

TOLD BY THE SUFFERER.

A Story of a Pilgrim's Experience in Montana, and His Complaints.

They call me Broncho-rider, Cow Boy, etc. For a while after I came to Montana they called me Pilgrim, but my real name is John Thorn. I was born on the eastern shores of Maine, where I resided until I came to Montana. I had read Horace Greeley's "Go West young man" and Strahorn's "New West, and coming upon a copy of the Helena Herald's holiday number, I selected Montana for my future home. The next question was how to get there. I was but twenty years old and had an aged mother and a sister depending upon me for their support, and I had no money. Mr. Church, who had formerly been a neighbor of ours, had been in Montana about twelve years and had accumulated quite a fortune in the cattle business. I wrote to him asking about the country, wages, etc., and asking him what chance there would be for a young man who had no capital. In due course of time I received a reply from him, stating that Montana was the best country in the world for a young man in my circumstances, and knowing my condition he sent me one hundred and fifty dollars to pay my way to Montana, and told me I could work for him at the rate of thirty dollars per month until I paid him back. I told my mother and sister I would go, and as soon as I could pay Mr. Church, I would work and earn money enough to send for them. Amid shedding of tears and heart-felt "God-bless and protect you," I finally bid them a good bye, and was carried away from the scenes of my youth.

I finally landed at Ft. Benton in July, 1879, soon after which I went to work for Mr. Church on the round-up. In about three weeks I got a letter from home. It was the first letter I ever received from home, for I had never been away before. It made me very homesick, which could only be satisfied with tears. Mr. Church, noticing this, asked me "what was the matter?"

"Oh, nothing," said I, "Only I got a letter from mother and sister, and they want to come to Montana. As soon as I pay you, I want to make enough money to send for them."

Mr. C. looking at me a moment, said: "John, you are the kind of men we want in Montana, and you deserve encouragement. I will loan you two hundred dollars to send after them now, and all I ask is sixteen mills on the dollar for interest, that being the amount I will have to pay tax on your note."

I took the money and gave him my promissory note with the sixteen mills added, and sent for my mother and sister. Sometime in August we got through with the round-up. Mr. Church says to me:

"John, how would you like to be a cattle man?"

"First rate," said I, "but it will be a long time, I am afraid, before I will be able to own a cow. I am too poor."

"There is where you are mistaken," said Mr. C. "Many men are rich without money; thousands of them are rich without a cent in their pockets. A man with a good sound constitution, good heart and sound limbs, and a fair head is always rich. Good hands are better than gold; muscle and sinew is much better than silver; nerve, energy and will-power are superior to cattle, sheep horses or land."

"Now," said he, "John, you are rich, for that is the kind of a man I think you are."

I looked at him and then at myself, for I was anxious to see how a rich man looked who hadn't a cent in the world. He then said:

"I will loan you four hundred dollars on the same terms I loaned you the other money, with which you can invest in young cattle. They will be of no expense to you, only one month's work at time of round-up."

I thought this very kind of Mr. C. and, of course, I accepted it, and gave him my note as before for the amount. I took the money and bought of Mr. Smith thirty head of two-year old heifers, and he gave me an old lame cow in the bargain. On the following December I hired to Mr. C. for thirty dollars a month by the year. I was to have one month to myself to go on the round-up, and I was also to have pasturage for the old cow. I was not to draw any of my wages until my year was up, December 1880.

On the following June came round-up. I was compelled to get an outfit—horse, saddle, etc. I bought a horse of Mr. B. liveryman, giving him the same kind of note I gave to Mr. C, which he was willing to take. I bought provisions of Mr. McKnight for the round-up, giving him the same kind of note I had given the others. I went to the blacksmith shop, got my horse shod and a branding iron. It was here I saw in large letters over the door, "All work must be paid for before leaving the shop." I told him how I had paid for my horse and my store bill, and finally he also took my note. The next morning some forty cow boys met at the mill colony, it being the agreed place of meeting. Our Captain gave orders to mount which we did, but I was hardly in the saddle before I discovered that I had a young broncho, and a bucking like Mark Twain's 'Merican plug, that could neither hold on to him or hold him, and he landed me on the

ground with such force that it broke my leg just below the knee, and away went the horse. Some of the boys found him in a day or two after, without saddle or bridle, and his coupling out. He had to be shot. The saddle was never found to my knowledge. Dr. Steele set my leg and said I would be all right in two or three months. I hired a man to go and round-up for me for fifty dollars; Mr. Ulm gave me the money. In about two months I was able to go to Mr. Ford's place, but I was not able to work much. The Dr. presented his bill, which was eighty dollars. He said:

"Business is business. I expect you have no objection to signing this note."

"Certainly not," said I, and I did so. The landlord presented his bill for one hundred and twenty-five dollars. I had to pay him with my note.

Mr. J. H., the Assessor, came along one day, and he says:

"John, how many cattle have you got?"

"Thirty head," said I, "besides an old lame cow."

"How many calves have you," said he.

"Thirteen" said I.

"Is that all?"

"Yes," said I, "but that old cow will have a calf before long."

"Well, John," said the Assessor, "there is no particular hurry for you to turn in your list. I will call again soon."

In about a month he came along, and the first thing I saw of him he was in the lot walking around the old lame cow, and judging from his actions he must be skilled in veterinary science, and stepping behind her he took a square look at the cow, after which he came up where I was and said:

"Where is Mr. C.?"

