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FORT BENTON, MONTANA TERRITORY.

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wholesale Dealer in

WINES, LIQUORS AND SEGARS.

Fish Bros' Freight and Farm Wagons and McCormack Reapers and Mowers,

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CRAWFORD & WILSON, Proprietors.

We are prepared to furnish accommodations for all kinds of stock.

GOOD HAY AND FEED ALWAYS ON HAND

We have in connection with our stable

Fairbank's Standard Platform Scales.

and will do weight at reasonable rates.

Ranchmen, Freighters and Travelers

-WILL FIND AT-

George Steell's

SUN RIVER STORE,

THE LARGEST, CHEAPEST AND MOST COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF MERCHANDISE IN MONTANA, CONSISTING OF

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Clothing, Drugs, Medicines,

AND EVERY OTHER ARTICLE REQUIRED BY FAMILIES.

Freighters, Ranchmen or Travelers,

-AGENT FOR-

MCCORMICK'S REAPERS AND MOWERS,

HORSE RAKES, Etc.

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FISH BRO'S. & COMPANY'S FARM, FREIGHT AND SPRING WAGONS.

GEORGE STEEL,

Lewis & Clarke County, and Chestnut, Meagher County.

First National Bank OF HELENA.

DESIGNATED DEPOSITORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

Paid up Capital \$100,000 Surplus and Profits \$100,000

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We transact a General Banking Business, and Buy at Highest Rates, Gold, Silver, and Bullion, and Local Securities; and sell Exchange and Telegraphic Transfers, available in all parts of the United States, the Canada, Great Britain, Ireland and the Continent. Collections made, and Proceeds remitted promptly.

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FINE DRESSES A SPECIALTY.

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Mrs. Kate Armstrong has leased the Benton Laundry, and is now prepared to receive laundry work entrusted to her care with neatness and dispatch. Particular attention paid to family washing.

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HORSES BOARDED BY THE DAY

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Day and Night Herd.

SADDLE HORSES, LIGHT AND HEAVY TURNOUTS

urnished on short notice and at reasonable rates.

MILK AND BUTTER RANCH!

I am now prepared to furnish

PURE MILK

to families and others. When required, I will furnish families with milk from one cow.

FAIR DEALING IS MY MOTTO!

JAMES DWYLL, Fort Benton, M. T.

BREAK OF DAY HOUSE.

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MAIN ST., FORT BENTON, M. T.

The Best Brands of

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Five Hundred Acres in Cultivation

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ROSES, SHRUBS, & C.

J. A. GOODRUE, Gen'l Agent, Helena, Montana.

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I am prepared to fill ALL bills

for lumber, shingles or lath at

reasonable rates at my saw mill

on Lyons Creek, near the Prickly

Pear Canyon. Address,

R. S. ELLS,

Care of James Ferguson,

Fort Benton Road

Notice of Final Entry.

U. S. LAND OFFICE, HELENA, M. T., Sept. 26, 1889.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his application to make final proof in support of his claim and secure final entry thereon, and that said proof will be made before A. H. Beattie, Clerk of the Third Judicial District Court of Montana, at his office in Fort Benton, Chouteau county, Montana, on Monday the 5th day of October, A. D. 1889, viz: JAMES STONE pre-emption declaratory statement No. 353 for the N. W. 1/4 of Sec. 21, T. 21 N., R. 10 W., S. 2 E. quarter of section No. 21 and S. E. quarter of section No. 22 in township No. 21 N., R. 10 W., S. 2 E., and he names the following witnesses to said tract, viz: William Rowe, Robert Vangha, of Chouteau county, M. T., and Joe B. McKnight and T. C. Power of Lewis and Clark county, M. T.

J. H. MOE, Register.

CANTATRICE.

A Tale of Louisiana.

It was Sunday morning in New Orleans. A stranger, named Peter Ellis, wandered forth from the St. Charles to witness the approaches of the inundation, which then formed the staple of discussion among all classes. Peter Ellis was about forty years of age, of a noble figure, proud, gloomy face, and with a forehead scamed by many and deep wrinkles. His dress was rich, after the fashion of the Southern aristocracy, but worn negligently, and somewhat soiled with the stains of recent travel; for he had arrived only the previous evening.

The stranger passed groups of people gathered on every corner, all engaged in earnest conversation; and still here in the streets, as back yonder at the tavern, the *cronasse—the cressant*, spoken in English, French, Spanish, and Italian *patois*—was the topic that seemed to monopolize every thought. He had almost reached the old Basin, where the water was said to be rising with fearful rapidity, when his ears were assailed by an indescribable noise which issued from a point a few squares to the left.

