

# W. S. WETZEL,

FORT BENTON, MONTANA,

## Wholesale and Retail Grocer,

AND DEALER IN

### DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,

BOOTS AND SHOES, FURS AND PELTRIES,

### WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

Our Grocery Department embraces all Staple and Fancy Articles, a few of which are Fresh Corn Meal, Oat Meal, Rice, Beans, Canned and Dried Fruits, Lard, Bacon and Hams, Canned Vegetables and Meats, Candles, Oils, Fish, Oysters, Extra Soap, Canned Syrups, Candies, Nuts and Notions.

Fish Bros.' Freight and Farm Wagons,

## SHELF HARDWARE

TOOLS, CUTLERY,

Tinware, Crockery, Glassware, Toilet Articles

PATENT MEDICINES, PAINTS AND OILS.

We have in store one of the best selected Stocks ever imported into the Territory, and the trading public will find it to their advantage to get our prices before buying elsewhere.

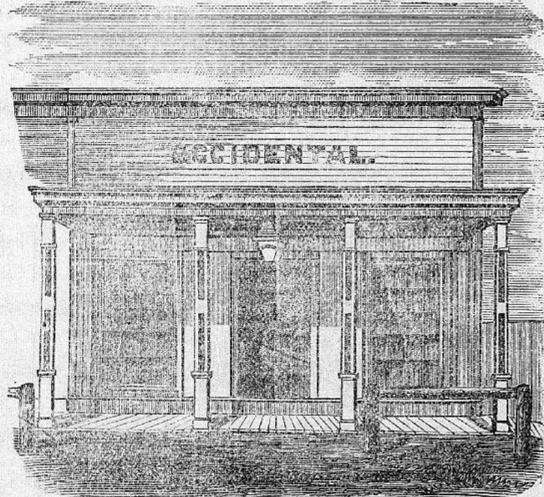
## STORAGE AND COMMISSION.

Corner of Front and Bond Sts., Fort Benton.

## OCCIDENTAL SALOON

Nick Welch, Proprietor.

Best Brands of Liquor and Cigars.



WINE AND BILLIARD SALOON.

Main Street, Fort Benton.

## OVERLAND HOTEL

Front Street, Fort Benton.

This popular Hotel is situated in the centre of the town, convenient to the business houses, and opposite the steamboat landing. A number of New Rooms have been recently added, and nothing is left undone which will contribute to the comfort and convenience of guests.

JOHN HUNSBERGER,

PROPRIETOR.

ALL COACHES RUNNING INTO FORT BENTON ARRIVE AT AND DEPART FROM THIS HOTEL.

### LIFE'S TIDE.

The tide rises, the tide falls,  
The twilight darkens, the curlew calls;  
Along the sea sands damp and brown  
The traveler hastens towards the town,  
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Darkness settles on roofs and walls,  
But the sea in the darkness calls and calls;  
The little waves with their soft white hands  
Efface the footprints in the sands,  
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

The morning breaks; the steeds in their stalls  
Stamp and neigh as the hostler calls;  
The day returns, but nevermore  
Returns the traveler to the shore,  
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

### QUIEN SABE.

—Edison is rapidly introducing his light into the parks of New York City.

—Mr. Spurgeon's fifteenth hundred sermon has been published in the Japanese language.

—The Hibernian Bible Society has circulated in Ireland, since it was formed, nearly 4,000,000 copies of the bible.

—Physicians now say that the telephone is injurious to the ear. We presume it's the strain of listening and hearing nothing that does the harm.

—Fourteen female missionaries have gone out to work among the Mormons. It is hoped they will not marry the same man, and so contract their usefulness.

—The American board has sixteen churches in Japan. Four new churches were organized, and one hundred and twenty new members were added last year. Twelve of the sixteen churches are self supporting. The contributions amount to an average of twenty dollars.

