

Overland Billiard Parlor
Next to Overland H.
WINES, LIQUORS & CIGARS
OF THE BEST BRANDS.
All Drinks in Season.
WM. PRESTON.

THE "Eagle Bird" Saloon.
WM. FOSTER, Proprietor.
(Late of the Palace Parlors.)
Main Street, opp. Court House, Ft. Benton.

THE FINEST KINDS OF
Wines, Liquors and Cigars
KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

The proprietor cordially invites his old patrons to call on him in his new departure, assuring them that they will receive careful attention and courteous treatment.
FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT
Is run in connection with the establishment, where meals will be served AT ALL HOURS by prompt and attentive waiters.

LESTER'S CLUB ROOMS
Main Street, Fort Benton.

ST. LOUIS BEER,
Wines, Liquors & Cigars
THE SULTANA CIGAR,
All in full lines, and served in the very best style.

LEE ISABELL,
Break o' Day Saloon.
MAIN STREET.
Just received, a choice stock of

FINE KENTUCKY WHISKIES
And Imported Wines

THE EXTRADITION SALOON.
Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
We keep in stock and have now on hand a large quantity of the celebrated

Hermitage Sour Mash.
And have also just received a heavy shipment of the famous
NABOB CIGARS.

In connection with the other features of this Popular Resort, we have instituted a
PRIVATE CLUB ROOM,
And will take extra pains to serve the public who may call on us.

J. H. EVANS & CO., Prop'rs.

NOTICE OF FINAL ENTRY.
LAND OFFICE AT HELENA, M. T., Nov. 1, 1880.
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 thereof, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Helena, M. T., on Saturday, the 11th day of December, 1880, viz: George T. Cadge, Pre-empt on Declaratory Statement No. 2805, for Lots 6-7-8-9, and the S E 1/4 of S W 1/4 of section 25, township 19 N of R 1, East, and he names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said tracts, viz: Philemon Travis, Leslie J. Heribson, of Chestnut Meagher County, M. T., and George Travis and James Travis, of Helena, Lewis & Clark County, M. T. J. H. MOR, Register.

PETER SMITH,
COFFIN MAKER,
—AND—
General Undertaker,
HEAD OF BOND STREET,
FT. BENTON, MONTANA.

FURNITURE REPAIRING
A SPECIALTY.

FRANK'S NEWS DEPOT.

TOBACCO AND CIGARS
CONFECTIONERY,
NUTS, CANDIES

Fruits of all Descriptions.
CUTLERY, PLAYING CARDS
Perfumery and Fancy Soaps.
A Full Line of Smokers' Articles, Seaside Libraries, Novels of all descriptions, and all the Illustrated Papers.

MONTANA HOUSE,
Front Street,
FORT BENTON, MONTANA.

Meals at All Hours.
The Cooking is under the immediate supervision of Mrs. A. C. Beckman, who will spare no pains to give satisfaction in every respect.

BOARD AND LODGING
BY THE DAY OR WEEK.

X-10-U-8
MEAT MARKET
Cor. Bond and Main Streets,
FT. BENTON, MONTANA.

All kinds of Meat, Fish, Poultry, Vegetables, etc. kept on hand. All kinds of Game in season. Goods Delivered Free.
C. S. SANBORN & CO.
PROPRIETORS.

AUGUST C. BECKMAN,
Manufacturer and Dealer in

HARNESS and SADDLES
BRIDLES,
Whips, Spurs, Etc.
The Best Stock always used. Good Workmanship, and Satisfaction Guaranteed. My Harness and Saddles are all made at home.

REPAIRING NEATLY DONE FOR THE LEAST MONEY IN TOWN.
Carriage Trimming & Upholstering
DONE IF REQUIRED.
A large stock of the Celebrated
MILLS, LEAK & CO'S GLOVES
Always on hand.

THE Eataphone
YARD & FLANAGAN,
Proprietors.
BOARD BY THE WEEK, \$6.
Having one of the best of cooks, and under the supervision of Mr. Yard, and buying the very best the market affords, we can insure to the public entire satisfaction.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS OF THE DAY OR NIGHT.
POLITE AND ATTENTIVE WAITERS.
We pay the top prices for Game, Poultry, and country produce.

FOLK LORE OF THE ORIENT.
Japanese Mythology and an Antecedent Astronomy Combined in a Fairy Tale Curiously Like Those From the Medieval German.

