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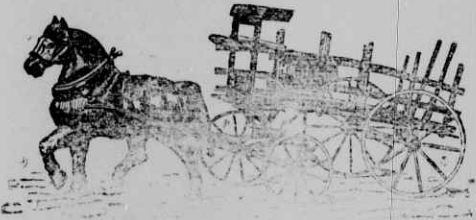
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The Shell.

"What a lovely shell, and pure as a pearl, so close to my foot, but a work divine, so so fairly well, the delicate spire and whorl, how exquisitely minute, a miracle of design!"

"What is it? a learned man could give it a clumsy name, but his name it who can, the beauty would be the same."

"The tiny cell is forlorn, void of the little living will, that made it stir on the shore, did he stand at the diamond door of his house in a rainbow frill? Did he push, when he was uncured, a golden foot or a fairy horn, 'Twas his dim water-world?"

"Slight, to be crushed with a tap of my finger nail on the sand, small, but a work divine, frail, but of force to withstand, Year upon year, the shock Of cataract seas that snap The three-decker's oaken spine Athwart the ledges of rock, Here on Breton strand!"

A Literary Theft

By Lucien Laurence.

Copyrighted, 1902, by The Authors Pub. Co.

"Just see, my dear boy, what a beautiful fat bird, all broiled! And this toast is browned to perfection. Delmonico couldn't do better, and I expect you to eat it all, to prove your appreciation of your wife's skill in cooking." Smiling brightly, the young wife whisked a light table to the bedside, and placing the tray on it, propped the patient with pillows in a comfortable position to partake of the tempting food. Carving the bird into dainty bits, she sat down beside him while he tried to eat a little just to please her.

But the effort was a woeful failure, and he turned away with a weary sigh, born of more than physical suffering. His wife kissed his pale forehead and stroked away the brown curling locks with a touch of gentle sympathy.

"Cheer up, dear, and don't think of things that worry you. Make haste to get well and it will all come right, in good time, I'm sure."

"You are more hopeful than I am then. How can I help worrying, when I know that it is only a question of a short time, until we will probably be turned into the streets. Lying here flat on my back, with starvation staring us in the face! What's to become of us?"

"Keep quiet, sweetheart, or you will bring on the pain again. It is not so bad as that, and something tells me that things will right themselves if we do the best we can and be patient."

"I know I'm brute, Nell, to be cross with the dearest wife in the world, but how can a fellow be patient! If it were not for this accursed rheumatism—ah—" as a fresh twinge seized him, he almost yelled with pain.

Helen applied the remedies, always at hand for sudden paroxysms, and after getting him somewhat quieted, she took up a book and with one soft cool hand resting on his feverish one, read to him, diverting his mind from perplexing thoughts, until, under the spell of her musical voice, he fell asleep.

Helen Mayson possessed a decided talent for combining her thoughts, original, vigorous and poetic, into short stories, poems and special articles. With some training and much diligent practice, she had added, by the sale of her productions, small sums from time to time to their meagre bank account.

Sometimes during the preceding summer she had placed a short story in competition for a cash prize, offered by the publishers of a popular magazine. The contest was to close November 1st, and as she had heard nothing from it, she concluded it was a failure. In fact, her husband's illness and her own distress and anxiety had almost driven it from her mind.

Their savings were about exhausted and but for a small sick benefit policy they would be actually lacking daily



"Cheer up, dear, and don't think of things that worry you."

necessities. They had bought their home on the instalment plan, and had it almost paid for. But for some time her husband had been out of employment, and just as he obtained work, his sickness came on. The next payment would fall due January 1st and must be met, or their home must go. To meet it she was resolved, but how? That was the question which puzzled her busy brain, and she did her household duties and cared for the invalid, never allowing him to see anything but the most cheerful, hopeful expression on her face.

It was now the second week in December, and despite the heavy snow, the streets were thronged with Christmas shoppers. Delivery wagons rattled by, loaded with holiday goods. Holly and mistletoe, the season's inevitable emblems, were glancing from the interiors of happy homes. The shop windows were brilliant with display of Christmas cheer.

The lively picture and the chatter of the gay throng made Helen all the more sad and disheartened, as she sped swiftly homeward from a visit to the real estate agent. She had told him the situation frankly, and been given a month's respite.

With this time gained the world looked a shade less dark to her buoyant spirit, but as she compared the gay scene with a similar one a year ago, in which she and Frank were so happy, the hot tears fell in spite of her, as she entered a trolley car. The postman was going in as she came up to her gate. Glancing at the publisher's name on the envelope which he handed her, she suddenly recollected her story and with eager, trembling fingers hastily opened the letter and read:

"Dear Madam:—Your story, kindly submitted to us in the prize contest, was duly placed for examination. After deliberate and careful consideration the judges have awarded it the second prize of \$1,000.00."

"There was another story, however, entered at the same time which, while its general construction is not up to



"Thank you, madam, for your frankness."

yours and the working out of the plot is different, yet the plot in itself is so nearly identical, in every point and detail, that we cannot treat it as simply a coincidence and, therefore, must withhold payment of prize money until investigation.