—One of the steel works of Pittsburgh has just cast the largest anvil block ever made in this country. It is eleven feet high and 8x10 wide, and weighs 160 tons. It took seven hours to run the metal into the mold, and it will be four months before the metal is cool enough to move.

—The coinage of silver at the United States mints the last fiscal year foot up about 28,000,000. Adding the net exports of silver bullion, and the probable consumption in arts, etc., the production of silver for the year will be about \$28,000,000—\$2,000,000 less than the previous year.

—Mr. Jaddu Gogaian, of Kent county and Mr. Michael W. Coughlin, of Newcastle, New Brunswick, have left Moncton by express to Rimoski, to take the steamer for England, principally to dispose of a diamond or a supposed diamond, which was found by Mr. Coughlin, after the last October gale, among the stones at the ballast wharf, Newcastle. The supposition is that it was brought out from the East in ballast. The prize is oval-shaped, weighs thirty-five carats has apparently very little outer crust, and is colorless, and not distinguishable from water. It is transparent and, if it is a diamond of good quality, is very valuable.

—A considerable portion of the city of London is now being lighted by electricity, and there is reason to believe that very large additions will soon be made to the areas which are illuminated by this agent. It is also the case that many of the larger manufacturing establishments, and also the depots of some of the railroads terminating in the English metropolis, are now being lighted by electric lamps. In truth, it seems to be the case that our English cousins are considerably in advance of us in the direction of the use of this new agent, and that, in a very little time, they will be so far ahead in this matter that overtaking them will be an impossibility.

### Heroic Conduct of a Sailor.

An account has just been received of a tragic affair which occurred on the coast of Africa, and in which remarkable heroism was displayed by a sailor on board one of her Majesty's ships. While cruising off Mozambique a few weeks ago, her Majesty's ship, Wild Swan, sighted and pursued a slave dhow. After a long chase the vessel was overhauled and captured, and the process of transferring the slaves she had on board to the man-of-war was going on when a slave boy slipped from the vessel's side and fell into the water. One of the sharks which usually accompany slave ships instantly darted upon the poor lad and bit off the right leg at the knee. The blood tingeing the water soon attracted the attention of other sharks, and almost in an instant the boy's other leg was severed from his body. At this moment a sailor on the Wild Swan jumped overboard, and armed only with his sheath knife, succeeded in beating off the monsters and getting the boy into a boat moored alongside the ship, escaping himself unhurt. The injuries inflicted upon the boy were such, however, that he died the same evening. The sailors shipmates were loud in their praises of his heroic conduct, and a movement has been set on foot to bring the matter before the proper authorities, with the view of having the Albert medal for bravery conferred upon him.

### Origin of the Merino Sheep.

As the ancient Greeks had no cotton nor silk, and very little linen, and as sheep's wool was the principal texture from which their clothes were made, they took peculiar care to cultivate more especially such breeds of sheep as produced very fine wool. Such breeds were those of the Greek city of Tarentum, situated on the Tarentine gulf. In order to improve the fine quality of the wool

still more, the sheep were covered with clothes in cold weather, as it was found by experience that exposure to cold made the wool coarser. Thus clothing these sheep from generation to generation resulted in a very delicate breed with exceedingly fine wool, according to the law established by Darwin in regard to selection and adaptation to exterior conditions.

This product of Greek industry was transmitted by them to the Romans, whose great agricultural author, Columella, states that his uncle in Spain crossed the fine Tarentine sheep with rams imported from Africa, and obtained a stronger breed, combining the whiteness of fleece of the father with the fineness of the fleece of the mother, and having obtained such results the race was perpetuated. The absence of other fine textures made these Spanish sheep so valuable that in the beginning of our era they were sold in Rome for \$1,000 in gold a head, an enormous price for those times, when money had much more value than now.