[The following, from a Japanese source, is illustrative of the old literature in a field of philological research hitherto but little explored. It is evidently older than the history of the present Japanese people, and bears a striking resemblance in feature to that Sanskrit literature which must have followed a more remote period of extended scientific knowledge and high art, and through which philologists have traced the affinities of European language and race and the germs of its civilization.—Ed.]
[From Japanese Fairy World.]

One of the grandest days in the calendar of old Japan was the 7th of July, or, as the Japanese people put it, "the seventh day of the seventh month." It was a vermillion day in the Almanac, and that every child looked forward with eyes sparkling, hands clapping and fingers counting as each night rolled the time nearer. All manners of fruit and other eatable vegetables were prepared, and cakes baked, in the household. The boys plucked bamboo stalks and strung on their branches bright colored ribbons, tinkling bells and long streamers of paper, on which poetry was written.

On this night mothers hoped for wealth, happiness, good children and wisdom, girls made a wish that they might become skilled in needlework. Only one wish a year, however, could be made. So if anyone wanted several things—health, wealth, skill in needle work, wisdom, etc.—they must wait many years before all the favors could be granted. Above all things, rainy weather was not desired. It was a "good sign" when a spider spun his web over a melon, or if put in a square box he should weave a circular web. Now the cause of all this preparation was that on the 7th of July the Herd-boy star and the Spinning Maiden star cross the milky way to meet each other. These are the stars which we call Capricornus and Alpha Lyra. These stars that shine and glitter so far up in the Zenith are the boy with an ox and a girl with the shuttle, about whom the story runs as follows:

On the banks of the Silver River of Heaven (which we call the milky way) there lived a beautiful maiden, who was the daughter of the Sun. Her name was Shokujio. She did not care for games, or play, like her companions, and, thinking nothing of vain display, wore only the simplest of dress. Yet she was very diligent and made many garments for others. Indeed, so busy was she that all called her the Weaving or Spinning Princess.

The Sun King noticed the serious disposition and close habits of his daughter, and tried in various ways to get her to be more lively. At last he thought to marry her. As marriages in the starland are usually planned by the parents, not by the foolish lover boys and girls, he arranged the union without consulting his daughter. The young man on whom the Sun-King thus bestowed his daughter's hand was Kingin, who kept a herd of cows on the banks of the celestial stream. He had always been a good neighbor and, living on the same side of the river, the father thought he would get a nice son-in-law, and at the same time improve his daughter's habits and disposition.

No sooner did the maiden become wife than her habits and character utterly changed for the worse, and the father had a very vexatious case of "tadashiku sugure" (too much of a good thing) on his hands. The wife became not only too merry and lively but utterly forsook loom and needle. She gave up her nights and days to play and idleness, and no silly lover could have been more foolish than she.

The Sun-King became very much offended at all this, and thinking that her husband was the cause of it, he determined to separate the couple. So he ordered the husband to remove to the other side of the River of Stars, and told him that hereafter they should meet but once a year, on the seventh day of the seventh month. To make a bridge over the flood of stars the Sun King called myriads of magpies which thereupon flew together, and, making a bridge, supported him on their wings and backs as if it were a roadway of solid land. So, bidding his weeping wife farewell, the lover husband sorrowfully crossed the River of Heaven. No sooner had he set foot on the opposite side than the magpies flew away, filling all the heavens with their chatter. The weeping wife and lover husband stood for a long time wistfully gazing at each other from afar. Then they separated, one to lead his ox, the other to ply her shuttle during the long hours of the day with diligent toil. Thus they filled the hours, and the Sun-King again rejoiced in his daughter's industry.

But when night fell and all the lamps of heaven were lighted, the lovers would come and stand by the banks of the starry river, and gazing longingly at each other, waiting for the seventh day of the seventh month. At last the time drew near, and only one fear possessed the loving wife. Every time she thought of it her heart played pit-a-pat faster. What if it should rain? For the River of Heaven is always full to the brim, and one extra drop of rain causes a flood which sweeps away even the bird bridge.