"Kindly call on us, and by a personal interview we hope to get at the bottom of the mystery, and be enabled to determine to whom the plot belongs. We beg to remain, Yours truly, 'UNION PUB. CO.'"

As Mrs. Mayson read this letter feelings of surprise, delight, indignation, determination followed one another.

She concealed the letter, glad that Frank knew nothing about it, and resolved to keep the secret until a final decision was reached.

She had hard work to get up an excuse to go out again that afternoon, but a friend dropped in, who promised to keep her husband company while she was away.

On reaching the publishing house, she was shown into a private office and, fortunately, had a few minutes alone in which to think what she wished to say. She had herself well in hand, and was able to greet the gentleman who approached in her own natural, dignified way.

"I am Mrs. Mayson, sir," she said by way of introduction, as she produced his letter.

"Pray be seated, madam." For an instant he allowed his keen gray eyes to rest upon her face, as if he would "size her up" at a glance.

Helen bore it without flinching, and her brown eyes met his frankly. That one swift glance apparently satisfied him.

"Madam," he said, in a kindly tone, "will you give me, briefly, all the facts connected with your writing the story in question?"

"With pleasure, sir," Helen replied. "Four years ago I took a course in literary work in a school of journalism. Since then I have often sought their aid, by sending them either my work fully written out, or in outline only, for criticism."

"They never rewrite any portion of it—they simply point out the faults, make suggestions and leave me to alter the work myself."

"When I thought of entering the contest for this prize, I carefully prepared an outline of the plot I meant to use and sent it to them for approval. I waited some time, and, as I was anxious to begin the story, I wrote and asked them why it had not been returned to me. In a short time they wrote me that my work had been examined and returned to me some time ago."

"Ah! I see!" interrupted her listener. "Have you that letter in your possession?"

"I think so," Helen replied, and proceeded. "I had kept a copy of my plot, and, concluding the other had been lost in the mails, I went to work on my story, and when completed sent it to you."

"Thank you, madam, for your frankness. I see a light. You know we publish nothing but strictly original stuff, and the house is not willing to risk any chances of fraud. If you will give me the address of this place I will write immediately. In the meantime, if you can send me the letter you mentioned, it will be further proof of your claim. A letter was

sent to the other person, asking for an interview, but so far he has failed to call."

"A man, was it?" asked Helen indignantly.

"No," slowly; "hardly a man, if it was I suspect. You are sure no one else saw the plot while in your possession?"

"Oh, yes! quite sure," she answered rising to go. "May I ask—do you think"—she hesitated, "that the matter could be settled by January?" She could feel the flush of confusion on her cheek. "Pardon me if appear over anxious, but it means so much to me that now," she faltered, and the wistful mouth and pleading eyes won a mental vow from the gray-haired man to do all in his power to aid her cause.

"I believe so—yes," he answered kindly, as he bowed her out.

Matters proved as he suspected. The name of the person sending the other story was Henry Maybrick. A letter was dispatched to the school of journalism inquiring if they were in correspondence with such person, furnishing them with some of the facts, and politely requesting them to throw any light in their power on the matter. In due time the reply came. They had, last spring, as a pupil in journalism a man by that name living at that time in New York City. He was no longer on their books, or within their knowledge. Yes, they knew Mrs. Mayson; she had been a regular pupil of theirs four years ago as Helen Dale, and since her marriage had frequently had dealings with her. The outline submitted was certainly hers; they recalled the circumstance, and account for it being in Maybrick's possession in but one way—on account of a similarity of names, it had, doubtlessly, been mailed to him instead of its rightful owner. They regretted the mistake exceedingly, etc.

This, with the letter to Helen (which she promptly forwarded, together with the original outline), formed proof enough to satisfy even a scrupulous publisher and establish beyond doubt her right to the prize.

What visions of a happy Christmas and joyous New Year, and even of future fame and fortune by her pen, flitted through the brain of Helen Dale-Mayson, as she read the publisher's letter containing a check for \$1,000.00 and a polite hope that she would favor them with further contributions.

She felt that she could almost forgive the culprit who had stolen her plot, since he had not profited by it, as she hastened to tell the good news to her husband.

HE FOOLED THE SKIPPER.

Writer Was Not the Ignoramus He Professed to Be.

Sir J. C. Wright Hyne, the English author of delightful stories of the sea, is greatly given to mystification. This generally takes the form of pretending a colossal ignorance of the sea when he is aloft—and it is seldom he is not. On one voyage he made friends with the "old man" and plied him with ridiculous questions. The skipper was a patient man, and an affable, and he explained with gravity that the hatch had nothing to do with chickens, nor was the donkey engine worked by an ass, but he came near to an apoplectic seizure when the "greenhorn" wanted to know whether it was the wheel that propelled the vessel. Then Mr. Hyne said he would like to learn something about ropes, and the skipper undertook to teach him how to make a grommet. They set to work, but presently the teacher was called away, and the pupil, left to himself, unconsciously began to weave with all the dexterity of the skilled seaman. Suddenly he heard a strangled exclamation, and, looking up, he found the skipper regarding him with wrathful eyes. "Oh, you dear blessed beauty," cried the outraged skipper—these were not his exact words, but they will serve—"and you told me you didn't know a hawser from a holystone." But the "old man's" wrath was speedily appeased and subsequently there was a sound of revelry by night.