When the barbarians invaded Italy these sheep were all exterminated, while the greater portions of the Roman possessions were laid waste. But in the less accessible mountains of Spain the Moors preserved the breed, and it is to them that modern Spain owes the merino sheep, which are the direct descendants of this cross breed of the Greek and African ancestors referred to. It is a valuable inheritance, too, which that country owes to the combined Greek, Roman, and Moorish civilization, and of which our California wool-growers also earn the advantages, by the prosperity of this breed of sheep, which was there a few years ago.

### A Real Heroine.

A poor servant girl of Noyan, in France, once proved herself a real heroine. A common sewer of great depth had been opened for repairs, the opening being covered at night with some planking; but those in charge of the operations neglected to place any lights near, to warn wayfarers of the danger in their path. Four men returning home from work stepped on the planks, which being frail and rotten gave way under their weight, and precipitated them to the bottom. It was some time before any one became aware of what had happened, and when the people had gathered round, no man among the crowd was daring enough to respond to the frantic entreaties of the wives of the entombed men by descending that foul and loathsome depth. Presently, a fragile-looking girl of 17, stepping to the front, said quickly: "I'll go down and try to save the poor fellows," and creatures calling themselves men were not ashamed to stand by and see Catharine Vasseur let down on her valiant but fearful mission. Then ensued a few long minutes of anxious suspense before the signal to haul up was felt, and two still breathing but unconscious men were, with the gallant girl, brought to the surface. Nigh exhausted as the effort had left her, the heroic maiden only stayed to gain breath before descending again, regardless of the risk she ran. This second venture nearly proved fatal. Upon reaching the bottom of the sewer, and fastening a rope around one prostrate form, Catharine felt as though she were being strangled by an invisible hand. Unfortunately, the rope around her own waist had become unfastened, and when, after groping along the dripping, clammy wall, her hand touched it, she had not strength sufficient to pull it down. Dazed as she was, she still had her wit about her, and loosing her long hair, twisted the luxuriant tresses with the rope. The rope was hauled up, and the horrified crowd beheld the inanimate form of the brave girl swinging by her hair, and to all appearance dead. Fresh air and prompt administration of stimulants brought her to consciousness, and the happiness of knowing that, if she had failed in saving all, her brave endeavors had restored three of the bread-winners to their families.—*Chambers Journal.*

### The Earth Not A Regular Solid.

It was assumed by the French Academics, that all the meridians, reduced to the level of the sea, were of the same length, but subsequent measurements of extensive arcs of meridians in Russia and India have led to the conclusion that the earth is not a regular geometrical solid, and consequently it is impossible to test the accuracy of the great French survey by measurements made on other meridians. It is a common statement in school text-books that "Later calculations have proved that this (the French) measurement was inexact," etc. If any one will consult the "Report of the Committee on coinage, weights, and measures" made to the 49th Congress, pages 159, 170, they will find that, in fact, there is no substantial authority for this assertion which is so often urged against the metric system by its opponents, as if it were an inseparable and unanswerable objection. Moreover, that European savans are satisfied with the results of the great meridian survey made by France, is evident from the fact that England, France and Spain have been at great expense to connect the geodetic surveys of those three countries, including the French possessions in Algeria, so that there is now a connected series of triangles extending from the borders of the Sahara desert to the Shetland Islands.

Alexander H. Stephens has so increased in weight that he is no longer afraid to buy a toy balloon and take it home all by himself.

### FLOATING FANCIES.

There was a young man of Laporte,  
Whose legs were exceedingly short;  
So he said "I will bet  
The first cent I can get  
That I walk to the Rio del Norte."

It was on account of his being turned to grass that he was called "Nip-and-nezzar."

Balloonists say that when at the height of two miles they have heard women call over the back fence to borrow flat-irons and starch.

The custom-house officers in New York carefully inspect the inside of fishing roes Sara Bernhardt can't slip into the count in that fashion.

Victor Hugo's new poem is to appear on the 15th and will be called "L'Amour—The Soul." The Paris papers gracefully announced it as "L'Amour"—the Ass.

