

Table with advertising rates for various durations and columns.

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Table with subscription rates for different periods.

Poetry.

THE GOOD TIME COMING

Poem about the good time coming, mentioning 'Must the sword devour forever...' and 'Glory to the conquering hero...'.

Original Story.

FRONTIER SKETCHES

NUMBER TWO.

By JOHN J. HEALY.

My next impulse was to dismount and run back to the train, which I knew could not be far distant...

A man will think rapidly in moments of extreme danger, and in less time than it has taken to describe the position in which I was placed...

I was satisfied that if I approached the camp without apparent fear, the Indians would not resort to violence until they had me completely within their power...

Having decided what to do, I took my revolver from the holster and slipped it down the waist band of my trousers, fastened my powder horn securely upon the pommel of the saddle...

These arrangements completed, began thumping and beating my lazy animal, and after much exertion finally induced him to strike a funeral gait down the hill in the direction of the camp.

lodges scattered among the hills and coulees.

When the Indians saw that I was approaching, they arranged themselves along on each side of the road, ready to close around me the moment I reached the centre of the camp.

As expected, I had no sooner got within the camp than the Indians closed around me. Two of them, one on each side of the horse, grasped the bridle reins close by the bit—a precaution that was quite unnecessary...

I was questioned on all sides. Some asked where the soldiers were, and others wanted to know where I came from and where I was going...

As well as I was able, I gave them to understand that a big train guarded by two or three regiments of soldiers and several batteries of artillery, was close at hand...

This information set them to consulting each other, and for the space of ten minutes or more they kept up a fearful chattering among themselves. I judged from their actions and the few words I could catch that some of them were in favor of dispatching me at once...

They finally seemed to determine upon the former course. The fellow who had the gun, and who had meanwhile stood in the middle of the road, facing me and leaning upon his weapon, raised the piece and began to examine the lock. At the same moment two others sprang forward, one grabbed my powder horn and tried to break the back-spring string that held it to the saddle, and the other seized the handle of the sabre...

I felt that the critical moment had arrived, but had sufficient presence of mind not to draw my revolver until the Indian with the gun raised his weapon to shoot; for the pistol was now my only available weapon, and I knew that if every shot killed an Indian, there would be redskins enough left to annihilate me. My only chance for life was to gain sufficient time for the train to come up, and this could only be accomplished by preventing hostilities as long as possible. The Indian who had made an unsuccessful attempt to snatch my powder-horn had fallen back into the crowd, as had also the one who obtained possession of the sabre; but the horse was still held by the bridle, and my gun remained in the grasp of the two bucks who held it by the stock and barrel.

With my left hand resting upon the lock of the gun, my right grasping the revolver, but concealed beneath my coat, I kept my eyes steadily fixed upon those of the Indian in front of me, who now had his thumb upon the hammer of his gun, and the weapon was held with muzzle pointing towards the ground, but in a position to be raised and fired in a moment.

the most excruciating agony to me. I could feel the blood curdling in my veins, a cold chill circulated over my entire frame, and although every limb, muscle and sinew seemed turned to stone, I felt the moment that deadly gun was raised to a shooting position my revolver would be drawn and fired with automatic precision.

Except the splashing noise of the Falls, the rushing sound of the stream, or the soft whisper of the wind as it sighed through the willows, there was not a sound to break the awful silence that prevailed, and even those impressive voices of nature seemed hushed to a lower key, as if in dread of the death struggle that now seemed inevitable.

Click! Sharp and clear came the sound that told me the Indian was cocking his rifle.

Click! The second warning tingled through my veins like an electric shock, my arm gave one nervous twitch, and my hand pressed tightly upon the revolver.

Click! Three muffled clicks from my revolver, so low that even the Indians standing on either side of my horse did not detect them, answered the last sound that told me the rifle of the executioner was ready for its deadly work.

Hark!

A second more and my revolver would have been levelled at the Indian's head; one moment longer and my last struggle would have been made. But from the top of the hill from which I had descended to the camp, came the words of a song, which at the moment sounded sweeter to me than the notes of an angel. It was Frank McKensie singing one of his favorite hymns.

In an instant my would-be executioner had dropped the butt of his gun upon the ground, the Indians released my horse and rifle, and I saw that, for the present at least, the danger was over.

But I was so fearfully unnerved by the trying ordeal through which I had passed, that I never turned my head, never moved a muscle, until the lead team of the train halted beside me on the road, and then, anger taking the place of the fearful dread that had oppressed me, I jerked out my revolver, and would have emptied its contents into the crowd of Indians now skulking together on the opposite side of the road, had not one of the train hands grasped my arm and begged me not to fire.

A second thought also told me that the danger was not over yet, by any means, as the Indians were quite numerous enough to capture the train if they felt disposed to make an attack. So I contented myself with ordering the Indian who took my sabre to give back the weapon, and when the fellow with the gun had gone to his lodge I dismounted and assisted in preparing the camp.

