

There is a Santa Claus.

There are a certain class of people, who from lack of sentiment or pure meanness attempt to disabuse the minds of children of the old and beautiful idea of a Santa Claus.

"Dear Mr. Editor:—My friends tell me there is no Santa Claus. Papa said I could write to you. Will you please tell me the truth. Is there a Santa Claus?"

This appeal is promptly met: "Virginia—Your friends are wrong. They do not believe that you can see anything but the material side of things."

"Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as surely as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that those abound and give to your life its highest grace and happiness."

"Alas! how dreary would be this world without a Santa Claus. It would be like having no Christmas, no child faith and no pleasure except in sense and sight."

"The most real things in the world are those we cannot see. You can't see a baby's rattle and find what makes the noise, but the matron's love back of the gift and invisible to the eye would defy the united strength of men to destroy it."

"Only sweet faith, hope and goodness can sweep aside that veil and disclose the supernatural glory beyond."

"Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing so real and abiding, no Santa Claus? Thank God, he lives, and lives forever!"

"A thousand years from now, may ten million years hence, will Santa Claus continue to make jubilant the heart of mankind, increasing it."

The above response is a message to all classes, and is both tender and beautiful and the sentiment worthy of consideration by thoughtful minds.

Let men and women come to understand that Santa Claus represents the infinite spirit of love, wherein we learn "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and also learn that this blessed heritage of Christmas joy aids the brotherhood of man in universal harmony. Truth is becoming consciously truer.

Bethlehem's star is the star of the centuries and shines on undimmed and resplendent. Bethlehem's angels still chant in exquisite strains of peace and good will. Bethlehem's Babe increases in blessing, wisdom, power and might, and the era hastens when the Prince of Peace, whose right it is, shall reign forever and forever.

Defenders of Santa Claus. It is refreshing to find the sturdy youngsters of an Iowa town determined to stand up for their ancient friend—Santa Claus—and to forego the other pleasures of the Christmastide entertainment if the old-time master of the revels is not permitted to participate.

And who of the older folks, who used to attend the school of not so many years ago, before we got new fangled ideas about the distribution of gifts at the schools, when occupying a prominent seat on the front row, can forget the jingle of sleigh bells behind the scenes. The beloved pastor, who was addressing the Sabbath school members at the time, stopped in the middle of a word to exclaim: "My goodness! That must be Santa Claus with his reindeer team."

And a moment later, stamping the snow off his boots and shaking it from his head in frouny clouds, with a huge pack slung over his shoulder and a bundle of toys strapped round his neck, good old Deacon Smith stumbled upon the improvised stage. Everybody knew it was Deacon Smith right away. He wore the same fanny clothes he did the Christmas before, and the same whiskers, only singly a bit where they had collided with the candles on the tree; and those same old familiar jokes, the annual exchange of repartee between the beloved pastor and Santa Claus which the children had learned to look for, never omitting to laugh in the right place whether they saw the point or not—how they stick in the memory of the old-timer who was a boy in the glorious days before anybody tried to make little old men and women out of the youngsters. A few decades ago if anybody had suggested excluding Santa Claus from the Christmas festival a commission would have been appointed to inquire into his sanity, or at the very least he would have been warned by kind friends never to make such a bad break again. A Christmas entertainment without Santa Claus would have been worse than a turkeyless Thanksgiving or a noiseless Fourth of July.

Grant Miller, the five-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. William Miller, of Lewisburg, fell against the kitchen stove on Saturday morning, while playing. His clothing caught fire and before the flames could be extinguished the child was badly burned about the back and arms.

THIEVES BUSY ON MONDAY NIGHT

(Continued from First Page.)

Leaving Mr. Miller's residence the robbers next visited the premises adjoining occupied by S. C. Phillips. Here they were evidently frightened away, as Tuesday morning a black overcoat of good quality and in good repair was found lying on the ground below one of the windows. It had been trampled into the snow and was frozen fast, indicating that the burglars had decided to force the windows open and were using the overcoat to conceal their foot prints. Along side the overcoat lay the pair of gloves that had been stolen from Robert Miller, next door.

