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ADVERTISING RATES

Table with 10 columns and 2 rows showing advertising rates for different durations and positions.

Selected Story.

Mr. Peewit's Quiet Evening.

A Story of Domestic Life.

One evening last week Peewit returned home tired out with the worry and fret of the day's business, and, after indulging in a light supper, drew his chair up to the light, and the leaves of a new magazine, and remarked to his wife:

"Here's a new story, En, by that favorite author of yours."

"O! is there? I should like to hear it ever so much," she replied, finishing her cup of tea in three quick gulps.

Now if there was any one thing Peewit considered himself a "boss" at, it was in reading, and nothing made him so angry as the slightest noise or interruption when he was so engaged. Turning to his wife, he remarked, condescendingly:

"I think we're going to have a quiet evening of it, so I'll read it aloud to you."

Mrs. P. said she would be more than delighted to listen to it, and Peewit, having wiped his glasses, commenced. He had only read a few lines when his spinster aunt came down stairs, slammed the door, and asked:

"What's the matter with him now?—Ain't going to deliver a lecture, is he?"

"If you hadn't been brought up in the woods along with the cows and woodchicks, you'd know enough to keep that big mouth of yours shut when you see a person reading," said Peewit, raising his eyes from his magazine, and frowning at her.

"High diddle diddle! I s'pose a person's got to sit holdin' their tongue in their teeth 'cause you want to cackle," said S. A. acidly.

Peewit went back to his reading without making any reply. He found the place with some difficulty, and was getting right down to his work, when his wife, who was gliding noiselessly around clearing the table off, let a cup and saucer fall with a crash.

"Jumping hop-toads! what are you trying to do?" shouted Peewit, dropping the magazine, and looking around.

"Nothing at all, dear; only a cup and saucer fell. Just go on with your reading," explained his wife, comfortingly.

"Cap and saucer!" exclaimed Peewit. "Heavens and earth, it made noise enough for a whole china-store!"

When he had partaken of a glass of water, and got cooled down, he resumed the story, and was getting along nicely, when the hired girl came down from answering a ring at the hall door, and said there was a gentleman in the hall who wanted to see him.

"There it goes again! A person can't read a line aloud in this house without being interrupted a hundred times," he said, slamming the book down and going out.

Fifteen minutes later he returned, threw himself down in the chair, snatched up the book, jerked it open, and said:

"You tell that idiotic servant-girl of yours that the next time she sends me up stairs to be button-holed and talked to death by a life insurance agent, she'll have to get another situation."

"How do you 'spect the girl was goin' to know the man was a 'urance feller, any more'n she'd know you was a born fool?" inquired his spinster aunt, in a lemonish voice.

"I'm going to read, I am. If you want to get up any argument, you'd better go out in the back yard and talk to the cats," he replied, trying to find the place he had left off at, which, owing to his S. A. turning over the leaves in search of pictures while he was absent, was a work requiring time and a perfect command of one's angry passions.

"By the everlasting mules of Mahomet, I wish folks would keep their fingers off things when I lay them down for a minute!" he shouted, finally.

He took a few minutes to compose himself, after he had found the place; then he commenced reading in an excited and unnecessarily high key, but getting interested after awhile in the story, he quieted down, and was sailing smoothly ahead, when a boy threw a snowball through the window-pane with a fearful crash and jingle of glass.

Then Peewit swore till things looked blue in the room, flung his book down again, darted out in the cold, freezing night, and ran around the block, without his hat or coat, in search of that boy.

When he had come back, kicked the snow out of his slippers, and warmed himself, his wife tried to persuade him not to attempt the story again that night, but he replied:

"I'll read every confounded word of it, if I have to have the walls padded and the whole police force to keep silence!"

Then his wife and S. A. concluded to let him proceed, and he flounced himself down in the chair, turned up the gas till it set fire to the paper shade, burned his fingers putting it out, evicted about the room, dropping bad words about promiscuously, and finally wound up by holding his fingers under the cold water faucet in the kitchen sink.

This occasioned another fifteen minutes

delay. On his return to the sitting-room there was a cold, stern look of settled determination on his face; he glued his lips together as he took his seat, opened the magazine, and commenced reading in a hard, metallic voice; he had finished the first column, and was tackling some long words in the second, when the family cat made a spring at a mouse, in the china closet, and upset a soap-tureen and half-a-dozen goblets off the shelf.

