

ADVERTISING RATES.

Table with columns for space, week, month, and quarter rates.

The Benton Record

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RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Table with columns for subscription type and price.

American Watches & JEWELRY.



Text describing American watches and jewelry, including prices and quality.

First National Bank OF HELENA.

Text listing bank officers and services.

Paid in Capitol, \$100,000.

DESIGNATED DEPOSITORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

Text regarding the depository and interest rates.

SHAFFER & YERGY.

Text describing Shaffer & Yergy's services and location.

A. M. HOLTER & BRO.

Text describing A. M. Holter & Bro's lumber and hardware.

COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL.

Text describing the Cosmopolitan Hotel and its proprietors.

MORRIS BROS.

Text describing Morris Bros' cigars and tobacco.

Poetry.

ON THE BRINK.

Poem titled 'On the Brink' about a woman's fate.

Selected Story.

THE LAST MAN.

First part of the story 'The Last Man'.

Second part of the story 'The Last Man'.

Third part of the story 'The Last Man'.

Fourth part of the story 'The Last Man'.

Fifth part of the story 'The Last Man'.

Sixth part of the story 'The Last Man'.

Seventh part of the story 'The Last Man'.

Eighth part of the story 'The Last Man'.

Ninth part of the story 'The Last Man'.

back, and some of you shut the door to the ladies' room?

'I was the first man to attack a grizzly bear with a bowie knife,' remarked the native, as he looked around.

'Gentlemen, I never fight without taking off my coat, and I don't see any mail here to hang it on,' said the native.

'I'll hold it—I'll hold it!' shouted a dozen voices in chorus.

'And another thing,' softly continued the native. 'I never fight in a hot room. I used to do it years ago, but found it was running me into consumption. I always do my fighting out doors now.'

'I'll go out with you, you old rabbit killer!' exclaimed the painter, who had his coat off.

'That's another deadly insult to be wiped out in blood. I see I must finish you. I never fight around a depot, though; I go out on the prairie, where there is a chance to throw myself.'

'Where's your prairie, lead the way!' howled the crowd.

'It wouldn't do any good,' replied the native, as he leaned against the wall. 'I always hold a ten-dollar gold piece in my mouth when I fight, and I haven't got any to-day—in fact, I'm dead broke.'

'Here's a gold piece,' called a tall man, holding up the metal.

'I am a thousand miles obliged,' mournfully replied the native, shaking his head. 'I never go into a fight without putting red paint on my left ear for luck; and I haven't any red paint by me, and there isn't a bit in Reno.'

'Are—you-going-to-fight?' demanded the car painter, reaching out for the bear skin cap.

'I took a solemn oath when a boy never to fight without painting my left ear,' protested the Indian-killer.

'You wouldn't want me to go back on a solemn oath, would you?' 'You're a cabbage, a squash, a pumpkin dressed up in 'eggins,' contemptuously remarked the car painter, as he put on his coat.

'Yes, he's a great coward,' remarked several others, as they turned away.

'I'll give ten thousand dollars for ten drops of red paint!' shrieked the native. 'O! why is it that I have no paint for my ear when there is such a good chance to go in and kill?'

A big blacksmith from Illinois took him by the neck and ran him out, and he was seen no more for an hour. Just before the train started, and after all the passengers had taken seats, 'first man' was seen on the platform. He had another bowie knife, and had also put a tomahawk in his belt. There was red paint on his left ear, his eyes rolled, and in a terrible voice he called out: 'Where is that man Logwood? Let him come out here, and meet his doom.'

fore service, he visited his barn to see that his horse had been properly cared for, and finding a new-laid egg he put it in his pocket. The recollection that the egg was still in his pocket prompted him to steal away from the congregation to make investigations, and he regret to say that his worst fears were realized.—[Reno Sentinel.]

Expensive Baptism.

Brigham, who is a little angel day, and among them was one Wilford Woodruff, one of the Twelve Apostles. This man of piety preached to the saints in the Tabernacle on Sunday, when he told them that all the signers of the Declaration of American Independence have had their bacon saved in the celestial kingdom of Brigham; and likewise all the Presidents of the United States except three. Said this mouth-piece of divine intelligence:

Two weeks before I left St. George I was visited by the spirits of the dead, who requested me to be baptized for them, and these spirits were the signers of the Declaration of Independence. I accordingly went into the font in the temple, and was baptized for one hundred persons, among whom were the signers of the Declaration; and then I baptized Elder McAllister for all the Presidents of the United States except three, for whom, when they are prepared, and the fact is revealed, somebody will be baptized.—[Salt Lake Tribune.]

Signification of Dreams

To dream of a millstone about your neck is a sign of what you may expect if you marry an extravagant wife.

It is very good luck to dream that you pay for a thing twice over, since ever afterward you will take care to have your bills receipted.

For a person in embarrassed circumstances to dream that he is arrested is very fortunate, for it is a warning to him on no account to accept a bill.