The overcoat, which is the only one that might lead to the detection of the thieves, was taken to city hall, where it was viewed by a good many people Tuesday, but up to last evening no one had identified the garment. Whether it belonged to the robbers and was discarded for the overcoat taken at Mr. Miller's or was stolen from some place in town where the loss has not as yet been discovered is a fact that may develop later.

BURGLARS IN SO. DANVILLE. Robbers also operated in South Danville Monday night and made a most determined attempt to break into C. S. Smith's store, Sunbury street. They actually succeeded in getting into the residence portion of the building, but were frightened away.

Sometime during the night one of Mr. Smith's daughters was aroused by a noise. She called her father and on looking out the window saw a stout heavy man run away from the building. It was not thought that any one had been in the house, however, and the family rested easy until morning, when it was found that the dwelling portion had been broken into. The rear outside door as well as the cellar door and the door leading up stairs stood open. Nothing was missing.

The door leading from the residence portion into the store as well as the outside door of the store was secured by a bar fastened on the inside. At the side of the store is a door, which of late years has not been used and is latched up on the inside. This point had first been attacked by the burglars, who cut out a portion of a panel large enough to insert a hand. Reaching inside they came in contact with the plank and found that entrance could not be effected there. A portion of a panel was also removed from one of the window shutters at the rear; entrance, however, was not effected through the window, but through the rear door. The same mysterious method to open the door seems to have been employed here as at the houses entered in Danville, which would imply that the burglaries were all committed by the same gang.

How's This? We offer one hundred bottles toward my case of Catarrh that one not secured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

My case of Catarrh, which has been cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, is a case of Catarrh that one not secured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

My case of Catarrh, which has been cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, is a case of Catarrh that one not secured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

My case of Catarrh, which has been cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, is a case of Catarrh that one not secured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

My case of Catarrh, which has been cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, is a case of Catarrh that one not secured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

My case of Catarrh, which has been cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, is a case of Catarrh that one not secured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

My case of Catarrh, which has been cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, is a case of Catarrh that one not secured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

My case of Catarrh, which has been cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, is a case of Catarrh that one not secured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

My case of Catarrh, which has been cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, is a case of Catarrh that one not secured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

My case of Catarrh, which has been cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, is a case of Catarrh that one not secured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

My case of Catarrh, which has been cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, is a case of Catarrh that one not secured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

My case of Catarrh, which has been cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, is a case of Catarrh that one not secured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

My case of Catarrh, which has been cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, is a case of Catarrh that one not secured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

My case of Catarrh, which has been cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, is a case of Catarrh that one not secured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

My case of Catarrh, which has been cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, is a case of Catarrh that one not secured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

My case of Catarrh, which has been cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, is a case of Catarrh that one not secured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

My case of Catarrh, which has been cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, is a case of Catarrh that one not secured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

My case of Catarrh, which has been cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, is a case of Catarrh that one not secured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

My case of Catarrh, which has been cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, is a case of Catarrh that one not secured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

My case of Catarrh, which has been cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, is a case of Catarrh that one not secured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

My case of Catarrh, which has been cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, is a case of Catarrh that one not secured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

STUDYING TYPES

By EDITH M. DOANE

Copyright, 1906, by Edith M. Doane

Everybody in Windsor Falls was "hayin' it."

And because the sun is a fickle mistress, first brooding over the hayfields in a glory of caressing splendor, then capriciously hiding herself behind the heavy clouds of a sudden shower, and also because it is well known that "hayin' weather" waits for no man, the farmers toiled in the hayfields early and late, pressing their families into service and laying eager hands on all the outside laborers they could find.

It was at this time that Jim Holden floated into town from no one knew where and lurked out by the door. He was tall and lank and "the golden-eyed worker I ever see," drawled Hiram Sears admiringly as he stopped for a moment's rest in the shade of a spreading oak.

Miss Levering, "the Scares' summer boarder," slowly lifted her eyes from her book and glanced lazily over the hayfield to where a long, lean figure skillfully pitched masses of fragrant hay on to a waiting wagon. She nodded indifferently and went back to her reading. When she looked up again the wagon had disappeared in the direction of the big red barn, and the tall, tireless figure, odorous of his presence, industriously tossed the remaining hay as he advanced steadily in her direction.

