

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.

—A:—

FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT

Is run in connection with the establishment, where meals will be served AT ALL HOURS by prompt and attentive waiters.

Overland Billiard Parlor

Next to Overland Hotel.

WINES, LIQUORS & CIGARS

OF THE BEST BRANDS.

All Drinks in Season.

WM. PRESTON.

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.

J. C. BOURASSA,

Exchange Saloon

FT. BENTON, - MONTANA.

This popular saloon is kept in first-class style, and has constantly on hand a choice assortment of

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS,

OF THE VERY BEST BRANDS.

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 Satisfactory 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.

LUX IN TENEBRIS.

How sweet it was at dawn to float
Adown the silver rivulet;
Like Eden-bow: above my boat
The wild red roses clustering met.

From tender dawn to fervent noon
Soft iris-colors paled and glowed
On rock and tree and flower-festoon,
Through which the widening river flowed.

From noon to eve raged hostile storms.
With shock and strife of heat and cold;
Cloud-chariots, driven by spectral forms,
Across the hissing waters rolled.

And now, at last, the air is free.
The eyeless depths of heaven are dark,
On every side a shoreless sea
Is stretched around my shattered bark.

No help have I from star or chart,
From beacon-fire or signal-bell,
And cold and bitter o'er my heart
The deadly waters rise and swell.

But lo! a light on ocean's verge
Shines tremulous through a rosy mist,
And flecks with red the throbbing surge,
And warms the clouds to amethyst.

Alas! so tempest-tost was I,
So blinded by the rain and spray,
While long, bewildered hours went by,
And fog and darkness hid my way.

That if your light be eve or morn,
A brightening or a waning glow,
A smile of life, the newly-born,
Or torch of death, I may not know.

But ever toward that light I steer,
With steadfast gaze and yearning soul,
For life or death, through faith or fear,
My only hope, my only goal.

FROM PRIVATE TO CAPTAIN.

One Incident.

It was not once a year, but almost once a week, that the soldier who had anything of the heroic in his nature was offered a chance to develop it. Men stepped from the ranks into shoulder-straps at one stride, and the case to be related was only once in a hundred.

We were the rear guard. We had fought the enemy at Malvern Hill and checked him, but the army dared not halt. Under the cover of darkness the long trains and the battered and disheartened lines resumed the march towards White House Landing and the cover of the gunboats. Dead and wounded were left on the field, and over the swamp-roads deep with mire and mud, plunged wagon and gun and caisson and ambulances, followed by men whose eyes closed in sleep even as they walked.

The rear guard had work on hand. Close on our heels came fresh troops who had orders to ride us down—cut us to pieces—trample us in the mire—get rid of us that they might reach the army beyond. They followed us on the road, and they followed us on both sides of it in the woods. There was hardly a minute during that long night that the guns were silent. Men fell dead in the mire and were left to sink out of sight. Men fell wounded in the bushes and were not given a second look. When one file of men had been shot away in the rear guard another took its place, and so the long and murderous night wore away and the blest daylight came. Daylight was not to end the pursuit or make wounds less horrible or rob death of its ghastliness. Yet it was a relief.

Just at sunrise we had a respite. The enemy was closing up the push with a determined onslaught. Our men were marching at will, dejected, dispondent, sullen and ferocious. I could not see an officer anywhere up the road. I could look over a thousand men, but not so much as the bar of a second lieutenant was among them. Where had all the officers gone to? Some were dead in the road and bushes behind but death had not claimed all. Here was an entire regiment without an officer to command. We had made a dozen stands since midnight, but no one remembered to have seen an officer.

Men had halted, about faced and dressed lines like machines, and when the pursuit was checked we had toiled on again.

We struck a terrible slough extending across the road. Five pieces out of six in a battery had been abandoned there with everything belonging except the horses. Scores of men surrounded each gun caisson, and lifted them out of the mire and dragged them along to a clay hill beyond. On the crest of this hill the five guns were planted, and 800 men deployed right and left in support. Fresh cartridges were served out, a supply of hard tack came down the line, and we were resting and eating and wondering what general was in command, when a private soldier, face black with powder, uniform covered with mud, and his left arm in a sling and covered with blood, mounted a gun before us and said: "Boys, we are going to stop right here and give 'em h—! They can't flank us, and they can't ride over us as long as we have a shot left. Let's show Little Mack how we can fight without shoulder straps to boss us!"

