal about Singleton that afternoon; but why did the man not come?
She was growing impatient about
something. Was it Singleton's delay
Certainly not. She would not care in
the least if she never saw him again;
there she stopped—to think this over a
little more. She wondered how he
would act and look and fell after it was
all over About 2 ordered she became to would act and look and fell after it was all over. About 3 o'clock she began to feel unwell—a sort of nervous attack, she thought. That was the reason she had occusional crying spells. The per-sistency of these attacks made her irri-

arpear at ease, they relapsed into an uncomfortable ellence.

"Miss Berkley," began Bingleton. The critical moment was at hand. Singleton's face was pale, and his gaze sought Miss Berkley's eyes. She appeared to have become suddenly interested in the texture of a rug at her feet, and her fingers toyed nervously with the fringe on the arms of her chair. Dame Fate had reported for duty.

"Miss Berkley three months ago, after having known you only three weeks, I asked you to be my wife. You refused me. We have now known each other for nearly four months, and have had ample time to reconsider what we then said. I have reflected seriously on what I am about to say, and having, during the past three months, learned to regard you more earnestly and devotedly than before, I will now take the liberty of repeating my proposal. Will you be my wife?"

Miss Bekley rose and, with averted face, made her way slowly towards the window. Singleton rose also, but did not follow her. Thus for several moments they stood in silence. Why did not the lady answer him? Surely the egotist was at her mercy now. One little word—the simplest in the language—would humble all his conceit and satisfy her curiosity. She has but to speak that word and turn her head to see how Athur Singleton would look in the presence of defeat. Why did she not say it?

The little onyx clock on the mantel ticked joyously—tick after tick—until

The little onyx clock on the mantel ticked joyously—tick after tick— until sixty were told. Then it started on another sixty.
"You do not answer me," said Sin-

gleton quietly.

Ah, but she did! A moment later he had his answer. It came gently—it was scarcely more than a whisper—but

"No."
Will you try it again, Singleton, or have you had enough? Not so irresistible with the ladies as you thought, eh, Singleton? Well, go buy a box of bonbons—the best that can be bought—there's a good fellow. She won them fairly. Miss Berkley still continued to gaze out of the window. Did she wonder how Singleton looked now? No, she had not turned her eyes in his direction; but she knew. His face was pale, his lips were compressed, and there was an expression of overwhelming disappointment in his eyes. She knew it all. Singleton advanced and extended his hand. How it came to pass that hers hand. How it came to pass that hers found a place in his she never knew. But she will never forget that smile which she then saw on Singleton's lips. It was not a cheerful one.
"I have lost," faltered Singleton.

"Good-bye!" exclaimed Miss Berkley softly, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, good-bye," he returned.

"Three months ago you said that a rejected lover would find it difficult to maintain the position of a disinterested friend with respect to the woman he loves. I did not believe you then, but



But Why Did He Not Come?

in the course of three months a man may learn many bitter truths. I now admit that you were right."

Miss Berkley smiled. Singleton thought it was a smile of triumph, and

released her hand.
"Come and see me tomorrow after-noon," said Miss Berkely gently, as Singleton turned away.
"I start for Paris in the morning," repiled Singleton, a trifle coldly.
"For Paris!" exclaimed Miss Berkley,
whose features now wore a startled ex-

"Yes, I shall join some friends of mine there, and travel the continent a bit." Singleton turned toward the table, and, appropriating his hat, gloves and walking stick, started for the Uoor. But Miss Berkley was at the door and, what is more, she had her back against it—thus cutting off his retreat.

"I'll not let you go till you promise to call on me tomorrow," pouted the lady.
"I have said that I leave for Paris in the morning." "Then postpone your departure. Will you call tomorrow?"
"Perhaps," said Singleton, after some

hesitation.
"That is no promise," replied his fair captor, stamping a dainty foot petu-

captor, stamping a dainty foot petu-lantly.

A dark flush mantled Singleton's brow, and there was an ominous gleam in his eyes.

"I beg of you to let me pass, Miss Berkley," he said with frigid politeners.

"Don't be angry with me, Mr. Sin-

gleton."

That Singleton was angry, it would have been vain to deny. He felt that, being beaten, he should at least have been permitted to depart with the honors of war. He laid his hand on the knob of the door and a moment later felt Miss Berkley's hand fall gently upon it. gleton.

