

AN IRONCLAD BABY.

"Alice," said I, suddenly, one evening, "let's borrow a baby."

"A what?" cried Alice, sitting bold upright in her chair, and suspending operations upon the stork she was working in Kensington stitch.

"A baby," responded I promptly. "It's just what we need to broaden our sympathies and draw us into closer communion with the human race, and there's Mrs. Lorenzo Squires going off next week with a Raymond excursion to Montreal, and I know she would be only too glad to lend us her useful offspring for a week or two."

"Besides," I added, hastily, as I saw my sister's look of surprise exchanged for one of utter disapproval, "it isn't as if this were a brand-new baby, you know. They have had it for about a year and a half, and—"

But I got no farther, for Alice abandoned her gravity and burst out into a fit of laughter. "How absurd you are!" she said presently. "Do you suppose Mrs. Squires could even be induced to listen to such a crazy scheme, even if I were to agree? Why, that baby is the very apple of her eye. She would go into spasms at the mere suggestion of leaving it in such inexperienced hands as yours and mine."

"Nonsense!" retorted I. "Doesn't Aristotle tell us that it is a part of probability that many improbable things will happen? Mrs. Squires' heart will melt before my sunny smiles and insinuating arguments, and within a week from to-day—mark this, O Alice mine!—within a week that baby is put into my possession."

And so it was. The maternal Squires won over by many fair promises, or worn out by my importunities, or worn out by the much-coveted baby to deliver up the much-coveted baby to our care during her absence. The picturesque disease, the nuptials, had just appeared in the family of a sister to whom she had intended to confide her infant joy, and perhaps she had no alternative but to accept our proposition. However that may have been, it came to pass that, on a fine April day the doting mamma consigned her small son to our charge, with many misgivings, and was whirled away by the eastern express train, bathed in tears and half inclined to return instant and wrest the darling from our grasp.

We had undertaken to convey him home in the little wicker carriage in which he took his daily airings, and were charmed with our acquisition as we trundled him leisurely away from the station. How placidly he lay among his dainty cushions and pillows! How round and rosy was the baby face beneath the frilled and flushed border of his cap! How plump and dimpled the little hands that playfully sawed the air! Beaming with satisfaction, we pursued our triumphant way down the village street, the observed of all observers. Sage matrons shook their heads knowingly, and wondered that Mrs. Squires had ever had the heart to leave that precious child to the doubtful mercies of two regular old maids; while old Deacon Brown, standing at his gate, breathed a benediction on us as we passed, and hurried in to inform his wife that her Appleby girls had gone stark, staring mad, and were a-makin' off with Mrs. Squires' Lorenzo. But what cared we? We had the treasure for our very own, for two long weeks at least, and were even then en route for home with the latest addition to our family.

The road, however, was a long one, and after a while the small Lorenzo began to stir and grow restless in his little chariot. Alice ran up alongside, and peered anxiously under the carriage-top which concealed him from our view. "Arabella!" cried she, breathlessly. "If you'll believe me, he's growing dreadfully red in the face, and I'm perfectly certain that he is getting ready to cry."

I smiled incredulously. Had not Mrs. Squires assured me a thousand times over that hers was a most remarkable and unusual child and never cried? Lo! I tossed my head. "My dear Alice, how little you know about children?" said I, with dignity. "An angel is whispering some heavenly sentiment in his ear, and he is smiling to himself for joy."

Alice is unpleasantly pert at times. On this occasion she laughed, and cried saucily, "Well stick to your angel theory if you like. It's very pretty, but I wager a penny that in less than two minutes he begins to cry."

"We might as well look at it philosophically, Alice," I observed thoughtfully, "and not begin to be pessimists at the early stage of our experiment. It might have been worse, you know. Just suppose he were twins!"

