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The Benton Record.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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Poetry.

AN ABORIGINAL CHANT.

What time the glittering rays of morn' / O'er hill and valley steal, / Chief Joseph's square, with dog and corn, / Prepares the Indian meal. / And if, with wild, rebellious shout, / The Papoose shall appear, / The chiefs lead the lad child out, / Clutched by the Injiao ear. / The breakfast o'er, the daughter strolls / Down glen and shady dell; / While gay young lasses from wooded knolls, / "Look out for the Injiao bell!" / Each smitten leave she turns and leaves / Her coyness to bewail; / Her dragging blanket 'sties the leaves— / The well-known Indian trail. / A Black Hills miner, scaped and dead, / Upon the ground is found; / Grim speaks the chief: "There's been, I'm afraid / An Indian summer's around. / What time he rideth forth to shoot, / His favorite horse the dapple is; / And when he wants a little fruit, / Goes where the Indiamopolis. / When finished are his warlike tasks, / With brazen incongruity / For overcoats and food he asks, / With charming Indiamity. / At night, before his bed he'll seek, / With contentance fair / He takes his evening knife and eke / He trims the Injiao hair.

Selected Story.

A Black-Hiller.

He stood about six feet four in his moccasins, wore long hair, flowing beard, and a sort of Kit Karson air. He waltzed in carelessly, like a bold buccaneer of the plains on the trail of a Choctaw, skirmished across the room, captured a broken-backed chair, into which he cautiously deposited his lengthy form, and then glared savagely in our direction. We were just on the point of sending out an order for an assortment of bowie-knives and a couple of Gatling guns, when our lamblike visitor quieted our apprehensions by inquiring: "S'pose you've heard of the Black Hills?" "Certainly; most every body has that can read." "From what you've picked up in a general sort of way, I reckon you've kinder got the idea that the Hills ain't any good. That they don't pan out 'ording to calculations, eh?" "That's it exactly. You couldn't have guessed better." "Well, stranger, you've got the wrong idea of the thing, then. I've kinder taken a fancy to you, and I don't mind telling you that the men who run down the Black Hills are all liars—yes, sir, liars!" "You speak positively, friend; perhaps you have been there?" "Been there! I should say I had. I know every inch of ground in the Black Hills; there isn't a stone there but what I have turned over, and every mountain peak bears the marks of my camp fires." "Perhaps, we smiled. At any rate he suddenly paused, looked at us suspiciously for a second, and then continued: "By the way, stranger, if you doubt my word at any particular point in this narrative, you will oblige me by saying so. I always go prepared to convince people." And he reached around toward his rear pocket in a suggestive manner. We hastened to reassure him. "Doubt your word?" we exclaimed; "O, no, not for the world! You needn't get out your Testament; we will believe all you say without your swearing to it." "Well, as I was about to say, I know that region better than any living man; I've hefted every ounce of dirt in the Black Hills, and I know what's in it. It's chuck full of gold. Yes, sir, pure gold. None of your snide silver or trash of that sort. Why, in some parts of the Hills the gold lays around in chunks ready to be picked up. A suggest as large as your fist wouldn't be noticed out there. Some green man who had just got there and wasn't accustomed to such things,

might pick it up, but an old Black-Hiller would kit it a kick and pass along. You wouldn't catch an old miner picking up a chunk of gold that size unless it was to fire at a dog. When I tell you that gold is so plenty there that the men pound it up into slugs and use it in the place of bullets, you will begin to get an idea of it. Why, it has actually got so now in the Hills that, if you shoot at a man with an ordinary lead bullet, he gets mad right away. A Black Hiller considers it a deadly insult to have a man plug a hole through his internal machinery with an old-ewer bullet, and no one but a mean, low-lived cuss will do it when gold is so plenty. Don't you think so, stranger?"

"Decidedly; I should object to such a proceeding, myself, somewhat. How about the Indians? Don't they trouble the miners?" "Bless you, no! They're as tame as kittens. Never heard of their harming any body. When I first went there I had a notion in my head that they were rather savage, and I determined to keep shy of 'em. The first time I went out prospecting, I had got off out of sight of the camp, when I noticed a big Indian sauntering toward me at the rate of about a mile a minute. I started to run, and he chased me three miles down a gulch, and then I keeled over, tired out, and gave myself up for lost. The savage rushed up, panting for breath, grabbed me by the shoulder, and—"

"Scalped you?" "No—said he only wanted to borrow a chew of tobacco! I gave him a paper of fine-cut, and he put it in his mouth, tin-toil and all, said 'yum yum' a couple times, and left me, highly pleased. The staff about the Indians killing people is only a newspaper yarn. They don't do it. Now and then a body is found stuck full of arrows and staked to the ground, but it is a clear case of suicide every time! You couldn't reasonably blame the Indians for that, could you?"

