

Home Circle.

THE FLOW.

That makes the pigs forget to squeal, that makes the old hags younger feel, that fills the kitchen tub with meal? The flow.

That makes the chickens strut and crow, that makes the corn and barley grow, that makes the mill and sifter go? The flow.

That makes the farmers grow and thrive, that makes the merchant scheme and thrive, that makes the cobblers all alive? The flow.

That on the banks of the river Styx, the souls were driven by politics, that would have saved them from that fix? The flow.

That flows the thing to make the corn, that cures the goat and hollow horn, that should we follow in the morn? The flow.

That flows for the Rocky Mountain Husbandman. OLD JOHN BUMMER.

BY D. R. H.

John Bummer! Who does not know or some one like him? There never more honest soul than old John Bummer. He has his faults, though, and who says John's besetting sin is whisky. It is a grave sin, hence the people raise voices and condemn old John. His neighbors, guilty of such sins as selfishness, avarice and sensuality, are permitted to walk the free earth unmolested; so opens her arms and gives them a cordial welcome. But old John is a drunkard, boys hoot at him and the pious all frown on him with a frown. The minister's word of advice, no kindly look or grasp of the hand for such as he; yet poor old John has a soul to save as the rich man. At heart he may be better than the minister who finally passes him by, than the pious neighbors who frown on him. Beneath that red coat there may beat as kind a heart as ever throbbed. No man is more to do a kind deed than he. Old John says you will say all drunkards are, but he has driven many to the cup, and this may or may not have been the cause that urged old John on down the whisky path. Old John has no home, he has no kin, a barn, a shed, a gutter, a bed, a meal now and then, and then, he has to keep life in his poor whisky body. Everything and every one is against the poor old man; and how he can persevere? Every one calls him a bummer; they tell him that he is a ruined soul and he never contradicts them, but he remarks that he is afraid it is a fact. No one says you are a bummer, John, only leave whisky alone and you will be as much respected as us. Not any one, ah! let me see, years ago old John was a young, noble, high spirited man. Who would have believed then that he would come to this? To be sure that was a long time ago, and many of our recollections, but how we have heard the tale of his early life. How he married a beautiful girl, prospered in business; how a year later his wife died; how grief drew him from his business; how he neglected his duties; how the sheriff came one morning and closed his store; how he dropped a few cents every month, no one offering to him, none striving to stay his downward course, for it is human nature to kick when he is going down the hill, and helping hand when he is ascending. He did not wish to appear to want to alter the sins of old John. Full well that he has debased and corrupted people of his soil, and wrought for on earth misery and woe. But it is us to judge him. We are all weak, boasts most of the foundation he upon is often the first to fall. Let deal kindly with those, who, like him, have fallen. A word of kindness and sympathy will do more than many a sermon. A few years, perhaps months, or years may pass and old John will go on something beyond, and we will meet there in equality. The minister finally taught the rich and seemingly the rich and pious who listened to vine lessons, the man who scoffed, believed, all I expect will be found much the same fix there. So give old John Bummer a chance, for he will do more than you that day.

A LITTLE TOO WARM.

"About heat," said Abner Bying, as he sat upon the porch of Jones' country place, trying to keep cool, "this is nothing but what I've seen; it's coolness, absolute. Why, when I lived out in the islands, back here in 1848, it

the people would see the thermometer fall to 100 deg. in the shade, they'd get out their skates, and begin to consider the probabilities of an ice crop."

"How high did it used to get?" asked Major Potts.

"Generally up to four or five hundred in the shade. They never did their cooking with fires out there. Always baked their bread in the sun. Lay a steak on the window sill; and it would be done on one side before you could stick a fork into it to turn it over. The water was hot, too. People never thought of trying to get cold water to drink. Put a leg of mutton down a well, and it'd come up boiled, you could pump mutton soup out of the well for two or three days. The first time I went to swim in the ocean out there, I didn't know about it, and was nearly scalded to death."

"In the ocean?" "Yes, sir, in the Pacific Ocean. Why, a deg in that country couldn't put down four legs at a time. He would go on three legs, so as to give the other one a chance to cool. It was a common thing for horses to get their shoes red hot, and one summer I remember the pavements got so warm that several horses had their legs burnt off clean up to the knees."

"Did they have no cool water at all?" "Oh, yes, of course; that was in the rainy season. Then it would get very cold so sometimes, and this caused a curious phenomenon. The island I lived on was about eight miles long in winter time but the heat of summer was so intense that it would expand the island to the extent of about four miles, so she'd go, expanding and contracting from year to year in the most extraordinary manner. I know just after I went there I bought a place of twelve acres of a man. It was summer time, and I paid him so much an acre. When the cold weather came, I found that it wasn't more than half the size it ought to be, and the trees were crowded up together so close that you couldn't walk through them. Took advantage of me, the man did. I ought to have bought in the winter."