So far the summer had been a disappointment to Miss Levering. She had come to the little New England village fresh from college and with the most ardent intentions of studying nature and the natives—real human people, not mere society mannikins—at first hand. Incidentally she proposed to introduce hitherto unknown breadth and beauty into their starved lives. To a moneyed and spoiled young woman defunct came hard, and Miss Levering did not yet admit that the "types" had proved dirty tipsome and seemed precluded by a bar fastened on the inside.

At the side of the store is a door, which of late years has not been used and is latched up on the inside. This point had first been attacked by the burglars, who cut out a portion of a panel large enough to insert a hand. Reaching inside they came in contact with the plank and found that entrance could not be effected there.

A portion of a panel was also removed from one of the window shutters at the rear; entrance, however, was not effected through the window, but through the rear door. The same mysterious method to open the door seems to have been employed here as at the houses entered in Danville, which would imply that the burglaries were all committed by the same gang.

How's This? We offer one hundred bottles toward my case of Catarrh that one not secured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

My case of Catarrh, which has been cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, is a case of Catarrh that one not secured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

My case of Catarrh, which has been cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, is a case of Catarrh that one not secured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

My case of Catarrh, which has been cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, is a case of Catarrh that one not secured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

My case of Catarrh, which has been cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, is a case of Catarrh that one not secured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

My case of Catarrh, which has been cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, is a case of Catarrh that one not secured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

My case of Catarrh, which has been cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, is a case of Catarrh that one not secured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

My case of Catarrh, which has been cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, is a case of Catarrh that one not secured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

My case of Catarrh, which has been cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, is a case of Catarrh that one not secured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

My case of Catarrh, which has been cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, is a case of Catarrh that one not secured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

My case of Catarrh, which has been cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, is a case of Catarrh that one not secured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

My case of Catarrh, which has been cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, is a case of Catarrh that one not secured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

My case of Catarrh, which has been cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, is a case of Catarrh that one not secured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

My case of Catarrh, which has been cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, is a case of Catarrh that one not secured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

My case of Catarrh, which has been cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, is a case of Catarrh that one not secured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

My case of Catarrh, which has been cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, is a case of Catarrh that one not secured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

My case of Catarrh, which has been cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, is a case of Catarrh that one not secured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

My case of Catarrh, which has been cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, is a case of Catarrh that one not secured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

My case of Catarrh, which has been cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, is a case of Catarrh that one not secured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

My case of Catarrh, which has been cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, is a case of Catarrh that one not secured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

My case of Catarrh, which has been cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, is a case of Catarrh that one not secured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

My case of Catarrh, which has been cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, is a case of Catarrh that one not secured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

My case of Catarrh, which has been cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure, is a case of Catarrh that one not secured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

DEEP SEA FISHES.

There Being Nothing Else to Eat, They Live Upon Each Other.

"All the deep sea fishes are enormous eaters," says a naturalist. "There being nothing to eat but the life about them, they live upon each other. Every facility for killing and devouring is provided—blindness to dazzle, swiftness and strength to overtake and overpower, knife blade teeth for tearing, abnormally large jaws for crushing. Whatever the prey or how ever large it may be, there is little trouble in swallowing it. The mouth jaws like a cavern, and the stomach dilates to hold a body even larger than the swallower. The appetite in fishes never wanting, and complete digestion with some of them is only a matter of half an hour."

For this reason slaughter goes on unendingly. Usually it is produced only by hunger, but some monsters, like the bluish, even when gorged, kill for the sake of killing.

Of the eternal warfare that goes on beneath the surface of the waves the same writer remarks: "They follow the prey like packs of wolves, and in turn are followed, hand succeeding hand, increasing in size as they decrease in numbers. The herrings eat the smaller fish, even their own young; they are harried by the bluefishes until a trail of blood stains the water, while following the bluefishes come the insatiable porpoises. Nothing saves the weaker ones but speed. Many thousands of eggs are spawned that a dozen or more may be hatched and brought to maturity. Big ones are lost, yet millions survive."

"The herrings move on the sea in uncountable numbers—in banks that are miles in length and width, in windrows so vast that they perhaps keep passing one given point in unbroken succession for months at a time. Just so with the mackerel. A catch in a purse net of 500,000 is not infrequent. Such numbers are sufficient to withstand all the ravages of the natural enemy. The bass, the haddock and the pollock may kill to their hearts' content, and still the menhaden will hold their own."