But not a drop fell. The seventh month, seventh night came, and all the heavens were clear. The magpies flew joyfully in myriads making a way for the tiny feet of the little lady. Trembling with joy, and with heart fluttering more than the bridge of wings, she crossed the River of Heaven and

was in the arms of her husband. This she did every year. The lover husband staid on this side of the river, and the wife came to him in the magpie bridge, save on the sad occasion when it rained. So every year the people hoped for clear weather, and the happy festival is celebrated alike by old and young.

Remarkable Tom Kelley.

One of the most remarkable private soldiers on either side of the late war was a young man named Tom Kelley, a private in the Second Michigan Infantry. The remarkable began with his build. He had arms a full hand longer than any man who could be found. He had no more backbone than a snake, and could almost tie himself in a knot. He could tell the date on a silver quarter held up twenty feet away, and he could hear every word of a conversation in a common tone of voice across an ordinary street. He could run half a mile as fast as any officer's horse could gallop, and there was a standing offer of \$10 to any man who could hold him down. On a bet of a box of sardines he once passed six sentinels within an hour. On another occasion he entered the Colonel's tent and brought away that officer's boots.

When Tom's remarkable qualifications were discovered he was detailed as a scout and spy, and was changed from one department to another. In the capacity of spy he entered Richmond three times. He entered Vicksburg and preached a sermon to the soldiers a week before the surrender. He was in New Orleans five days before that city was taken. He was a man who firmly believed that he could not be killed by an enemy, and he governed his movements accordingly.

While under the orders of General Hooker Kelley proved on several occasions that he could see farther with the naked eye than any officer with the field glass. If he could get a place of concealment within fifty feet of a picket he could catch the countersign. He visited Lookout Mountain, intending to spike as many of the Confederate guns as possible. His disguise was that of a farmer who had been driven from home by the Union forces. The enemy somehow got suspicious of him, and he was placed in the guard house for the night. There was a sentinel at the door, and others near by standing guard over guns and stores, but it was all the same to Kelley. With an old tin plate for use as shovel and scoop, he burrowed out the back end of the building, walked up to two pieces of artillery and spiked both before the alarm was given. When the sentinels began firing at him he ran out of camp, but before he was clear of it he had been fired at fifty times.

Kelley was once captured when asleep by Missouri guerrillas. When he open his eyes he was surrounded by five or six men on foot and others in the saddle. It was under a tree in an open field, and he had been tracked by a dog. As he rose up at their command he resorted to his wonderful skill as a gymnast. By dodging and twisting and jumping he got out of the crowd, pulled a man off the saddle, and would have escaped had not the dog fastened to his leg. He was then put under guard in a log house with only one room. Two sentinels sat at the door with revolvers in their hands and watched his every movement. After an hour or two Kelly approached as if to offer them tobacco, and jumped clean over their heads like a deer. He had half a mile of an open field to cross, and he crossed it under the fire of a score of muskets and revolvers without being hit.

During his three years and a half in the service Kelley captured fifty-two Confederates and turned them over as prisoners. He himself was captured and escaped five times. As a spy he entered more than thirty Confederate camps and forts. He was fired upon at least 1,000 times, and yet was never wounded. He had said that he would never die by the hand of an enemy, and his prophecy came true. In the last year of the war, while bringing a captured Confederate scout into camp, both were killed within forty rods of the Union lines by a bolt of lightning.

A Mexican Pompeii.

Charney has discovered what he very properly terms "the Indian or Mexican Pompeii"—a city buried for at least one thousand years. In my last I mentioned the discovery of a villa near Tula. That house has now been fully uncovered, and found to contain twenty-five rooms, fifteen staircases and twelve corridors. Attached to it are two cisterns, with clay pipes, which were used to convey water to the different apartments. Some of the household utensils are made of coarse clay, a few of porcelain and one article of glass. Remember, Tollan, the capital of the Toltec empire, covered not only the present site of the town of Tula, but the spot where Mr. Charney discovered the villa, and now he is unearthing, near the former building a large palace. Perhaps during these excavations he may find historical data that will clear up all mystery with regard to the origin of the first inhabitants of the western continent. On the 28th ult. Mr. Charney announced to Le Trait d'Union, of this city, merely the discovery of a palace, but made no allusion to any architectural peculiarities. We have, however, heard that the ruins recently unearthed are more distinctly Asiatic in style than any Toltec remains now known. Mr. Charney also had the good fortune to find the bones of some gigantic animals.

During the month of October 61,313 immigrants arrived in the United States.

