

The Benton Weekly Record.

VOL VI

BENTON, MONTANA, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1880.

NO. 14.

J. A. KANOUSE,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
FORT BENTON, M. T.,
OFFICE: Main Street between Baker and St. Louis streets.

Dr. F. E. CALDWELL,
Homeopathic Physician,
1010 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 9 p. m.

SHOBER AND LOWRY,
Attorneys at Law and Collecting Agents,
Helena Street near Wood Street,
HELENA, M. T.

W. B. WEARE, CHAS. A. WEARE
ESTABLISHED 1862.

B. Weare & Co.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
Grain, Seeds & Provisions,
MONTANA FURS,
Hides and Wool a Specialty,
188 South Water St.,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

CIVIL ENGINEERING
—AND—
URVEYING
—OF ALL KINDS—
Separately and Promptly Performed
—BY—
H. P. ROLFE,
Fort Benton, Montana

WOOL!
PURCHASING AGENT IN
MONTANA
Full Eastern Wool Dealers and manufacturers,
and am prepared to buy the
FULL MARKET PRICE
OF THE WOOL OF THE TERRITORY.
Principal office will be in Helena.
CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.
PETER SMITH,
CARPENTER,
JOINER AND
Boat Builder,
Main Street, near St. John,
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H. P. ROLFE,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.
(Associated with Sanders & Collier, of Helena.)
Collections and Business Promptly At-
tended to.
OFFICE: Front Street, Benton, near Wetzel & Co.

MASSENA BULLARD,
Attorney & Counselor at Law
HELENA, M. T.
Will Practice and Make Collections in all
parts of the Territory.

CHARLES BRYER'S
FRONT STREET,
M. T.

BARBER SHOP!

August Beckman,
Saddle and Harness Maker,
OPPOSITE KLEINSCHMIDT'S STORE,
FRONT STREET.

Blacksmiths & Wheelwrights
REPAIRING, SHOEING, Etc.
(ESTABLISHED 1878.)
HAMILTON & HAZLETT,
Old Agency, M. T.,
DEALERS IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE.
We keep constantly on hand a complete
assortment of goods suitable for
Ranchmen, Freighters and
Travelers.
The Highest Market Price Paid for
Robes and Peltries.
Call and examine our prices before
purchasing elsewhere.

Neil McIntyre,
**BOOT AND SHOE
MAKER,**
FRONT STREET, FORT BENTON, M. T.
(Opposite Payne's Blacksmith Shop.)
USES ONLY THE BEST MATERIAL.
Good Workmanship and Perfect Fits
Guaranteed.
Repairing Neatly and
Promptly Executed.
PRICES MODERATE.

S. C. ASHBY'S
Life Fire Real Estate and
Collecting Agency,
OFFICE: Main St., Helena, M. T.
POLICIES ISSUED AND LOSSES ADJUSTED
AT THIS OFFICE WITHOUT ADDITIONAL
COST TO THE INSURED.

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
OF NEW YORK.
Cash Assets, \$88,000,000
FIDELITY COMPANIES.
AMERICAN CENTRAL INS. CO. OF
St. Louis, Mo., Cash Assets \$ 802,114
CONTINENTAL INS. CO. OF N. Y. 1,327,772
HORN INS. CO. OF NEW YORK 8,899,352
MERCHANTS INS. CO. OF ST.
Joe, Missouri 315,774
PHOENIX INS. CO. OF BROOK-
lyn, N. Y. 2,785,454
SCOTTISH COMMERCIAL INS. CO.
of Glasgow, Scotland, U. S. B. 676,744
St. Joe, Mo. 408,635
St. Paul F. & M. Ins. Co. of
St. Paul, Minn. 841,900
Total 15,546,944

Wm. JOYCE,
Fashionable Boot & Shoe
Maker,
FORT BENTON, M. T.

St. Nicholas Hotel,
CITY, MONTANA—
Key House,
EDGE, MONTANA—
AVLESWORTH & McFARLAND,
Proprietors.
First-Class Hotels in Every
Respect.

Centennial Hotel,
GEORGE W. REAL, Proprietor,
CORNER OF MAIN AND GRANITE STREETS
BUTTE CITY, MONTANA.

SCOTT HOUSE,
MAIN STREET,
Deer Lodge, Montana
Board, per day, \$2.00
Single Meals, 50
SAM SCOTT, Proprietor.