And, indeed, it was fortunate for us that he was not twins. His pranks and capers were enough to drive a stoic mad. It was Monday when we brought him home. On Tuesday he developed an extraordinary faculty of crawling about on his hands and knees, and pulling himself up on his feet to examine any object that pleased his budding taste. He was charmed with our spinster parlor, which was full of attractions for his infant mind, and he scrambled about amongst our laces and penates on a reckless tour of inspection. Nothing was safe from that vandal clutch. A vase—Alice's one piece of royal Worcester—two plates, a cut-glass tumbler, and his own little chair, were broken before Tuesday was well on its way, and we began to believe that his mischief was over for the day, and relaxed our vigilance.

But a moment after we heard a heavy crash and the sudden sound of breaking glass, and, pale with terror, we looked up to find that the urchin, strong as Hercules in his cradle, had pulled a small book-case over upon himself and was buried beneath the ruins. I uttered a Charlotte Cushman shriek, and hastened to extricate his mangled body from the wreck. Imaging my joy and amazement at finding him unharmed amidst the debris, his big blue eyes flashing with delight at the success of his maneuver. The floor was strewn with fragments of broken glass and books of every imaginable size and shape, and our one Hibernian hand-maiden stood agast in the doorway when we called her in to repair the ruin that our frolicsome guest had wrought.

There was a tragic solemnity in Alice's tone as she asked: "How now, Arabella? Is this to go on? Why, we shall have nothing left in the way of furniture if this irrepressible child is allowed to have his own way. Take him up-stairs in your room for a while, and see if you can not amuse him with some harmless sport."

And she set to work with dust-pan and brush to remove the evidence of Lorenzo's latest adventure, while I, seizing that youngster a little more forcibly than was necessary, bore him off to the privacy of my own apartment. It was a very simple little room, hung with dimity, and fitted with only such furniture as necessity demanded, a bed, a bureau, two or three chairs, a writing desk, and an unsteady table upon which were my favorite books and a handful of flowers in a Venetian glass. The sunlight poured in through the south window and falling in spots of splendor on the floor made such an attractive spectacle as I paused on the threshold that the baby, stretching out his hands with a cry of delight, sprang directly out of my arms and fell heavily to the ground. I was motionless, speechless with horror. Lorenzo lay in a little heap on the floor, as silent and as still as I, and my heart leaped up into my throat with unspeakable dismay. At last I found voice.

"Infanticide!" I murmured hoarsely, and then uttered a cry for help that brought Alice and Mary Ann up the stairs at a time. Together we rushed to the baby, convinced that he had ended his earthly existence, and with tears standing in our eyes, when Mary Ann breathed a startled exclamation and held up a warning finger. "Will you hark to that?" said she. "It's the blessed darlin' passin' away, an' 'gurglin' as he goes."

There was indeed a faint sound issuing from the round pink throat, and as I bent over the heap of embroidery, I saw the little hand pressed closely down upon the carpet over one of the spots of sunshine, and heard a happy "goo-goo-goo." "He isn't dead!" I rejoiced, and catching him in my arms looked into his placid eyes and upon the rosy lips that drew themselves together in a pout as he turned again to gaze upon the fascinating sunbeams. Alice drew a long breath. "Who ever saw or heard of such a child?" said she. "Either he is made of cast-iron or else miraculously preserved, for the misfortunes he has lived through in one short morning are enough to have crushed any ordinary infant. How I wish we had never undertaken him! Something dreadful is sure to happen to him before this ill-omened fortnight is over, and it's all your fault. Borrow a baby, indeed! Why didn't you borrow a whole orphan asylum?" And she cast upon me a glance of bitterest reproach.

I began to feel a little alarmed myself. Lorenzo's conduct had not been such as to bear out his mother's assertions as to his angelic simplicity of demeanor, and he had already wrought no small amount of havoc in our quiet establishment. "We are in for it now," I remarked ruefully. "What are you going to do with him, then?" asked Alice, with a sarcastic smile, and a cruel calmness in her tone. "From this time forth," she responsively rejoined, "I was my name of the whole matter."

