The Benton Record.

VOL. V. FORT BENTON, M. T., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1879 NO. 24

Fort Benton Record

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

(*In Advance.*)

One Copy, one year	$5 00
One copy, six months	3 00
One copy, three months	2 00
One copy, one month	1 50

SINGLE COPIES TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

Montana Historical Society

Poetry.

PROGRESS.

They who walk upon the upland
Must expect to feel the Breeze;
All the warring winds of nature,
Suns that melt and snows that freeze.

But how great the compensation
In the broader, fairer view;
In the clearer air surrounding,
In the wide expanse of blue.

—Youth's Companion.

THE MUTINY.

I had been sojourning in Paris for sometime, and became anxious for new sights and scenes, so I took passage on a small vessel at Havre bound for a pleasure excursion in the Mediterranean. This vessel was English build, being in fact one of the largest class of pleasure yachts. Her late owner was a wealthy but dissolute young noble, who had built and luxuriently fitted up the "Belle," as he called her, for his own use. Coming over to Havre he left her in charge of the Captain and repaired to Paris, where he plunged [illegible] every species of dissipation. Before [illegible] weeks had elapsed he fell into the [illegible] of some of his countrymen, who [illegible] professional gamblers and black- [illegible] though their real character was [illegible] ed by the most fastidious dress and [illegible] st scrupulous deportment. From [illegible] at the story of poor Lord C —— [illegible] of hundreds of others. The con- [illegible] that these sharks formed to [illegible] him was perfectly successful, and [illegible] more at the gaming table than his [illegible] could yield in a life time.

[illegible] with his ill-fortune, as he unsus- [illegible] thought it, he offered to put up [illegible] Belle" against five thousand pounds. [illegible] done, and he lost—it would have [illegible] impossible for him to win. Tossing [illegible] nbler of raw brandy he rushed [illegible] the place and was not seen for two [illegible] his body was found among [illegible] at the Morgue.

[illegible] rels who now owned the [illegible] ad to get rid of her before [illegible] ame too public, and there- [illegible] er for sale for two thousand [illegible] had seen the vessel at Havre [illegible] en a great fancy to her, and [illegible] at she was richly worth five [illegible] um demanded, I conceived the [illegible] ning a little stock-company of [illegible] e wealthy Americans then so- [illegible] Paris, and purchasing her, [illegible] with the view of making a [illegible] ursion in the Mediterranean. [illegible] project worked to a charm; the [illegible] were quickly taken, and the new [illegible] of the "Belle" set about making [illegible] preparations for a six months' [illegible] along the shores of the great sea, [illegible] with me was a long cherished plan.

[illegible] e experienced some trouble be- [illegible] voyage began. The Captain of [illegible] yacht made his appearance in Paris [illegible] unwelcome news that his crew [illegible] being dissatisfied [illegible] proposed voyage, and that he [illegible] should not be able to ship another.

The difficulty was at length remedied by the kind assistance of the American consul, and a dozen men were procured for the voyage. The business of attending to this important affair was by unanimous consent intrusted to me, and as my fellow passengers were in ignorance of the [illegible] he crew they were not troubled [illegible] the anxieties that beset me [illegible] As is generally the case [illegible] were not to be picked up in [illegible] port, nor could we obtain either English [illegible] Americans. Of the twelve that we shipped [illegible] at Havre se[illegible] were French, two Portuguese, two [illegible] sh, and one a mulatto from the [illegible] lies. They were an ill-favored set; but the mulatto was certa[illegible] most brutal and precarious [illegible] being that my eyes ever beheld. [illegible] s quite seven feet high, long lim[illegible] ad chested, and strong as a horse. [illegible] coarse features [illegible] sullen as those of an idiot, but occasionally a gleam of intelligence shot across them that made him look almost fiendish.

After completing their shipment, the consul took me aside and said, very seriously:

"Now, sir, after helping you to get this crew, I am free to give you a piece of advice—don't sail with them unless you have a captain who knows how to enforce discipline and compel obedience.

"I'll answer for him," was my reply, "Jesse Cryder is as brave as a lion, and not afraid of anything in the shape of a man. I knew him in command of a Liverpool liner long before he met Lord C. He'll do, I know."

"Well, I'm glad of that," said the consul, drawing a long breath. "Tell him from me that the only members of his crew that I really know anything against are the two Portuguese and the darkest Spaniard. They have been in the galleys. I suspect that little Frenchman of being a spy for a secret order of assassins at Rome, but I'm not certain. The captain will see for himself that the mulatto wants watching, his face is a continual warning."