"You need not send me those bon-bons, M. Singleton," faltered the lady, as her eyes sought the well-handled but insensible knob; then, as Singleton remained silent, she looked up and real-ized, for the first time in her life, the remained silent, she looked up and realized, for the first time in her life, that the face of an angry man is no pleasant object. A profile view may be interesting to a student of human nature, perhaps, but a full-faced view should be avoided when practicable. Miss Berkley now confronted the full-faced presentment, and didn't find it altogether agreeable.

faced presentment, and didn't find it altogether agreeable.

"If you will leave me your address, I'll—I'll send you the bookmark by post," she said a little feebly. Then, withdrawing her hand from the door-knob, she continued: "You may go now, if you want to Mr. Singleton."

Having thus spoken, Miss Berkley abandoned her position at the door, and made her way dejectedly toward the widow. Singleton for a few moments looked as if he had taken leave of his senses. of his senses.

of his senses.
"Do you mean—?" he exclaimed.
"I mean that I haven't much confidence in your ability to select bonbons, still it would have been graceful in you to have let me win them—would it not?" and she turned towards him

woman who stated that it was dictated by spirits. The least that can be said of it is that it was not desirable.

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satisfactory to the trade in general.

Many of the best effects are produced in papers containing only four to six colors, but as many as twenty or twenty-five are sometimes used. Each color and shade in a design means a separate roller to the manufacturer.

DROPPED FROM SIGHT.

The Mysterious Disappearance of a Man Who Went Out to Get a Little Fresh Air One Sunday Afternoon-He Promised to Be Back for Dinner, But Was Not Heard of for Two Years, When He Came to Himself in a Singular Manner. From the Medico-Legal Journal.

From the Medico-Legal Journal.

Within the past few years the number of cases of mysterious disappearances, mainly of people occupying social or civil positions of promineence, has been so great and the circumstances connected with their disapearance have been, as a rule, so mystifying, that the matter would seem to call for special analysis outside the usual methods employed to account for such occurrences.

The object of this articlee is to record some facts in connection with a case of mysterious disappearance in a person and under circumstances well known to the writer, and to refer to psychological fea-

The contrast between the Atlantic of mysterious disappearance in a person and under circumstances well known to the writer, and to refer to psychological features associated therewild deage, muscular, but of "angular" outline, of strong powers of endurance, in rugged health and, so far as known, free from any personal or inherited neuropathic tain. For sonal or i

lar features was the fact that—although the town contained some 3,000 inhabitants, that the country thereabouts was most thickly settled in all directions, that he was well known to the people of the country villages, owing to his long residence in that section of the State, and especially intimate with the trainmen on the railroad connecting with Philadelphia—yet no one recalled having seen him after he left the house on the Sunday in question. Rewards proved unavailing. Innumerable theories were advanced by wiseacres and amateur detectives, but they, after being run to the ground, only served to make the affair more inexplicable—to render confusion more confounded. Months passed and still no sign—no clue. Being necessary to wind up the affairs of the establishment, it was found that he had taken no money, but that his wife and family were handsomely provided for. In ducourse of time the business was finally disposed of, the property sold, and the wife and family removed to Chicago, one of the older sons settling on the Pacific coast. The family gave up all hope of ever finding even a clue to the long-lost husband and father.

Two years had almost passed when the following startling circumstance was enacted in a tin shop in a town in one of the far Southern States. A number of men were engaged at their trade, when suddenly one of them dropped his work and cried, as he pressed his hand to his head in a dazed, bewildered way: "My God! where am 1? How did I come here? This isn't my shop. Where am I? What does it mean"

At first the men were disposed to laugh at the tail reserved man, who had worked for several months so quietly by their side, and of whose history not a word had they been able to learn, but when they saw his changed expression, the perspiration standing out on his brow, his nervous twitchings, and noted all his pitsous appeals, they realized that it was all something far from jest, and, as he was known as a sober, most exemplarily behaved man, they could not charge him with inebrity. They called h

that was now strange to him, and they in-sisted he had told them such was his

with inebrity. They called him by a name that was now strange to him, and they insisted he had told them such was his name.