Boy (to lady teacher)—"There's a gal of there a winkin' at me?" Teacher—"Well, then, don't look at her." Boy—"But if don't look at her, she'll wink at somebody else?"

"You wouldn't take a man's last cent for a cigar, would you?" "Certainly I would," remarked the proprietor. "Well, here it then," passing over a cent, "give me a cigar."

Rev. Dr. Hall said every blade of grass was a sermon. The next day he was among himself by clipping his lawn, when a parishoner said: "That's right, doctor. C your sermons short."

When an Indian doctor has lost five patients, the survivors of the tribe send after him after them to see what has become of them. After all, the Indians would like some advantages by civilization.

There was an old lady of Warren,  
A traveller stepped on her corran;  
She tottered and reeled,  
And hollered and squealed,  
And wished she had never been borren.

Recorder—"You are very young to steal for a living. Are you going to make that your profession?" "Yes, sir; my father wants me to learn the rudiments of the law before I run for office in Galveston."—*Galveston News.*

It was at a Galveston hotel table that child attracted considerable attention by saying repeatedly:—"I want a cake." "You have had five or six already," replied the mother. "Them's not the ones I want. I want a fresh one."

"I say, Paddy, that is the worst-looking horse you drive I ever saw. Why don't you fatten him up?" "Fatten him up is it? Fair the poor baste can hardly carry the little man that's on him now," replied Paddy.

It is reported that when W. H. English, Indiana, Democratic candidate for Vice President, learned of the great Democratic defeat in his own State last Tuesday, he brought down his fist and exclaimed: "I would not have had this happen for a dollar."

A Lute with soft, insidious twang—  
Oh, how the dotting lover sang!  
A Bull-Dog, with Remorseless Fang—  
A Nip, a Grip, a Deathly Pang.  
A Maiden with a startled Glance—  
A Shrieking for deliverance—  
A kind of weird, hilarious dance—  
A Pair of Riven, Hideskin Pants.

The Mobile Register, forgetting election past, nor heeding those to come, looking neither to the right nor to the left, vehemently rises to the top of its editorial column to warn young men predisposed to commit matrimony that an \$8,000 bonnet has appeared in that city.

Mile. X waits one morning in vain for the arrival of her old music teacher. At last her little daughter makes her appearance in her stead, and says: "Mama sends me to see that she hopes you will excuse papa from coming to give his lesson this morning, because he's dead."

A countryman, walking along the streets of a town, found his progress stopped by a close barricade of timber. "What is that for?" he inquired of a person in the street, "Oh, that is to stop the cholera." "Ah! that's it. I have often heard of the board of health, but I never saw it before."

Sorry the lot of the candidate,  
Heavy the heart that can't be certain,  
After its tedious watch and wait  
What fate conceals behind the curtain;  
Heavy the sorrow that bows the head—  
Back plastered with mud and the pocket bleed.

Sad is the hour when he reads the papers,  
And finds his record all covered with grime,  
And the tale of his innocent, youthful capers,  
Made to read like a story of crime;  
Heavy the pain that runs down his back,  
When every opponent hits him a thwack.

Dark is the day when the other side's crowd,  
Marches the streets with swelling pride,  
And the blatant speakers with outcry loud,  
"Dub him a bunbug, a fraud and a snide;  
Surely, the worry weighs not less than a ton  
Till the battle is fought and the victory won.

Mrs. Plaindame, after looking long and thoughtfully at a plaster cast of Shakespeare, remarked: "Poor man, how pale he was! He couldn't have been well when it was taken." "No," replied Fogg: "He was dead." "Ah, that accounts for it," said Mrs. P., drawing a sympathetic breath.

The governor of a well known prison extolled the liberal diet of the convicts under his care in the following manner: "They have not only 30 per cent of azoted matter, 27 of albumen, 18 of gelatin, fifteen of fibrine, and 7 of phosphates, but also 10 cubic yards of air a day—upward of 500 gallons—a regular orgie."