The wagons were corralled on the grassy flat some distance below the Indian camp, and a vigilant watch was kept up during the entire night. But not a single Indian came near the camp, and we were all permitted to enjoy a full share of refreshing sleep.

I turned in after doing my share of guard duty, and was so worn out with the hardships of the day, that the sun was several hours high before I awoke the following morning, and should probably have rested sometime longer had not an unusual commotion in the camp aroused me.

Before I was sufficiently awake to realize fully what was going on, I heard the McEwen girl exclaim in an angry voice:

"Get out, you dirty, nasty critter! You'd better go home and put on your clothes, and not be trotting around here naked among us women. Aint you ashamed of yourself?"

A few more words of the same significance followed, and then

came an unearthly yell of agony. I jumped up in time to see a big hulk of an Indian, stripped to his breech clout, running away from the camp fire, followed by a frying-pan full of melted grease, which the spunky girl had flung after him.

Other scenes equally amusing were going on around the camp fire. The Indians were crowding around the fire, begging for food, to the great annoyance of the men and women of the train, who were seated on the ground eating breakfast.

"By the Holy Emperor of Mount Jerusalem, I heard old Beebe yell out, 'if you don't keep away. I'll make harness leather of every one of your infernal, dirty, greasy hides.'"

The Indians to whom this remark was addressed were evidently not acquainted with the monarch of the mountain specified, and consequently were not impressed with the solemnity of the oath. They kept on bothering the old man until he finally dropped his plate, and standing up to his full height, he treated them to the following eloquent address:

"Look here! I don't want to make a slaughter house out of this camp. But so help me gymanasin, if you don't clear out and leave us in peace, I won't leave enough of your rotten carcasses to fill a smelling bottle."

Here the old fellow paused for breath, and then continued: "I don't want to have any trouble with you, but by the eternal monument of Julius Caesar, I'll make you think I'm the battle of Bunker Hill, if you don't leave the camp. Of all the filthy, ill-mannered brutes I've ever met you're the worst. You aint human. You're not as handsome as a lot of skunks, and you smell d—d sight worse."

Meanwhile our friend Frank had been indulging in his favorite pastime of wrestling, and had succeeded in throwing several of the stoutest warriors.

Well, thought I, after viewing the scene for a few moments, of all the green pilgrim outfits I have ever travelled with, this is certainly the greenest.

A well known tragedian of the old school was recently 'starring' in an English provincial town, when there arrived in it also on 'starring' tours, Mr. Henry Irving and Meyer's Circus. A friend of the old-school tragedian's meeting him in the street, asked him how he was doing. 'Bad, bad as bad can be, croaked the tragedian 'not quarter houses!' The sympathizing friend condoled with him, and finally wound up by saying, 'But then you must remember Mr. Irving is a very popular actor.' 'Mr. Irving!' exclaimed the tragic one. 'Hang Mr. Irving! I'll star against Mr. Irving anywhere; but I'd like to know who the deuce is to star against twelve infernal performing elephants?'

The steamer Fanny was coming down the upper Mississippi loaded with pig lead. As she was going over a shoal place the pilot gave the signal to heave the lead. The only man forward was the green Irishman. 'Why don't you heave the lead?' 'Is it the lead, yer honor? Where to?' 'Overboard, yer blockhead.' The Irishman snatched up one of the pigs of lead and threw it overboard. The mate in endeavoring to prevent him, lost his balance and fell into the river. The captain running to the deck, asked:—'Why don't you heave the lead, and sing out how much water there is?' 'The lead is heaved, yer honor, and the mate's gone down to see how much water there is.'

Spilkens always insists on spelling needle, needle. He says every needle should have an eye in it. Sow!

New Jersey's MEANEST.—The Somerville (N. J.) Unionist is responsible for the following: A

CIRCULAR NOTES.

Organic Eruption—Pimples on the nose.

Sweet article for the toilet: a honey-comb.

Hogg was a good writer; but he can't be considered a side of Bacon. Often a man drives a pair of grays, while he himself is driven by duns.

A girl at twenty says, 'whom shall I have?' At thirty she asked, 'Who will have me?' 'Jemima Susan, did you get my letter?' 'Yes, Dick.' 'I send it in the hopes of raising a flame.' 'Dick you succeeded, for it lit the gas.'

'Perry's victory?' 'Oh, yes, I have heard of it,' replied the Iowa woman. 'We ought to be very thankful to him for having invented Perrygoric.'

A dandy, wishing to be witty, accepted an old rag-matin as follows: 'You take all sorts of trumpery in your cart, don't you?' 'Yes; jump in—jump in!'

Mlle. Q., of the Palais Royal Theatre, said to Hycinth, 'Gracious, but I have a cold. What do you do when you have a cold?' 'I, said Hycinth, 'I cough.'