At last, trembling with suppressed emotion, he made his way to the proprietor, who was quite as much startled by the man's talk and manner as had been the men below. It was H—, who after months of wandering and of work combined, during which period he had aged considerably, was now awakening from—what shall we say—his somnambulistic sleep? It was with some difficulty that he made the proprietor understand his true condition or to believe his story of a Northern home, a family and a prosperous business, he proprietor only knew him as a wandering tinner, who had drifted into the town, sought work at his trade, was employed and proved to be a relishle, skilled and attentive workman, regarding whose antecedents the proprietor had not inquired, and the workman had not volunteered any statements. Under a fictitious name that H— had given he had been known and paid. H— had no knowledge of the past, He remembered nothing. Hut at last a dim recollection came over him of that fateful Sunday, his rising to go out, the request to come back to dinner, his promise to do so in a few moments, and then all was a blank. He had no money, although he had worked steadilifor some months in this shop and had been paid good wages. What he did with his money, I believe, has never been discovered, for H—, after ascertaining the whereabouts of his fami'v, made straight for Chicaso, where, at the lest accounts I had of him, he was living his usual life. Somewhat mystified over his realization of the strange froek in which he figured, although feeling well and apparently in normal mental balance, he yet realization of the strange froek in which he figured, although feeling well and apparently in normal mental balance, he yet realization of the strange froek in which he figured in some over-strange phenomena, quite mysterious enough to make him at times doub his sanity.

So far as I have been able to ascertain, there

ferious enough to make him at times doubt his sanity.

So far as I have been able to ascertain, there are no facts explanatory of the prime cause of his disappearance, to account for the failure of his neighbors to detect his flight, to explain his vicarious wandering, or to solve the conditions of his return to his normal self. So far as I am aware, this case has never been reported before.

Miafits.
How often Dame Fortune looks on us We think of this life but to rue it.
We think of this life but to rue it.
With its women who want to be voters
and can't.
And the swells who can vote and won't

Eleventh Paper Descriptive of Northwestern Travel-The Riches of Butte City.

Resuming our journey westward from Helena, we make the second crossing of the main divide of the Rocky mountains, through Mulian Pass. Mountain railroading is not only exhilerating but also interesting and instructive, as one obtains a good idea of the methods used by the engineers to overcome such obstacles as we here witness. We ascend this pars on a grade of 186 feet to the mile, for some twenty-one miles to the average where the control without striking "paydirt," and it's actually a fact that recently in digging a se ver in the heart of the methods used by the engineers to overcome such obstacles as we here witness. We ascend this pars on a grade of 186 feet to the mile, for some twenty-one miles to the summit, where two locomotives are always required, and often a pusher. The route runs in apiral curves like a letter S, and very always does to the train allow between slowly does the train climb skyward, pulled by these two iron horses, whose groans and snorts show the intense strain put upon them. The gigantic cliffs and buttresses of granite seem to bar the way, and forbid the further progress of the train, but now hugging losely to the cliffs, where the roadway has been blasted out and then shouting "across lots" over ravines, filled in by the blasted rock from the mountain side, we run into the mountain under the crest of the "divide" through a tunnel over three-fourths of a mile long, at an elevation of 5,565 feet above sea level, and come out upon smiling. green and flowery meadows. A Noticeable Contrast.

The contrast between the Atlantic side and the Pacific slope, is truly re-markable. On the eastern slope I repeat, the landscape is magnificently grand. Savage and somber, the rocks are coprodigions size, and at each turn

Northern Pacific. Among the net work of Northern Pacific branches the Montana Union (owned jointry by the Union and Northern Pacific roads), leading to Butte, is probably the most important. Butte City, the objective point to be reached after leaving Helena. Plunging down into the Silver Bow valley southward from the main line, a run of fifty-one miles brings the tourist into the great mining city.

The City of Butte. Butte itself is a strange place. It is not - city of seven hills, perhaps, but it is a city set on a hill that cannot be hid. A glance at the town would indicate it was a mining city. No green hills or trees are seen, owing in part to its elevation above sea level and in part, it is said, to the poisoning effect of the gases from the smelters on the at-mosphere, which destroys vegetation. Situated at the head of Deer Lodge val-Situated at the head of Deer Lodge valley, Butte is a city of rapid growth of population and wealth, the largest and most prosperous mining city in the world. The products being principally copper and silver, with some gold. Within a radius of one and one-half miles some 4,000 miners are employed and there are 4,000 mines patented in this district. Six smelters and six silver mills run day and night, reducing ores to copper and silver buillon. Some of these mines develop untold wealth. It is estimated that there are over 3,000 miles of veins in this district, varying in width from thirty to forty feet and in width from thirty to forty feet and developed to a depth of 600 feet. The

A KNIFE in the hand of a Surgeon gives you a feeling of hor-ror and dread. There is no longer necessity for its use in many diseases form-erly regarded as incurable without cutting.

The Triumph of Conservative Surgery

is well illustrated by the fact that RUPTURE or Breach. Is now radically RUPTURE or Breach. Is now radically cured without pain. Clumsy, chafing trusses can be thrown away! They never care but often induce inflammation, strangulation and death.

TUMORS Ovarian. Fibroid (Uterine) and TUMORS, many others, are now removed without the perils of cutting operations.

