

SAMPLES.

The Effect Western Rot Had on Three Innocents.

"Say, John, where did you ever strike the worst drink of whisky that you ever got in the west in your life? asked a friend of John Fallon's while a party of gentlemen were having a chat in front of the Clift house, after supper, the other evening.

"Well, I dunno," said Fallon meditatively. "I think about as wicked a dose of spider-juice as I ever flopped my ruby lips over was while I was freighting from Benton to Helena. In those days it was pretty hard to get a smooth drink of whisky, as it was so seldom that we indulged that almost anything that had the semblance of liquor was satisfactory to the boys, one of whom I was which. But I got floored at Helena once. We had brought a lot of freight over from Benton to Helena, and while the boys were unloading I stepped off to grease up a little. I dropped into a little log cabin and asked the proprietor for a drop of something hard, and he gave it to me. Heavens! when I think of it, it makes me feel as savage as a Salt Lake policeman carrying a drunken man to the city hall. I don't remember much after taking the drink, but the boys say that when they found me I had six yoke of cattle hitched to a sack of corn and was swearing that I could make the trip from Benton to Helena in less time than any freighter on the road. I drank concentrated lye water for three days before I could get the burning sensation out of my throat. I drink gin now. I can't say I'm particularly fond of gin, but then after a man gets a dose of that kind it is best to be on the safe side."

"Well, gentleman," chimed in Alex. Wood, "while I was in California years ago, I got hold of some sheep herders delight that cooked me. I was moving over the country with a band of five hundred sheep and after a hard day's drive stopped at a little place where I expected to remain during the night. Being tired and worn out I thought I would take a little nip to brace me up. I remember going into a dimly lighted sort of cave-like place and calling for and getting a drink, and that is all I do remember, for when I came to I had a band of ten thousand sheep and was surrounded by about a dozen angry looking men who wanted to know who I was and what I meant by trying to drive all the sheep in that section out of the country. It took me two hours to convince them it was all on account of that vile dose of murderous whisky. I have been taking a drink once in a while ever since to see if I could strike anything like it, but so far have failed."

"While I was in White Pine," said Sam Ewing, "I got a drink one day that convinced me that I was not superior to King Alcohol. I had been working all night, and in the morning thought I would take a little nip, as I was tired and exhausted. I dropped into a saloon—a tent—two barrels with a board resting on top; a bottle and two tin cups. The bar-keeper asked me if I wanted the best, and winked at me as to say, 'I know you want good.' I told him I did and he shoved the solitary bottle at me. I took what I considered a moderate drink, paid for it and walked out. And that is all I recollect; for two days after, my friends found me on top of a hill, where I had made a little race track about fifty feet long, and had rolled a big rock up about the centre of the track, and I was sitting up there, with my poor half famished dog or the track in front of me, to whom I was trying to explain how I wanted the race for two-year-olds drove. It took some time to get the idea out of my head that there was not going to be a spirited two-year-old colt race. But after I did get over it, I swore off, and that's the reason I quit smoking."

"When I was running an engine in Indiana," said John Bailey, "I used to get hold of some pretty bad tangle."

At this juncture a well known local side wheel liar kicked John's chair out from under him, declaring that if anybody was going to tell a bigger yarn than the first three it shouldn't be any web-footed Hoosier like Bailey anyhow. Bailey picked his little delicate carcass up and start for home, swearing if he couldn't tell a better story than those he had listened to he'd be ashamed to be recognized by an Arizona cow boy.

A Humorist's Love Story.

Bob Burdette, says the Atlanta Constitution, is known the country over as humorist of the Burlington *Hawkeye*. He is the most successful of our funny men. His books have a constant and increasing sale. His salary from the *Hawkeye* gives him a handsome income and his little sketches command the best prices from the magazines. In addition he has \$150 to \$250 a night whenever he wants to take a lecturing tour of one or twenty weeks. His humor is delicate, true and abundant, and he is an honor to the lighter American writers, because of his literary achievement.

But better and more honorable than all this is the story of his hearthstone. When he was a young man of twenty-six he was engaged to Miss Carrie Garrett of Peoria, Ill. She was a frail and delicate girl, and one evening Burdette was summoned to her bedside with the message that she was dying. Little hope was entertained for her life when he reached her. It was determined, at the wish of both he and she, that they should be married, even if death should at once claim the bride. The ceremony took place in fifteen minutes, the little lady being able to respond only by a motion of the eyes and a gentle pressure of the hand. In spite of the doctor's predictions she rallied, and was finally well enough to move to the quiet and cozy home her husband had provided for her.