"What infernal din is that?" asked Peter Ellis, interrogating a little Frenchman who chanced to be gliding by. "Monsieur is a stranger in the city?" said the Frenchman, bowing to the very knees. "Yes." "Has heard of the Sunday dance on Congo Green?" "No." "Never had the pleasure of seeing it?" "No."

"Then monsieur will be delighted, charmed, enchanted with the spectacle," exclaimed the volatile son of Paris, enthusiastically; adding, with another deep bow, "but I beg monsieur's pardon for the remark—he will be careful to respect the African's. The Green belongs to them—is their theatre, I might say—and the amusement is under the strict surveillance of the police."

"Does any body else go there besides negroes?" inquired Ellis, abstractedly. "O, yes; everybody attends, some time or other, and the ladies who have had the serious misfortune to lose their character go always."

The wrinkles on the brow of Peter Ellis grew as black as the gloom of a thunder-cloud. The last answer of the Frenchman appeared to call up the ghost of some horrid memory, and, with a scowl at his astonished interlocutor, he hurried onwards and entered Congo Green. This was a large, level square, including more than a dozen acres, situated not far from the Basin, and set apart by an ordinance of the city for the Sunday amusements of the Africans exclusively. It was enclosed in strong iron railings, with a gate of the same metal on each of the four sides, and was adorned with many beautiful trees, scattered here and there at irregular intervals, which gave it the appearance of a forest rather than a park.

Although it was scarcely nine when Ellis reached the Green, it was already well supplied with dancers. The scene was such as to defy all attempt at definition by pen or pencil. A huge negro, taller, blacker and uglier than any other in the crowd, had been chosen general director for the day. He was called indifferently "King of Congo," or "King of the Waka," and bore on his head as a crown a great pyramid of painted paper boxes fastened together, which had the effect of nearly doubling his natural height. This monarch and all his subjects were tricked out in a manner so grotesque that it was impossible to behold them without laughter. Here was furnished with boofs. There went another brandishing enormous horns. A third dapped his wings, crowing like a shantier. A fourth strutted majestically, spreading behind the plumes of the peacock; while the fifth displayed the tail of a monkey. Their sabbath features were decked with all the colors of the rainbow, and their necks, waists, arms, ankles literally bristled with innumerable little bells that jingled and chimed as they moved.

The dancers initiated the cries of every animal. They cowered, barked, bellowed, neighed, bleated, squeaked hooped and howled, while still ever, without ceasing, the little bells jingled and chimed; and they had all sorts of musical and un-musical instruments. The fiddle uttered its silvery laugh; the drum thundered; the trumpet roared; the life squeaked, while the boatman's bugle sang its winding notes to the sky; and still the little bells jingled and chimed. They increased the clamor by thumping pans, kettles, tubs and empty barrels. They shuffled waltzed; but yet, over all the new evolutions, the genuine original Congo dance maintained its undisturbed preeminence.

It was the *entraine* of animal passion—the jubilee of joyous instinct. Every eye gleamed; every countenance was radiant. The burning, heaving mass of vitality was worked up to a height of feeling intense as the emotions of madness. Even many of the spectators caught the contagious fury and join in the savage glee; but there was one beholder that gazed on the scene with a grim look of horror.

"I must have been distracted to think of finding her in such a place as this—of finding her at all!" murmured Ellis to himself, as he threaded his way through the press, uttering maledictions against Congo Green.

At length he gained the iron gate towards the north, and was in the act of going out, when a vision of dazzling beauty arrested his attention and chained his feet to the sod. This was a young girl, habited in white, with a crimson zone around her bosom, secured by a massive clasp of gold, that lay opposite her heart like a star. Her head was only covered with its own veil of ringlets, softer than silk and blacker than midnight. Her complexion was dark, but it was the beautiful golden tint left there by the wind and sunbeam—this kissing her with fire, and that cooling the fire-kisses with sighs.

Peter Ellis was so fascinated by the sight that he did not at first notice her. At last, however, he was forced to perceive that she had a companion, and such a companion as filled him—not with jealousy, but with fear!

This was an old man, hideously hunch-backed, with snow-white hair, piercing gray eyes, and a dirty, shriveled face that wore the double expression of theft and murder. He was muttering angry words in a low voice, while the girl's dark eyes were swimming in tears.

"O, spare me that shame!" Ellis heard her entreat; "for heaven's sake spare me! I cannot go there."

"Don't bid you," replied the old hunch-back, "G, or to-night!" The sentence was completed by a gesture that made the spectator shiver.