"I wish that lightning would waltz down and knock the whole confounded house over!" he screamed, as his wife let the cat out of the closet and gathered up the broken fragments.

He was so worked up and excited when he again attempted the story, that he read the tenderest love passages in a harsh, grating key, and whispered the heroine's confession of the tender passion in a voice like the clanging of the City Hall bell.

He was rattling off one hundred and fifty words to the minute, and ignoring all punctuation marks, when the servant-girl, coming in on tip-toes with a scuttle of coal, caught her foot in the crum-cloth, and came down with noise enough to wake up a policeman who was snoring in an area two blocks away.

Then Peewit rose up in his righteous wrath, and pranced around that room like a Rocky Mountain goat, while he exercised his vocal powers in some of the most ornamental swearing ever heard in that neighborhood. Then his spinster aunt got her back up, and slammed things around and jawed, while the servant girl, in a heap on the floor, lifted up her voice to heaven and howled dismally.

Reading was not resumed that evening, and Peewit says:

"I'd sooner be kicked to death by jackasses than read the ten commandments in such a house as this."

Wanted a Verse on the End.

He was a country-looking chap, with an odd mixture of sorrow and resignation on his lean countenance, and he dropped upon the startled advertising clerk of the Bangton Patriot with the mysterious whisper of:

"She's gone."

"Who's gone?" asked the clerk.

"Maria."

"Who in thunder's Maria?"

"My wife; she's gone."

"Gone where?"

"Up above—died last night—want you to put it in your next issue?"

"What ailed her?"

"Lookjaw; she lay for three weeks and couldn't speak. Never had such a quiet time in the house before. Just do the notice up fine, will you, an' I'll see that every thing is fixed up all right!"

Accordingly, the clerk scribbled away for a moment, handed out what he had written for inspection, and curtly remarked:

"Dollar thirty-five."

The bereaved husband read it over carefully, and finally gave a sigh of satisfaction.

"That's all right," said he, handing over the required specie, "but I s'pose you could put a verse on the end, couldn't you?"

"Well, yes," ruminated the clerk, "I guess so. What kind of a verse do you want?"

"Sumthin' tender-like an' sorrowful."

"How would this do?" asked the clerk, scratching his head with the end of his penholder:

"A perfect female, folks did consider her, She's gone and left a weepin' widower."

"That's kinder melancholy," reflected the stranger, "but I reckon it's a lecture—jest a lecture—too personal. Just you try it again. I don't mind puttin' up hansom for somethin' that'll rake folk's heart-strings."

The clerk gazed at the fellow for a moment, and then suggested:

"The husband's lost a wife, The children are, Died on Friday night From the lockjaw."

"Yes," broke out the mourner, wiping his nose with a black-bordered handkerchief, "but you see I don't own any young ones."

"What do you think of this, then?"

"She always was contented, At life she'd never carp. Gone to be an angel And play on a golden harp."

"Don't believe that'll suit. You see, Mariar couldn't even play on a pianner, an' I know a harp would stump her, sure. Poor woman; she had a tender heart, and made the most elegant biscuit you ever saw."

"Hanged if I won't have to charge you extra," growled the clerk. "I ain't a Longfellow or Tennyson."

"I know," meekly replied the "weepin' widower." "Just try once more, won't you?"

So the clerk did try, and at last ground out the following:

"On earth could not stay Mariar, So she died and went up higher."

"Sorter irreverent, arn't it?" anxiously asked Mariar's relic. "I reckon I wouldn't grudge a couple of dollars for a bang-up verse."

Thus stimulated, the machine poet became suddenly inspired, and exultingly produced:

"Cry for Maria! Alas! she is no more— Joined the singing seraphs Upon the other shore."

Jealousy and Murder in a Ballroom.

At a country ball about eight miles from Jasper, Piekens county, on Friday night last were Mrs. Cowart, daughter of William Fowler, about 26 years of age, and Mrs. Suthard, daughter of J. Haubrick, about 18 years of age. The former had for some time been divorced, and the latter had been married only about a year.

