

CHAR. A. MILLER
Wisdom, P. O.
Horse brand right shldr.

SPOKANE RANCH
A. O. Ouseard, proprietor. P. O. address Wisdom, Montana. Horse brand on left shoulder. Cattle brand K half diamond on the left side.

TOPE BROTHERS
Jesse and John P. O. Wisdom. Ranch on Northfork. Cattle brand same on right hip.

C. A. PRUITT
Twin Creeks ranch. Postoffice Wisdom. Cattle branded with a pitchfork on the right ribs. Horses same on right shoulder.

JORGEN JORGENSEN
Wisdom. Cattle range Steek ek to Squaw ek. Horse br'd right thigh. Range, Stanley to Warm Spgs.

WM. MONTGOMERY
Postoffice, Wisdom, Montana. Horse b'nd left stifle.

HARRY G. DAVIS
Cattle brand same. Harry G. Davis. Jackson, Mont. on right ribs. Range on Bloody Dick and Big Hole river.

CLARENCE MORRISON
P. O. Wisdom. Cattle branded. Horses same. Range Battle ground.

HANS JORGENSEN
Postoffice, Wisdom. Range—Steel creek to Squaw creek. Horse brand the same as cattle on thigh.

JAHNKE BROTHERS
Horses same on left shldr. P. O. Wisdom. Range betw'n Squaw ek and Steel ek.

SILAS C. DISHNO.
P. O. Wisdom. Range E & Big Hole between Jackson - Wisdom. Cattle branded left ribs.

ANDERSON & JOHNSON
Horses the same on right shoulder. Range Gravel park & Little Lake creek. P. O. Jackson.

\$50 REWARD
Big Hole Basin Stockmen's association will pay the above sum for the arrest and conviction of anyone who tampers with fence or gate or trespasses upon the feed lots at Wisdom 26-47

\$100 REWARD
The Southern Montana Telephone Company will pay \$100 for the arrest and conviction of party or parties who shoot the toll line wire; or information leading to the arrest and conviction of anyone mutilating or destroying any pole, line or other property belonging to the said company. H. R. Capehart, Local Manager. 16-47

F. H. PENDLETON
P. O. Wisdom. Range Moosehorn to Lake creeks. Cattle branded B on left hip.

J. C. WHARTON
Postoffice, Wisdom, Mont. Horse brand—the same, right shoulder.

B. B. LAWRENCE
Bowen. Square erp lft ear, hole in right. Horse brnd same left shldr. Range, West fork of Thompson creek to Mudd creek.

LERoy ARNOTT
Bowen P. O. Horse brand left thigh. Range Fishtrap to Mussigbrod.

IRA WALKER
Horses the same Range from Steele creek. P. O. Anaconda.

O. B. CANFIELD
Horses same—Range, Mussigbrod creek to Tie creek. P. O. Gibbons.

GEORGE PARSONS
P. O. Wisdom. Range Tie creek to Mussigbrod. Horses same on left thigh.

W. A. YASH
P. O. Bannock. Range Elkhorn and Grasshopper. Horses branded same left shoulder.

W. A. ARMITAGE
Horses same on left shoulder or thigh. Post office at Wisdom, Mont.

DEER LODGE VALLEY FARMS COMPANY
Postoffice address Selway G. Gardner. Drawer B, Anaconda, Mont. Range from head of French gulch to Le Marsh creek. For Cattle For Horses

J. E. SHAW
Postoffice Wisdom. Range Lake creek to Moose creek. Horse br'd on lft side.

HUNTLEY CATTLE COMPANY
Carl R. Huntley, mgr, Wisdom. Horses lft Spool brand also and on left shldr for horses.

THOS. PENDERGAST
P. O. Wisdom. Range east side. Horses branded same on the left shoulder.

PETERSON-OLSON
P. O. Wisdom. Mont. Range between Fox and Stanley gulch. Horse brand the same, lft thigh.