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First National Bank
OF HELENA.
DESIGNATED DEPOSITORY
OF THE UNITED STATES.
Paid up Capital \$100,000
Surplus and Profits \$100,000

Board of Directors:
S. T. HAUSER, JOHN CURTIN,
A. M. HOITZER, R. S. HAMILTON
J. H. MING, C. P. HIGGINS,
GRANVILLE STUART, A. J. DAVIS,
T. H. KLEINSCHMIDT.

BUCK & HUNT,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
FORT BENTON, -- MONTANA.
OFFICE: Diagonally opposite Conti
House.

J. J. DONNELLY,
Attorney at Law,
FORT BENTON, M. T.
Prompt Attention Given to Collections.

J. W. WHEELOCK,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Fort
Benton and vicinity.
OFFICE at Flanagan's Drug Store.

**INTERNATIONAL
HOTEL.**
RINDA & SKLOWER, Props!
Corner of Main & Bridge Sts.
HELENA, M. T.,
**COSMOPOLITAN
HOTEL.**
Nos. 37 & 39 Main Street,
HELENA, M. T.
SCHWAB & ZIMMERMAN,
Proprietors.

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Poetry.
OTHER FELLOWS THINK SO, TOO.
There's just one thing a man can have,
In all this world of woe and strife,
That makes the business not too bad,
And that one thing is my own wife.
Don't fancy that I love my girl,
For my checks are craven hair!
She holds my heart because she laughs—
Because she laughs, and doesn't care.
I put my boots just where it suits,
And just then where I put them, too,
I light my pipe just where I please,
A chip can vary seldom here.
I leave my papers on my desk,
She never darts them in a heap,
Or takes to light the kitchen stove,
The very one I want to keep.
On winter nights my cozy dame
As I warm her feet before the fire
She never scolds about the lamp,
Or wants the wick a trifle higher,
On Sundays she is not so fain
But what her ruffles I can hug,
I light my pipe just where I please,
A chip can vary seldom here.
I leave my papers on my desk,
She never darts them in a heap,
Or takes to light the kitchen stove,
The very one I want to keep.
The bed is never filled with "shams"
A thing some women vixen plan
To worry servants half to death,
And spoil the temper of a man.
She lets me sleep to my heart,
Now raised on a horrid ding
If it just happens, now and then,
To be quite late when I come in.
I tell you, Jack, if you would wed,
Just get a girl who lets things run;
She'll keep her temper like a lamb,
And help you on to lots of fun.
Don't look for money, style, or show,
Or blushing beauty, ripe and rare;
Just take the one who laughs at fate—
Who laughs, and shows she doesn't care.
You think, perhaps, our household ways
Are just purchase a little mixed;
O, when they get too horrid bad,
We stir about and get things fixed.
What compensation has a man
Who earns his bread by sweat of brow,
If home is made a battle-ground,
And life one long, eternal row?
A SONG FOR THE PEOPLE.
"There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,"
There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,
And this is a truth that old age and youth
Ever should bear in mind,
Like children that race, with hurrying pace,
The butterfly over the lawn,
And when they elapse the prize in their grasp,
They stumble, and then it is gone.
There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,
And the liquid never is quaffed,
So never be sure, till you hold it secure,
Whether you sip or you swill.
Till all things are passed and you hold it fast,
Count not the price your own.
There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,
Many a snare and surprise,
With vigilant glance watch every chance,
Be patient, be cautious, and wise,
Not always the race to the swiftest of pace,
The battle to him that is strong,
But the slow and the sure of the winning secure,
That's the moral I teach in my song.