He was only a private soldier—a man from the ranks whom no one would suspect of having anything heroic in his composition—yet it was under his orders we had saved the battery—he had planted it, he had deployed us in support—he had picked up ammunition and provisions to serve us.

We had rested for twenty minutes when the head of the pursuing column appeared. We had the key of the road for three miles. They came on with a yell, the road was packed with them, and our battery opened with grape, and no man lived to cross it. We were cheering and yelling when an aide came galloping up behind us and shouted:

"Where is the general in command?"

"Here I am," replied the private as he stepped out.

"You are directed to fall back beyond the Hickory road, where we are massing for battle," shouted the aide, as he dashed away.

We could have held that position against twenty thousand men, but our "General" obeyed orders. It was a letter road now, and as we retreated we dragged the guns with us. We had not reached the Hickory road when a dozen officers were with us, coming from no one knows where, but they could not rob our brave private of his glory. Before we had passed the battle line Gen. McClellan had taken him by the hand, given him all due praise, and made him a captain. We were not jealous. We cheered him and wished that he had been made a Colonel.

The Newspaper.

[Salt Lake Tribune.]

The world has gone on until, where there is not a lavish use of money the newspapers of a country control that country. Of course we are speaking of those countries where a free press prevails. As a sample, were the New York Sun controlled by honest brains it would in our judgment be the most perfect model on earth of a daily paper. Its editorials are read and re-read, and corrected, until they are in structure, energy and logic perfect. Had the editor as clear a reputation for fairness as he has for ability, his paper would be absolutely measureless in its power to sway public opinion. Unfortunately the paper is often prostituted to minister to the spite and prejudices of its editor. The majesty of the journal is sometimes lost in the personality of the journalist, and this is now so well understood that the paper has ceased to influence any save the most blinded of partisans. The San Francisco Call follows Cobden's idea of a perfect journal. Its news columns are full, while the editorials would not excite the envy of the weakest egotist who ever learned to read. And yet what use in the world is such a newspaper, except as a medium through which servant girls can make their wants known? How does such a journal compare with the Bulletin, printed on the same press? The truth is, that this Republic's future depends upon the character of the men who are to control the morning papers of the land. If they should prove great-brained and great-hearted enough to point out a path for the people; to show where the breakers and the sunken rocks are to be found, and where signal lights should be kindled, there will be no trouble in the people following safely. This makes it plain that the press demands the best stuff in the land to be its guide. That journal that will be unjustly kind to a friend or which is so conducted that an enemy, if in the right, would be justly afraid to have the paper state his case is lacking in something. To gratify personal wrongs through the editorials of a newspaper is to divert the journal from its purpose entirely. Finally there is no place where real honesty tells more effectually than on a daily journal. To so conduct a journal that those who may disagree with its opinions will, while disagreeing, at the same time bear testimony to the integrity of the writer, is to place a journal on a plane which in a little while will come nearer swaying the community in which it is published than any other power possibly can, not excepting either the bar, the pulpit, or the combined capital of great corporations. Following up this thought we can realize that the pen of the editor, in hands entirely great, would be mightier than the sword. And wherever one who has been given this sceptre is tempted to wreak a personal spite, he should think of the trust in his hand and forget alike friend and foe while wielding it.

A Boy Who Will Make His Mark.

At a late hour Friday night the police found a boy about ten years old sitting on the steps of the City Hall, and when he had been stirred up he exclaimed:

"My name is Johnny Stewart, and I live near Grass Lake. The folks went home last night and left me on the fair grounds without a cent. That's just the sort of a man dad is. If we don't keep tight to his heels all the time he'll leave us in a strange land dead broke."

"And now what will you do?"

"I'll make the old man sick."

"How?"

"Never you mind. I've got a plan already to fix him for going back on me."

He walked down to the Central Station and slept in an arm chair during the night. At an early hour in the morning he walked into the American Express office and asked:

"Do you run to Grass Lake?"

"Yes."

"Then ship me there C. O. D."

After a few inquiries he was accepted, and duly tagged, and when the wagons went down he was among the parcels to be carefully handled. To an enquirer at the depot he answered:

"Dad is counted the sharpest man in our county on a horse trade, but I guess he isn't a great ways ahead of me on this transaction."

According to the *Mainichi Shinbun*, a merchant vessel has been recently built for the Russians at the Hirano dockyard at Ishikawa, Osaka, and it is stated that the vessel has given such satisfaction on account of her fine model and the good workmanship displayed that the purchasers have, it is reported, given orders for the construction of a man-of-war at the same place.