HER PET AVERSION. The Reason One Woman Is Afraid of Her Bathing.

"I know a good many people are afraid of a bathtub," said a woman, "but not in the way that I am. I am not afraid of the water after I am in the tub. It's getting in and out I am afraid of, though water in a bathtub has been deadly, too, to some. I knew of a man once who was drowned in his bathtub. Many a man has drowned in his bathtub, but I know the widow of this one, and that was what brought it to my mind. When I was introduced by her, she whispered, 'Her husband was drowned in a bathtub.'"

"It seemed to me a sort of disgrace to her, that way of dying. If he wanted to drown, why didn't he go to the river? If he didn't do it purposely, then it was the fault of the bathtub, and that makes it a dangerous thing, to me."

"I knew another man who was seriously injured by a bathtub. He was a great friend of mine. He had promised to help me in a lot of ways, with my work and one thing and another. Then he was taken very ill. He was up on the verge of recovery, and had written me a long letter, calling in a day or two, when I got word that he had fallen in the bathtub or on it—I have forgotten which, or maybe it fell on him—and had broken three ribs."

"I never get in or out of my bathtub without thinking of him and his three ribs or without being afraid I'll fall on the edge of the tub, or knock out all my front teeth."—New York Press.

A BEGGAR OF KHIVA. He Was Nasty and a Thing of Shreds and Patches.

In an open square, where the dust pall forbade sight or breath, I directed my eyes toward the source of a throbbing roll that ceaselessly wore itself in with the noise of voices and the patter of unshod feet of beasts. As I neared it the noise became detached from the hubbub, a distinct and individual thing, which insisted on my attention and made the very motion in the air dance time. Under a willow tree by the water ditch that defined the square sat a bent old man, unbelievably ragged. So torn were his many khakats that they did not seem like constructed garments at all, but strings of tatters and ments collected and hung on his fat, swollen, red, and inflamed body. His eyes were half closed. On his stomach was a wooden bowl. With a skin drum head stretched across it, and on this drum head he beat incessantly with his knuckles and his fist. The motion was so automatic and so regular in its recurrent changes that it seemed almost as if he were a clockwork figure set at the edge of the busy market to record the passage of time. I found some coppers on the brass begging tray by his side and went off, unconsciously adjusting my steps to his beating. He made the trivial gesture of a beggar, but his eyes seemed wild and futile, and my bit of charity shrank me. It was as if I had happened along and patted Sacrales on the back—Langdon Warner in Centuria.

Victims of a False Prophet. Just before the opening of the Kaffir rebellion in South Africa, about the middle of the last century, the south savers made the tribes kill their cattle and destroy their crops of grain. The result was that the tribes were to arise and help them to exterminate every white man in the country. The advice was solemnly accepted. When the day of the great uprising arrived many of the rebels were already starving. But these were no starving rebels of cattle. They were not even so poor as the rebels, for they had their cattle and their crops of grain. They were not even so poor as the rebels, for they had their cattle and their crops of grain. They were not even so poor as the rebels, for they had their cattle and their crops of grain.

Look here, shouted the irate neighbor over the fence, "your youngest son has been stealing my cats and pilfering my apple trees. He is a scamp!" "Don't talk that way about my son," shouted the fond parent. "Why, he is considered the cream of our family."

THE TRADE RAT. Odd Ways of This Peculiar Little California Rodent.

One of the oddest little animals in existence is the California wood rat, better known as the "trade rat." It owes the latter name to the fact that, when it has finished its work of anything without putting something else in its place. It is said that a paste pot which had been left overnight in the assay office of a silver mine in that state was found in the morning with the oddest collection of rubbish. This was the work of trade rats. They had stolen the paste and left in exchange a piece of stick, a length of rope, some odds and ends of wire and an unbroken glass funnel. The object of the trade rat is so scrupulously paying for what he takes is something of a mystery, but these same rats certainly take the greatest pleasure in the odds and ends which they steal and collect.