Selected Story.
THE PROPITIUS GHOST.
A Summer Story.
Away off in the back country among the
New Hampshire hills, just in that section
most frequented by summer travelers,
stands, or used to stand, a little brown
house close by a running stream which laz-
ily winds its way through banks of won-
drous verdure, only to discharge its waters
into the main channel of the Connecticut.
You would be enchanted with the spot
were you to see it—that is, if nature has
the charms for you which it had for me,
when, nearly a decade past, I found myself
standing, fishing-rod in hand, upon the
opposite shore of this same rivulet, and
asking myself how it was that in all my
peregrinations with rod and gun I had never
found myself there before.
Thus musing, and feasting my eyes upon
the grand scenery before me, I must have
remained for some time inactive, spell-
bound, as it were, in wonder, when in
some mysterious manner I became aware
of the fact that I was not alone, and (turn-
ing to find myself face to face with two remark-
ably pretty girls, whose air and carriage
pronounced them to be, like myself, from
the city. At once mountain scenery, trout
streams, and limpid waters became a thing
of the past; the moment called for action
and I was painfully aware that to turn up-
on my heel and make off, notwithstanding
my muddy balms and rough sporting
suit, would be a very decided breach of
etiquette. There was no alternative, and
comprehending it at a glance, I raised my
hat and begged pardon for my intrusion.
"O, do not be alarmed, sir," replied the
younger—to all appearance, "The spot is
not our property, and, even if it were, we
should not be inclined to make any arbit-
rary laws concerning it. My sister and I
would be seated in the shade of these trees;
it would have been impossible for you to
have detected our presence, being occupied
as one would naturally be with the general
loveliness of the surrounding country."
What followed I cannot say, beyond the
fact that instead of the dismissal which
honestly expected, I soon found myself en-
gaged in a lively conversation, which was
a matter of course I enjoyed hugely, learn-
ing at length that the two were spend-
ing the summer at Crawford's, having last
Boston early in June, and that they had
visited this spot at the earnest solicitation
of a lady friend, who was loud in its praise.
"Their horses were in the barn of the
brown farm-house, and they, crossing the
brook, had seated themselves in a nook
commanding a perfect view of the sur-
rounding scenery, to await the return of
Jerry, their servant, who had gone farther
on in quest of maple sugar. The ladies
were somewhat perturbed over his prolonged
absence, for it was now nearly five o'clock,
and there was no sign of the missing man."
"And Crawford's is a really ten miles
away," explained the elder, as we were
crossing the road, after triumphantly
announcing the discovery which interested
me.
"But there was nothing to be done, and
so once more we turned toward the river
bank, talking lightly upon a thousand dif-
ferent topics.
"Nelle and Maud Granger, their names
were, Nelle being the elder, tall, Juno-
like, and decidedly handsome—for pretty