I told him he was about the place, and he said he wanted to stay all night, which he did, and I'll be hanged if that old cow didn't have a calf that very night. The next morning he said to me:

"John, I have to turn in my assessment papers in a day or two, and I will have to assess you to-day."

"All right," said I, and he did assess me, —forty-five head of cattle at \$13 per head. You see, he added that calf that he staid all night to get.

"How much credit have you?"

"None," I said, "but I am owing a great deal."

"You have six month's wages coming to you, haven't you?"

"Yes," said I, "but it is not due until the end of the year."

"Well," said he, "six month's wages at thirty dollars per month is \$180. Is that all?"

"Yes," said I, and he went away, and the first thing I heard about assessment afterwards, was that I was assessed \$1,679. Now, I want to know if it is right for me to pay taxes on that amount of property, when I have but \$585 worth of property, or is it just for me to pay tax on \$914 I haven't got?

and again, has the assessor of Choteau county a right to tax wages before they are due? Has he the right to tax calves that come during the summer? If so, why not tax growing crops? Has he the right to tax one man in the same neighborhood ten dollars per head on three thousand head of cattle, and let seven hundred head of branded calves go without taxing at all, and at the same time tax me thirteen dollars a head on a small lot, taxing the calves the same as the cows, and then come and stay all night for a cow to have a calf so he can include it? Now if this is the way you are going to do with Pilgrims, don't for pity's sake send out your pamphlets to encourage any other pilgrims to settle in your county, unless you elect more honest men to do your county work.

JOHN THORN.

President Hayes's Finances.

When a pressure was made upon Mr. Hayes five years ago to make the race for Governor in his state, he was at first very positive in his refusal to be a candidate. The reason for his disinclination to recenter public life at that time was due to the conviction that it was his first duty to attend to his own private affairs. He and his uncle had engaged in certain real estate transactions, and depreciation in the value of property after seriously embarrassed him. This embarrassment was increased by the death of his uncle, who bequeathed to Mr. Hayes the entire burden of their joint indebtedness, and in addition thereto the duty of paying off a large number of cash bequests, amounting in all to about \$65,000. This was a hard load to carry. Nevertheless, Mr. Hayes finally yielded to the importunities of the party managers in Ohio, and consented to run for Governor upon the representation that he was the only man, at that critical time, with whom the Republicans could confidently hope to carry the State. He accepted the nomination at some personal sacrifice, and was elected. The brilliancy and importance of this triumph prepared the way for his nomination and election as President of the United States. His private affairs were still neglected, and it was evident that he would have but little time to devote to them during the ensuing four years. It was this outlook which prompted him to fund his indebtedness, and he made a loan of \$100,000 upon terms that would relieve him from annoyance during his term of office. He entered upon a position to which a salary of \$50,000 a year is attached, and during a term of nearly four years he has paid off about \$75,000 of his personal indebtedness. This represents the sum total of his savings, and during the same period the

White House accounts are said to show an expenditure of about \$80,000 more out of the President's private purse than was paid out as a rule from the salaries of his predecessors.

This is a showing of which the President has no reason to be ashamed, and in which the American people may properly feel considerable pride. A saving of \$75,000 out of a total income of \$200,000, in order to meet private obligations which had been increased by the demands of public life and party service, is an accomplishment that is much more deserving of praise than censure.

A Scene From Hades.

The following is an extract from the sermon of an old Methodist preacher, delivered at a revival several years ago.

I will give you, my friends, a picture from a scene in hell. The devil is sitting in his private office, receiving the souls as they come in to him, or are brought in from the upper world. In comes an infernal jailer, conducting a soul to everlasting flames.

"Who are you?" asks the devil, as the culprit is brought to where he is sitting.

"Secretary Benjamin, of the Confederate Cabinet," was the reply.

"Oh, yes, I knew you were coming," said the devil, as he turned the leaves of the ledger, and made an entry of the secretary's name. "I always show consideration to those who have shown it to me. I've got to take you in, but I will try to make you as comfortable as I can." To an attendant:

"Show Mr. Benjamin to a place as near as you can get him to a current of air."

The next arrival was a man who was hung for killing his mother-in-law.

"Take him away," said the devil "but, treat him kindly. The chances are two to one that he was not much to blame. I remember his case. His mother-in-law came in here three weeks ago. She looked as though she wanted killing. She's over in number 63. Put him in there and the old woman in front of the furnace. No 63 is too cool for her."

Pretty soon another victim arrives.

"What brought you here?" asks the devil.

"My case is a hard one," is the reply "I am here just because I swore."

"Because you swore!" exclaimed the devil, rising angrily from his chair.

"Yes. That's all the sin I ever did."

"All the sin!" echoes the devil,—"all the sin. Why, you mean, contemptible, despicable, low-lived vagabond," says he, as he brings his heavy fist down upon the table, "there isn't a corner here, hot enough for you. Of all the 60,000 preachers that spend their Sundays blackguarding me, not one of them has ever accused me of swearing. Blasphemed your Maker, did you? Profaned the name of your Savior that forgave His enemies upon the cross, and died to save you from here. You did this did you?" The trembling culprit makes no reply.

"Why," continues the devil, whose voice arises as his wrath intensifies, "there's no excuse for you. A man by a blow may kill another one. In pressing temptation he may steal; he may lie to save his neck, or cheat his neighbor. There is some excuse for him. But the profane swearer has no excuse. Attendant take this scoundrel out of my sight. Put him up to his neck where the coals are hottest, and then put somebody to sit on his accused head."

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