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FORT BENTON



EXPRESS, GEO. HOUK, Proprietor.

Parties desiring my services will please leave their orders at E. BRADLEY'S CARPENTER SHOP.

OVERLAND HOTEL,

Fort Benton, M. T.,

Under the management of Messrs

ROWE BROTHERS,

is unsurpassed by any

First-Class House in Montana

for comfort and convenience.

NEW HOUSE, NEW ROOMS, NEW FURNITURE.

Messrs Rowe Brothers have just completed a new addition to the OVERLAND, consisting of a large, neatly-finished building, containing eleven sleeping apartments and an elegantly furnished reception room. The liberal patronage which this old and widely celebrated Hotel has received since its establishment at Fort Benton has encouraged the proprietors to make it still more worthy of public favor. It is believed that the improvements just completed make

THE OVERLAND

SECOND TO NONE IN THE TERRITORY.

Clean, neatly-kept rooms, comfortable beds, luxurious table, attentive waiters,

Are Characteristics of this House.

The Helena Stage will bring guests to the door of the OVERLAND.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CARROLL.

To the Editor of the Record:

The *Independent* of the 17th instant publishes a note from C. C. Gilbert, Lieutenant Colonel U. S. A., to Messrs Maclay & Co., in regard to the arrival of the steamers Josephine and Western at Carroll. A special courier, we are informed, conveyed the dispatch from Copperopolis to Camp Baker, lest a moment's delay should occur in the transmission of the news to Helena. While the *N. Y. Sun* is busily engaged in attacking the military organization of the United States, crying for the reduction of the army to the talismanic number and insisting that the officers are too numerous, and some of them have but little if any duties to perform, &c., &c.—C. C. Gilbert, Lieutenant Colonel U. S. Army, for once in his life condescends to appear interested in non-military matters, and to remove any impression that may have been created by the *Sun* unfavorable to Lieutenant Colonels, anyhow, becomes the harbinger of what he probably deems welcome tidings in this hour of dire adversity to the Carroll route speculators. When an army officer of C. C. Gilbert's rank is induced to forward a semi-official, semi-business dispatch in autograph—which, by the way, is an unusual thing for Gilbert to do when corresponding with inferiors in rank or citizens in general—when this mode of telegraphing the arrival of the steamers at Carroll is resorted to, reflection will clearly show that there is a rottenness somewhere, that the bubble is about to burst. Cast upon the public as an enterprise worthy of thought and forced into life through the strength of pecuniary circumstances, backed by the entire military strength of Montana during the season, with a road strewn with the bones and flowing with the blood of its protectors—the Carroll route on its last legs, in its inevitable collapse, presents a sad spectacle, and it will always be a lesson to our merchants, a check to enterprises of rash nature, and to draw it mild, unwise speculation.

Commenting upon the note of C. C. Gilbert, Lieutenant Colonel, U. S. A., the *Independent* says: "The arrival of two steamers with two hundred tons of freight as late as the 10th day of October is the most fitting reply that can be made to the maligners of the Carroll route." Who are the maligners of the Carroll route? In an humble way I have been associated with those who have from time to time written on the merits of the several transportation routes of this Territory. I have occasionally referred to the Carroll route as a grand fizzle, as a signal failure. I have done what even the adherents of the Carroll route declined to do—presented to the public the facts and figures upon which any claim could in justice have been made. In short, I have through the columns of the *Record*, if not ably, at least truthfully and fairly represented the condition of the North Pacific's contract, the Coulson-Diamond R combination route. Have I not? Show me a single instance wherein the least shadow of a shade of malign intent appears. Point out a single inaccuracy, disprove a single assertion that I have made in reply to the fabricated arguments of the fluent writers, the adherents and admirers of the purchased—aye, dearly bought—business enterprise of the Carroll route operators. That a shade of anger has at times changed my feelings of kindness towards the Carroll route writers, especially when perusing their usually long strings of prophetic warning and italicized expressions of doubt concerning the success of their pet project, I confess. But where is the person who in full expectation of seeing the claims of the Carroll operators verified or substantiated at some time or other during the season, has not become incensed through the whimpering and childish reasoning which is forced upon them under the pretence of being an argument in proof of the success of that chimera. The *Herald* and its correspondents failed to substantiate in any particular the long rignarole they have made about the success of the Carroll route, and the *Independent* has not in a single instance attempted to verify the assertions repeatedly made through its columns concerning the successful freight traffic of that route. Both of these journals have been respectfully requested to tender any evidence they may have in support of their claims, and both have been equally reticent. It is an open question. Why?