Stray Thoughts.
Never think the worse of another on
account of differing with you in religious
or political opinions.
Cattle says that his wife, at least, what-
ever may be the opinion of census-takers
with others of her sex, is always ready to
tell her rage.
A contemporary says, "Fulness under the
eye denotes language." The writer has
probably been knocked down for some-
thing he has printed.
Pinafore lasted longer than "fifteen."
Everybody could sing Pinafore you see,
but nobody could do "fifteen," or hardly
nobody.—New Haven Register.
Court—Did the prisoner have any pro-
vocation, before he made this assault? In-
telligent Witness—I can't swear to it your
Honor, but I've no doubt he had a glass
or two.
It is near midnight. A beautiful idler
has been dozing for more than an hour.
Suddenly she rises, stretches, yawns, and
says firmly to herself, "Come now, no
more laziness—go to bed."
"Men often jump at conclusions," says
the proverb. So do dogs. One recently
jumped at the conclusion of a cat, which
was sticking through a partly-closed door,
and created a great disturbance.
This is the way the married editor sums
up Lent: "The hen which lays the Easter
egg is a great bird, but it takes the goose
which lays the golden egg to bring Easter
sonnets."—Rochester Democrat.
"Very gritty, this salad," said one
friend to another, when they were dining
together: "don't you think so?" "Gritty,"
repeated the other—"gritty! Why, I call
it a gravel path with only a few weeds on
it."
"What are you doing out there, my
laughter, in the night-dew?" said the
singly old gentleman on the piazza
"Practising fencing," was the sweet re-
ply, as she leaned over the fence till he
was dreadfully close to William's.
Do not blame the rooster for bragging
over every egg that is laid in the family.
Only human nature, nothing more. You
remember that when that bouncing boy
arrived at your house, it was not the
mother who went about doing the crow-
ding.
An old lady, visiting the Antiquarian
Museum in Edinburgh one day, on in-
specting the old weapons very earnestly
and failing to find what she was appar-
ently looking for, asked a visitor if he could
tell her whereabouts they kept the Axi-
of the Apostles.
A remarkable incident in the history of
William Maule of Charleston, S. C., is
that he had lived to see his youngest and
thirteenth child's grandmother. He has just
entered his 97th year, has 104 grandchild-
ren, 391 great-grandchildren, and seventy
great-great-grandchildren.
"We don't want all this, we don't want
it," said an attorney, the other day, to a
voluble old lady on the witness-stand. "It
is irrelevant." But the witness paid no
heed, and talked on, finishing with
"There, you've got it, whether you want
it or not, and it isn't irrelevant, either."
"Auntie," asked a lovely brunette of
sweet seventeen of her cross-tempered
chaperon, an ugly old maid of sixty-six,
"why are you like an engine?" "I don't
know," snapped auntie. "Because,"
sadly answered the beauty, "you always
scatter the sparks whenever you appear."
The members of a young ladies' debat-
ing society in Troy have decided in favor
of long courtships. Level-headed girls.
Observation has taught them that there is
a wonderful falling-off of confessions, balls,
carriage-rides, and opera when courtship
ends and the stern realities of married life
begin.
A man having announced that he was
once in a community where they all in-
dented their own business, his statement was
doubted, and he was called upon to tell
where it was. "It was on board a ship at
sea," said he; "and the passengers were
all too sick to meddle with one another's
airs."
The new Sunday-school scholar, who
was better versed in the trotting vocabu-
lary than in Moses and the prophets, as-
signed the superintendent of the—
Sunday-school, last Sunday, by replying
to his question, "Which class would you
like to go into, my little man?" "The
2:40 class."
A soldier was sentenced, for deserting,
to have his ear cut off. After undergoing
the ordeal, he was escorted out of the
court-yard to the tune of "The Rogue's
March." He then turned, and in mock
gravity thus addressed the musicians:
"Gentlemen, I thank you, but I have no
ear for music."
The English language is wonderful for
its aptness of expression. When a num-
ber of men and women get together, and look
at each other from the sides of a room,
that's called a sociable. When a hungry
rowd calls upon a poor minister and eats
him out of house and home, that's called a
donation party.
They begged him to play a little. He
seemed to feel bashful at first, but after a
while began to play vigorously. "What
power!" said a listener to the owner of
the piano. "Yes," exclaimed the latter,
in alarm, "he seems to have considerable
musical sense; but he ought to know that this
isn't his gymnasium."
Mrs. Betsey Henderson of Warren avenue,
Boston, who recently celebrated the 100th
anniversary of her birthday, reads and
does fine sewing without the aid of eye-
glasses. She relates events of 1784, and
says that she saw thirteen horses draw
the cornerstone of the new State House
past her father's house in Charter street.
The Hon. Alexander H. Stephens was
always a church-goer. On a certain Sun-
day he had attended twice. He says that
he was much pleased with a sermon from
Dr. S., and sat at all with one from
Dr. D., whom he thought neither elu-
quent nor orthodox. "His prayer was
the coolest thing of the kind I ever heard.
Some fellow said that he prayed as if in
his address to the Deity he did not in-
tend to compromise his self-respect."

Selected Story.
THE PROPITIUS GHOST.
A Summer Story.
Away off in the back country among the
New Hampshire hills, just in that section
most frequented by summer travelers,
stands, or used to stand, a little brown
house close by a running stream which laz-
ily winds its way through banks of won-
drous verdure, only to discharge its waters
into the main channel of the Connecticut.
You would be enchanted with the spot
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were, Nelle being the elder, tall, Juno-
like, and decidedly handsome—for pretty