DAN PENDERGAST
Postoffice Jackson; range from Swamp creek to Lake. Horses 3 bars low on the right hip.

MAX C. LEWIS
Fishtrap, Mont. Dorsal with this brand; also 37 right ribs, upper 34 and under 34 right ear. All above bottom.

Big Hole Basin News

ALL HOME PRINT

TWO DOLLARS AND FOUR CENTS
R. HATHAWAY, PUBLISHER

Printed by the Big Hole Basin News

Real Estate Holdings

In Big Hole Basin of Montana

Represent safest investment—surest and quickest returns No droughts in this, the Old Cowman's Paradise—Big Hole river and various creeks fed by mountain lakes and springs traverse this favorite valley from end to end; no ranch without water; Federal Range for all. Cattle are fattened in the open, fed on hay only

Floods and Tornadoes Are Unknown

I can sell you, for cash or on terms, a cattle ranch with range and water right beyond controversy, stocked with Shorthorn or Hereford grades, mowers, rakes and stackers; work teams and saddle horses—a fully equipped layout. Or I can sell you a nice dairy proposition close to Wisdom, the Metropolis of the Big Hole—Wisdom has church and school, Masonic and IOOF lodges

R. HATHAWAY

WISDOM Only Licensed Dealer MONTANA

Don't Rip Van Winkleize This Town, Mr. Citizen

MONEY TALKS!
Make it talk loud enough to wake the town up. This town will not go to sleep if you spend your money here. Read the bargains in your home paper.

WAKE UP!

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
No. 018768
Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Helena, Montana, December 1st, 1922.
NOTICE is hereby given that Joe Sirois, of Wise River, Montana, who on April 25, 1919, made Desert-Land Entry No. 018768 for Lot 4, Section 18, Township 1 South, Range 11 West, Montana Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final proof to establish claim to the land above described, before L. M. Van Etten, U. S. Commissioner, at Butte, Montana, on the 9th day of January, 1923.
Claimant names as witnesses: Sanford Shepherd, Winifred Shepherd, Marcus P. Trueman, and Helen Trueman, all of Wise River, Montana.
F. A. MOTZ, Register. First pub Dec. 7-5t

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
No. 00027
Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Missoula, Montana, December 6, 1922
NOTICE is hereby given that George A. Rhimo, of Jackson, Montana, who on January 23, 1922, made Additional Homestead Entry to Helena 012823-4 No. 09027 for NE 1/4 SW 1/4, W 1/2 SE 1/4, SE 1/4 SE 1/4, Sec. 12, N 1/2 NE 1/4, E 1/2 NW 1/4, Sec. 13, T. 5 S., R. 15 West Montana Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three-year proof under new law to establish claim to the land above described, before the Clerk of the District Court at Dillon, Montana, on the 22nd day of January, 1923.
Claimant names as witnesses: Harry D. Lapham, John J. Jackson, Chesley L. Harrington, of Jackson, Montana, and Charles McGrath of Dillon, Montana.
FRED C. STODDARD, Register. First pub Dec 14, 1922

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YOUTHFUL WORK NOT BEST
Few Women Who Have Attained Immortality Were of Their Greatness in Early Years.

Some years ago Sir William Robertson Nicol wrote a book entitled "The Round of the Clock: the Story of Our Lives from Year to Year." He divided life into 12 lustrums—that is to say periods of five years—and likened 12 lustrums, 60 years to the round of the clock.

Sir William endeavors to describe the characteristics of growth, drawing on a very wide knowledge of biography and a prodigious memory. He brings together a great number of illuminating facts. Sir William does not believe in the comparative uselessness of men over forty. He quotes some words of Lord Macaulay in one of his speeches, "No great work of imagination has ever been produced under the age of thirty or thirty-five years, and the instances are few in which any have been produced under the age of forty."