Lindsay's "Mind in Lower Animals" a description is given of a trade rat's nest found in an unoccupied house. The outside was composed entirely of iron spikes laid in perfect symmetry with the points outward. Interlarded with the spikes were two dozen forks and spoons and three large butter knives. There were also a large carving fork, knife and steel, several pieces of tobacco, an old purse, a quantity of small carpenter's tools, including several awgers, and a watch of which the outside casing had been stolen and the works were all distributed separately, so as to make the best show possible.

The trade rat has its South American counterpart in the viscacha, a pretty little relative of the chinchilla, which lives in families of twenty or thirty on the snows. Everything that takes its fancy and is portable is carried by the viscacha and piled in neat little heaps at the mouth of its burrow. If a ranchman drops his watch or any similar article he always searches the viscacha burrows in the neighborhood and generally finds his lost property.—Chicago News.

A Positive CATARRH CURE. Ely's Cream Balm is quickly absorbed. Gives relief at once. It cleanses, soothes and protects the diseased membrane. It cures Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. It is a sure cure for Hay Fever.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, E. W. Brown on every box. 25c.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, E. W. Brown on every box. 25c.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, E. W. Brown on every box. 25c.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, E. W. Brown on every box. 25c.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, E. W. Brown on every box. 25c.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, E. W. Brown on every box. 25c.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, E. W. Brown on every box. 25c.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, E. W. Brown on every box. 25c.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, E. W. Brown on every box. 25c.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, E. W. Brown on every box. 25c.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, E. W. Brown on every box. 25c.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, E. W. Brown on every box. 25c.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, E. W. Brown on every box. 25c.

PEOPLE OF BRITANNY.

The Women Mostly Bold and the Men Mostly Drunkards.

"The women, not the men, go bald in Brittany," said a barber. "They go bald where it shows most—above the ears. Women, quite bald above the ears, are as common in Brittany as baldheaded men are with us."

"Brittany is a granite strewed, hilly, well wooded country in northwestern France, overlooking the sea. It is New Hampshire with the sea added. The Breton peasants speak a language which resembles Welsh. They have straight hair and they wear a peculiar costume."

"This costume is what causes the baldheaded woman. One part of it, the coil, or headdress, a cap of white linen, requires that the hair be drawn back very taut from the temples. Drawn back thus, as taut as it will go, it begins to disappear at the age of twenty-five, and by the time she is thirty-five or forty the Breton peasant woman looks as if she were the victim of some horrible disease, for, from her temples to well behind her ears, she is as bald as an egg."

men, on the contrary, are never bald. For one reason they work bareheaded. For another, they belong to the low animal type of man that preserves a head of thick, coarse hair to the end. They are a nasty lot, the men of Brittany—drunk every day or two, putting all the work on their wives, fighting, robbing, assaulting in the Breton tongue, and so on.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE BUTTE HILL. Where Fortunes Were Made and Spent in a Day.

When Daly had acquired the properties surrounding the Anaconda, he opened up the Butte Hill. One must have a vivid imagination to picture to himself the growth of Butte from that time on during Marcus Daly's life. Fortunes were made and spent in a day. An army of men descended into the mines daily to strip them of their treasure, huge forests were despoiled of their timber to stull and shore up the excavations and protect the earth above, for these copper veins are often cut by wide, immense smokesacks.

When Daly had acquired the properties surrounding the Anaconda, he opened up the Butte Hill. One must have a vivid imagination to picture to himself the growth of Butte from that time on during Marcus Daly's life. Fortunes were made and spent in a day. An army of men descended into the mines daily to strip them of their treasure, huge forests were despoiled of their timber to stull and shore up the excavations and protect the earth above, for these copper veins are often cut by wide, immense smokesacks.

When Daly had acquired the properties surrounding the Anaconda, he opened up the Butte Hill. One must have a vivid imagination to picture to himself the growth of Butte from that time on during Marcus Daly's life. Fortunes were made and spent in a day. An army of men descended into the mines daily to strip them of their treasure, huge forests were despoiled of their timber to stull and shore up the excavations and protect the earth above, for these copper veins are often cut by wide, immense smokesacks.

When Daly had acquired the properties surrounding the Anaconda, he opened up the Butte Hill. One must have a vivid imagination to picture to himself the growth of Butte from that time on during Marcus Daly's life. Fortunes were made and spent in a day. An army of men descended into the mines daily to strip them of their treasure, huge forests were despoiled of their timber to stull and shore up the excavations and protect the earth above, for these copper veins are often cut by wide, immense smokesacks.