PILE TUMORS, however large. Fisotte of the lower bowel, are permanently cured without pain or resort to the knife.

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MOTHERS.

and those soon to become mothers, should know that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription robs childbirth of its tordangers to both mother and child, by aiding nature in preparing the system for parturition. Thereby "labor" and the period of

cently in digging a se -r in the heart of th- city, a lead of silver was struck, which yielded \$250 per ton. One mine from which I chanced to obtain figures has paid five million dollars in dividends in eight years. The dividend of another mining company are \$225,000 per month. The pay roles of the mines and month. The pay roles of the mines and smelters is at the minimum \$500,000 per month and has been known to reach \$75,000. The products of copper, silver and gold for Silver Bow county alone, in one year, was \$750,000 in gold and \$3,312,000 in silver, and yet the mining industry is only in its infancy.

All through this mining region the traveler feels as if the air was filled with gold and silver. Fortunes, or rumors of fortunes, are on every hand, we meet there hustling people at the hotels, at the depots, on the train, and even at their homes. Neither the houses they live in, nor the clothes they wear are any indication of their financial condition. One asks, in speaking of these

condition. One asks, in speaking of these impulsive men: "Of what consequence is the possession of a few linen shirts, more or less, when before a year is over one may be a millionacre several times told?"

Butte a Rival of Helena.

Butte is substantially built, with large brick blocks, fine public buildings and residences, also churches and school buildings. It has all the conveniences of an eastern city, being lighted by electricity and gas; having electric and cable cars, and a complete behold a stream of water running, as water workes, also a fine sewerage it were, both ways—to the Atlantic on system. Its rapid growth and prosche right, and to the Pacific on the left. created a strong political jealousy between it and Helena over the location of the new state capitol, which may require a special election to decide On this branch are several small sta-tions. The most important are Deer Lodge, Warm Springs, Stuart,

An overcoat pocket that's built that way.

Anaconda and Silver Bow. The his-sides are dotted with silver mines being worked or abandoned, with farm and stock ranches intervening. I will only make mention of Anaconda, which is located forty miles from the main line, a mining town of nearly 6,000 inhabia mining town of nearly 6,000 inhabitants, but a town which contains the largest smelting works and copper refinery in the state, employing 2,000 workmen. The annual output of copper ore here is greater than at any other point in the world. The consumption of coal for these works is 300 tons daily. Here, too, all branches of trade are represented and upon a solid basis. In my next letter I will speak of Spokane, another wonder city of the west.

J. E. Richmond.

HAD TO WAIT HIS TURN.

In the days of General Sam Houston dueling was much more common than

dueling was much more common than now.

After removing to Texas Gen, Houston happened to give offense to a political opponent, who felt his honor disfigured to such an extent that he sent a challenge to Houston, runs a story in the Knoxville Journal. The bearer of the challenge was received with courtly civility. He handed the written challenge to Gen, Houston, who read it, and taking up his pen wrote something across the back of the folded paper and placed it in a pigeonhole of his desk. He then went on to entertain the bearer of the challenge with the pleasant conversation for which he was noted. After a time the man began to grow impatient, and, reminding the general of the challenge, asked him if he was going to reply.

reply. "Oh, yes," said Houston, "I am going

"Oh, yes," said Houston, "I am going to reply."
"Well, are you going to accept the challenge of my friend?"
"Certainly I will accept it."
"Will you fix the date for to-morrow?"
"No, not to-morrow."
"No, not to-morrow."
"No, not the next day either."
"Well, will you fix a date?"
"No, I am not able now to fix a date, You saw me number your friend's note; It is No. 49. There are forty-eight other blanked accoundreds ahead of your friend, and I must take them in turn. As soon as I have killed them off I will attend to your friend; but he will have to wait until his turn comes."
The hearer of the challenge bowed him-

turn comes."

The bearer of the challenge bowed himself out, but of course his friend's turn never came, and it is not probable that he was anxious for it to come.

He Was Dreaming. "I am dreaming, yes, dreaming of ee!" said the young man who insists on thee," said the young man who insists on trying to sing.
"Charles," said his friend, "it's a very bad habit you have."
"What is?" was the inquiry that inter-rupted the song.
"Hallocing in your sleep."

He hasn't a bleycle built for two. Yet he and his charmer were happy.

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What is

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' uso by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea-the Mother's Friend.

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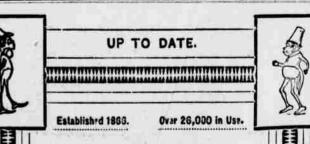
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