Cervantes was fifty-two when he published the first part of "Don Quixote," Bunyan fifty when "The Pilgrim's Progress" appeared, Defoe fifty-eight when he wrote "Robinson Crusoe," Scott forty-three when the first of all his Waverley novels was launched, and Milton fifty-eight at the date of "Paradise Lost." At forty-one Dumas wrote "The Three Musketeers." At forty-two Bacon set to work on his "Novum Organum." At forty-four Newton began to issue his "Principia," and at forty-five Chaucer to write his "Canterbury Tales." At forty-seven Montaigne published his essays, and at forty-eight Lamb his "Essays of Elia." Rabelais launched his gigantic medieval masterpiece at forty-nine. Edward Fitzgerald was fifty when his "Omar Khayyam" began to wait for recognition. Adam Smith published his epoch-making work, "The Wealth of Nations," at fifty-three. John Locke his "Essay Concerning Human Understanding" at fifty-eight. Jonathan Swift his "Gulliver's Travels" at fifty-nine and Isaac Walton his "Compliment Angler" at sixty.—North China Herald.

The Woes of the Bachelors.
In Belgium the bachelors have begun to tremble. The provincial council of Hainaut has voted for a bill imposing a surtax of 25 per cent on all the provincial taxes, to be paid by male celibates.

This does not prevent the incorrigible bachelors from persisting in celibacy. They invoke a legendary example. It was in the time when certain men condemned to death were pardoned if they consented to wed a maiden destined to marry, who thus in her hand brought them to life.

Now, one of these, at the hour when he was to be hanged, wanted to see first his future wife.

She was of a canonical age, and hardly a beauty.

"Hang me!" he cried, and stepped to the gallows.

Many of the Hainaut celibates will therefore—annoyed or not—pay the 25 per cent surtax.

Return to Land of Their Fathers.
For 167 years the Acadian people have carried with them the memory of the fateful August 1755, which witnessed the deportation of the Acadians from the shores of Minas Basin. August 16, 1922, in the village of Grand Pre, a host of Acadian descendants gathered on the very site of the tragedy of expulsion and took possession of their heritage—historic ground on which they consecrated to the memory of their fathers the Acadian Memorial chapel. Exiled for nearly 170 years, their wanderings in strange, far-off villages and cities, the race scattered to the four corners of the continent, it seemed almost incredible that the Acadians should again be restored to that fertile Gaspareau valley, cleared, tilled and enriched by the farms which they had homesteaded in the early settlement of Acadia.

Manhattan Brought Small Price.
The three-hundredth anniversary of the founding of New York will be celebrated in 1926.

L. Wittert van Hoogland, in an article, "Holland and Her Colonies," just published, retells in an interesting way the story of Peter Minuit's purchase of the island of Manhattan, 24,000 acres, for \$26, the assessed valuation of which is \$6,000,000,000. Minuit, who later became first governor of Manhattan, represented the chartered West India company of Amsterdam.

Up to half a dozen years ago it was generally believed, and in many circles that belief persists, that New Amsterdam was founded, not in 1624, but in 1624. Recent investigation and discoveries point to the fallacy of this contention, says Mr. Van Hoogland.

Butter or Beauty?
A young woman of Petrograd, relates a Russian paper, recently received from her brother, a farmer in the suburbs, a pound of butter. Now, in Petrograd a pound of butter, at the present time, is a royal present, and it is no wonder that the most seductive offers were made to the happy woman; millions and millions of rubles being thrown at her feet. She declined them, however, preferring to keep her butter.

But at last there came a man who, being an expert psychologist, offered her a pot of cold cream! Immediately the lady accepted the barter, deprecating that the butter for beauty is stronger than—the butter for butter!

Particular Notice.
An electric fan of light weight capacity for use in hotels, restaurants and homes is now on the market.

DEY TELLS ME A FOOL EN HE MONEY SOON PAHTED, BUT SHUCKS! HE DON' HATTER BE NO FOOL --ME EN MAH MONEY DOES IT, TOO!

HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

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Judicious Advertising
Creates many a new business. Enlarges many an old business. Preserves many a large business. Revives many a dull business. Recovers many a lost business. Saves many a failing business. Secures success in any business.