"I will go," answered the girl, turning deadly pale. She opened the gate and hurried on towards the centre of the sable crowd, the old monster following and eyeing her at a distance with a fiendish smile, while Peter Ellis, in spite of his pride, felt himself borne by an irresistible impulse in the same direction.

Presently the fascinated man heard, above all the tempest of tumult, the voice of a singer. It was loud, sweet, ringing, and wondrously varied.

The effect on the mad dancers was like magic. Horn, drum, bagle, violin became silent. The vast throng swayed to and fro, as a sea, tossed by the storm, and then gathered in a great circle, shouting, "La Cantatrice! The singer! The beautiful Cantatrice!"

"It seems she is well known among the Africans of New Orleans," thought Peter Ellis, with a shudder; still he could not forbear pressing forward until he gained a point in the circle of black faces whence he could again see the dazzling beauty.

She sang, with the accompaniment of appropriate gestures, a merry bacchanal song, and the listeners cheered with shouts of laughter. At a signal from the old hunchback she took up a martial strain, and every bosom heaved like a volcano, and every eye gleamed with the red light of battle. She then trilled a mournful dirge—a wail of love and death; and a thousand open cheeks were wet with tears. She could not have selected a more impressive audience, for the Southern negroes have an insatiable passion for music.

At last she paused and glanced at the old hunchback, who frowned, and waved a fierce, imperious gesture. She then drew from her bosom a large, open-mouthed purse, and passing around the dusky circle, held it out for pennies, which were showered down with extreme liberality. When she came to Ellis, she glanced up in his face with her wild black eyes, wondering at the presence of one so elegantly attired as he in such company. She started up in surprise as he dropped a piece in her palm; it was a gold eagle.

"Monsieur has made a mistake," she said, in her soft, silvery tones, holding up the glittering coin. "No—keep it," he answered, and she felt another drop in her open palm. She blushed red as scarlet—for the last drop was a hot tear.

The girl returned to her station in the human ring, and again glanced an imploring look at the old hunchback. He scowled as before, and waved another angry gesture. She then took from the folds of her dress two small gilt caskets, poised them an instant above her head, and, whirling them around gracefully, bounded away in a dance. But at that moment a storm of water; and screams of terror arose—"The cressant! The cressant! The levee of the basin is broken! We shall be drowned!"

King Congo tore off his crown; the King and subjects alike attempted a grand charge towards the gates. The flood came roaring after them, and in three or four minutes overspread the Green, but as yet to no considerable depth.

There were only two persons in the crowd who did not fly—Peter Ellis and the poor singer. The former approached the girl with a feeling of strange interest, took her hand, and led her to the nearest gate.

"Why do you not run, my pretty one?" he asked. "Are you not afraid you will be drowned?" "O, God, I wish that I were!" she rejoined, with a look of hopeless sorrow.

"Then you do not like your present profession?" Ellis inquired. "Why, then do you not leave it?" "Monsieur, I have no other," she answered, in a voice indescribably mournful.

"Has no one ever proffered assistance to enable you to rise above your degraded condition?" "Many, very many," she replied sadly. "Why did you not accept their benevolent aid?"

"Because, monsieur," faltered the girl, blushing deeply, and letting her eyes fall to the ground, "I would rather suffer his cruel hatred than endure their wicked love!"

"His hatred? The hunchback, you mean?" "Yes." "Is he your father?" "No, monsieur; he brought me up since I was a little child, but he is not my father."

"Where is he now?" "Gone to his pawnbroker shop beyond the basin. He fears it is overflowed." "Have you no mother?" "None in this world!" The dark-eyed girl glanced through her tears towards heaven.

"Do you remember your parents?" "I remember my mother. I have at least a faint image of her. She had black eyes, such as mine, and a smile like an angel."

"Do you recollect your mother's name?" He put the question in a tone gasping with earnestness. "No, monsieur; but I have a memory of my home ere they brought me to the city."

"Can you describe it?" "O! yes," she answered, clasping her small hands tightly across her forehead as if to prevent the feeble images from their old niches in the brain. Then she added, "The pictures are very beautiful—I see, in the sunny air, the tall white house, with the stone chimney at each end; the two great trees in the yard, with the big red-painted gate before them; the blue lake beyond the gate; I can never forget that, for I slipped into it once, and was drawn out, half dead, by an old one-eyed negro."

The face of Peter Ellis was pallid as that of a corpse as he put the last question. "Have you any relic—a handkerchief—a bit of clothing, anything—left by your mother?" "I have her miniature, monsieur."