And Bull Had Bullion, Too.

Mr. Rose had been beaming all the morning.

"You seem well, sir?" suggested Mr. Jenkins, the head clerk. "I am, Jenkins; and I'm pleased as well. My daughter's going to be married."

"Indeed, sir! Who to?"

"Young Bull, the rich—Great Scott!"

"What's the matter, Mr. Rose," said Mr. Jenkins.

"I've just remembered," said Mr. Rose. "You see, when my daughter was born my wife wanted her to have a sweet, romantic name, and finally decided to call her Wilde, because Wilde Rose sounded so very pretty and tender."

"A good idea, too. But what's that go to do with the present trouble?"

"How will she like to be called Wilde Bull!"

"Red Thunder" is Killed.

Word reaches St. Paul from the American desert to the effect that Red Thunder, the most powerful chief of the Pinas, had gone to the happy hunting grounds.

Red Thunder boasted that he had never entered a white man's settlement and had been in the dwelling of a pale face but once. He also boasted that he always bested his white brother, for whom, however, he had the greatest friendship when he dealt with him. Red Thunder was killed by an engine.

Attack

Of Fast Heart Lasted 160 Hours.

Doctors Didn't Know What To Do.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and Nervine Cured Me.

"For seven years I have been troubled with what the doctors called a 'fast heart,' going at once from the usual beat to twice as fast, which in a short time would exhaust me terribly and only after treatment by a physician it would get back to normal speed. These attacks increased in frequency and severity until December, 1901, when they came on once a week. Each attack would lay me up a day or more. The attack beginning January 13th, 1902, lasted 160 hours (almost a week) my heart beat almost one hundred and fifty per minute and some times more. During this week my physician consulted with four other doctors, but all to no purpose. My heart finally slowed up, and it was then a serious question with my family what to do next; as for me, I was so fit gone to care much what happened. Dr. Miles' Almanac said, 'write for advice' and my son wrote, receiving a nice reply. A neighbor told us he had used your remedies with great benefit. It took courage, began the use of Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure and Restorative Nervine until I had taken eleven bottles of the Heart Cure and seven bottles of the Restorative Nervine. I had two slight attacks after I began the use of your medicine, the last one lasting only thirty minutes. For more than three months my heart has run without a flurry. I am cured, and Dr. Miles' Remedies did the work. I have been postmaster here for more than ten years."—M. T. CASTRELL, P. M., Fredonia, Kansas.

All druggists sell a guarantee first bottle Dr. Miles' Remedies. Send for free book on Nervous and Heart Diseases. Address Dr. Miles' Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Oregon Short Line

ST. ANTHONY BRANCH & CONNECTION

TIME TABLE

North Bound No. 22 South Bound
Leave daily. DEC. 14, 1902. Arr. daily

No. 51.	IDAHO FALLS	No. 52.
11:15 a. m.	5:30 p. m.
11:40 a. m.Elva.....	5:00 p. m.
12:01 p. m.Rigby.....	4:35 p. m.
12:15 p. m.Lorenzo.....	4:23 p. m.
12:25 p. m.Texas.....	4:15 p. m.
12:55 p. m.Rexburg.....	3:58 p. m.
1:25 p. m.Teton.....	3:35 p. m.
1:45 p. m.	ST. ANTHONY	3:15 p. m.

D. E. Burley, Gen. Pass & Tkt. Agt. Salt Lake City.

D. S. Spencer, Asst. Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt.

For further information regarding time and connection with all trains call on R. T. DROLLINGER, Agt.

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A handsome, illustrated, cracker, correct circulation of a 10 cent journal. Terms, \$1 a copy, four copies, \$4. Sold by all newsdealers.

LODGES.

W. O. W. Meets in M. W. A. Hall the first and third Tuesdays of each month.
J. G. LEWIS, Clerk.
E. E. CAREY, C. C.

I. O. O. F. FREMONT LODGE No. 66, meets every Friday evening in Woodmen Hall. All Odd Fellows are welcome.
L. J. PRATT, N. G.
FRED W. RISING, Rec. Sec.

L. D. S. Latter Day Saints hold regular meetings at the opera house every Sunday evening at 6:30 o'clock. Everybody is cordially invited to attend.

WANTED—Several persons of character and good reputation in each state (one in this county required) to represent and advertise old established wealthy business house of solid financial standing. Salary \$21.00 weekly with expenses additional, all payable in cash direct every Wednesday from head offices. Horse and carriage furnished when necessary. References. Enclosed self-addressed envelope. Colonial, 332 Dearborn St., Chicago. 144

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Good beds. Good Stabling.

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ST. ANTHONY.

Something Important to All.

Having purchased the Wilson saw mill we are now prepared to furnish all kinds of undressed Lumber and Shingles to the public, a large amount of which we now have on hand. Your patronage solicited.

STINEMATES & FRY, Proprietors.