FLOATING FANCIES.

A Jersey, like a con of mail,
The shapely form encases,
And to a dainty waist can't fall
To add developed gac s;
To draw it on requires a knack
Quite easy to attain,
But what a business 'tis, good luck,
To get it off again.

The Philadelphia Telegraph says: "Every time a child is born in St. Louis a cry goes up for a new census."

Now is the time to graft Jersey sausages on your buckwheat cake bushes. One bunch of sausages to each buckwheat cake will be sufficient.

A correspondent who said he was going to "vote as he shot," had his ballot carefully put among the "scattering" by the judicious inspector.

"I declare!" exclaimed a slovenly writer, "I wish I could find a pen that would just suit me." And instantly came the chorus, "Try a pig pen."

A man who is sixty years old has spent twenty years of his life in sleep unless he is a laborer on a morning newspaper, when he, probably, has been awake sixty-five years.

"What decoration is that you are wearing?" said an Austrian sergeant to a new recruit. The man flushed deeply and responded, "It is a medal our cow won at the cattle show."

The editor wrote "An evening with Saturn," and it came out in the paper, "An evening with Satan." It was mighty rough, but the foreman said it was the work of the "devil." And it looked that way.

The Detroit Free Press man thinks kissing pretty girls must be frowned down. He'll find that it takes a mighty powerful frown to stop it, and we doubt if he won't have to sail in with a club besides, to successfully interrupt the fun.

When Mr. Maginnis's attention was called to the molten lava flowing from the crater of Mt. Vesuvius, on his first and only visit to the land of hand organs, he very naturally asked how the "poor crater came to overload its stomach so dreadfully."

Take the names from flags now waving—
They have had their little day,
Are your uniforms worth saving?
Then let them be packed away,
Put the drums where none will take 'em;
Hide the torch behind the door,
See that none can find and break 'em;
Trot 'em out in '84.

A service was recently announced at St. Matthews' Sydenham, London, "for children of the upper classes." Whereupon the following amendment to the well-known saying was promptly offered by a newspaper commentator, "Suffer little children of the upper classes to come unto me."

A party of scapegraces, meeting a pious old man named Sunson, one of them exclaimed, "Ah, now we're safe! We'll take Samson along with us, and then, should we be set upon by a thousand Philistines, he'll slay them all." "My young friend," quietly responded the old man, "To do that I should have to borrow your jawbone."

He was trying to push himself through the crowd the other day at a fire on Galveston avenue, when he was halted by a policeman. "I am a member of the interior press." "How do I know you are a member of the press? Where are your credentials?" "Credentials? Well, just smell my breath if you don't believe me, and he breathed in the face of the minion of the law.

"When I first got at it the printers would draw lots for my copy, and those who got a slice of it would go round to hire a boy to kick them down stairs and break their necks. However, there was one old fellow who thirsted after it, and when he got a piece of it he immediately put on a 'sub' and went out and got drunk. Under any other circumstances he would have been discharged. I do better now. I had to, because it had almost broken up the printers' temperance union. The patrons of the cause in Burlington traced the thing back to me and I had to improve my copy. It didn't hurt me much, but it was a terrible blow on the printers.—Burdette in Burlington Hawkeye.

Boiling Water in a Sheet of Water.

Nature is publishing a series of attractive articles on "Physics without Apparatus." In the latest number are given experiments for boiling water and melting lead on a piece of paper: Take a piece of paper and fold it up, as school boys do, into a square box without a lid. Hang this up to a walking stick by four threads and support the stick upon hooks or other convenient props. Then a lamp or taper must be placed under this dainty cauldron. In a few minutes the water will boil. The only fear is lest the threads should catch fire and let the water spill into the lamp and over the table. The flame must not therefore be too large. The paper does not burn because it is wet; and even if it resisted the wet it still would not burn through, because the heat imparted to it on one side by the flame would be very rapidly conducted away by the water on the other. Another experiment of a similar nature, but perhaps even more striking, is as follows: Twist up the edge of a common playing card or other bit of cardboard, so as to fashion it into a light tray. On this tray place a layer of small shots or bits of lead, and heat it over the flame of a lamp. The lead will melt, but the card will not burn. It may be charred a little around the edges, but immediately below the lead it will not be burned, for here again the lead conducts off the heat on one side as fast as it is supplied on the other.