All our pre[illegible] were at last made, and we left P[illegible] with a favorable wind that quickly sped us across the Bay of [illegible] I communicated the suspicions of the consul to Captain Cryder, and found, as I expected, that he was perfectly equal to the occasion. He was kind, [illegible] prompt and firm with his motley crew [illegible] after one or two collisions with the more unruly of them, which ended by [illegible] getting into irons for twenty four [illegible] the crew seemed to be subdued and orderly. But I could see the captain never relaxed his vigilance, and I resolved that I would second him with my eyes and ears to the utmost.

Aside from these misgivings, the voyage was a most delightful one. The weather was mild, the sea smooth, the wind exactly in the right direction and we were running rapidly down the coast of Portugal. The passengers numbered twenty including the servants, ten being men, three ladies, the wives of some of the owners, and three children. We whiled away the time, with reading, whist playing and music, and I spent much of it on deck, chatting and enjoying the voyage.

I must explain here that the cabin and saloon which we occupied in the latter part of the yacht communicated with the deck by means of a narrow stairway, hardly wide enough for two to pass.

One night, about eleven, after all the other passengers had retired, I had been walking the after deck with the captain, enjoying a quiet cigar. The moon shone brightly, and the scene was so captivating that I lingered on deck to observe it after I had bid the captain good night. I sat down between two of the small boats and and the railing and watched the cloudless heavens, the distant shore, and the long swell of the sea, illuminated by a broad pathway of light. I could see the vigilant captain pacing the deck from me; and the sailors of this watch I had seen some minutes before about the forward ladder. The sound of subdued voices suddenly arrested my attention. I listened and heard two voices from the other side of the boat talking hurriedly in French. My heart almost stopped its motion as these words came to my ears:

"I might shoot him from here."

"Nay, you fool, the report would rouse them below, and they might come up quick enough to give us trouble."

"Half of them have pistols, and that American with the big beard (myself) has one of those toys of the fiends. What do you call it?—six pistols in one. He carries it with him, too. Look out for him."

"Well, but—"

"Listen! Go you back and serve out the brandy to the men; don't spare it! I'll go forward and guard the head of the stairs. Presently the captain—may the fiends seize him for those handcuffs he clapped on me Tuesday—will see me and come to order me forward. Then—"

"But the helm?"

"Don't you see he's lashed it? The course is a straight one all night. He comes to order me forward, and I'll knife him right through the heart, Jacques—ha! Then I yell, for a signal. You hurry forward with the fellows, and we have the deck. As the milords come up we'll seize them and throw them astern. Ha! but that will be fine!"

"And the women and children?"

"Oh, they'll fare as it happens. Send them adrift in the boat, or chuck them overboard, too. But there's Gomez and the mulatto; they are impatient. Go then, quickly, and fire them with brandy, and be ready to rush aft at my signal.

Crouching close to the side of the boat to avoid discovery, I heard the stealthy sound of feet departing. Perhaps two minutes elapsed, and then the figure of the little Frenchman whom the consul had suspected of being the spy of the secret order, stole aft to the stairway with a stealthy step.

My heart gave a great bound, for I saw the work that I must now do. Thank Heaven, I was prepared! I drew my revolver from my pocket, cocked it, and brought my eye on the Frenchman. He stood leaning carelessly on the baluster that inclosed the head of the stairs, but he was really watching the captain intently. His back was turned to me, so that I remained undiscovered.

The captain turned about in his walk, and saw him standing there.

"Who's that?" he sharply demanded, approaching him.

The man made no answer.

"Pierre," said the captain, walking rapidly towards him, and recognizing him, "what's wanted?"

The man placed his hand behind him and from the back of his jacket he half drew a long, slender knife—only half drew it I say, for a bullet from my pistol struck him in the neck, and he fell down the stairs, dead!

The captain started back at the report, and his own revolver was instantly in his hand. With a spring I was at his side.

"Mutiny?" he whispered, comprehending the situation at once.

"Yes," I replied, "and there they come!"

"Steady," said the brave fellow. Don't miss a man! We'll fire by turns. There! take that!"

A swarm of figures now came rushing aft headed by the mulatto, towering head and shoulders above the others and brandishing a huge knife. At the captain's first shot he threw up his arms and fell at full length over the rail, where his great body hung quivering an instant, and then fell with a loud splash into the sea. I fired again and broke the arm of another of the ruffians, who ran forward, howling with pain. The rest stopped, dismayed at the unexpected and bloody reception.

