



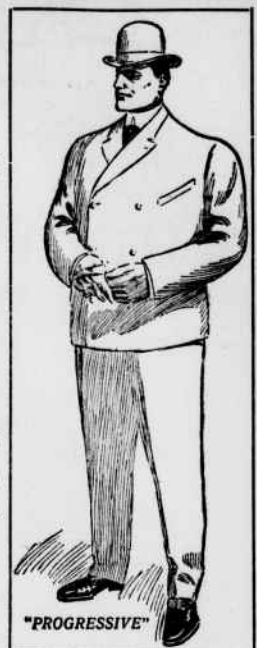
# HARRY BROWN

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## HARRY BROWN LEWISTOWN, MONTANA



### DEATH ALMOST INSTANTANEOUS

**Purley Atkinson of This City Killed By the Accidental Discharge of a Small Rifle.**

### BURIAL LAST SATURDAY MORNING

**Foresters of America Conduct the Burial Arrangements---Widowed Mother Prostrated.**

Purley Atkinson, a well known young man of this city, was almost instantly killed last Wednesday morning by the accidental discharge of a 22-calibre rifle, the deplorable accident occurring on the Cottonwood road, about three and a half miles from town. Herbert Smith who was with the young man at the time of the accident, brought the body back to town, and as soon as he arrived was seen by the Democrat reporter and gave the following account of the unfortunate occurrence:

"Purley and myself left this city about 10 o'clock for the ranch of his mother on East Fork. There was no end gate in the wagon box and when we got out of the city about three miles, some of the things we had in the wagon were about to fall out. I got out to push the articles toward the front of the wagon.

"While standing at the end of the wagon, I saw Purley reach down between two boxes which were up under the seat and take hold of a small 22-calibre rifle which we were taking out with us. I saw that he had hold of the barrel of the gun with the muzzle pointing towards him. I said to him 'point that gun the other way, but just as I finished the sentence, the gun was discharged."

"Purley staggered back a little and said 'I am shot', he then fell across the edge of the wagon box and those were the last words he ever spoke. I instantly jumped into the wagon and placed him in the bed of the wagon box, but he, I think, did not live over a minute, possibly two. I turned around and hurried back to town as quickly as possible."

An examination of the wound by

local physicians showed that the bullet entered the right breast and ranged upward and to the left. It must have necessarily severed large blood vessels near the heart to have caused such a sudden death.

The inquest over the remains were held in the office of County Attorney Ayers by Coroner Attix, Wednesday afternoon. The verdict of the jury was that Purley Atkinson came to his death from a gunshot wound inflicted by a gun in the hands of said Purley Atkinson and that the manner and means of said shooting was accidental.

The Foresters of America of which order the deceased was a member, took charge of the body. The funeral services were to be held Friday, but a sister, Mrs. George McKenzie, of Livingston, who was telegraphed for, did not make connections at Lombard and was not able to get here until Friday evening. For that reason, the funeral was held Saturday morning at 10 o'clock from the M. E. church. The Rev. Winters performed the last sad rites and the young man was laid to his last rest in the city cemetery.

Purley Atkinson was the son of Mrs. Adeline Atkinson, a widow lady who runs a boarding house on Fourth avenue. He was the only child that the sorrow stricken mother had with her and his untimely and tragic death prostrated her. Kind friends are rendering every assistance of consolation and comfort in her hour of grief. Purley was 21 years of age and was known as a steady, hard working young man. On the evening prior to his death, he attended a dance in the city and was one of the merriest of the gay throng. None dreamed, he undoubtedly least of any, that he should so soon give up this world with its gaieties and its cares for the inevitable journey into that strange and limitless country of the great beyond. How like the cruel mockery of fate, as some may call it, or the inscrutable designs of Deity as others may say, that Purley, young, healthy, in the very beginning of life's great work, should be called for that journey. But so must all go and only the faith supreme in the ultimate justice of all things can ease the aching hearts of loved ones left to mourn.

### Notice.

Any and all persons are hereby notified to remove all their improvements from the n<sup>o</sup> of the sec of sec 33, tp 13 n, r 15 e, which is a portion of my homestead, within 30 days or forfeit same. A. T. GOODSPEED. First publication Feb. 28-4t

### POINTED PARAGR.

How a man who is hoarse likes to use his voice!