But she had been an invalid all her life. More than once her life had been despaired of. Usually she had been confined to her room and unable to walk. One night at a theatre in Philadelphia the writer saw a pale and earnest man making his way to a private box, with a delicate clinging woman in his arms.

Her girlish face was full of a pathos that passes description, but was wonderfully pretty. And strangely happy, too—filled with content. Everybody made way for the little lady, and her great tender eyes seemed to send thanks to every gentleman who moved aside in courtesy. It was Bob Burdette and his invalid wife. This is an index of his life. The temptations of the world, the dazzle and glitter of the society that has welcomed him—the converse with brilliant men, the club, the theatre, wealth fame—all and either of them failed to win his heart away from the little woman who sat at his fireside and lived on his love and sympathy.

Nor was there lacking a practical reward of this devotion. Mrs. Burdette has been the inspiration of her husband's life, at once his spar and his counselor. She first discovered the rich quality and the spontaneity of Bob's humor and the homely flavor that would carry it to the heart as well as the intelligence of the public. Imagine the humorist reading the most laughable stories at the bedside of his invalid wife. He tells himself of how she forced him to write his first lecture in these words: "One day, when she was lying helpless, she said she believed that I could write a lecture and deliver it successfully, and so she sat me down to write that lecture, and, from time to time, I replied with tears and groans and prayers. I told her that I was too little, that I had no voice, and that I couldn't write a lecture anyhow. She kept me at it, and in due time we had a lecture on our hands, 'The Rise and Fall of the Moustache.' This was all right enough, but now how to get the audience. I thought I would try it first at Keokuk. If I delivered it first in Burlington, even though it were tame, tamer, tamest I thought they might put me on the book. But Keokuk hated Burlington, and I knew if it was flat the Keokuk people would say so. Mrs. Burdette said, as she was responsible for that lecture, she was going to hear it delivered. So I carried her aboard the cars. We went to Keokuk, and the people pronounced it good."

From that day he has prospered wherever his homely, insignificant little figure has been seen.

The Bad Boy's Sister.

"Ma's upstairs changing her dress," said the freckle-faced girl, tying her doll's bonnet strings and casting her eye about for a tidy large enough to serve as a shawl for the double-jointed person.

"Oh, your mother needn't dress up for me," replied the female agent of the missionary society, taking a self-satisfied view of herself in the mirror. "Run up and tell her to come down just as she is, in her everyday clothes, and not stand on ceremony."

"Oh, but she hasn't got on her everyday clothes. Ma was all dressed up in her new brown silk, 'cause she expected Miss Dimond to-day. Miss Dimond always comes over here to show off her nice things, and ma don't mean to get left. When ma saw you coming she said: 'The dickens!' and I guess she was mad about something. Ma said that if you saw her new dress she'd have to hear all about the poor heathen, who don't have silk, and you'd ask her for more money for hymn books to send to 'em. Say, do the nigger ladies use the hymn-book leaves to do their hair up in and make it frizzy? Ma says she guesses that is all the good the books do 'em, if they ever get any books. I wish my doll was a heathen."

"Why, you wicked little girl, what do you want with a heathen doll?" inquired the missionary lady, taking a mental inventory of the new things in the parlor to get material for a homily on extravagance.

"So folks would send her lots of nice things to wear and feel sorry to have her going about naked. Then she'd have hair to friz, and I want a doll with real hair and eyes that roll up like deacon Sliderback's when he says amen on Sunday. I ain't a wicked girl either, 'cause Uncle Dick—you know Uncle Dick, he's been out west and swears awful and he smokes in the house—he says I'm a holy terror and he hopes I'll be an angel soon. Ma'll be down in a minute, so you need not take your cloak off. She said she'd box my ears if I asked you to. Ma's putting on that old dress she had last year, 'cause she said she didn't want you to think she was able to give much this time, and she needed a new muff worse than the queen of the cannon-ball islands needs religion. Uncle Dick says you oughter go to the islands, 'cause you'd be safe there and the niggers'd be sorry they were such sinners anybody would send you to 'em. He says he never saw a heathen hungry enough to eat you, unless 'twas a blind one, and you'd set a blind pagan's teeth on edge so he'd not hanker after any more missionary. Dick is awful funny, and makes pa and ma die laughing sometimes."

"Your Uncle Richard is a bad, depraved wretch, and ought to have kept out west, where his style is appreciated. He sets a horrid example for little girls like you."

