

MUSIC ON THE MARIAS.

British Indians Killing Cattle and Stealing Horses on American Soil.

Nine Head of Work Cattle Slaughtered at One Place, and no Telling How Many More—Forty Horses Stolen from Joe Kipp.

A Fight in which the Piegans Transform Two of the Thieving Crees into Good Indians.

Lew Roberts, the Macleod stage driver, who arrived yesterday, brought in some startling news from the Marias, the gist of which is contained in the following letter sent to the RIVER PRESS by Joe Kipp, who has had a band of forty head of horses stolen by the thieving subjects of John Bull:

FORT CONRAD, March 19, '83. Yesterday afternoon Mr. Brady, who is herding Clark Tingley's work cattle, about five miles below here, came in and reported finding six head of Tingley's cattle butchered on the prairie about two or three miles from his camp. Joe Picket, Brady and about twenty Piegan Indians started from here to the scene of slaughter, and found eight head butchered and nearly all the meat taken; also discovered the trail of a large war party (undoubtedly Crees). The party numbered between 100 and 200. After the return of Picket and the Piegans, Picket thought it time to look after his mules which are running above here on the Dry Forks, and Kipp also thought it advisable to get in his horse herd from the same place, numbering some seventy-five head. Four persons went out to bring in the stock. Picket and another man got the mules, but the two men who were after Kipp's horses ran into a party of Crees and exchanged several shots. The Crees, however, had the herd. This all happened between 7 and 10 o'clock last night.

Immediately after the return of the above mentioned party, and about 10 o'clock last night, a party of Piegans again started out on the war path, headed by Little Dog, and at daylight this morning struck a portion of the Cree party about ten miles below here. A fight ensued in which two Crees were killed, and two Piegans wounded, but not fatally. One Piegan had his horse killed from under him. About forty head of Kipp's horses were taken, and nine head (so far as yet known) of work cattle were killed. The meat of eight head was taken away, and when it is taken into consideration that the Crees were afoot, it shows that there is a big party of them.

The two Crees killed were scalped and their arms taken by the Piegans.

To-day discloses the fact that when the herders ran into the Crees on the Dry Fork last night, there must have been a big crowd of them, as the herders found large quantities of fresh meat partially dried and put into packs.

Everything goes to show that the Indians had their plans all laid to get all the meat they wanted, and then take the horses and load them with meat and strike for home, and so far they have succeeded pretty well. Take all together it has been the biggest and best executed raid that has been attempted for a long time. Fears are entertained for the fate of the ranchmen below here. They have been killing cattle at various ranches on the Marias. The work cattle that were killed belong to Clark Tingley and I. G. Baker & Co.

Lew Roberts, the stage driver, was at Kipp's during the occurrence of the exciting events above narrated, and from him we have gathered some additional particulars. The excitement over the affair was naturally enough very great among the few white men at that place. They could probably have organized a company of fifteen men and would have followed the Crees at once, but for the fact that only three guns could be raised in the crowd. Of the cattle killed and found up to the time the coach left, six belonged to Clark Tingley and two to I. G. Baker & Co., all work cattle and consequently more valuable. Another wounded animal, which cannot live, belonging to Tingley, was afterwards found by Roberts farther down the road, making nine altogether; and it is not known how many more may have been slaughtered by the red devils. As no news whatever has been received from settlers or camps in that vicinity, the entire loss can not be told, and fears are even entertained for the safety of settlers. Brady, Tingley's herder, was sent to Price's ranch, from Kipp's, to inform them of what had occurred, but he had not returned when the stage left, although he had ample time to do so, and fears are entertained that the Indians made way with him.

Articles found on the persons of the dead Crees tend to impress the belief that they had been around somebody's ranch, and we shall wait with impatience for further news from the "seat of war," hoping, however, that the full extent of the injury done is already known.

Joe Kipp has sent three men, Joe Picket at the head, to Fort Walsh to intercept the Indians and if possible recover his horses, and we have no doubt they will be successful as the authorities in Northwest Territory are not slow about rendering assistance in such cases. Last spring several small parties of

Crees invaded Montana, setting several settlers on the Teton afoot, but such a raid as the one reported was the last thing expected at this time. The invasion of these British subjects, destroying the property of American citizens, should command the attention of the government as much as if an army of Canadians invaded New York with like intent, and we trust that this affair will be brought forcibly to the attention of the powers that be at Washington. The Canadian government should pay every dollar of damage done. The authorities of the United States would demand it, if the case were properly put to them, and enforce the demand. Gen. Ruger and Col. Huges were notified yesterday of the occurrence, but before the military can act the thieving reds will be "at home" on the other side of the line, where the boys in blue cannot follow them.

Lest some of our readers not familiar with the geography of northern Montana may think all of this happened within sight of Benton, we will state that Fort Conrad is about ninety miles away; at the crossing of the Marias on the Fort Macleod road.

Hymenial.

To-morrow, March 25th, at the German Masonic temple, 220 east 15th street, New York city, Mr. Arge Nathan, of Benton, and Miss Francis Caskeel, of New York, will be united in the blissful bonds of matrimony, and in a short time will leave for Benton, their future home. The RIVER PRESS extends congratulations and its very best wishes to Mr. Nathan and bride.

The Demand for Stock Cattle.