To dream of fire is a sign that if you are wise you will see that all the lights in your house are out before you retire to bed.

To dream that your nose is red to the tip is an intimation that you had better leave brandy for water.

If you dream of clothes, it is a warning not to go to law, for, by the rule of contraries, you will be sure of a non-suit.

When a young lady dreams of a coffin, it betokens that she should instantly discontinue tight stays and always go warmly clad in cold weather.

A FARMER'S LIFE.—A farmer's life is the life for me, said George in the hearing of his Sarah Jane, whom he had been courting for two years. The next time he called he found a letter notifying him that if he wanted to be a farmer and walk behind a plough all day with the mud up to his neck, he could go on; but she'd be darned if she was going to sit up all night cleaning old boots and pants, and tend cows and chickens and milk-pans and ducks and pigs all day.

A CANDID CONFESSION.—The chief of all the curses of this unhappy age is the universal gabble of its fools and of the flocks that follow them, rendering the quiet voices of the wise men of all time inaudible, is the candid confession of Mr. Ruskin—that man who has kept up such an over-lapping clatter for years that we could scarcely get in a word edgewise. His reform is somewhat dilatory, but O, it is welcome.—[Graphic.]

I am sorry for her, but I can't help it. How can I communicate to her nature those little subtle refinements and delicate graces that are alone the prerogative of finer spirits.—[Puck.]

Irish Lobsters.

One of our restaurants boasts of an Irish Manxman who acts in the humble capacity of waiter, and adds much to the entertainment of guests. One of them being served with a small lobster, asked:

'Faix, I believe they do be callin' them lobsters, here surr. We call 'em crabs, at home.'

'O,' said the diner, 'you have lobsters in Ireland?'

'Is it lobsters? Begorra the creeks is full of 'em. Many a time have I seen 'em when I've lepped over the strames.'

'How large do the lobsters grow in Ireland?'

'Well,' said Mike, thoughtfully, 'to shpake widin' bounds, surr, I'd say a matter of five or six feet.'

'What five or six feet; how do they get around in those creeks?'

'Bedad, surr, the creeks in Ireland are fifty or sixty feet wide,' said the unabashed Mike.

'But,' said the persistent inquirer, 'you said you had seen them when you were leaping over the streams, and lobsters here live in the sea.'

'Deed I did, surr; we're powerful leppers in Ireland. As for the sea, surr, I've seen it red widin' 'em.'

'But look here, my fine fellow,' said the guest, thinking he had cornered the Hibernian at last, 'lobsters are not red until they are boiled.'

'Doan't I know that?' said Mike, reproachfully; 'but there are bilin' springs in the old country, an' they swim throo 'em, an' come out ready for ye to crack open and ate; and Mike walked calmly off to wait upon the next guest, leaving his interlocutor to digest the lobster, and the story.

Remarkable Affection of a Dog.

A very remarkable illustration of the affection of a greyhound for its master has just occurred at Crewe. A few days ago a notorious Crewe poacher, named Thomas Blackburn, was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude for nearly killing a policeman near Nantwich. He was the owner of a favorite greyhound, which, in many a midnight raid, proved itself valuable to its owner in the game preserves. Thus a strange but powerful affection subsisted between the man and his dog, and never were they found apart. After Blackburn's imprisonment the actions of the dog became singular. Regularly every day he visited the man's previous haunts, with a wistful look in his brown eyes; and when the shades of evening fell he would lie down under the seat of Blackburn's favorite inn, and there for several hours await the master who never came. The landlord, to his credit, put food before the animal; but latterly it did not seem to eat much. In the afternoon the faithful animal, like a sentinel on duty, was seen to parade Market Street backwards and forwards, between the corner of Earle Street and Victoria Street, looking for its master; but he appeared not. Gradually the movements of the hound became more languid, and on Friday night in Market Street it dropped dead, as one of the crowd said, 'of a broken heart at the loss of its master.'

A TRUSTEE.—A west side clergyman was called out the other night to minister by the dying bed of a prominent citizen. Was he connected with a savings bank? asked the divine. He was a trustee, replied the messenger. Well, there's no use in my going, said the pastor; still the mercy of Heaven is infinite, and there's no saying so I had better go through the motions, perhaps.

Exportation of Wives.

In the early settlement of Virginia, when the adventurers were principally unmarried men, it was deemed necessary to export such women as could be prevailed on to quit England, as wives for the planters. A letter accompanying the shipment of these matrimonial exiles, dated London, August 12, 1621, is illustrative of the manners of the times, and the concern then felt for the welfare of the colony and for female virtue. It is as follows: 'One widow and eleven maids, for wives for the people of Virginia; there hath been especial care had in the choice of them, for there hath not one of them been received, but upon good commendations. In case they cannot be presently married, we desire that they may be put with several householders that have wives, till they can be provided with husbands. There are nearly fifty more that are shortly to come, and are sent by our honorable lord and treasurer, the Earl of Southampton, and certain worthy gentlemen who, taking into their consideration that the plantation can never flourish till families be planted, and the respect of wives and children for their people on the soil, therefore have given this fair beginning; for the reimbursing of whose charges it is ordered that every man that marries them give 120 pounds of best leaf tobacco for each of them. Though we are desirous that the marriage be free according to the laws of nature, yet we would not have those maids deceived and married to servants, but only to such freemen or tenants as have means to maintain them. We pray you, therefore, to be fathers of them in this business, not enforcing them to marry against their wills.'