"It doesn't look as if you could." "No! I knew you'd say so. Now I'm personally acquainted with all the redskins in the Black Hills from 'Linger-lay by the way' to 'Swift-foot-the-hurricane-rider,' and I never heard of their doing any thing out of the way. They have most all the accomplishments and virtues of civilization, too; drink, swear, lie, chew tobacco, and talk slang equal to a native Yankee. They are real Christians, those Indians are, and no mistake!"

"Then you consider that there is no danger to be encountered in visiting the Black Hills?"

"Not a bit. Every thing is as quiet and peaceable as a Sunday-school picnic! I've got a thousand-acre claim staked out right in the centre of the gold region, and after I visit a few of my old friends, I'm going back there to settle down. If you ever come out that way inquire for Long Pete—that's me—and I'll put you through in regular Black Hills' style. So long, stranger!"

And the lengthy pioneer slowly assumed the perpendicular and glided forth.

A Shrewd Dodge. An artist has recently published in a French journal an account of his Swiss sketching tour. On a beautiful afternoon in June, of the present year, he left his hotel in Interlaken, went out alone with his camp-stool and easel, and strayed as far as the foot of the Jungfrau. As he was about to begin his sketch, he was startled by seeing, a few yards in front of him, a huge bear, that growled ferociously. He seized a six-chambered revolver, and levelled it at the beast, but before he could fire he heard the words, "Halt! halt!" The bear sat on his hind legs and wrung his fore-paws. "What?" cried the artist,

"do bears speak English?" Then holding the revolver close to the nose of the pretended beast, he demanded, "What dost thou in this accursed costume?" The rogue in the bear's skin replied that he was merely earning his living. He was a driver by profession, but the season had been a bad one, and he had been obliged to take another trade. He had entered into a compact with a number of guides to clothe himself in a bear's skin— "Which I can assure you is as hot as purgatory in such weather as this"—and plant himself in one of the favorite mountain paths. "When one of my associates comes along this road with a tourist, I suddenly show myself. The foreigner is ready to die with fright, but the courageous guide rushes at me and drives me away, naturally receiving a very handsome douceur for his bravery in risking his own life to preserve that of his employer." In the evening the bear and the guide generally met at an inn and divided the spoil. The bear pleaded so piteously that the artist did not have the heart to have him arrested.

Marriage and Longevity.

A job to coax bachelors out of single-blessedness, and to decrease the stock of old maids by an increased demand for wives, may be involved in some statements made by the London Review in regard to the relations existing between marriage and longevity. Old maids and bachelors, it says, rarely attain to extreme old age, and then it tells of people living to extraordinary ages by wedding a dozen times or so, while Jacob Jay, of Bordeaux, years, having had seventeen wives in the grave; and Margaret McTowall, a Scotchwoman, died in 1765, at the age of 105, having wept at the untimely demise of thirteen men whose names she had borne in rotation. Thus far the Review does not put a very extraordinary tax upon one's capacity for bolting a tough morsel, but the strain is rather severe when it goes on to speak of a pair named Rovin, who died in Hungary in 1741, the man aged 170 and the woman 164, leaving a tender youth 116 years old to bewail his orphanage and reflect on the strength of that tie which held his parents together for 148 years.

"No Use for 'Em."

At the meeting of the Sazerac Lying Club last evening, the medical member, when it came his turn to sport, delivered himself of the following, which, whether it be original or not, is worthy of publication:

Once when I was practisin' over in Sierra County, California, a feller got caved on by a bank, and got his skull fractured clean out of shape. They picked him up and brought him to me, and I made a diagnosis of his case, and found that his brain, which was exposed, was full of dirt and rock. There wasn't nothin' to do but to take it out and clean it; the idea of a man goin' around with the action of his brain bein' interfered with by three or four pounds of clay and gravel was clean out of que tion, and I set too much store by my medical reputation to consent to any such doin's. I took out the brain and put it in a tin pan, and while I was washin' of it the patient seed a feller across the street whathe had some bizness with, and went over to have a talk with him. He forgot to come back after his brains, and I didn't see him again for two months, when one day, bein' in the jimia' county, I seed him. I hailed him and told him them thar brains was up at my office, and if he wanted 'em he'd better come and get 'em.