When Daly had acquired the properties surrounding the Anaconda, he opened up the Butte Hill. One must have a vivid imagination to picture to himself the growth of Butte from that time on during Marcus Daly's life. Fortunes were made and spent in a day. An army of men descended into the mines daily to strip them of their treasure, huge forests were despoiled of their timber to stull and shore up the excavations and protect the earth above, for these copper veins are often cut by wide, immense smokesacks.

When Daly had acquired the properties surrounding the Anaconda, he opened up the Butte Hill. One must have a vivid imagination to picture to himself the growth of Butte from that time on during Marcus Daly's life. Fortunes were made and spent in a day. An army of men descended into the mines daily to strip them of their treasure, huge forests were despoiled of their timber to stull and shore up the excavations and protect the earth above, for these copper veins are often cut by wide, immense smokesacks.

When Daly had acquired the properties surrounding the Anaconda, he opened up the Butte Hill. One must have a vivid imagination to picture to himself the growth of Butte from that time on during Marcus Daly's life. Fortunes were made and spent in a day. An army of men descended into the mines daily to strip them of their treasure, huge forests were despoiled of their timber to stull and shore up the excavations and protect the earth above, for these copper veins are often cut by wide, immense smokesacks.

When Daly had acquired the properties surrounding the Anaconda, he opened up the Butte Hill. One must have a vivid imagination to picture to himself the growth of Butte from that time on during Marcus Daly's life. Fortunes were made and spent in a day. An army of men descended into the mines daily to strip them of their treasure, huge forests were despoiled of their timber to stull and shore up the excavations and protect the earth above, for these copper veins are often cut by wide, immense smokesacks.

When Daly had acquired the properties surrounding the Anaconda, he opened up the Butte Hill. One must have a vivid imagination to picture to himself the growth of Butte from that time on during Marcus Daly's life. Fortunes were made and spent in a day. An army of men descended into the mines daily to strip them of their treasure, huge forests were despoiled of their timber to stull and shore up the excavations and protect the earth above, for these copper veins are often cut by wide, immense smokesacks.

When Daly had acquired the properties surrounding the Anaconda, he opened up the Butte Hill. One must have a vivid imagination to picture to himself the growth of Butte from that time on during Marcus Daly's life. Fortunes were made and spent in a day. An army of men descended into the mines daily to strip them of their treasure, huge forests were despoiled of their timber to stull and shore up the excavations and protect the earth above, for these copper veins are often cut by wide, immense smokesacks.

When Daly had acquired the properties surrounding the Anaconda, he opened up the Butte Hill. One must have a vivid imagination to picture to himself the growth of Butte from that time on during Marcus Daly's life. Fortunes were made and spent in a day. An army of men descended into the mines daily to strip them of their treasure, huge forests were despoiled of their timber to stull and shore up the excavations and protect the earth above, for these copper veins are often cut by wide, immense smokesacks.

When Daly had acquired the properties surrounding the Anaconda, he opened up the Butte Hill. One must have a vivid imagination to picture to himself the growth of Butte from that time on during Marcus Daly's life. Fortunes were made and spent in a day. An army of men descended into the mines daily to strip them of their treasure, huge forests were despoiled of their timber to stull and shore up the excavations and protect the earth above, for these copper veins are often cut by wide, immense smokesacks.

When Daly had acquired the properties surrounding the Anaconda, he opened up the Butte Hill. One must have a vivid imagination to picture to himself the growth of Butte from that time on during Marcus Daly's life. Fortunes were made and spent in a day. An army of men descended into the mines daily to strip them of their treasure, huge forests were despoiled of their timber to stull and shore up the excavations and protect the earth above, for these copper veins are often cut by wide, immense smokesacks.

When Daly had acquired the properties surrounding the Anaconda, he opened up the Butte Hill. One must have a vivid imagination to picture to himself the growth of Butte from that time on during Marcus Daly's life. Fortunes were made and spent in a day. An army of men descended into the mines daily to strip them of their treasure, huge forests were despoiled of their timber to stull and shore up the excavations and protect the earth above, for these copper veins are often cut by wide, immense smokesacks.

When Daly had acquired the