A person with a forgiving disposition has to put up with a lot.

The average woman is fond of saying that her ambition exceeds her strength.

A merchant is never so busy invoicing that he isn't willing to wait on a good customer.

After a man gets converted his neighbors speculate every time they see him as to how soon he will pay what he owes them.

A family with an artistic temperament isn't really as much of an addition to the neighborhood as one owning a stepladder.

How easily gossip starts! Ever think how little pleasure you get out of a "story" you start and how much trouble you may be making others?—Atchison Globe.

### The Deadly Tarantula.

The poison of the Mygale species of tarantula is of a fearful nature—more dreaded than that of a rattlesnake—and unless only slightly scratched and heroic measures used the result is fatal. Many deaths are on record caused by these spiders. The most prolonged suffering was that of a San Diego woman. A tarantula sunk its fangs in her hand during the night. The flesh was cut away with a razor and medical assistance summoned at once. Her life was prolonged for a time as well as her sufferings. For three months she lingered under the effects, her hands constantly creeping and crawling along the bedding in horrible imitations of the motions of the tarantula.

### A Bishop's Conundrum.

The bishop of Llandaff is fond of the concoction of conundrums, with which, when a country parson in Pembrokehire, he loved to bewilder the grave historian Thirlwall. The story goes that not long ago Bishop Lewis concluded a clerical meeting by asking his flock, "If it takes your bishop a week to eat a ham, how long would it take him to eat a hammer?" and made a diplomatic departure to catch his train. When the company had given up the problem they wired to Llandaff for the solution and received the maddening reply, "I don't know; I've never tried."—London Globe.

### Secret of Living.

If we can only come back to nature together every year and consider the flowers and the birds and confess our faults and our mistakes under the silent stars and hear the river murmuring in absolutism we shall die young, even though we live long, and we shall have a treasure of memories which will be like the twin flower, a double blossom on a single stem, and carry with us into the unseen world something which will make it worth while to be immortal.—Henry Van Dyke.

### A RATTLER'S BITE.

How, Under Some Conditions, It May Not Kill the Victim.

It may seem absurd to claim that there are cases where the bite of a rattlesnake is not fatal, yet such have happened, and to understand these it is necessary only to understand the manner in which this reptile strikes.

The spectacle of a rattlesnake at bay is one a beholder never forgets. The great, long body lies coiled in a tense spiral, the very embodiment of wickedness. Poised in air, the white bellied fore body is bent into a horizontal S, rigid as an iron bar. Raised from the middle of the spiral is the tall, quivering like a twanged banjo string and emitting a rattle like steam escaping from the pet cock of a radiator or like the sound of a mowing machine in a distant hayfield. Awe inspiring, the dread, flat, triangular head, eyes gleaming black and cold as icy steel, is ready to strike. As the gruesome mouth opens wide and pink, the long, thin poison fangs arise from a horizontal position and stand upright like a pair of slender, curved, needle pointed shad bones, ready for business. Like a flash, far too quick for the eye to follow, the snake strikes, sending home its fangs an inch or two, and in that same fraction of an instant he has squirted a table-spoonful of canary yellow, viscous fluid into the wound and lies coiled ready for a second attack.

In this incomprehensibly swift attack lies the answer why sometimes the bite of a rattler is not fatal, for so wonderfully swift is the attack that a bite may be imperfect, leaving only a pair of tiny needle punctures with just enough venom to make a victim seriously ill.

Another reason why a rattlesnake's bite is not always fatal is that temporarily the reptile may be without venom. The snake may have exhausted its poison on a previous enemy, in which case it would have to wait several days before the deadly fluid has reaccumulated, or, again, the viper's fangs may have suffered accident. They may have been broken off and require time for new growth. In any case, certain it is that a rattlesnake's poison applied in the proper way will do its work, and then only the most expert and prompt assistance will save a victim.—A. W. Rolker in Pearson's Magazine.

### Trying to Be Charitable.

"Mr. Bliggins means well, but he doesn't stop to think."

"Perhaps," answered Miss Cayenne, "he feels that time is too valuable to be trifled away in hopeless undertakings."—Washington Star.

### The Making of It.

"If they're both deaf and dumb, I don't see how they could make love." "No? I should say it was the best kind—all handmade, you know."—Philadelphia Ledger.

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