"Let 'em have it now, both together!" Cryder shouted.

We each fired twice more, the shots killing three more outright, and wounding another, when the mutineers beat a hasty retreat forward.

"Throw down your knives!" the captain cried, following them up sharply, and covering the nearest one with his pistol. I kept close at his side, taking good aim at another. "Throw down your knives and beg for mercy, or we'll kill every one of you!"

And they did it. They had seen enough in the last five minutes to satisfy them that we would do just as we threatened, and the five who were left unhurt fell on their knees, threw away their knives and begged for their lives in a babel of different tongues. Cryder had three shots left and I had two, so that the fellows were really at our mercy.

By this time our friends came pouring up from below, half dressed, but most of them armed.

The Captain gave them a few directions and part of them went after ropes and shackles, while he and I, with others who were armed kept the mutineers covered by our pistols. In a few moments they were all securely roped and ironed, including the two wounded men. One of the latter died before daylight, so that just one half of the scoundrels were destroyed in their attempt to take the yacht.

With the help of three of us who knew something of navigation, the captain ran into Lisbon before noon, where our prisoners were handed over to the authorities. We had the satisfaction of seeing them chained together and breaking stone before we put to sea again.

One of them confessed that the conspiracy was matured before we left Havre and that their object was to engage in smuggling in the Mediterranean. The plot was well conceived, and attempted by desperate men; and but for the accident of my presence under the boat when the execution of it began, there can be no doubt that we should all have been murdered and the vessel seized.

Captain Cryder was never weary of praising my coolness and nerve, although he was certainly entitled to equal praise, and so our fellow revenuers thought, for after presenting me with [illegible] plate [illegible] thousand dollars [illegible]

[illegible] returned at Lisbon long enough to secure a reliable crew; and the voyage that followed, though filled with incidents had nothing of the character of the adventure.

The Little Sweep.

Several years ago an effort was made to collect all the chimney sweepers in the City of Dublin for the purpose of education. Among the others came a little fellow who was asked if he knew his letters.

"Oh yes, sir," was the reply.

"Do you spell?"

"Oh, yes, sir," was again the answer.

"Do you read?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"And what book did you learn from?"

"Oh, I never had a book in my life, sir."

"And who was your school-master?"

"Oh, I never was at school."

Here was a singular case; a boy could read and spell without a book or master. But what was the fact? Why another little sweep, a little older than himself had taught him to read by showing him the letters over the shop doors which they passed as they went through the City His teacher, then, was another little sweep like himself, and his book the sign boards on the houses. What may not be done by trying?—*Child's World.*

Foundered Farmers.

Danger comes from sudden straining of one muscle or set of muscles, so as to injure their tissue and cause lameness, says the *Herald of Health.* Few escape this. Then add to this the injury of overwork.

Overwork is simply working after the strength has been reduced so low that it is painful or wearing to move. It is working after the nourishment in the blood has been mostly used up. It is like keeping a mill going when the steam is low or when the water in the dam is nearly out. In such cases not only the muscle suffer, but all the organs of the body. Overwork at last, no matter what kind it is, produces bankruptcy of the body, which is worse than any kind of bankruptcy, bad as they all are.

In the care of the muscles avoid colds and rheumatism. These make people stiff and lame. They take away the natural elasticity which gives so much pleasure, and substitutes a worn out, tired, exhausted feeling, which borders on pain, and is often more difficult to bear. How very careful the owner of a fine horse is that he shall not take cold. He knows if it does it will founder, and after this it never will be a good stepper.

Our whole country is full of foundered men and women, who are stiff, lame, rheumatic, old in feeling, inelastic. Most of them might have preserved their elasticity to old age if they had taken proper care of themselves. As a rule farmers do not bathe as they should. The daily bath to them is quite as important as to any class. It requires but a few moments to to take it and when followed by friction it fortifies the skin against colds.

Doesn't Want to Become a Bad Boy.