"Was it a prolific soil?"

"Well, yes, when the season was good. In real hot weather things were slow of growing; but ordinarily my corn would be between three and four hundred feet high, and the stalks from six to nine feet in diameter at the base. We cut it with axes. The ears were generally about the size of a large lobster. There was a man over on one of the islands, named Smith, who used to raise one turnip a year, and that was enough, because a single turnip would cover three-quarters of an acre. But one good growing season Smith's turnip grew so fearfully that it covered the entire island, and Smith had to move off and go up on the side of a volcano back of his place. However the turnip would grow; couldn't be stopped, you know; and it did grow, until finally it got so heavy that it sunk the island."

"Sunk the entire island, and that, you know, let the ocean into the volcano. This generated steam so fast that the whole thing exploded, and Smith was blown sixty-three miles out to sea, and picked up, discouraged, by a San Francisco ship. He told a friend of mine that that was the last turnip that he would ever raise. Yes, sir, it was hot in those regions. Let a man in good health step out of doors in the middle of the day, and he'd come back all black and wrinkly, exactly like dried beef. I've known men who cured themselves in that way so that, with a couple of days in a smoke house, they'd keep for two hundred years, alive and as good as ever."

"Alive?" "Yes, alive. And evaporation was so great that I've seen the ocean fall 150 feet under a hot sun until you could wade twenty miles from land."

"Did you ever do it?" asked the major.

"Often. I've waded forty miles out."

"I thought you said the water is boiling hot?"

"Boiling hot?" Well, I believe I—oh, yes, of course, boiling hot sometimes, but, of course, I wore my boots. No, sir—it any man catches me telling a lie I give him leave to kick me on the spot."

Then up rose the major, and elevating the toe of his boot, he applied it to the rear elevation of Abner, and sent him whizzing out into the street. Abner picked himself up, brushed the dust off his trowsers, and coming back to the porch, smiling, he winked at the major, and said:

"Major, you're the quickest man to take a hint that I ever met."

Then Abner borrowed a dime from Jones and went away in search of some liquid groceries.

HOW THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD MADE TEA.

An eastern subscriber sends the following story: William Smith was paying attention to Molly Perkins. He was a freshman in college, and she a boarder at a fashionable institute. One evening William saw his sweetheart home from a lecture at the Young Men's Christian Association, and as he had been introduced to the matron as a

cousin, he felt at liberty to accept an invitation to go in to take a cup of tea. It was rather late—the servants had retired, and Molly found herself driven to the necessity of helping herself. She found the kettle and alcohol lamp on their proper shelf, and went bravely to work to heat some water.

After the lapse of a quarter of an hour, William observed something coming out of the spout, and modestly remarked that he believed the water must be boiling. This assumption of knowledge on his part, was put down by the fair damsel who stated that it was necessary to wait until all that white cloud had ceased before pouring out the water. Fifteen minutes later the spout fell off, having been melted by the heat. The steam had ceased to appear, and the young lady now said that the water was boiling; as the spout was gone, it was proposed to pour the water out of the lid, not an easy thing to do, but William was ready to risk anything for his sweetheart; he lifted up the kettle, removed the cover and tried to pour out the water, when he, and behold, it was empty; all of the water had been boiled away, not a drop could be squeezed out of it, and the kettle was ruined.

EVILS OF GOSSIP.

We have known a country society which withered away all to nothing under the dry rot of gossip. Friendships once as firm as granite, dissolved to jelly, and then ran away to water, only because of this; love that promised a future as enduring as heaven and as stable as truth, evaporated into a morning mist that turned to a days long tears, only because of this; a father and son were set foot to foot with the fiery breath of anger that would never cool again between them; and a husband and his young wife, each straining at the heated leash, which in the beginning had been the golden bondage of a God-blessed love, sat mournfully by the grave where all their love and all their joy lay buried, and all because of this. I have seen faith transformed into mean doubt, joy give place to grim despair, and charity take on itself the features of black malevolence, because of the small words of scandal and the magic mutterings of gossip. Great crimes word wrongs and deeper tragedies of human life spring from the larger passions; but wonderful and most mournful are the uncalculated tragedies that issue from gossip and detraction, most mournful the shipwreck often made of noble natures and lovely lives by the bitter winds and dead salt waters of slander. So easy to say, yet so hard to disprove—throwing on the innocent all the burden and the strain of demonstrating their innocence, and punishing them as guilty if unable to pluck out the stings they cannot see, and to silence words they never hear—gossip and slander are the deadliest and cruellest weapons man has ever forged for his brother's heart.