Out she went and shut the door. "Alice!" I cried, "Alice!" No answer. "Alice!" This time I fairly shrieked, and, setting the baby down upon the floor, rushed out in the hall, and hung over the banisters in time to see my sister's skirts whisk out of sight into the parlor below. The baby had followed me, and before I could catch him he was rolling over and over down the stairs, and landing at the bottom set up his usual wail, which brought Mary Ann to the rescue. His head came smartly in contact with the newelpost, and even vinegar and brown paper could not prevent the appearance of a huge purple lump upon his angelic brow. But he was himself again a marvelously short space of time, and crowding in Mary Ann's arms with a cheeriness that caused the good-natured domestic to beg that we would allow her to take him down into the kitchen while she finished up her ironing.

I resigned him to her charge with a sigh of relief and strict injunctions to keep him away from the stove and the flat-irons, and sat down with "Spencer on Education" for a few minutes' rest, while Alice, taking no notice of me, sat at the piano and sang "Robert, toi que j'aime," in a voice which Brignoll had once admired, but which was now sadly cracked and shaky. An hour went by. Mary Ann had twice appeared at the door, once to tell me that the baby had accidentally set down in a kettle of lard, and the second time to announce that he had pinched his precious fingers in the crack of the door, and made black and blue. I felt a reckless nonchalance upon the subject, and begged her to let me hear no more. At last the clock struck twelve. Alice still sung lustily, and up the back stairs came a suggestive odor, as of newly-fried doughnuts, that pricked up my appetite. I stole softly down to see how Mary Ann was getting on in her preparations for luncheon, but as I stepped at the foot of the stairs in a-

lousishment at the spectacle before me. For Mary Ann at the stove was standing over her kettle of boiling fat and watching the browning bits of dough that sizzled away within it, and the baby, his white dress dragged and dingy from his recent experiences, sat on the floor behind her, drinking with keen satisfaction from the spout of a tin can beside him. A strong odor of kerosene filled the room. With one leap I was at his side. The naughty face shone with mingled delight and oil, and on the front of his dress were great transparent spots of grease. Mary Ann at one glance took it all in and wrung her hands in despair.

"He's done for now, miss, sure!" she wailed. "He's been drinking my kerosene and it's sure poison!" And flinging her apron over her head, she rushed out of the door and down the street in search of a doctor.

In ten minutes three of them were working over that wretched baby. What didn't they give him? Coffee, white of egg, every remedy prescribed in emergency lectures was applied to him, and it was only after the stomach pump and hours of suffering that they left him pale, a little subdued, and distinctively alive after a performance that would have annihilated anybody else. Late that afternoon I sat fanning him as he lay asleep upon my bed, and conversing in whispers with Alice, that Job's comforter, who had looked in to see how he got along. By this time she had taken an adamantine prejudice against my borrowed property, and could only look upon him with fear and trembling.

"I wouldn't be in your shoes when Mrs. Squires gets back," said she ominously. "The town is ringing already with your exploits, and she will sue you for damages, and perhaps for something worse. You had better make money while you can, to pay up. Why not have a loan exhibition? And with a mocking laugh she tripped away and left me alone with myself, and breathing maledictions upon the ill-luck that ever induced me to bring down upon myself a fortnight of such suffering. But there was one comfort. The baby seemed invulnerable, and none of the many disasters that had befallen him had left any mark to tell the tale. So after all, I slept soundly beside him during the night.

The morning dawned clear, bright and warm as an April day could be, and I made ready to take Lorenzo for a ride in his little carriage. But while I was getting on my bonnet and shawl, Mary Ann gave him a Noah's ship to play with, and he had employed the time in smacking all the paint off Mrs. Noah and one of the elephants, which made him rather ill for a few moments. At last we were really off, and on our way down the village street, the object of great attention on the part of our neighbors, all of whom expected to see the baby a shadow of his former self. Instead, he was as rosy as ever, purring contentedly to himself and beating with his little fists upon the side of the carriage. The village was all life. People were coming and going in every direction, and just across the way a couple of workmen in picturesque blue blouses were making some repairs upon a hydrant. Just as we were opposite them, I heard a sudden warning shout, and as I looked in bewilderment to see what it all meant, presto! there came a terrific burst of water, full upon us with all the force of the Pockanosset river, and over went the wicker carriage, while I, blind and staggering, fell up against a fence, and in the shock forgot all about the precious baby.