A bright-looking boy, 12 years old, who said his name was Tommy McEvoy, went alone into the Jefferson Market Police Court recently and to Justice Morgan said: "Judge, your Honor, I want to give myself up." "Why, my boy?" asked the court. "Because," replied the lad, "I ain't got no home and I don't want to live in the street and become a bad boy." "Why don't you stay at home?" "I ain't got no home. Father's been dead nine years, and mother died before that." "But where have you been living since?" "With my aunt. She lives in Forty first street. But she gets drunk. And she won't let me stay in doors. To-day she chased me out and said if I ever came back she would do something awful to me. I'm afraid of her, and so I've got no home. Nobody will take me in because I ain't got good clothes and don't look nice. I can't get any work, and I can't get anything to eat unless I beg or steal. Then the cops'll take me in. I don't want to get arrested. I don't want to steal nor be a bad boy. Wont you please send me somewhere where I can learn something and get to be a man? There's places [illegible] ain't there?" The Justice told the boy there were such places for good boys, and taking the little fellow under his protection, promised to find him a home in some good institution. —*New York Times.*

Necessity of Amusements.

There are, even now, some old fogies who would have men and woman work from morning till midnight, day after day, week after week, and year after year, without relaxation, or amusement or any sort. But just as man is merging into the machine, and learns to go his rounds like a horse [illegible] a sudden [illegible] and [illegible] attending [illegible] tion even is a waste of time you have to send for the doctor or the undertaker, or the superintendent of a lunatic asylum.

The philosophy that would adjure innocent recreation would also take away the spring and youth, the former from the seasons, the latter from human life. The fact is human nature craves relaxation and excitement, and we are rapidly waking up to the fact. As a people we have been overworking in earnest for eight or nine generations, and the system is beginning to fall upon us. The careworn look of our citizens exhibits the sad story at a glance—we require more holidays; our recreations are too irregular, too few and far between. We stand in earnest need of invigorating sports and of plenty of healthy amusements. We should be more intellectual if we devoted less time and thought to the culture of the intellect; we should become more manysided, less fantastical, and should enjoy a healthier old age. Those people who turn their faces against rational amusement had better blot out the sunshine and strip the earth of its flowers. Recreation is essential to perfect health and happiness.

"Bell" Ignored a Pugilist.

Turning over the stable journalism of the week, I encountered the old original sporting newspaper—the parent of all. It is by no means so ancient as the old sporting magazine which preceded Baily's excellent work, but it is yet entitled to reverence as a forerunner of the marvel just described. I wonder whether the name of the great and far seeing man who originally projected a newspaper for the stable mind was really Bell, and whether he led the life described in the columns of his journal. What manner of man was Bell, and did he really live in London or the country? His title is one of the bewilderingly bold and comprehensive kind, for while his pages are filled with country life, he boldly declares the said life to be led in London.

It is not many years since Bell ruled the stable, and [illegible] pugilistic mind with a rod of [illegible] tive Bell not [illegible] post of stake holder, [illegible] or whatever it may be at present [illegible] and was the only person [illegible] whom the ruffians assembled [illegible] Only once was the respect due to Bell's representative forgotten. A more than usually black, hardy specimen of a pugilist, acting as a second to a brother rough fighting in the ring, [illegible] disputed the decision of [illegible] there and then strike his representative.

For a moment the whole "ring-side," as I hear the ruffians assembled on such occasions were collectively called—the whole ring-side stood aghast; and then public opinion asserted itself, and a thousand pairs of biceps swelled to avenge the insult. But Bell's representative said, "Let the fight go on," and it went on to the end, by which period the rash man who had struck him felt a sickening horror creeping on. The furies were already tugging at his heart-strings, and he sought everywhere for the injured Bell, who had gone quietly away, wrapped in his dignity, and what he loved to call his "upper Benjamin."

Next day the penitent called at the house of Bell, but too late—the fiat had gone forth, his doom was sealed. It seems (but this is only a dim tradition enshrined in the unwritten annals of Bell) that his representative, on returning home after receiving the blow in question, laid the matter before his colleagues, who for a long while absolutely refused to credit the astounding intelligence. It is just possible that the representative of Bell would have been consigned to a lunatic asylum for the rest of his life had not the blow left a tell-tale "mouse," as Bell designated a black eye.

It was true then, too true; but what was to be done? There was, of course, no precedent, and ingenuity went to work to devise such a doom for the offender as should make generations of pugilists yet unborn to shake in their boots. At last Bell spake. The offender was henceforth dead. No mention of his name should occur even as an advertisement in the great sporting organ of the day, and it was so. The man was forgotten in a twelvemonth, and vainly haunted the bars of the public houses at which it had previously been his wont to describe himself as "ready" or "to be heard from."