"Oh, I think he's nice. He showed me how to slide down the bannisters, and he's teaching me to whistle when ma ain't round. That's a pretty cloak you've got, ain't it? Do you buy all your good clothes with missionary money? Ma says you do."

Just then the freckle-faced little girl's ma came into the parlor and kissed the missionary lady on the cheek, and said she was delighted to see her, and they proceeded to have a real sociable chat. The little girl's ma can't understand why a person who professes to be so charitable as the missionary agent does should go right over to Miss Dumont's and say such ill-natured things as she did, and she thinks the missionary is a double-faced gossip.

A Big Success.

"My wife was in bed two years with a complication of disorders her physician could not cure, when I was led to try Parker's Ginger Tonic. It was a big success. Three bottles cured her at a cost of a dollar and fifty cents, and she is now as strong as any woman.—R. D., Buffalo.

She Followed the Golden Rule.

A young girl was caught kissing her sweetheart, a few nights ago. Her mother took her to task for permitting such things, but the girl silenced her by quoting this scripture: "Whatsoever ye would that men do into you; do ye even so unto them." The old lady thought of the time when she was a girl, and a flood of happy memories came rushing through her mind, she drew out her handkerchief, wiped her eyes and her spectacles, and the girl got off lightly that time.

Not Alone.

One evening a lady of New York, while on her way home at a late hour, without an escort, was approached by a lewd fellow, as the boat on which they rode neared its landing, who asked:

"Are you alone?" "No, sir," was the reply, and without further interruption when the boat landed, she jumped off.

"I thought you were alone," said the fellow, stepping to her side again.

"I am not," replied the lady.

"Why, I don't see any one; who is with you?"

"God Almighty and the angels, sir; I am never alone!"

This arrow pierced the villain's heart and with these parting words, "You keep too good company for me, madam," he shot out of sight leaving the heroic lady to enjoy her good company.

Got out of Her Sphere.

"I has de wust luck ob any man I eber seed," said old Isom.

"What's the matter now," asked the governor.

"Why, sah, my wife run away an' sprained my shoulder."

"I don't understand how your wife's running away could sprain your shoulder."

"It was dis way: Some time ago my hoss died, an' since den I had been workin' my wife ter de wagon. She's a powerful stout 'oman an' could pull twice as much as de po' old hoss. Well, de under day, while I was drivin' along we met a preacher in de road, my wife shied, turned de wagon ober an sprained my shoulder."

Why a Church Member Sold His Dog.

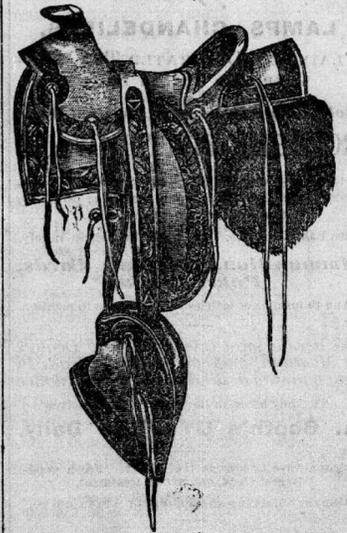
He is a staid church member—a Presbyterian. He had a dog. There was a wicked man who boarded at the same house. The dog was well known as the property of the good man. The wicked man fed and fondled the dog and the dog grew much attached to him. When the wicked man walked out in the evenings, the dog would go along. The wicked man would go to very respectable places and the dog would sit on the steps and wait until he came out. The dog was acquainted with all his master's acquaintances and when any of them passed, he would come down from the steps and go to them to be caressed, and then return to the steps that he might not lose the wicked man who was inside. The good man has been disciplined by his church. He has sold the dog.

New York society, so it is written, has decided that when a gentleman and lady meets on the street the one who first sees the other should bow. The old rule, that the gentleman should wait for the recognition of the lady, is declared obsolete. The lady, however, still retains the privilege of not noticing the gentleman if she feels so inclined—that is, after he has taken off his hat, she may cut him if she wants to. Well, perhaps it is the best plan. Under the old rule the gentleman could never be satisfied when a lady passed him without recognition whether she intended a cut or merely did not see him. By the improvement he will be left in no sort of doubt.

When I was running an engine in Indiana," said John Bailey, "I used to get hold of some pretty bad tangle."

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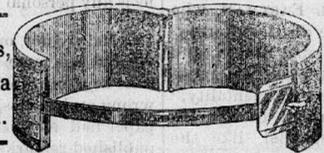
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