

Home Circle.

YOU AND I.

"You love me as I love you?"  
The mute, imprisoned thought shone thro'  
His eyes that never her face forsook.  
But followed and watched with a longing  
look.  
The masterpiece for him was wrought,  
The one he found was the one he sought,  
With her in his sky to flood the day,  
Then, oh, for spring in the heart alway!

"You love me as I love you?"  
The thought that escaped her flew  
Up to the heaven of a happy face,  
A song without words and a nameless grace.  
He had seized his brush anew,  
And his masterpiece for her drew;  
And she felt that life-long joy was near,  
Since he had chosen was here—was here.

"You love me as I love you?"  
He needs not sigh nor need he sue  
Since side by side they watch without fear  
The life-laden slave of Old Time—the year  
And they say he may carry off his lot or much,  
Here is one dear thing that he dare not touch.  
Of the past, of the present, and future, too—  
This: "You love me as I love you!"

A HAPPY FARMER'S HOME.

BY D. B. H.

Seven years ago Lewis H— was a boy  
teen. I knew him then and though  
intervening years have watched the  
onward course of his life, watched  
the verification of a prophecy I heard an  
friend made at that time concerning  
He said that boy will succeed in life  
because he is temperate and industrious—  
my words and wait. To my eyes the  
appeared like other boys of his age, a  
steady and grave perhaps, and as for  
industrious all boys are in their own  
familiar way. Lewis' father had this year  
him a deed of a small portion of the  
homestead, and the boy had gone to  
with a will picking up stones and  
digging up old stumps and repairing old  
fences. He exchanged work  
his father and thereby was able to put  
small crop of vegetables and corn. He  
led for his neighbors at odd times, and  
the time our story opens he had thus  
earned enough money to buy a pair of  
steers. Now this pair of steers and the  
of land his father had given him was  
had. An old cabin nestling beneath  
old wide spreading trees was the only  
dwelling on his little farm. And thus he  
physically and financially, that day  
years ago. And now we will sup-  
four years have passed on out into the  
of the past and we look in on his life  
now. He is now twenty-one years old,  
owns three spans of fine steers, a horse  
wagon and two cows. He has just sold  
steers of four years ago to the butcher,  
has bought with the money he received  
them one hundred young apple trees  
has laid out an orchard on the spot  
stone heaps and stumps abounded a  
years ago. He owes no man a cent.  
Other four years go by and we look in  
his life once again to note progress. It  
evening in May. The young orchard  
white with blossoms, a neat and substan-  
cottage has usurped the right of the old  
dwelling beneath the trees. A barn and  
stone wall corral, and in the latter  
cows stand contentedly chewing their  
and everywhere signs of thrift and  
are seen.

Is this we see strolling so leisurely  
through the young orchard? Oh, it is Lewis  
his young bride, Lucy. How strong  
self-reliant looks the man! and how  
loving and loving the woman! They  
only been married one week, but their  
are already laid out far into the future.  
prediction of my old friend is truly  
fulfilled, and happiness is being add-  
success.

Now, again, after eight years we look in  
the home of Lewis H— once more. It  
is an evening in September. The  
orchard is laden with golden fruit,  
the sound of the reaper is heard—and yes,  
it is the voices of little children be-  
hind their garden wall. Bright milk pails  
are airing on the garden wall,  
loops of apples are drying in the sun,  
after brood of chickens gather in the  
for their meal, and a herd of meek-  
cows come strolling up the lane, and a  
man stands at the cottage door and  
smiles at us. It is Lucy, the same beauti-  
ful Lucy of eight years ago; and here  
is her husband. We look into his hon-  
ored, scanning each feature well, no lines  
of excessive care or anxiety on them.  
The grave look of the boy is there still,  
stronger, more intense.

The little plot with the orchard and home  
is but a small portion of the posses-  
sion of Lewis H— to-day. No mort-  
gagements any portion, and acre by  
he has added to his little farm until  
old homestead itself is no larger than  
farm. Yes, he is considered rich and as  
gather round his table to partake our

evening meal, we look into the happy smil-  
ing faces of his wife and children and con-  
clude that he is more than rich. But Lewis  
has had his share of trouble during all these  
years. One of his little ones lie in the  
churchyard close by, and he has met with  
losses in most ways common to farmers.  
But now in the prime of his life he can look  
back on the toil and landscape of the "past  
with pleasing complacency. The gloss and  
glitter of the outside world has no charms  
for him; he does not even know that it is  
but gloss and glitter. He has never been a  
hundred miles from his home. That home  
and family are all the world to him, and as  
he has lived so far so will he no doubt live  
until death claims him. And who can say  
that he will be a loser thereby? Verily not  
I. But I know that my old friend's prophe-  
cy is verified to-day. Success and happi-  
ness have followed temperance and indus-  
try.

KEY TO SUCCESS.