Men knew him not. It was of no use his wanting to fight anybody. No brother pugilist would fight a man whose participation would prevent Bell from taking the slightest notice of the combat. He tried sparring at benefits; his name was always excluded from the list. He tried to get up a benefit for himself; the advertisement was refused. He was dead as Queen Anne. What became of him is not known. It is supposed, however, that he [illegible] and went [illegible] more.

A Decline in Beans.

Some one living on the second floor of the double tenament on Nelson street placed a pan of baked beans in a window to cool. A few minutes later the horse attached to a coal cart backed in front of the place, and refused to go. The driver laid on the lash, but the animal would not move on. It winced and jumped about in the agony from the blows, but it would not advance. A portly gentleman passing on the walk, saw the trouble, and stopped. He was in sympathy with the animal, and indignant with the man. He expostulated with him, told him to use mild means, to try suasion, that he ought to be ashamed of himself for treating a dumb beast in that manner; that if he did not relent and cease his brutal conduct a fearful judgment would overtake him.

At this juncture a little girl came to the window to see what was the matter, and she must have hit against the pan of beans for almost immediately it slid from the window, and while the benevolent gentleman was telling the coal man of the judgment to come, the pan descended bottom upwards on his own devoted head, deluging him with its contents, taking his breath, and knocking him down on his hands and knees. The shock was so great and so unexpected that the unfortunate man was completely bewildered and crawled away as fast as he could, knowing not where he was going, but instinctively seeking to get out of danger. He was a dreadful-looking spectacle when he got up. He was beans the entire length of his person. They streamed down his back and legs, and the oily substance dripped from the brim of his hat, while the crown being knocked in, a pound piece of pork, clotted with beans, rested securely in the hollow thus formed.

The driver silently watched him until he got on his feet and then shouted at him—

"If you hadn't stuck your nose in other people's business I'd come there an' help scrape you off, but now, cuss you, you can scrape yourself."

A woman who saw the accident invited the unhappy victim into her yard, where she helped him get off his coat, removed his hat and emptied it, and gave him a shingle to scrape off his pants with, and performed other kind offices suggested by her sweet, womanly nature.

It is pleasant to see such things to find those whose hearts are full of tender sympathy, and whose hands turn to helpful acts.

The little girl didn't come down after the pan until the portly gentleman had got out of the neighborhood.—*Danbury News.*

OUR HOUSE

Hotel and Restaurant.

ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.

JOHN H. EVANS, Proprietor.

Meals at all hours of the day or night

KLEINSCHMIDT & BRO, FORT BENTON, M. T.
W. H. WEIMAR & CO., DEER LODGE, M. T.
KLEINSCHMIDT & BRO., HELENA, M. T.
L. M. FOSTER & CO. BUTTE, M. T.

KLEINSCHMIDT & BRO.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Groceries,
Liquors and Cigars,
Drygoods and Notions,
Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Goods,
Hats and Caps,
Boots and Shoes.

—ALSO—

General Forwarders, Freighters, and Commission Merchants.

Owning six of the largest Mercantile Houses in Montana, being the heaviest shippers in the Territory, and having the best buyers in the Eastern Markets, we are prepared to sell our Goods and furnish general outfits at prices that defy competition.

We have the only fireproof warehouse in Benton, and having the best facilities for handling and storing, we offer superior inducements to parties in any part of the Territory desiring to ship goods via Fort Benton. We pay the highest price for

Buffalo Robes, Beef Hides and Peltries

of any description. Parties desirous of purchasing goods will find it to their interest to call and examine our prices before purchasing elsewhere.

S. TINGLEY. CLARK TINGLEY.

TINGLEY BROTHERS'

WHOLESALE & RETAIL

MEAT MARKET

Front St., Fort Benton.

Beef, Veal, Mutton, Pork Game, Fish & Ice

STOCK & BEEF CATTLE FOR SALE.

We keep a first class establishment and sell at the very lowest Market rates. Goods delivered to anypart of city free of the charge

W. S. WETZEL, J. D. WEATHERWAX,

W. S. WETZEL & CO.,

FORT BENTON, MONTANA TERRIT'Y

DEALER IN

Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, & Clothing

STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES.

FURS & PELTRIES.

wholesale Dealer in

WINES, LIQUORS AND SEGARS.

SHELF HARDWARE, TOOLS, QUEENS STOVE[illegible]

TIN WARE, CROCKERY AN[illegible] WARE, TOYS NOTIONS, AND TO[illegible] ARTICLES.

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints [illegible] Oils

STORAGE, FORWARDING & COMMISS[illegible] MISSION.