Mrs. Cowart accepted the tender of Mr. Suthard to be her partner in the dance, and as the two went on the floor Mrs. Suthard approached Mrs. Cowart and objected. Mrs. Cowart, however, refused to yield the company of Mr. Suthard for the dance.

The afflicted one unasily took a chew of tobacco, and whispered:

"Beautiful; but there's one thing that spiles it. Mariar hadn't any more melody in her than an old plough, an' it's deliberat'ly in to speak of her as a vocalist. None of them other syrups (seraphs) you alluded to could keep time with her."

"Well," thoughtfully remarked the dis-comfitted clerk, "if this ain't all O. K. you'll have to hire a special poet; I'm playin' out."

"Affliction sore Long time she bore, Physicians were in vain! Lock-jaw ketcher her, Death it ketcher her, Gone—to rise again."

"Tell you what," enthusiastically exclaimed the widower, "that's tip-top—Here's your two dollars; you've aint them. A young man that can make up such affectin' lines as them has got a glorious future before him!"

And squeezing the exhausted poet's hand, the elated speaker left in search of a pair of black kid gloves.

Best to be Ready.

Seventeen colored men leaned up against the south wall of the Central Market, yesterday, in a row, and by-and-by one of them remarked:

"Well, now, dis is curus weather. Pears like I could hear de buds starting outen de trees. Will Drudder Gardner please 'splain what sort ob weather is gwine to prevail aroun' heah in 'bout a week?"

"Gomen," replied the aged man, as he walked down the line, "de best way is to be on boaf sides ob de queshun, an' den you is ready for de main emergency. Before I left home dis noon I tole de ole woman to git out my white vest an' linen core an' put all de buttons back on. Den when I got down town I contracted for de use ob 'thermometers an' six snow shovels, an' I'ze puffedly willin' to let de weather blossom out or freeze up. Dar's nuffin like takin' time by de padlock."

In the Black Hills.

A party of miners in the Black Hills recently compared eyes and ears over a camp-fire. One said, "When I was coming to the Hills I looked for Indians until I could see a mosquito a mile away."

Another said that his eyes were weak, but he could hear gnats jumping around on the rocks four miles off. The next man had listened for Indians until he heard the mountain sheep light on their horns in the Big Horn Mountains, three hundred miles away. The fourth, with his head on his pillow, had strained his ears until he heard the Chinese nailing up tea boxes. The fifth, in crossing the Rocky Mountains, had found a petrified forest—big trees turned into solid stone. A bird flew past him, and, perching upon a branch, began to sing. Suddenly the bird was changed to stone. The song she was singing was also petrified, hanging down from the beak of the bird—a cold, cold stone. It is about time for a great American novelist to go out to the Hills and write about these interesting miners—for ten dollars a word.

Searching the Guests.

The correspondent of the London Morning Post, at Rome, says: "I must mention what took place at the house of a Roman Marchese on the occasion of his daughter's marriage with Count —, another member of the local aristocracy."

The marriage ceremony having been duly performed in the adjoining church, about seventy persons, friends of both families, who had been invited to attend it, adjourned thence to the Marchese's residence to partake of a dejeuner and offer the congratulations and good wishes to the bride and bridegroom. The young lady had received a number of wedding presents, some of which were very valuable, and the tables on which they were displayed proved very attractive to the visitors; but unfortunately a lady who was very intimate in the house, and knew what the principal gifts were, expressed her surprise at not seeing a very handsome pair of earrings of large emeralds and diamonds, and another valuable piece of jewelry. A mysterious rumor that some of the jewels had been abstracted went round, and reached the ears of the Marchese —, who flew into a violent passion at such a flagrant breach of hospitality, and in spite of the entreaty of his family and friends, at once sent for a delegate of police to search the persons present, none of whom were allowed to leave the palace without having submitted to that degrading formality.