When I fairly came to myself and realized with a dull agony that Lorenzo was probably what Mrs. Mantaline called "a damp, moist, unpleasant body," and turned to the spot where I had first seen him in the flesh, what was my surprise to behold him crying and kicking vigorously, dripped, dragged but alive, in the arms of a woman who presented to my horrified gaze the well-known features of his mamma.

I fled. Without a blush of shame, without a word of explanation, I fled. Ten minutes later, while Mary Ann was explaining to Alice in great excitement that Mrs. Squires, alarmed and nervous about her baby, had started for home, was almost there, as rumor said, I walked into the sitting-room, demoralized, drenched to the skin, but beaming with wicked delight. My sister regarded me with a prolonged stare. I fell upon her neck like a prodigal son and gasped incoherently: "She's come—It's gone—thank heaven—the baby!"

Once again Alice smiled in spite of herself. "Well," she said, "I hope you have learned a lesson. The next time you want to try an experiment in human nature, don't borrow a baby."

How I laughed! They heard me down at the village square, half a mile away. "No," I cried merrily, "next time I'll borrow a hand-organ!"—"M. E. W." in Boston Budget.

A Most Enterprising Butterfly. A most remarkable instance of the extension of the geographical distribution of a species is found by Mr. J. J. Walker, of the British navy, in the beautiful butterfly Anosia plexippus, L., or Danaus archippus, F. Starting from its original home on the American continent, where it is common from the Hudson's bay territory to the estuary of the Rio de la Plata, this butterfly has been spreading, under our observation, into very remote regions. Crossing 2,350 miles of ocean to the Sandwich Islands, it rapidly and steadily continued its course over the whole breadth of the Pacific and far into the Malay archipelago. Southward and westward in has appeared in New Zealand and Australia. Eastward it has reached the West Indies, the Azores, and within the last ten years has even made its advent in the British isles.—Arkansas Traveler.

THE PIONEER STATIONERY HOUSE.

I keep a full line of Blank Books and Stationery. A fine line of Books always in stock, and constantly en route.

CIGARS, Imported and Domestic, Of most popular brands. I keep the finest

SMOKING AND CHEWING TOBACCO.

FRUITS, JEWELRY, An endless variety of FANCY GOODS, TOYS AND NOTIONS, SHEET MUSIC, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, CHROMOS, Picture Frames, Pocket Cutlery, Combs, Etc., Etc.

GEO. W. CRANE. Opposite Grand Union Hotel. Sheep for Sale!

I HAVE SHEEP FOR SALE, Of any kind, and in numbers to suit purchasers. Purchasers can select straight ewes, ewes and lambs, stock sheep, or wethers.

MERCHANTS' National Bank Of Helena.

Authorized Capital, \$500,000 Paid in Capital, \$150,000 President—L. H. HERSHFIELD. Vice-President—A. J. DAVIDSON. Cashier—AARON HERSHFIELD.

Board of Directors: S. S. HUNTLEY, A. SANDS, THOMAS CRUSE, CHAS. LEIMAN, A. J. DAVIDSON, W. D. NICHOLAS, MOSES MORRIS, H. WESTON, L. HERSHFIELD, A. HERSHFIELD.

Exchange on the commercial centers of the United States and Europe bought and sold. Collections and all business entrusted to us receive prompt and thorough attention. Deposits received and interest allowed on the same if left for a specified time. Buy gold and silver bullion, gold dust, ores, territorial, government and county securities and warrants.

