

for the clean appearance and the weeds which grow two feet high all about. Everything is in repair, the big smoke-stack is wired straight and not a glass is gone. But no roar of machinery disturbs the silence of the valley, only the soft fall of water from the flume still kept open. We camped by this mill and in the morning were shown through it by the man whom "the company" hires to take care of the idle property. Three months of "go," nine years of useless silence is the history of this Montana mill. The marvel is that the machinery within has been so well preserved that it could be put in trim in a very few days for the active operation still looked forward to. The five or six big rolling machines which do the final crushing could make their seventy-odd revolutions a minute after just a little limbering up of their joints. The whole thing represents perhaps \$350,000 put into the mill and the mine by the old governor of Vermont and others. The miner steward prospects for copper, keeps his nice two story house and the mill property in good condition, sends his family to school back east, welcomes some one to talk to as an event, and says it is a good place to go crazy.

Rapid creek valley and Castle creek valley were the two main parts of our line of march homeward. Both streams are more like meadow brooks than anything else, and broad fields of grain and hay, with still plenty of space for the big flower gardens, lie all along the creeks. Castle creek takes its name from the great white rocks, easily imagined "castles in the air" which stand guard all along one side of the valley. The hills are of less height than those near Deadwood and Lead. We learned that a new strike of gold has been made in the country at the head of Castle creek, and it is said that a booming camp is located there. Beaver canyon ranchers watch their creek and their irrigation ditches anxiously, for gold washing up at the head will about spoil their chance for coining their alfalfa fields into money.

The story of the big Limestone range is—ten miles and more of slow up grade, of farms and ranches, fields of grain and flowers and patches of pines, then a descent in half a mile of all the height you have climbed. The passengers go down afoot while the driver locks the wheels. It is a thrilling denouement of the camp story. Beaver canyon, the M-bar K and a supper of fried chicken and other good things was on the other side of the Limestone.

Congressman W. H. Mondell of this district, who has just returned from an extended wedding journey to Alaska and Hawaii said to me the other evening that the quiet Hill scenery is just as well worth seeing as the grander views to the west. I am sure there is no way to enjoy the Hills like an overland trip among them. Every road that you find well travelled leads to some place worth seeing.

Mr. Mondell and his bride, a daughter of Laramie I believe, were greeted by the citizens of Newcastle with a very charming reception. His second term in Congress begins next December, and he is considered by the people here a very worthy and able representative of their interests and a rising statesman. He said "I see the Lincoln people are getting ready to be very glad over the return of the regiment." And I told him that was how we felt.

Every Nebraskan homeward bound from the Hill country carries at least one favorite lie with him. I had the pleasure of interviewing Mr. P. F. Clark, Will Owen Jones, W. E. Hardy, Judge Frost and some of the ladies of their party when the train stopped for five minutes at Newcastle. My endeavor was, of course, to find out what fish story they had to tell their friends at Lincoln. Out

of a varied assortment I was unable to decide which was the favorite. They declared Tongue river an ideal place for camping. Dr. Garten who came home a few days later has a choice variety of bear stories, but no bear skin to show for them. My own collection of yarns is concerned with neither fish nor bears but has to do with a land where potatoes grow to such mammoth size that they have to be handled with ice tongs.

M-bar-K Ranch, Beaver Canyon, Newcastle, Wyoming.

The Great Rock Island Route is placing Interchangeable Mileage Books on sale at all coupon offices west of Missouri river. These books are good on 37 different railroads and will be a great advantage to commercial men and travelers. The net rate is 2 1/2¢ per mile in Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska, Oklahoma and Indian Territory.

SPANISH CONSPIRACY.

Patriotism as Dead as a Mackerel in That Town.

We do not like to appear before our readers in the roll of Apollo, but an explanation is in order, says the Hardeman (Ky.) Free Press. We announced in these columns that we had enlisted for the war and would leave for Dry Tomatoes last Tuesday, but circumstances over which we have no control have detained us. We went down to the depot on Tuesday, ready to go. We had our gun that we shot a delinquent subscriber with, the hoss pistol we used last year, when we fit a duel with the snub-nosed wart who edits the Shillalah, a sword, a tomahawk, a bowie knife and a knapsack full of underclothes and booze. A big crowd got around us and we yelled out to them, "Remember the Maine!" We was very much astonished when several persons in the crowd who, we suspicion, were in the pay of Spain, stepped up to us and said: "Remember this bill before you go." It looked as if somebody had called a convention of our creditors and every delegate was there. One of them had a wash bill. Every barkeeper in town was there, with an itemized account. A storekeeper came up and told us to "pull off them boots" which we hadn't paid for. Our landlord was on deck with a bill. We made 'em all a speech, asked 'em if they was patriots, and told 'em that our country called. "Co' back," they said, "and pay what you owe. If you don't, we'll have you arrested for trying to skip the town and beat your creditors." Of course, we seed through it all. It was a Spanish conspiracy to keep us to home; but what could we do? Well, we're here to stay now, and there's going to be war at home. We will take the pauper's oath to all them bar bills, and we are going to have all the saloons indicted for violating the four-mile law; and, hereafter, when we want liquor, we're going to Memphis and place ourselves in the hands of our friends. Patriotism is as dead as a mackerel in his here town; but a flea in the ear is worth two in the bush.

Citizen and Belle.

A man and a woman are employed in different offices in one of our large buildings. Each office has a telephone, but as it happens one is an instrument belonging to the Citizens' Company, the other a Bell instrument. One day the man had occasion to use the Citizens' line and stepped across the hall to the lady's office. "Have you a Citizens' 'phone?" he asked, and she replied in the affirmative. "Well," he ventured, "I'm a citizen. May I use it?" Why, of course he might use it. An hour later she balanced the accounts with him. "Have you a Bell telephone?" she asked, on stepping into his office. He did not try to deny it. "Well, I'm a belle. May I use it?"—Grand Rapids Press.

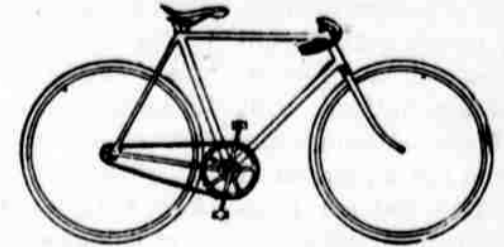
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