A PLAN FOR REACHING THE NORTH POLE

One of the latest of the big schemes on paper is to change the climate of North America. The man who suggests this audacious idea is neither a poet nor a creature of financial nightmares, but a solid geologist, Professor Shaler, of Harvard University. The points of his interesting scheme may be summarized as follows: Once upon a time the Japanese current flowed through Behring's Straits into the Arctic Ocean. Then the straits were wider than they are now, because forces, no longer existing, caused the coast to rise gradually. The result of the narrowing process was the interruption of the warm current and the consequent reduction of the entire northern part of this continent to an icy waste. This section of the continent feels the effect of the change, too, as our frequent blizzards attest. That Greenland was more habitable some centuries ago than now is an historical fact. The thing to do is to make an artificial channel through the straits so that the warm current may pass towards the pole again. Such an achievement would reclaim a vast stretch of land, giving North America a delightful climate, for not only would rough winters be a thing of the past, but the fierce heats of the American summer would be tempered. Professor Shaler thinks that the great work could be accomplished if civilized nations would unite in giving to the work the men, money and energy now expended in fighting each other.

HONOR WOMEN.

There is nothing manly in making light of women. Never use a lady's name in an improper place, or at an improper time, or in mixed company. Never make assertions about her that may be untrue, allusions that she herself would blush to hear. Shun men who do not scruple to make use of a woman's name in a reckless and unprincipled manner. They are the very worst members of the community—lost to every sense of honor, every feeling of humanity. Many a good and worthy woman's charac-

ter has been forever ruined and her heart broken by a lie concocted by an unprincipled villain, but believed by people of good principles who are too ready to believe slander or condemn imprudence and crime. The smallest thing derogatory to a woman's character will fly on the wings of the wind, and magnify as it circulates, until its weight crushes the poor unconscious victim. Remember this if you are tempted to repeat or listen to a scandalous lie.—Ex

GOLDEN SHEAVES.

- By doing nothing, we learn to do ill.
-Next to love sympathy is the divinest passion of the human heart.
-Good words which come from the soul will reach upon the soul.
-True glory consists in being true to it.
-A strict belief in fate is the worst of slavery.
-The heart is the only thing that is better by being broken.
-True love always makes a man better no matter who the woman who inspires it.
-Woman is like the reed which bows to every passing breeze, but breaks not in the tempest.

We should have a great deal more domestic happiness if we would commit to memory the lines which the honest sailor composed for his sweetheart:

I'll be content with Annie Bread,
And won't have any but her.

A young gentleman recently went home and found that he was the happy father of a fourteen pound baby. After looking fondly at the youngster for a few moments he said, in a dazed sort of way, "You fat rascal, if you go to thinking that you are born into a wealthy family you'll get left."

The best advice to Catarrh Sufferer—write Dr. C. R. Sykes, 169, Madison street, Chicago, for full information of a Sure Cure—Free.

SAW FILING. Being compelled to do more or less saw filing, I have determined to make it a specialty, and to that end have fitted my shop with the necessary tools. Work warranted first-class. SAM SCOTT, White Sulphur Springs, M. T.

TAKEN UP. By the undersigned, on the eight day of January, one oak bay horse about four years old, branded S B on the left shoulder; also one gray horse about nine years old, branded H on the right shoulder. The owners are requested to call at my ranch on Trout creek, Meagher county, prove property, pay charges and take them away. J. C. DONNALLY, R. BYRD, P. O.—Canyon Ferry, M. T. 10

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ARTHUR G. HATCH, Attorney at Law

AND Notary Public. Special Attention given to Collections WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, M. T.

NOTICE OF FINAL ENTRY.

U. S. LAND OFFICE, Helena, Montana, March 3, 1882. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at Helena, M. T. on Friday April 7th, 1882, viz: Walter S. Corwin, Declaratory Statement No. 498 for lots 2, 3 and 4, section 7 and lot 1, section 18, township 14 N E 14 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of said land, viz: Clarence M. Goodell, of Lewis and Clarke co., M. T.; David Gayle, Simon T. Kincaid, James McDonald, of Gardenland, Meagher county, Montana. J. H. MOE, Register. 17

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Disolution of partnership.

The co-partnership heretofore existing between Michael Foley and Joseph Connelly, in the Barber district and elsewhere, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Michael Foley continues the business and settles outstanding indebtedness, and collects all moneys now due the firm of Foley & Connelly. MICHAEL FOLEY, JOS. CONNELLY, Hughesville, M. T., March 20, 1882. 20