Associate Bank: Bank of Northern Montana, Fort Benton, M. T. The BUYERS' GUIDE is issued March and Sept, each year. 28-216 pages, 9 1/2 x 11 1/2 inches, with over 3,500 illustrations—a whole Picture Gallery. GIVES Wholesale Prices direct to consumers on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. These INVALUABLE BOOKS contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy FREE to any address upon receipt of 10 cts. to defray expense of mailing. Let us hear from you. Respectfully, MONTGOMERY WARD & CO. 227 & 229 Wash. Ave., Chicago, Ill.

THE CHOTEAU HOUSE, CHOTEAU, M. T. Stages to the Railroad and all Points in the Territory. Chateau Sample Rooms. Livory, Feed and Sale Stables. GEORGE RICHARDS, Proprietor.

DAY'S HOUSE, On Big Springs Creek, REEDSFORD, Meagher Co., M. T., Has recently been fitted up in the very best style for the accommodation of the traveling public. GOOD STABLING for HORSES In connection with this House. FRANK DAY, Prop'r.

\$5 Reward. Will be given for information that will lead to the recovery of a dark sorrel horse, some white in face, weight about 750 pounds, branded half circle heart (Harris & Rowe's brand) on left shoulder and one or more other brands. It is probably on the Shonkin range. Address the RIVER PRESS.

UNCLAIMED EXPRESS MATTER

Received at the Office of the Benton, Barker & Billings Stage Co., at Fort Benton, up to July 1, 1889. Two spring overcoats, owner unknown. One canvas jacket, owner unknown. One sack clothing, owner unknown. One sack clothing, owner unknown. One package, H. L. Sprinkle. One package, catalogue wood cuts, W. H. Buck; charges, 30c; received Aug. 8, 1885. Two metal cuts, Benton Record. One valise, owner unknown; received April 8, 1888. One valise, Wm. Brown; received July 29, 1885. One trunk, J. B. Rosebeck; storage charges, \$21.30. One package, Sing Lee; charges, 50c; received about March, 1888. One roll bedding, owner unknown. One roll bedding, Connolly. One roll bedding in wagon sheet, Newton Koser; charges, \$5.25. One box wall paper, Jas. O'Brien, Malden. One sack clothes, Jas. Barkerville. One chest, owner unknown; on hand July 31, 1888. One sack clothes, Edward Dugan. One package, Wm. MacQueen; charges paid. One sack clothes, Ed. Foster; charges, \$1.50. One sack clothes, R. W. Price; charges, \$3.50; received January 22, 1884. One sack clothes, owner unknown; on hand July 2, 1885. One package, Jas. Rosier; C. O. D. \$4. and charges, 60c. One valise, one sack, Wright, Sun River. One satchel, R. Robby. One valise, owner unknown; on hand July 31, 1888. One valise, owner unknown; on hand July 31, 1888. One satchel, W. L. King. One valise, Jas. T. Smith. One valise, T. Taylor. One roll blankets, C. W. Barnes. These goods will be disposed of one month from date. Parties having express matter at this office are hereby notified to call and pay charges on same. T. C. POWER & BRO., Agents. Fort Benton, August 5, 1889.

BANK OF NORTHERN MONTANA.

Transact a General Banking Business. Buy and sell Exchange on the commercial centers of the United States.

Pay Interest on Time Deposits. Will give special attention to the business of Northern and Central Montana, and will make such loans to stockmen and farmers as are suited to their requirements.

Local Securities a Specialty. Collections and all other business entrusted to us will receive prompt and careful attention. COLLINS, DUER & Co. FRONT STREET - - - FORT BENTON, M. T.

The Helena Coach

NOW RUNS Via GREAT FALLS. Leaves Every Morning at 7 a. m. (Except Sunday.) Fare, \$5.00. Freight, 2c. per lb.

Apply at the Office—GEO. W. CRANE, Opposite Grand Union Hotel. AGENT.