As an intelligent composition when he came to the words, 'Arch-Bishop's residence,' set it up to read: 'Mr. Archibald Bishop's residence.'

A Nashville man answered a Chicago advertisement, 'How to win at poker,' and received for his two dollars the following: 'Hold four aces or don't poke.'

A negro was put on the stand as a witness, and the Judge inquired if he understood the nature of an oath. 'For certing, boss,' said the citizen: 'If I swear to a lie I must stick to him!'

America now supplies Europe with beef, flour, apples, potatoes, butter, cheese. Who says she may not claim the proud title of 'the Fodder-land?'

A Boston stump speaker, turned clergyman, so far forgot himself in opening his sermon in a New Hampshire town as to shout, 'Fellow Citizens!'

He gave her a hearty smack. 'Don't kiss like that,' she said. 'I want a sweet tender pressure when I'm kissed. I don't want any fire works.' He left out the explosion in the next act.

A Missouri judge recently refused a divorce in a case in which the parties had lived together forty-nine years, on the ground that it was not right to spoil a golden wedding.

Ann Searing was sent up for stealing an ulster overcoat in Wall street. This, however, can scarcely be the fine Ann-Searing we have heard of in that locality.

A new book of six hundred pages on money is by a gentleman named Poor—Henry V. Poor—Star. We don't see how Henry can be Poor as long as he has a 'V' to his name. 'Every drop brandy I drank paid duty, midair.' Well, what of it? said his wife, as she pulled off his boots. 'Then, midair, ain't I a (hic) duty full husband?' She concluded that he was.

The intention of the old deacon was good, but the way in which he worded his notice was infelicitous. He said: 'Any members of this congregation who have left off wearing apparel will please contribute the same to the poor.'

'Mariah! Mariah! please slet me in! said a man to his wife, who was looking out of a window watching him trying to open the door with a toothpick; 'Ish tread on my key, and it'sh all flattened out.'

In a lead coffin lately found between Bethany and the mount of Olives was a silver ring bearing the names of Samson and Manoah. They'll be finding Adam's grave next.

New Jersey's MEANEST.—The Somerville (N. J.) Unionist is responsible for the following: A

young man well known about Millstone is in the habit of riding to and from New Brunswick in the cars.

One Saturday night not long ago he was in New Brunswick without a penny in his pocket, and wanted to get home. He told the conductor his situation, and asked to be passed over the road, and he would pay when he returned on Monday. The conductor, knowing the young man well, acceded to the request. When the fellow reached home he wrote a plausible letter to the railroad company to the effect that they had better be looking after their interests on that road, as the conductor was in the habit of passing his friends free, whereupon the conductor was suspended and is now out of employment.

AMERICAN GIRLS ABROAD.—At a continental ball, where there was a sprinkling of all the principal nations, and a prince, count, baron, or princess here and there, to every body's great delectation (themselves not excepted), a gorgeous officer expatiated to us upon the incomparable superiority of American young ladies. 'English ladies,' said he, 'are beautiful and refined, but they are always oppressed with an evident fear of overstepping some propriety, which renders their conversation constrained. The German ladies, less carefully trained to coldness and reserve, but bound by rules no less severe, and as much absorbed in balancing their feather of propriety, prove no less backward in the matter of entertaining. But the Americans! ah, they are so dignified, yet so natural; so elegant, yet so entertaining! I will go and introduce myself to another.'

'My son,' said a mother to a little boy four years old, 'whom above all others will you wish to see when you pass into the spirit world?'—'Goliath!' shouted the child, with a joyous anticipation; 'unless,' he quickly added, 'there's a bigger feller there.'

During the review of the Sunday-school, last Sunday, the question was asked, 'What became of Elijah?' and the entire congregation was electrified by a small shrill voice that piped out with extremeunction, 'He went to heaven like a house afire, you bet.'

It is maddening, maddening, maddening, for a woman who has been a patient, fashionable martyr to heart disease for thirteen years, to learn from her physician that she is only suffering from enlargement of the liver.

'Come down this minute,' said the boatswain to a mischievous son of Erin who had been idling aloft. 'Come down, I say, and I'll give you a good dozen, you rascal!'

'Troth, sur, an' I wouldn't come down if you would give me two dozen.'

A Denver woman who bought a stamp at the Post office the other morning, asked the engineer of the department to stick it on for her. He inquired if she could not stick it on herself, and she replied that she could not, because she was an entire stranger in Denver.

A master advised his drunken servant to put up his money for a rainy day. In a few weeks his master inquired how much he had saved. 'Faith none at all! It rained yesterday and it all went!'

Mr. Parish stood on the doorstep and nervously pulled the bell. Consternation! Her father comes opens the door and slams it back in Mr. Parish's face. 'Ah! quoth the unwelcome visitor, another Parish thrown out by the returning board!'

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