FASHION, FRIPPERY AND FOLLY.

Comets are wearing as long trains this season as usual.

Blondes, it seems, have gone out of fashion, and many ladies will have to switch off.

The Boston *Commercial Bulletin* says that Shem was not the inventor of the chemisette.

It is a relief to a man to unbosom himself; but the law frowns on a woman if she even attempts such a thing.

The cultured way to speak of a burlesque actress's dress is to say that the skirts are very décolleté at the bottom.

"There is no place like home," repeated Mr. Henpeck, looking at a motto, and he heartily added: "I'm glad there isn't."

The Macfarlane cloak has a full plaited back, a large round cape, a hood lined with plaid Surah and a collar of brown plush.

The flies and other creeping creatures used in millinery are now set on the extreme edge of a bonnet, as if thinking of jumping off.

Cheviot is the favorite material for traveling dresses, and they are generally made in the style of the monks' pilgrimage costumes.

The New Orleans *Picayune* observes that man is surpassed by woman, in that he has no feasible way of fastening his hair on his head.

He bet she wore striped stockings, but there was no way of proving the question until he saw her crossing the street in the mud, and he lost.

"A Blighted Life" is the title of the latest England society novel, but the name of the lady who failed to get the sealskin sacque is not given.

The woman who trims her own bonnet can always be picked out of a crowd by other women; now if men only had this peculiar gift of selection.

The Syracuse paper says Soldene brought her wardrobe over in her pocket-book. There must have been a good deal of waste space. Why didn't she use a thimble?

A North Carolinian who kissed a woman against her consent was sentenced to a month's imprisonment, and all the women in the State want the law that punished him repealed.

A mammoth bow of very wide satin ribbon is now worn on the left side, just below the waist line. This gives a pretty finish to many simple toilets, especially when worn with a mull fichu.

A new stuff for evening dresses, according to a Paris correspondent of the *Bazar*, is about half-way between crape and illusion, being lighter than the one and less transparent than the other.

A girl who feels as if she must wear a kerchief about her neck can make it tolerable by shaping it in a sailor collar and knot, and a process which requires very little work and produces a fairly becoming article of dress.

Mary Jane wants a recipe for preserving hair. Certainly. Use white sugar, pound for pound, add enough water to make a heavy syrup, add the hair and four ounces oleomargarine, boil, strain and put up in a glass or stone jar.

The meanest woman on record is the one who ran up to a lady friend on the street and said, "Of course you've heard of the scandal in the church! Awful, isn't it?" Oh, here's my car," and then jumped into a horse-car and was gone without explaining the scandal to the friend who didn't know about it.

Stockings are now of greater consequence, perhaps, in a lady's toilet than they have been since they were invented.—*Mail* This speaks well for the progress of New York. In this part of the country stockings have always been considered an important article of dress. In fact, no lady could be considered as well dressed if she did not have on a pair of stockings.—*Picayune*.

Curiosities in the Human Voice.

Dr. Delaunay, in a paper read recently before the French Academy of Medicine, gives some details on the history and limits of the human voice, which he obtained after much patient research. According to the doctor, the primitive inhabitants of Europe were all tenors; their descendants of the present day are baritones, and their grandsons will have semi-bass voices. Looking at different races, he calls attention to the fact that inferior races, such as negroes, etc., have higher voices than white men. The voice has also a tendency to deepen with age—the tenor of 16 becomes the baritone at 25, and bass at 35. Fair complexioned people have higher voices than the dark skinned, the former being usually sopranos or tenors, the latter contraltos or bassos.

"Tenors," says the doctor, "are slenderly built and thin; bassos are stoutly made and corpulent." This may be the rule, but one is inclined to think there are more exceptions to it than are necessary to prove the rule. The same remark applies to the assertion that thoughtful, intelligent men have always a deep-toned voice; whereas triflers and frivolous persons, have soft, weak voices. The tones of the voice are perceptibly higher, he points out, before than after a meal, which is the reason why tenors dine early, in order that their voices may not suffer. Prudent singers eschew strong drinks and spirituous liquors, especially tenors, but the bassos can eat and drink generally with impunity. "The south," says the doctor, "furnishes the tenors, the north the bassos;" in proof of which he adds that the majority of French tenors come from the south of France, whilst the bassos belong to the northern department.