All men think they are earnestly looking  
for it.  
Few are willing to pay the price of its  
possession.

All men wish to die the death of the  
righteous. Notwithstanding which most  
men wish and are determined to enjoy the  
pleasures of sin.

We all wish to eat our cake and have it  
too, and most of us eat our cake without re-  
gard to consequences, without careful re-  
flection and self examination, that we real-  
ly desire to succeed to wealth and honor  
and that we are entirely willing to exer-  
cise that abstinence, industry and self-con-  
trol which alone will secure them.

How many, under whose eyes this will  
fall, can conscientiously say they are living  
up to their own knowledge of what they  
ought and must do to reach any high place  
in the world or even to be anything more  
than day laborers for other men? Again,  
what is "Success?" Who attains financial  
success? Who is rich?

How much money must a man have to be  
rich?  
The answer to all these questions depend  
upon circumstances. In a general way, ev-  
ery man is rich whose income each day ex-  
ceeds his expenses.

Every man is independently rich whose  
income at the current rate of interest will  
meet his expenditures of every name and  
nature, and leave a balance, however small,  
to increase his capital.

The reason of so many failures in life is  
very largely the want of sufficient will pow-  
er to deny ourselves those things we de-  
sire to have, which we know our income  
will not warrant our buying.

Most men are industrious. Few are fru-  
gal. Most men can face hardship and even  
danger.

Few men can face a temptation to buy a  
thing desired, which their income will not  
warrant them in having. Especially is this  
the case when all his neighbors indulge  
themselves in the same thing and it has  
become the fashion in his neighborhood. The  
frown of Mrs. Grundy has more terror than  
the dishonor of bankruptcy.

In the observation of a long life and in  
the light of history, we are convinced the  
very first requisite of success is an honest,  
conscientious purpose to do the duty of the  
moment, whether it be agreeable or disa-  
greeable, whether it seem to be for our  
pecuniary gain or loss. Look over the list of  
acquaintances and we shall find that it has  
not been the bright smart boys that have  
succeeded, but the boys who plodded along  
behind the quick-witted ones—doing the  
task set them, with patience and conscien-  
tious fidelity to duty.

We shall find that it is not the boys or  
men who are constantly building air cas-  
tles, who always have exceedingly plausi-  
ble schemes of success in great undertak-  
ings, who become the millionaires, who are  
leading lawyers, physicians, merchants and  
manufacturers, and who fill all the positions  
of honor and power, but the men who had  
little to say—who faithfully did the work  
set before them for the day or hour.

We must remember there are no miracles  
and no luck, in the long run. Money  
quickly won is quickly lost. Success by  
accident or favor soon brings disaster.

Only those reputations and fortunes built  
up by patient waiting, day after day, month  
after month, through long and weary years  
are enduring.

Growth is the law of all individual or col-  
lective power or things.

The impatience of men at the slow pro-  
cess of natural laws in their personal affairs  
as well as in public, causes untold mischief.

Shoddy is the natural product of impa-  
tience—shoddy in everything—shoddy in  
character—shoddy in churches—shoddy in  
State affairs—shoddy society—shoddy in  
dress—shoddy in names—shoddy in goods.

When every man deals honestly with  
himself and with his neighbors, shoddy  
will disappear. The effort to get something  
for nothing is not by nothing (of value) be-  
ing given for something. Worthless goods  
are given for good money. Look over ev-

ery village, every town, every county, ev-  
ery city, and with rare exceptions you will  
find the men who are pointed out as stand-  
ing at the head of every department of life,  
as a body, the most conscientious, honest,  
industrious and painstaking men in that  
community.

Take out of that community that body of  
men, though they may have one or more  
Judases among them, and a drag net  
thrown over the place would not secure a  
like number of men approaching them in  
all that goes to make them exemplary citi-  
zens.

Finally, the "key to success" is through  
integrity, industry and self-sacrifice. The  
determination to deal honestly with all men  
—to do as you would be done by, to shirk  
no duty because it is disagreeable—never to  
decline any work because it is honorable—  
and never letting our go of means of liveli-  
hood, however humble, until we get hold  
of another and better; and never to be con-  
tent with a thing however good, when a  
better can be secured or with any position  
however high when a higher is honorably  
within our reach.—Ez.

BEAUTY IN OUR HOMES.

No American can travel through the  
French parishes in Canada, says an Ameri-  
can journal, without being struck by the  
contrast between the picturesque cottages  
of the French habitants that are frequently  
seen and the houses occupied by the same  
class of persons in the United States.

All are alike built of wood, all are alike  
cheap; but the Canadian house, with its va-  
riety of steep roofs and gothic windows, its  
fine coloring, its quaint shaded garden, is a  
delight and a surprise to the eye of the ar-  
tist, while we all know how plain and un-  
attractive is the ordinary farmhouse in  
America.