The *Independent* says: "The success which has attended this route from the beginning of the freighting season has confirmed it as Montana's favorite route."—Now will the writer of those lines listen to me for one moment? The failure of the Carroll route as a competing influence in the question of cheap markets, as an avenue for Montana freight, and as an independent enterprise has been repeatedly confirmed from the beginning of the freighting season to the present moment; although opening under all the advantages of a special rate, and aided by a line of packets the owners of which, for motives not necessary to mention, were very anxious for the success of the scheme, it was thought that the Carroll route should have a clean record this season. The Carroll route, however, has failed. That, sir, is what I have proved in former letters by facts and figures, that is what I here reiterate, and I defy the production of any proof to the contrary. I have directly shown by the figures of the Carroll shipping list correspondent that the Coulson-Diamond R combination is a failure in the solution of the transportation problem; that it is not an avenue for Montana freight, that it is not the long sought substitute for rapid transit. I will at another time show that the Carroll route is neither a cheap nor a reliable one. In the meantime, the *Independent*, by referring to such facts as I have already set forth, may find something interesting concerning the work of the Carroll route during this season, and also perceive the grounds upon which I claim that the Benton route alone removes the difficulties attending the freight transportation of this Territory through lack of railroads. And remember that the first and last of Montana freight this season are Benton shipments. T.

From the Judith Basin.

To the Editor of the Record:

CAMP LEWIS, M. T., October 9, 1875. Alas! the poor savage, with unsmooth breast, With painted phiz, in scanty wardrobe dressed, He's still around with vengeance in his eye—brow, Thinking he'll whoop us up and have a fresh pow-wow.

Thus sang the mounted men of this command, as with wearied limbs, and appetites eager for the roast, they, on the evening of the 4th instant, slowly wended their way campward after performing a three days' scout through some of the roughest country this side of Alaska. And this was the cause of it:

About twenty minutes past ten on the morning of the 1st, Johnny, the mail driver between here and Carroll, with distended eye-balls, and mustache streaming in the wind, came tearing into camp and rushing to the commanding officer's tent, exclaimed:

"Cap'n, I've been fired upon!—Sioux!"

"What! Indians?" said the commander.

"Yes, sir," said Johnny, "the woods is full of 'em!"

Thinking there might be some truth in the report Capt. Browning, Lieut. Woodruff and eighteen men immediately saddled up and started to hunt up the audacious red men who dared to fire upon the U. S. Mail. Where the firing occurred is about 47 miles from here, below Box Elder, on the Carroll road; and though the whole country is burnt over, not a spear of any green thing being left to cheer the poor horses on their way, the command by hard pushing and fearless riding got over the distance in less than five hours. Did Phil's Winchester ride beat that much?—I guess not. One accident occurred. Private Marlow's horse tried to turn a summersault, fell on his nose, and dislocated Robert's shoulder. But Bob had another one which he was willing to sacrifice in the glorious cause; so after brushing the dust carefully from his charger's nose, he again mounted.

The evening shadows having pushed out the last streak of day, giving place to Egyptian darkness, the command, tired and somewhat jaded, stretched their limbs 'neath heaven's canopy, and were soon (except the guard) sweetly snoring in the arms of Murphy-us. Next morning, ere the sage-cock had time to crow, the unearthly howling of the hungry cayote awakened us from our balmy (?) slumbers. Boots and saddles having been sounded, we adjusted our neckties and were again on our way to hunt the bloody reds.