A POLICEMAN'S PITCHFORK.—The Malay policemen of Batavia are armed with a singular weapon—a pitchfork. It is not, strictly speaking, a weapon at all, either of offence or defence. It is the policeman's aid. When at night he meets a drunken sailor, noisy and obstinate, the policeman puts the fork around 'Jack's' neck, and makes him walk along. That 'Jack' may move along willingly, the points of the fork are curved inward. If he tries to escape, or moves his head violently, he tears his neck. He may advance slowly, but move he must, and in the way the propelling policeman directs.

Postage Stamps.

The origin of the postage stamp has a tinge somewhat of romance in it. It was thirty-seven years ago that Rowland Hill, while crossing a district in the north of England, arrived at the door of an inn where a postman had stopped to deliver a letter. A young girl came out to receive it. She turned it over and over in her hands, and asked the price of postage. This was a large sum, and evidently the girl was poor—for the postman demanded a shilling. She sighed sadly, and said the letter was from her brother, but that she had no money; and so she returned the letter to the postman. Touched with pity, Mr. Hill paid the postage and gave the letter to the girl, who seemed much embarrassed. Scarcely had the postman turned his back, when the innkeeper's young daughter confessed that it was a trick between her and her brother. Some signs marked on the envelope told her all she wanted to know; but the letter contained no writing. 'We are both so poor,' she added, 'that we invented this mode of corresponding to avoid paying for our letters.' The traveler, continuing his road, asked himself if a system giving place to such frauds was not a vicious one. Before sunset Rowland Hill had planned to organize the postal service upon a new basis—with what success is known to the world.

A Jealous Dog.

Dogs, as is well known to those who have observed them, are liable to the passion of jealousy. The following account of an exhibition of this passion by a Skye terrier is narrated by a Scotch lady:

What a Skye terrier named Oscar, which had a particular affection for Nanny, the dairy-maid, and always accompanied her to the milking of the cows, for which attention she rewarded him with a basin of warm milk. He always went with her to her father's house at Lislathen on the Sunday evenings, a distance of two miles, after having been to the occasion of the established church at Marroes; but on the occasion of the opening of the Free Church in the parish of Monifieth, which is not far from the dwelling of Nanny's parents, he went there alone, remained in the tent during the forenoon service, was observed among the congregation in the new building in the afternoon, and we suppose he must have remained till the evening service, as he did not appear at home till past eleven o'clock at night, when he gave tongue at the window of the maid's room.

Once or twice after this Nanny had inadvertently gone from home without him, and he had observed her carressing some strange dogs on the road, which threw him into such a paroxysm of jealousy that he nearly demolished her wardrobe. He went to the room where she and the other maid-servants kept their clothes, drew two of her best caps from a basket, carried them down stairs, and hid them among some shavings in the stickhouse.

Being unable to extract the straw bonnet from the basket, he chewed the strings of it, and tore up a handkerchief, and finished off by selecting a printed gown of hers from among those of her fellow-servants, and tore it to shreds. Great was poor Nanny's consternation when she discovered that the creature whom she always said 'had mair wit than many bodies'

should be guilty of such misconduct; so she gave him a good thrashing, and he vanished from the house.

No one saw him again for a couple of days, Nanny looking very mysterious all the time, and feeling assured that he had 'over muckle wit.' The first intimation I received of his delinquency was from himself, when he came creeping to my feet, and looking into my face as if entreating forgiveness. He did not go to the byre with Nanny for more than a week after he made an average disposition of his hands, and she restored him to favor.

A THINER.—A little Athol boy, guilty of some misconduct, upon being asked why he could be so naughty, replied, that he thought he was not doing any thing wrong. That's no excuse, said his mother; thinking doesn't help the matter. Well, mamma, said he, what's the use of having a thinker, if you can't think?

Now to Kill a Town.

Underrate every present and prospective enterprise; speak ill of the churches and schools; tell everybody the hotels are bad; enlarge the vices of the people, especially the young people; withhold the patronage from your merchants and tradesmen, and buy your goods and groceries at some other place; never subscribe for the local papers, and if you are in business, refuse to advertise.—[Exchange.]

A correspondent wants to know how to preserve oilcloth. We don't know, but we should think a jar of oilcloth would require four times as much sugar as a jar of peaches or pears—and then would be hardly fit to eat.

Of a miserly man who died of softening of the brain a local paper said: 'His head gave way, but his hand never did. His brain softened, but his heart couldn't.'