The continued strength of the demand for stock cattle, and the high prices at which they are selling, form one of the striking features of the cattle trade in current winter. From the first opening of the inquiry, some months ago, until this time there has been no weakening of demand or shrinkage of prices for desirable stock of this kind. On the contrary, the general tendency has been to an opposite direction. From the plains, where stockers are selling at two dollars to five dollars per head more than at the same time last year, to the Atlantic states, where feeders are paying prices for them at which they would have laughed as impossible in 1881, the demand has always been almost feverish for a good part of the time, and has largely exceeded the available supply. There are two or three things in this well worth considering. One is that there are less good stock cattle in the country, in proportion to the number wanted, than for many years, if ever before; though this is partially offset by the fact that the demands is unusually stimulated at this time. Another significant point is that there is a general return to cattle feeding among farmers who had abandoned the business in the depressed times a few years ago. Still another is that a great many are trying feeding cattle for the first time, and are partially abandoning other stock for that purpose.—Pittsburg Stockman.

Lynching at Greenhorn.

News reached town this morning of a lynching bee near Greenhorn station, on the old Deer Lodge road, about twelve miles west of Helena, the candidates to whom was administered "extreme unction" being Milford Coomes, saloon keeper, and William Henry Smith, whisky swizzler. The matinee came off sometime during the hours of Sunday night. The hanging, plausibly enough, grew out of the incendiary fire of Friday night last, by which the large stable of H. C. McNally was burned, together with eight head of horses, three cows, hay, grain, harness, etc. The loss was a severe one to Mr. McNally.

Immediately following the fire, as we learn, an investigation was instituted by the committee of safety through trusted members, and the arson was definitely and conclusively traced to Coomes and Smith, who are said to have confessed to the crime. As soon as satisfied and sure of their guilt, the committee are said to have moved swiftly in maturing their plans, and on Sunday night, as stated, they were quietly and effectively carried out, and a pair of ugly, defiant criminals summarily punished.

From parties arriving from Greenhorn to-day it is learned that the bodies of the lynched were swinging from trees nearly opposite each other on the Deer Lodge road, a short distance west of the station. Coomes at one time run a saloon at Blackfoot, and before that figured in Alder gulch in the palmy days of placer gold digging. He was a quarrelsome and frequently desperate man, and on several occasions has had to answer before the police and probate courts of Helena for assaults with deadly weapons and other offenses. He was compelled by Judge Davis last year to keep the peace. Smith was a desperate fellow and a tool in the hands of Coomes. He came to the territory, it is said, with Bell & Brown's railroad outfit, proved worthless as a laborer, was discharged, and has since drifted about spending his time in idleness and the absorption of free drinks.—Herald.

Editing a Newspaper.

It requires more science to edit a newspaper than it does to govern a nation. Not one man out of a thousand can steer his literary craft without cutting across the track of some "old subscriber," and then he finds himself on a lee shore in short order.

Everybody criticises newspapers. We do not know a single man who does not cherish the idea that if he had a chance he could edit the London Times, or any other thunderer, with much more ability than it is edited.

"Nothing in the paper now! So utterly stupid!" We hear the complaint at every turn, and the man who could not spell cat without putting a C in it, will turn up his nose and fling aside his paper, which very likely he has borrowed, and tells his friends that he wishes he had the control of that sheet; he'd see if he could not turn over a new leaf!

An editor is supposed to know what every individual who reads his paper wants. He must be careful not to bear down on any of the beliefs of his old subscribers.

If some of them are Universalists, he must steer clear of mentioning the locality signified in the new version as Hades; and if some Baptists and Methodists are included in his list, he had better be careful how he insinuates that any man dare hope for heaven unless he has been gathered in under the banner.

He mustn't go in for temperance because there are many good people taking his paper who drink, and who sell lager beer. And on the other hand he ought to be very cautious how he indorses inebriation for there are many young people among his readers who might be influenced for bad.

The editor must be "a mitten for either hand." He must please everybody. He must always print anything an "old subscriber" wants him to, for the messages of all the presidents down to a receipt of grease and molasses for the gapes in chickens.

He must not say anything about the pay. He ought to be thankful that anybody will take the paper. To send a subscriber a bill is the height of impudence.

To expect pay for extra copies to send to absent friends is a monstrosity. What can he want to keep these old papers for?

If the paper fails to reach a mail subscriber what a row there is. Publishers should be more careful. They should see that the mails attended to their business. The man who pays one dollar a year for a paper does not want to be swindled by the publisher keeping back a number. And he generally writes him to that effect, and the publisher, as innocent of any intended swindling as a child unborn, mails him another paper, and possesses his soul in silence.

If the editor inserts an article in his periodical which offends an irascible subscriber, he is liable to receive a call from that individual—sometimes he gets a cow-hiding, unless he has the presence of mind to kick the irate visitor down stairs before he can begin aggressive operations; and very often editors are brought into courts and indicted for libel, when they have been guilty of telling the truth.

So, young man, if you are going to be an editor, part your hair in the middle that your brains may be evenly balanced and with your life in one hand and your paste-pot and scissors in the other, wade in; but go slow, young man—go slow!

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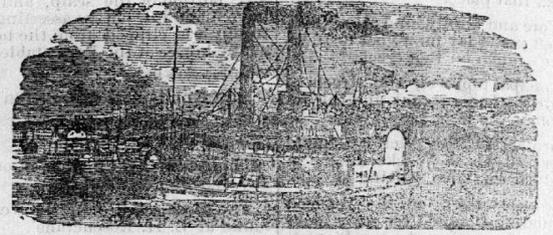
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