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Call on Us or Call Us Up
and We Will Call on You

Indian Lodge Tales
By Ford C. Frick

THE GARDEN OF THE GODS

IN THE nesting vales and on the grassy plains which lie at the foot of the Great White mountain that points the way to heaven lived the Chosen People. Here they dwelt in happiness together. And above them, on the summit of the mighty peak, where stands the western gates to heaven, dwelt the Manitou.

In order that the Chosen People might know of his love, the Manitou stamped upon the peak the image of his face, that all might see and worship him. And there each day the Chosen People came to pray and worship, where the first bright rays of the rising sun embossed the image in their golden glow. There in happiness they dwelt, their realm extending just as far as they might see the face of Manitou over hill and plain. And the land was fair and the chosen tribe was envied by all the dwellers of the plains who knew not Manitou.

But one day, as the storm clouds played about the Peak, the image of the Manitou was hid. Low hanging clouds swept down from out the sky and crept to earth in mist and fog and rain, and the happy, smiling face of Manitou was hid, and none could see it. And down from the north swept a barbaric host of giants, taller than the spruce which grew upon the mountain side and so great that they shook the earth with their strides.

With the invading hosts came terrible beasts, unknown and awful in their mightiness, monstrous beasts that would devour the earth and tread it down. And as they came on the Chosen People were frightened, and in their fear they fled to the Holy Mount, for in the sight of their thimble feet they were as grasshoppers.

As the invading tribes came on, the Chosen People fell on their faces and prayed to Manitou for aid. Then came to pass a wondrous miracle. The clouds broke away and sunshine smote the peak. And from the very summit, looking down upon the valley and the plains appeared the Manitou himself. Sternly he looked upon the invaders, and as he looked the giants and the beasts turned into stone.

As then they stood, the giants stand today. Their scattered bands, now rock of red and brown, are found to east and north, time-worn and scarred, with legs deep buried in the drifting sands. Some bolder than the rest are near the mount, and some are far away in scattered canons as if they sought to hide. Some hold their shields uplifted as if to meet the steady gaze of Manitou, while others crouched in horror, were struck dumb and turned to stone there where they stood. The boasts the giants drove are stranger still—big, chunky elephants with clumsy trunks, canoes and massive bears and timid deer, smooth glossy beaver with flat, scaly tails; huge frogs and timid turtles. All were changed and stand today as they stood then when, living they defied the Manitou.

They covered all the valley—these living men and beasts now turned to stone. And if you doubt this story, go and see them standing there today as they stood then. Time worn and gray they are from countless storms, half-buried in the sweeping sands, and yet if you look closely you can see their forms, the giants and the beasts that hoped to steal the land where dwelt the tribesmen who were our fathers.

When the white men came they called the spot the Garden of the Gods, because, they say, the rocks are great and odd; but we who know the story of the race still call it "Valley of the Miracle," for here it was that Manitou gave aid to save his chosen people and left there these rocks and forms of men all turned to stone, as warning to all of us who may some time attempt defiance to him and his commands.

Note—The Utes for years lived on the eastern slope of the Rockies, with their big town situated near what is now the city of Colorado Springs. This legend refers to the Garden of the Gods, just outside the city of Manitou—a spot that has become world famous for the unique beauty of its rock formations.

Faulty Memory.
Tommy was at the office with daddy for the first time in several months. It was always a gala event for Tommy, for daddy was the boss and he could do most anything he wanted to. And then everybody made over him and brought him things, and he had a general good time.

"Hello, there, Tomstey!" one of the clerks greeted him. "My, but I'm glad to see you! And how you have grown since you were last here!"

"Mamma says I'm getting to be quite a big boy," Tommy admitted.

"It's my you are!" the clerk exclaimed. "I wonder how tall you are now, anyway?"

"Well, mamma measured me the other day, but I've forgotten just what it was," Tommy answered him. "The doctor says that when I was seven feet high—I'm not sure what."