Many a well-to-do farmer owns a rich  
farm, to the culture of which he gives unre-  
mitting labor and large sums of money.  
But the house he lives in gives no evidence  
of the care or thought that he expends on  
his farm. It is a square dwelling set down  
in a bare space and surrounded by a staring  
rampart of chicken coops, barns, corn cribs  
and pig sties.

The whole place is orderly and clean, but  
none the less it is unattractive and unhome-  
like. Thrift and plenty and cleanliness are  
seen everywhere. These are good and nec-  
essary things in their way, but they are not  
all the good or the necessity of life. The  
coarsest boy or man has within him a sense  
of beauty, a love of harmony in nature.  
This may be awakened to elevate and re-  
fine his whole nature, or it may be allowed  
by neglect to die out, while he degenerates  
into a coarse, money-making plodder.

Every farmer's wife or daughter has it  
in her power, if not to make the house itself  
picturesque, to surround it with beauty  
that costs nothing. Let there be roses in  
the garden, vines clambering over the roof,  
a few copies of good pictures on the walls,  
and the gentle words and loving looks ev-  
erywhere which crown the whole.

The men and boys, going in and out to  
their plowing or work in the barns, may  
never seem to notice these efforts, or even  
know themselves that they notice them.  
But when they go out into the world or  
grow old, these are things they will remem-  
ber as "home," and which will be a dear  
and tender memory to them forever; not  
the pigeons, or crops, or the amount of  
money earned which seem so important to  
them now.

There is no more energetic, intelligent or  
thrifty class than that of the American  
farmer. But he is apt to forget that "man  
does not live by bread alone," and to slight  
in his daily surroundings the beauty and  
refinement which is necessary food for his  
better self.

God makes the crops grow, and fills the  
hills with useful coal and iron; but it is not  
without meaning that He covers them over  
with the glory of forest, wild vine, and  
blushing flower. He has surely "made ev-  
erything beautiful in its time" for a real  
purpose, which we should interpret in our  
own lives and for our own improvement.

GOLDEN SHEAVES

—Whenever the tree of beneficence takes  
root it sends forth branches beyond the sky.  
—The sweetest thing on earth is a little  
child when it has learned to know and  
love.  
—A wise man watches the development  
of his plans and then bends his energies to  
waiting.  
—Wisdom is not found with those who  
dwell at their ease; rather Nature, where  
she adds brain, adds difficulty.  
—The sunshine of life is made up of very  
little beams that are bright all the time.  
—The first tear of love that one causes to  
be shed is a diamond, the second a pearl,  
the third a tear.

Boston girls now have an aesthetic style  
of walking. It is composed of a series of  
nervous jerks, twists and wriggles, sugges-  
tive of coarse flannels worn for the first  
time.

FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

The March number opens with No. 3 of  
Dr. Talmage's interesting papers, "People  
I Have Met," descriptive of Henry Wilson,  
ex-Vice-President of the United States, with  
his latest public address, and Dean Stanley.  
There is also an article by him on "Guit-  
tanism," and a sermon "Thumbscrews."  
W. C. Gray has an admirable article, "The  
True Doctrine of Fairyland;" and among  
the other illustrated articles of great merit  
are "The Church of the Holy Sepulchre,"  
"Reminiscences of an old New Yorker,"  
"Rome, the City of Surprises," "The Feast  
of the Annunciation," etc., etc. The seri-  
als, "Prudence Winterburn" and "Marga-  
ret's Enemy," are continued, and there are  
several highly interesting short stories,  
sketches and essays by distinguished writ-  
ers. The lovers of poetry will be delighted  
with the variety and unusual excellence of  
the poems; Augusta Browne Garrett con-  
tributes two which will not fail to be particu-  
larly noted—"The Heart and the World"  
and "An Artist's Farewell to Time." "The  
Mother with Nine Sons," from the Romaic,  
by H. F. Bramwell, is quaint and original.  
Besides the usual abundance of entertaining  
and instructive miscellany, there is "The  
Collection Basket," "Wit, Wisdom and Pa-  
thos of Childhood," etc., etc. A single  
copy is furnished for 25 cents, and the sub-  
scription for a year \$3, postpaid. Address  
Frank Leslie, 53, 55 and 57 Park Place,  
New York City.

When a girl who has encouraged a young  
man for about two years suddenly tells him  
that she can never be more than a sister to  
him, he can, for the first time, see the freck-  
les on her nose.

"But I pass," said a minister recently in  
dismissing one theme of his subject to take  
up another, "Then make it spades," yell-  
ed a man from the gallery, who was dream-  
ing the happy hours away in an imaginary  
game of euchre. It is needless to say that  
he went out on the next deal, assisted by  
one of the deacons.

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J. A. WOODSON.  
White Sulphur Springs. 2-41

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one dark chestnut work mare, branded J R com-  
bined on right hip. These horses are supposed to  
be in the Prickly Pear valley, lost about the 16th  
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