This day, the 2d, was spent in thoroughly scouting the country through and on all sides of where the mail driver said he was

fired on, but not a hostile moccasin track was visible in the sand.

"Dear me," said the commander, "they must have fired on him from a balloon."

"Ah!" said Corporal M., aside, "It's an arranged job to keep us down here until our snoots freeze off."

Sergeant Jim nodded approvingly, and after clearing his throat, as if for an extensive oratorical effort, remarked, "You bet!"

"Gentlemen," remarked Joe Gallagher, "I love square dealing as dearly as a famished wolf yearns after the liver of a festive elk; but it is as plain to me as the bunion on Jake Moore's foot, that this firing business is a 'put up McGonigle.'"

I said nothing; but thought in the language of Joaquin Miller:

May the bunch-grass wither
'Neath their wicked feet.

Finding that further search for Sitting Bull would be unavailing, on the morning of the 4th the command wheeled to the rear taking the celebrated Black butte—legendary abode of Indian ghosts—in on our way and arrived at Camp Lewis at a late hour of the afternoon, where the savory smell of Jim Allen's stew pans made glad our empty stomachs.

I see in "XXX'S" last communication to the *Herald* that Carroll is further down the river than Benton. Good Lord! What a revelation! "XXX," old boy, thank you. It was real generous of you to enlighten us Montanians on such an important subject. We did hear of such a place, but thought it was somewhere in the vicinity of Whoop-Up. But now that we are assured that it really exists, and on the river, too, our friends in the States shall be informed of it at once. Say, "XXX," why don't you get up a geography? You could lobby it into the public schools, you know, and next year or so it might be interesting to the residents of Montana to know exactly where the two sheds that now constitute the place called Carroll once stood.

The clerk of the trading establishment here wears No. 11 moccasins without any socks, but somehow his understanding is too narrow-gauged to get along well with soldiers. Walter, politeness even to a private costs nothing.

Lieut. Burnett arrived here yesterday with transportation sufficient to convey Co. "K," and ten recruits to Fort Shaw. A hundred recruits in all are on the way here, but doubts are entertained about the reliable Carroll route being able to bring them further than Buford this season. If they should arrive, Lieut. Burnett will make the assignments to the different companies here, and take those destined for Shaw back with "K" Co.

How long Co. "G," will remain behind is not yet known. We had a big vegetable dinner to-day, the first this summer.

The melodious tones of Musician Wendling's life are at present hushed, sacrificed to America's National Game—base ball. He struck a high-fly to Old Man Smith, and in trying to make 1st base collided with Dominick O'Connor, a descendant of Brien Boru, and fractured his arm.

And now farewell, old Judith,

We may never see you more,

For the Carroll route's gone up the spout

Which into you did pour.

Are we sorry? Ich denke nicht. T. H.

A CANADIAN PHRASE.—Canada's bright and sensible governor-general, Lord Dufferin, has given the dominion people a new by-word, which has spread with electric rapidity from one end of Canada to the other. On his voyage out, being called upon by the emigrants to address them, he alludes to this phrase, which had grated harshly on his ears: "He had the misfortune to have too many children." Lord D. said: "I remarked that perhaps no better idea could be given of the differences between the old country and their new home than by the fact that whereas in England a struggling man might be overweighted in the battle of life by a numerous family, in the land to which they were going a man could scarcely have too many children. Here I was applauded lustily, with a cheerful accompaniment of laughter also, when I was further greeted with an approving thump on the back by a stalwart young emigrant, who cried out, 'Right you are, sir; that's what I've been telling Emily.'" The Canadians have got up the slang phrase, That's what I've been telling Emily," having had the anecdote made familiar by going the rounds of the papers, and one hears everywhere, "That's what I've been telling Emily."—E. C.