"Don't want 'em," said he.

"Why not?" said I.

"Wal, you see," he said, "I'm run-

nin' for officenow, and I don't need 'em; got no use in the world for 'em; fact is, they'd be an incumbrance under the circumstances."

"The Man from Boston."

A few weeks ago, says the Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle, a man from Boston arrived on the Comstock to inspect its novelties. Whatever he saw, however, did not astonish him in the least. Nothing could be shown him that he would not gravely remark upon, saying, "Boston has one just like it, only bigger." Last evening he was passing the International Hotel on B Street, just at dusk, when a cap of the chimney was blown down by the wind. The cap was a circular piece of sheetiron, painted black and slightly convex. The four supports which connected it with the chimney were like legs, which held it a few inches from the ground. As it fell it struck just in front of him, rebounded a few times in the air, and then, blown by the wind, went skimming along the walk like a living thing.

"What's that?" the Boston man asked, somewhat astonished.

"A bedding from the hotel," replied a wag, "just coming down for a little exercise."

"By George!" exclaimed the stranger, "I never saw any thing like it in my life"—and then, recollecting his home in Boston, added "—outside of Boston!"

LATE.—"And you must go so soon?" she murmured, as he gathered up his hat and came and turned his sleepy eyes toward the door. "It's late," he said. "Late?" she cooed, softly; "nay, love, night's candles are not burned out, and you'll linger but a moment longer— But he said he couldn't possibly; he had to get down to the store at seven o'clock, or the boss would dock his wages, and he couldn't stand that no how; and besides he had a good deal of 'dusting to do. And he 'dusted.'

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.—The superintendent of one of the Massachusetts Sunday-schools was addressing the children on a recent occasion concerning the coming Christmas festival, and asked all the children who desired a Christmas tree to hold up their hands. The display of hands seemed to be general, but a little four-year older did not raise his. On being asked why he did not, he replied, in a melancholy tone, "I don't want any more mugs; I got two last year."

CURIOS.—"Curious thing about that statue of Washington," said old Smashpipe, in a musing sort of tone, as he sauntered past Independence Hall with Starlight. "Curious thing. Always shrinks when it rains, you know?" "Don't say so?" said Starlight.

"Fact!" muttered the old man. "Every time it rains it becomes a mere statue!" And the old man's left thumb went under Starlight's fifth rib with tremendous violence.

CROOKING HIS ELBOW.—A San Francisco boy, only four years old, was observed making queer movements with his elbow. His aunt asked him what he was doing. "Crooking my elbow," said precious. "But what are you crooking your elbow for, Johnny?" "Cause I want to det a nice little strawberry on my nose." "But that won't make a strawberry, Johnny." "Yes, it will, for the cook says papa wouldn't have the big strawberry on his nose if he didn't crook his elbow so often."

BEN BUTLER.—"O, for one day of Ben Butler!" shrieked a Minnesota stump speaker. "Ben Butler, Ben Butler," said a granger from Duluth, scratching his head; "who's Ben Butler?" "Why, he was the feller who fit in the war at Noo'rleans." "Seemed to me I'd heard

that name afore. How long has he been dead?" "O, not more'n a couple o' years or so," and they adjourned to drown their tears in a convivial glass.

EASY.—He made his first appearance at our new office last evening, and inquired why a hand-organ was like Thanksgiving. The answer he gave was so easy that we repented having given up the conundrum. It was simply "Because one is enough for the year," and he walked down stairs with the leisurely tread of a man who is permitted to go on bail.

A DULL TIME.—A gentleman from Connecticut, who went down to Texas just before the war to edit a paper, has recently come North to visit his friends. He carries twenty-three bullets in his body, has had the end of his nose and one ear bitten off, is minus four fingers and all his front teeth, and yet says he's had a mighty dull time of it down there.

QUICK GOLD.—Mrs. Shoddy (to shopkeeper)—"Show me a thermometer—one of your very best." Shopkeeper—"This, ma'am, is one of the finest—Venetian glass and the best quicksilver." Mrs. S.—"Silver! That would be very nice for the kitching, but I want one for my boodoor. Haven't you one with quick gold?"