"But as the gentlemen, although affording every facility for the verification of their own innocence, would not allow the police agents to lay hands upon the ladies, the Marchese undertook that duty upon himself, and actually searched the pockets of his lady guests with a perseverance which would have probably been crowned with success if any of those ladies had really been in possession of the missing jewels. What made this affront the more poignant was the fact of the personal friendship existing between the two families interested and the guests invited to witness their union, which amicable relations have, of course, received a mortal blow by the Marchese's conduct. There were also persons of very high consideration present, including two eminentissimi cardinals, as the families both belong to the Papaline section of Roman society; but the body was not spared from the suspicion of having unduly appropriated a portion of the bride's treasures, and all were therefore subjected to the test of personal

search. In addition to the disappointment attending the non-recovery of his property, the Marchese was now to reflect upon the gratuitous office he has offered to his friends and acquaintances, who will hardly be pacified by the circular letters of apology which he offered on the following day, while the real purloiner has escaped unnoticed with his or her unlawful booty."

The way Lawyers do Their Courting.

The Washington correspondent of the Cleveland Herald tells the story of Charles O'Connor's wooing in the following interesting paragraph: "The young and beautiful widow of Commodore McCracken, of our navy, returned from abroad after her husband's death, and finding her financial affairs in a complicated state, went to Mr. O'Connor to get his legal advice in disentangling them. Mr. O'Connor, upon examination, discovered that the Commodore had died insolvent, and the beautiful widow was left to the cold mercies of a selfish world without a penny to call her own."

This he was obliged to break to her, whereupon she held up her hands in piteous dismay, crying, "Oh! Mr. O'Connor, what shall I do? I who have lived in luxury all my life!" "Madam," said the great lawyer, "the best advice I can give you, is to marry me." Whereupon they were married.

Goes to the Heart.

During the past week a well-dressed and intelligent looking man has secured a good many drinks of beer for nothing. His plan is to call into a saloon, give the proprietor a searching glance, and exclaim:

"Why, I thought for an instant that Daniel Webster had returned to life."

He calls for beer, and as he sips it, he again whis-ers:

"I don't say that you will get a government office right away, but you just wait. I'm going to Washington—know 'em all—great influence—can't have you behind a bar—suppose you wouldn't object to the post-office, no matter who's elected?"

They rinse out the glass and say nothing about pay, and the man goes down the street and touches another heart.

A West Hill man got up in a vague state of mind, the other morning, and feeling around in the dark for his socks, got hold of his wife's striped stockings. When he pulled them on and stretched them up, he felt so completely dressed that he didn't think of putting on any thing else, but went moaning around until he found a lamp, and fell to the floor in a fit of terror at the sight of his legs. When they restored him to consciousness, they couldn't make him believe that the house hadn't been burglarized by a circus clown or an escaped convict; because, he said, "I saw him the minute I struck the match, just as plainly as I see you now. Nobody's safe in these awful times."

He was a young man and he looked like a student—like one of the students in attendance at Harvard College. Moreover, his prompt action, as he saw a loaf of bread on the crosswalk up Woodward avenue, went to show that he was fond of football, and therefore a student at Hartford. He reasoned that the loaf had fallen from a baker's sleigh, and further reasoned that it was better for him to kick it into forty pieces than for some poor man to find it. He kicked. He kicked for all he was worth, and uttering a wail of agony, he limped to the fence and leaned against it and swore like a pirate. The interior of that "lost" loaf of bread was a handsome cobblestone, put there for just such an emergency.

The Western boy who didn't get any thing in his Christmas stocking explained the matter thus to his comrades: "I'd have been all right only I couldn't stand sass. I think dad had a pair of skates for me; but when I went home that night he began to blow around and give me sass for not splitting wood. I stood it as long as I could, and then I had to go for him. I told him just what I thought of his conduct, and then one of us left the house and hasn't been home since. I'm waiting for him to put a personal in the papers, saying, 'Come home, darling; all is forgiven, and then I'll rush.'"

A young man from New Haven came out West to lecture last week. He made his debut at Cairo, Ill., and his first effort pleased the people so well that when he dropped out of the back window of the hall they ran around the block and followed him to his hotel, and went up to his room to look for him, and kept him sitting on the roof holding the scuttle down until one o'clock in the morning. He has telegraphed to New Haven for money to come home on.

They tell a story of an Allegheny man at a Chicago hotel whose room was on the top floor, the bell in which was out of order. After wrestling with it half an hour he went to the window and collected a crowd on the street below by waving a pillow case. When a multitude of fellow citizens had collected he shouted loud enough to be heard in Omaha. "Some of you fellows go to that office and tell them to send up a cocktail to me!"