"Where? Where?" "Here, close beside my heart."

"Let me see it!" cried Peter Ellis, leaping forward wildly and grasping the girl by the hand. She raised the miniature by its slight silver chain, held it up before his gleaming eyes.

"It is she! It is she!" he shouted, and then caught the young girl to his bosom, murmuring, "Mary—O! Mary, my daughter!"

As the earth, and bright as the sun; when the arms of the two were entwined more gently, as if not longer afraid of losing each other, then the girl said, in a seraph-like whisper, "Thank God! I have now two fathers—one here and another yonder!" and she pointed her finger to the sky. And three happy are all the poor girls of the great city who can say as much. But, alas! for the many orphans without fathers, and a darker woe for the wretches that show them no pity!

A Farmer's Offer.

[Detroit Free Press.]

A "hired man" who has been employed on a farm in this country for several months entered suit against his employer the other day for balance of wages, amounting, as he claimed, to \$32. The suit was on trial in Justice Alley, yesterday, and it looked at first as if the plaintiff had a clear case. He gave dates and figures in a straightforward way, and seemed a very honest young man. When the farmer took the stand he said:

"I claim an offset for that \$32. No man need sue me for what I honestly owe."

"What is your offset?" asked the lawyer. "He is an unbeliever."

"In what?" "Why, in the Bible."

"What has that to do with your owing him \$32?" "It had a heap to do with it. I had six hands in my employ, and we were rushing things when I hired this man. He hadn't been with us two days when they stopped the reaper in the middle of the forenoon to dispute about Daniel in the lion's den, and in three days we had a regular knock down over the whole swallowing Jonah. The man who run the mower got to arguing about Sampson, and drove over a stump and damaged the machine to the tune of \$18, and the very next day my boy broke his leg while climbing a fence to hear and see the row which was started over the Children of Israel going through the Red Sea. It wasn't a week before my wife said she didn't believe Elijah was fed by the ravens, and hang me if I didn't find myself growing weak on Noah and his God. That's my offset, sir; and if he was worth anything I'd sue him for a thousand dollars besides."

The Court reserved his decision for twenty-four hours.

LADY BURDETT-COUTTS.

Why the Marriage is Delayed—Whose Business.

[London Letter.]

I am old-fashioned enough to think that the marriage of Lady Burdett-Coutts is an affair with which the public have nothing whatever to do, and think it simply concerns two persons, who have a perfect right to set as they think fit for their mutual interest, without the impertinent interference of the Backbiters and the Sneerers in all tanks of society. It has been asserted that the Baroness is taking this step in opposition to the wishes of her family and friends. This is untrue. Most of the members of her family, and of those who have any claim to be considered friends, approve of her determination. The marriage would have taken place long ago for the remainder in the *casus* in the forgotten clause in the Duchess of St. Alban's will prohibiting the Baroness from marrying an alien. The penalty for disregarding this condition is the forfeiture of the Baroness in Court's bank, which would in such event immediately pass to a near relative. Now, I am able to state that when the whole case was laid before this relative, who is under the greatest obligations to the Baroness, no objection was made to the marriage, and it was understood that the clause would not be pressed. Subsequently, however, other counsels prevailed. The prohibitory clause in the will was undoubtedly framed not to prevent the Baroness from marrying anybody who happened to be an alien, but to exclude a particular person who is no longer living.

It must not be supposed that the compulsory withdrawal of the Baroness from Court's Bank would seriously impair her fortune. She would still be immensely wealthy, and, moreover, she is not the woman to be deterred from doing what she believes to be right by consideration of this kind. But there is some hope that matters will not be pushed to this extremity. A compromise is likely to be arrived at, and, pending that, Mr. Bartlett will endeavor to establish his legal status as a British subject. The question raises an entirely novel point in international law, and will, if decided in Mr. Bartlett's favor, affect the nationality of a great many Americans.

The Baroness is at present awaiting the issue at her country residence, Holly Lodge, Highgate. Holly Lodge is a pretty little place, surrounded by charming grounds, but it is her house in Stratton street which gives one an impressive idea of the vastness of her resources. The multitude of rooms is bewildering. You pass through galleries, dressing-rooms, concert-rooms, ball rooms, getting glimpses of staircases which seem to lead nowhere, and feeling generally that the architect must have been a man of astonishing fertility of mind. The greater part of this enormous dwelling, however, is wrapped in gloom and white holland. Practically she lives in only three rooms, through a window of one of which Sir Francis Burdett was dragged when arrested for treason, and carried to the Tower.