Stray Thoughts.
Never think the worse of another on
account of differing with you in religious
or political opinions.
Cattle says that his wife, at least, what-
ever may be the opinion of census-takers
with others of her sex, is always ready to
tell her rage.
A contemporary says, "Fulness under the
eye denotes language." The writer has
probably been knocked down for some-
thing he has printed.
Pinafore lasted longer than "fifteen."
Everybody could sing Pinafore you see,
but nobody could do "fifteen," or hardly
nobody.—New Haven Register.
Court—Did the prisoner have any pro-
vocation, before he made this assault? In-
telligent Witness—I can't swear to it your
Honor, but I've no doubt he had a glass
or two.
It is near midnight. A beautiful idler
has been dozing for more than an hour.
Suddenly she rises, stretches, yawns, and
says firmly to herself, "Come now, no
more laziness—go to bed."
"Men often jump at conclusions," says
the proverb. So do dogs. One recently
jumped at the conclusion of a cat, which
was sticking through a partly-closed door,
and created a great disturbance.
This is the way the married editor sums
up Lent: "The hen which lays the Easter
egg is a great bird, but it takes the goose
which lays the golden egg to bring Easter
sonnets."—Rochester Democrat.
"Very gritty, this salad," said one
friend to another, when they were dining
together: "don't you think so?" "Gritty,"
repeated the other—"gritty! Why, I call
it a gravel path with only a few weeds on
it."
"What are you doing out there, my
laughter, in the night-dew?" said the
singly old gentleman on the piazza
"Practising fencing," was the sweet re-
ply, as she leaned over the fence till he
was dreadfully close to William's.
Do not blame the rooster for bragging
over every egg that is laid in the family.
Only human nature, nothing more. You
remember that when that bouncing boy
arrived at your house, it was not the
mother who went about doing the crow-
ding.
An old lady, visiting the Antiquarian
Museum in Edinburgh one day, on in-
specting the old weapons very earnestly
and failing to find what she was appar-
ently looking for, asked a visitor if he could
tell her whereabouts they kept the Axi-
of the Apostles.
A remarkable incident in the history of
William Maule of Charleston, S. C., is
that he had lived to see his youngest and
thirteenth child's grandmother. He has just
entered his 97th year, has 104 grandchild-
ren, 391 great-grandchildren, and seventy
great-great-grandchildren.
"We don't want all this, we don't want
it," said an attorney, the other day, to a
voluble old lady on the witness-stand. "It
is irrelevant." But the witness paid no
heed, and talked on, finishing with
"There, you've got it, whether you want
it or not, and it isn't irrelevant, either."
"Auntie," asked a lovely brunette of
sweet seventeen of her cross-tempered
chaperon, an ugly old maid of sixty-six,
"why are you like an engine?" "I don't
know," snapped auntie. "Because,"
sadly answered the beauty, "you always
scatter the sparks whenever you appear."
The members of a young ladies' debat-
ing society in Troy have decided in favor
of long courtships. Level-headed girls.
Observation has taught them that there is
a wonderful falling-off of confessions, balls,
carriage-rides, and opera when courtship
ends and the stern realities of married life
begin.
A man having announced that he was
once in a community where they all in-
dented their own business, his statement was
doubted, and he was called upon to tell
where it was. "It was on board a ship at
sea," said he; "and the passengers were
all too sick to meddle with one another's
airs."
The new Sunday-school scholar, who
was better versed in the trotting vocabu-
lary than in Moses and the prophets, as-
signed the superintendent of the—
Sunday-school, last Sunday, by replying
to his question, "Which class would you
like to go into, my little man?" "The
2:40 class."
A soldier was sentenced, for deserting,
to have his ear cut off. After undergoing
the ordeal, he was escorted out of the
court-yard to the tune of "The Rogue's
March." He then turned, and in mock
gravity thus addressed the musicians:
"Gentlemen, I thank you, but I have no
ear for music."
The English language is wonderful for
its aptness of expression. When a num-
ber of men and women get together, and look
at each other from the sides of a room,
that's called a sociable. When a hungry
rowd calls upon a poor minister and eats
him out of house and home, that's called a
donation party.
They begged him to play a little. He
seemed to feel bashful at first, but after a
while began to play vigorously. "What
power!" said a listener to the owner of
the piano. "Yes," exclaimed the latter,
in alarm, "he seems to have considerable
musical sense; but he ought to know that this
isn't his gymnasium."
Mrs. Betsey Henderson of Warren avenue,
Boston, who recently celebrated the 100th
anniversary of her birthday, reads and
does fine sewing without the aid of eye-
glasses. She relates events of 1784, and
says that she saw thirteen horses draw
the cornerstone of the new State House
past her father's house in Charter street.
The Hon. Alexander H. Stephens was
always a church-goer. On a certain Sun-
day he had attended twice. He says that
he was much pleased with a sermon from
Dr. S., and sat at all with one from
Dr. D., whom he thought neither elu-
quent nor orthodox. "His prayer was
the coolest thing of the kind I ever heard.
Some fellow said that he prayed as if in
his address to the Deity he did not in-
tend to compromise his self-respect."