A RELIC.—"Jim," inquired a schoolboy of one of his mates, "what is the meaning of relics?" "Don't you know? Well, I can tell you." "Well, he wasn't satisfied with that, but he kept me in and licked me again. That's what I call a re-lick."

HIS LOVE.—"Charles, do you really love my daughter?" "You know I do, Mrs. Simkins." "How much do you love her?" "I love her—I love her as hard—as hard as a horse can kick." Mrs. Simkins said, "You may have her; bless you both."

Shepherds in Judea.

Shortly after leaving the city we met several flocks of sheep, preceded by their shepherds, walking slowly toward Jerusalem, and at once the full force of all the beautiful imagery, and the many touching similes derived from such scenes and associations, and so often alluded to in Scripture, came vividly before me. These Arab shepherds, clad in the turbans and simple appears worn by their class, and carrying a wooden crook in their hands, walked in front. The sheep, which are a peculiar and very handsome breed, are mostly low sized; the fore parts of their bodies of a fawn color, the hinder parts white; they have long, pendent, silken ears and sweeping tails, then faces more oval and longer than the species in these countries, and they have altogether a more pleasing, docile and mild expression of countenance. Not one of them ventured before the shepherd, but stopped or quickened their pace as he did; or if a young and forward creature lagged behind, or strayed to either side, a single word from their leader, often a very look, brought it back and checked its wanderings. A few favorite lambs frisked about their master, rubbing themselves against his legs and garments.

After the sheep came some young goats and lambs, and the whole procession closed with about two dozen of old patriarchal-looking goats, which brought up the rear. These goats have long horns and pendent ears, that hang almost to the ground, and their hair is glossy black and of the finest grain; the sheep and goats were perfectly distinct. These shepherds are

often to be seen about sunset slowly approaching the city from all sides, to seek shelter for their flocks during the night, in some of the deep valleys by which it is surrounded, carrying the lambs in their bosoms.

It is almost incredible, the influence that the shepherds of Palestine possess over their flocks; many of them have no dogs, but a word is often sufficient to make them understand and obey the will of their shepherd. He sleeps among them at night, and in the morning leads them forth to pasture, always walking before them, guiding them to those places where they can enjoy the best food, and resting when he thinks they have obtained a sufficiency, or during the heat of the day, in some cool, shady place, where they all immediately lie down around him. He has generally two or three favorite lambs which do not mix with the flock, but follow close at his side, frisking and fondling about him like dogs; indeed the degree of intelligence and understanding that exists between the Arab and his flock is truly astonishing. "They know his voice, and follow him; and he careth for the sheep." It was probably to such shepherds as these that the angel announced the glad tidings of the Savior's birth.

Horseshoes.

Historians assert that the practice of shoeing horses was introduced into England by William the Conqueror, who instituted an office for the inspection of the farriers, and gave the city of Northampton as a fee, to the person who held Dorby, and whose descendants still bear in their arms six horseshoes, received his title, probably, from having been inspector, the horses evidently being shod with iron (in French fer). The custom of covering the feet of the horses was known to the ancient Greeks and Romans. In scenes of great magnificence, princes sometimes had their horses and mules shod with silver and gold. The mules of Nero were shod with silver, those of Poppaea, his wife, with gold; and when the Marquis of Bonifazio, of Tuscany, went to meet Beatrix, his bride, about the year 1038, so magnificent were the decorations of his equipage, that the horses were shod with silver; and if any dropped out they belonged to those who found them. Post-horses were shod some time in the ninth century, but few of any other description; and, in conclusion, we may state that horseshoes have been found in the graves of some of the old Germans and Vandals in the northern countries, but the antiquity of them cannot be ascertained.

A CHAMPAGNE LAMP.—"I've been buying a champagne lamp," said Mrs. Williams to her husband, "and it's the best in the store."

"A champagne lamp? I guess you must be mistaken. Champagne won't burn. I guess you mean camphene."

"I guess I know what I'm talking about," said Mrs. W., as she took off the wrapper. "If champagne don't spell champagne, I'd like to know what does?" and Mrs. Williams elevated her nose as if her acquaintance with Webster and Johnson was a life-long one.

A short Line engineer informs a correspondent of the Madisonville (Ky.) Times that a young man with his head out of the car window went to kiss his grandmother good bye, and the train pulled out so fast that he kissed an old negro woman at the next station.

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