The energy and vitality of the Baroness are extraordinary. When she is perfectly well, she defeats her age by a dozen years. She is a good horsewoman, and is still fond of exercise, and she walks with an elasticity which many a younger woman might envy. Her knowledge of politics and politicians extends over half a century; and she can write as well as speak with no little grace and force.

A minister with a rather florid complexion had gone into the shop of a barber, one of his parishioners, to be shaved. The barber was addicted to heavy bouts of drinking, after which his hand was, in consequence, unsteady at his work. In shaving the minister on the occasion referred to, he inflicted a cut sufficiently deep to cover the lower part of the face with blood. The minister turned to the barber and said, in a tone of solemn severity, "You see, Thomas, what comes of taking too much drink."

"Ay," replied Thomas: "it mak's the skin verra tender."

Texas society is agitated over the question of whether or not the groom at a wedding should wear his revolver belt outside or inside of his dress coat.

CURRENT FUN.

The highest timepiece ever adjusted was "when the sentinel starts set their watch in the sky."

One touch of rumor makes the whole world chafe.—Quincy Modern Argosy. One such touch of humor makes the whole world grin.

There is a man in Aurora so thin that he had a row of buttons put on his umbrella cover, and wears it for an overcoat.—Humboldt.

No wonder the miser desires to take his gold with him beyond the grave, when even "death leaves a shining mare."—Taylor's Falls Reporter.

When it is announced that a politician is in the hands of his friends, it is understood that they will take him home all right.—N. O. Phronesis.

Did you ever see a man with large feet who did not declare that his boots were two sizes too big, that he likes them easy, you know.—Boston Transcript.

A German life insurance company, called Der Lebensversicherungsgesellschaft, complains of the irregularity of the mails. Yet one would suppose it got all its letters.—Andrew's Queen.

Professor Swing, of Chicago, can't abide Rev. Cook, of Boston. Yet Joseph is a stronger man than David. The latter only represents pork, while the latter represents pork and beans.—Overland Herald.

The man who seeks to win a reputation for prodigal generosity by publicly abolishing some poor beggar with the presentation of a dollar, rarely surprises his washwoman in that way.—Cincinnati Saturday Night.

The osseous remains found in Chicago the other day, supposed to belong to a mastodon, turn out to be a portion of the maxillary and mandibular bones of a primitive Chicago hotel clerk.—St. Louis Times.

XX. However bland paternalistic himself may be in his manner, you can find some idea of his real feelings toward you by noticing how his children look at you when you pass them on the street.—Chicago Chronicle.

"In what condition was the patriarchy Job at the end of his life?" asked a Brooklyn Sunday school teacher of a quiet looking boy at the foot of the class. "Dead," calmly answered the quiet looking boy. From this answer no appeal was taken.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The "compromise suit" is what an exchange calls the straw hat and winter overcoat often seen on the same person these days.

An eminent pianist of foreign birth became very angry because some one described his playing as being "meat." He said that in this country he had heard people speak of necklaces, boots, hats and jewelry, as being "meat," and that he had heard of cattle which were "meat." When it was explained to him that the word meat as applied to his playing meant free from tawdriness he accepted the apology of the dictionary.

The *Hankey* man says a high board fence, a locust tree and twenty-three beerables make a grove anywhere within thirty miles of New York.

Police court scene. Judge to an unprosperous tramp: "What are your means of living?" "I am an inventor." "Ah, indeed. And what have you invented?" "Nothing as yet; but I am on the lookout."

A Nebraska Indian contrived to swallow a lot of dynamite, and now he can stand around the corner and call a white man anything he chooses without being kicked for his insolence. They are shy of jarring him, even.

Two female friends meet after a long separation and exchange confidences.—"Yes, my dear; I have been a widow for six months." "And I for nearly five years." The same lucky woman you always were."

"Well, if ever I saw the like," remarked Mr. Whiskyskin, as he mopped the perspiration from his brow. "I don't see where all this water comes from that oozes through my pores. I haven't tasted the stuff for ten years."—New Haven Register.

The gentlemanly caterer at the camp meeting, who charges you seventy-five cents for a fifteen-cent breakfast is requested to start for the "anxious seat" before he is cut off in the midst of his awful sins. We notice that the ministers think he is past praying for.—New Haven Register.

A party of seagypsies meeting a pious old man named Simpson, one of them exclaimed, "Ah! now we are safe! We'll take Simpson along with us; and then, should we be set upon by a thousand Philistines, he'll slay them all!" "My young friend," quickly responded the old man, "to do that I should have to borrow your jaw bone!"