J. B. PACE

Consumers Beware !! There are imitations of the celebrated and old reliable J. B. PACE TOBACCO.

The Genuine has the FULL NAME, J. B. PACE, ON THE TIN TAG.

Don't be deceived. You are imposed upon if the initials J. B. Are not on the Tin Tag.

J. B. PACE

THE NORTHWESTERN CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. Piano, Organ, Voice, Theory, all Orchestral and Band Instruments. Modern Languages, Elocution. SPECIAL GOLD MEDALS for progress in Piano, Organ and Voice. VALUABLE FREE CLASSES. Strongest corps of Teachers in the West. \$10.00 for Lessons. Pupils receive at any time. Full term books sent. Send for Catalogue. CHARLES H. MORSE, Director.

LEWISTOWN HOTEL

LEWISTOWN, M. T. First Class in every particular. Fine Bar in Connection. Stables in connection.

W. HEARTOP, Proprietor.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Fort Benton. W. G. CONRAD, - - - PRESIDENT JNO. W. POWER, - - - VICE PRESIDENT E. G. MACLAY, - - - CASHIER

Authorized capital, \$50,000 Capital paid in, 100,000 Surplus and profits, 70,000

TRANSACT A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

Directors: S. T. HAUSER, C. E. CONRAD, T. C. POWER, F. ATKINSON, W. G. CONRAD, H. S. FORD, J. W. POWER, T. A. CUMMINGS, E. G. MACLAY.

PECK & LACY, BREEDERS OF Thoroughbred Merino SHEEP.

We aim to handle and breed as heavy a shearing Merino sheep as the demand of manufacturers for a light, long staple wool, and our climatic conditions, will warrant. Ewe band run from Highwood Ranch, twenty miles from Fort Benton. Ram band run from Belt Ranch (at Belt creek bridge), twenty-five miles from Fort Benton. Breeders of Thoroughbred Shepherd Dogs.

Address—PECK & LACY, FORT BENTON, M. T. Sheep Bought or Sold. PARTIES desiring to Buy or Sell SHEEP, will find it to their interest to communicate with the undersigned. CHAS. S. GIBSON. Fort Benton, M. T.

T. F. MORGAN & CO., DEALERS IN

General Merchandise, STANFORD, MONTANA. Special Inducements Offered to Ranch and Stockmen.

GOOD HOTEL, STABLE AND BLACKSMITH SHOP IN CONNECTION. Call and examine goods and prices.

R. A. RICHIE, DEALER IN

General Merchandise ROCKY POINT, M. T. HEADQUARTERS FOR Miners' and Stockmen's Supplies. Low prices and first class new goods. GOOD STABLE IN CONNECTION. Highest Market Price Paid for Furs and Skins.

OVERLAND HOTEL

HAS BEEN RE-OPENED. By the undersigned proprietor of the house. The hotel is thoroughly refitted and furnished, offering First-class Accommodations to the traveling public. It is my desire to restore the old-time excellent reputation of the Overland and to that end no pains or expense will be spared.

My sister, Mrs. Smith, will be on hand to look after the comfort of ladies and families. I have established the following prices: Board by the week, \$6.00 Board by the Meal, 50 Three Meal Tickets, \$1.00 Board and Room, \$10 per week

First-class Bar in Connection. Give the Overland a trial and see if I do not make it pleasant for you. CHAS. ROWE.

R. C. GREEN, Pres. T. S. FOSTER, J., Sec. J. M. PROST, Vice-Pres. C. WIGGINS, Treas.

Western Wool Commission Co. EXCLUSIVE WOOL COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

Liberal Advances on Consignments 117 to 123, N. Main Street, ST. LOUIS. Refer to the Boatmen's Savings Bank, St. Louis. Represented at Fort Benton by J. B. REYNOLDS.

ADVERTISERS can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of advertising in American papers by addressing Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., New York. Send 10c for 100-Page Pamphlet.