There is an old German proverb to the effect that a great war leaves the country with three armies—an army of cripples, an army of mourners, and an army of thieves.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Countess of Scrip" is what they call a pretty treasury girl in Washington.

A man on Park Row was saying to another man, yesterday, "Let us stand at the needle to the pole." Then he sat down on the ice, and waved his right leg in the air.

A Washington contractor's wife remarked, "We are building an extension to our house."

The laziest man in North Troy stood on the bridge until he froze his feet, waiting for a team to come along so he could ride up the hill.

A newly-wedded couple in New Bedford "were serenaded by the Azore Band." They must have found it Azore affliction.

There had been a discussion about the cost of a dress, and she was wrathful. "It's all very well," she pouted, "for you to expect a woman to be an angel; but I'd have you to know, sir, that I wouldn't be even an angel unless my wings could be cut-goring. There, now!"

Why is a schoolmistress flogging the pupils like a Nantucket ship? Because she is a whaler.

An Iowa paper speaks of a man as having been lynched "for burning the barn and contents of his own in-law." Any man who will burn the contents of his son-in-law ought to be lynched.

Surprise is the essence of wit, but some how when a man is climbing down a ladder on a wily hurry, and never finds out where the boards are gone until he tries to catch his feet, it never seems

sign of "free energy" come around he snorts and a woodpile.

It was at a party, and another fellow had marched off triumphantly with his girl. "That's the way," said he, sadly; "it isn't merit that wins in this world, it's brass watch chains and paste diamonds and moustaches." And he swallowed down his Adam's apple fully three times before it would stay, such was his grief.

A great many people have been driven to the verge of infidelity this winter by noticing that the man who attends church regularly three times on Sunday, keeps a week's supply of kindlings split and piled in the shed, and pays cash for his groceries, is just as apt to slip down on an icy pavement as any body else.

Brigham Young's New Year's calls were confined to his own family, and he didn't get entirely around until 5 o'clock P. M. the next day.

It has been suggested that colored waiters are always provided with white cravats in order that people may know where the head begins.

Mrs. Stowe says we never know how much we love until we try to unlove. To a man who has tried to quit smoking, this needs no argument.

Washington's memory is kept green—on a three cent postage stamp.

Boys will be boys—they can't be girls.

Love makes one hundred and thirty pounds of girl no heavier than a feather in a young man's lap. But after they have been married a year the same girl will sometimes weigh a ton.

If it were not for experiments in science nothing would ever be learned; at least this was the opinion of the Newark man who asked his wife to put her tongue to a cold lamp-post.

Mansfield Island, in Lake Erie, has been bought by a man who intends to stock it with black cats and kill them for their fur.

If boys were only half as patient in acquiring book knowledge as they are in learning to skate, they would be perfect Solons—but they would have very little fun.

It is thought that the time will yet come when members of the choir will be expected to behave during divine service just as well as other folks.

He was a well-meaning man, but they had been married a long while, and when he playfully asked her what was next to nothing, she sarcastically answered that at this season of the year she thought his winter flannels were.

A young gentleman of Kilkenny, meet- ing a handsome milkmaid, said, "What will you take for yourself and your milk, my dear?" The girl instantly replied, "Yourself and a gold ring, sir."

A daring Brooklyn man who ventured to kiss a Boston girl thus tersely depicts the resulting phenomena: "She rose in sections—rigid, awful, sublime—towered, Medusa-like—fixed her stony stare a moment on nothingness, then telescoped, collapsed, scooted, and I saw her no more."

Mabel, who is being put to bed by her aunt, after hearing a delicious fairy story, that terminates in matrimony: "And did they live perfectly happy ever after?"

"Yes," "Well, there are two things I dread when I grow up." "And what are they, darling?" "O, one is having my ears bored and the other—is being married."

A superannuated coquette, who was suspected of giving rein to her loquacity for the purpose of displaying a very fine set of teeth, once asked a taciturn old lady what, in her estimation, constituted a good conversationalist; and the old lady snappishly answered that, in her opinion, a good conversationalist was a person who could talk without betraying her dentist.

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