

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One copy 1 year, (in advance) \$2.00
One copy 6 months, 1.50
One copy 3 months, 1.00
Specimen copies, 10
Strictly in advance.

The circulation of the TRIBUNE in Northern Montana is guaranteed to exceed that of any paper published in the territory.

Address all communications to the TRIBUNE, GREAT FALLS, MONT.

MONTANA SONGSTERS.

Some Interesting Notes on the Different Birds of the Territory. The Peculiar Habits of the Several Species.

In this country, where forest or timber growth of any kind, away from the mountains, is so scarce, one is apt to gain the impression that the native birds, and especially the songbirds, are quite limited, both in variety and numbers. Game birds may be observed in fair abundance, as they are almost everywhere, until hunted without let or hindrance, but I refer particularly to the smaller woodland species, birds that are found commonly about the homes and orchards of many parts of our land.

Meanwhile, the birds that can be seen around us almost every day are well worthy our attention. Of these perhaps the swallows occupy the most prominent place. There are no less than five different species to be found in this vicinity. The barn and cave swallows are the most noticeable, as they seem to prefer nesting about buildings to their natural places of resort among the cliffs and ledges of rock. Then, too, they are found far out on the prairies, often following teams, dodging around and even under the horses in pursuit of various small insects.

Of the sparrow the McCown's Bunting is one of the commonest. The bird is grayish with black crown and a large black crescent on the throat. When flying, the tail shows many white feathers, abruptly tipped with black. Its song is a pleasing warble uttered as it soars above overhead or while slowly descending with wings raised above the back and motionless, reminding one of a huge butterfly.

I am occasionally asked if I have noticed on the prairies a small brown bird curiously marked about the head with black, and with two small tufts of feathers, or horns over the eyes. Yes, I reply. It is the horned lark, or shore lark, one of our common prairie birds, and found here winter and summer.

GREAT FALLS TRIBUNE.

Table with columns for advertising rates: 1 in, 2 in, 3 in, 4 in, 5 in, 6 in, 7 in, 8 in, 9 in, 10 in, 11 in, 12 in. Rows for 1 week, 1 month, 3 months, 6 months, 1 year.

skylark, said to resemble greatly the celebrated European skylark. It was first obtained by Audubon on his trip to the Yellowstone years ago. Since his time nothing was known of it till comparatively recent years, when it has been found in Dakota and Montana. It sings, flying high overhead, often out of sight among the clouds, and its melody can not be appreciated unless one is quite near, or it is heard on one of those damp, still mornings in spring when all sounds fall upon the ear with wonderful distinctness.

An entirely different bird is the field lark, so noticeable in spring as he sits on some tree or post, while uttering his vigorous, whistling song, or perhaps, flies off into the air, quite heedless where he is going, simply incapable of restraining the ecstasy excited by his own music. Later on he is not so attractive. His gay plumage has become worn and he greets you with a scolding note as he makes off, eyeing you over his shoulder meantime, in an off-hand sort of way.

A bird of which much has been written in scientific and popular works is the oncel. He is found about mountain streams of the northwest and I have noticed several individuals at the Great Spring and various of the falls on the river below. A plain slate-colored bird and much resembling a thrush in structure, he has many habits of a true water-bird. The continued and varied song, uttered while standing on some rock, with the cool spray about him, has all the dash and sparkle of the water itself. In winter time, for he is a permanent resident, one finds him about open rapids, where he gains a living by diving to the bottom in the more shallow places, and bringing up aquatic insects, etc. On the mountain streams only one bird will be found at each open riffle, where he often has to engage in fierce struggles with his fellows to maintain his exclusive rights to the place. At some favorite point on the ice where he lends after his diving exploits, will often be found quite a collection of small pebbles, bits of moss, and even minnows. The water oncel's nest is a fine structure of moss, built on some ledge of rock overhanging the water. It is oven-like and contains a cavity five or six inches across, entered by an opening facing the stream.

Among the brighter colored birds, Bullock's oriole and the Louisiana tanager are conspicuous. They are exclusively western species. The oriole is quite similar to the eastern oriole, or golden robin, and builds the same sort of hanging nest. Its ordinary note is not highly agreeable, but occasionally it utters snatches of a pleasing song. The tanager is by far the handsomest bird of the two. Its name of Louisiana, given when Montana was a part of the Territory of Louisiana, is rather misleading now, as the bird is found nowhere in the Mississippi valley. Common in the mountains of the Territory, the species is rare along streams outside. It, too, is surpassed in song by many a plain colored bird, but with its black and yellow body and brilliant red head it may be well satisfied.

Another bird, with neither fine feathers or song, but perhaps the most knowing of them all, is the cowbird. The males are black, with purplish-brown head; the females and young are more or less streaked brown. Usually they can be found about stock of all kinds, often lighting on the animals' backs. Their song, if indeed it can be called a song, consists of a few odd notes, uttered in such a chuckling manner, and with a glance all about, as if to imply excessive smartness, if not great beauty. Their notable point lies in the fact that, like the European cuckoo, they never build a home of their own, but the female deposits her eggs, usually two together, in the nests of other small birds. All care of the offspring is left to foster parents. That this arrangement succeeds admirably is shown by the general abundance of the birds, but how and when was this strange custom acquired? Did the birds never build nests of their own? I incline to think that at some former period they did, but as the demands of the society of their four-footed occupiers more and more of their time, they found it necessary to give up house-keeping, and place the responsibility of rearing their offspring on other shoulders. Doubtless the old birds appear occasionally, just to see that matters are running smoothly, and to inform the young as to their proper parentage and customs; unless, indeed, this is left to instinct. On the whole, the cowbirds have every reason to be satisfied with their domestic arrangements, but how is it with the birds imposed upon by them? Usually they make no trouble, but sometimes they will desert their nest, or adopt the curious expedient of building a new story to their home,

thus covering up the unwelcome eggs, along, perhaps, with several of their own. Before they have laid a new set, perchance, the cowbird again appears, and the whole operation has to be repeated. Nests have been found with three or four sets of the two kinds of eggs, placed in this way, showing a good deal of pluck on both sides. Which bird usually wins, I am sure I do not know.

The birds above mentioned all belong to the aerial or perching class and are but a handful of the number that may be found about us. Then there are the terrestrial birds, represented hereabouts by the curlew and killdeer plover, and the aquatic birds, including the geese, ducks, gulls, etc., all of which furnish interesting material for study. R. S. W.

RACING ON A PLANK.

Two Cowboys at Medora Ride Their Horses at Full Speed Across the Little Missouri Railroad Bridge One Hundred Feet Above the Water. A Daring and Thrilling Feat.

A gentleman who came in on the Northern Pacific road yesterday, adds another to the list of startling "cow-boy stories of the wild west" that is entitled to rank with any of the novel performances of these dare-devil fellows of which the world has heard heretofore. When the train stopped at Medora, the headquarters of the Marquis de Mores and Theodore Roosevelt, some ten or a dozen cowboys, mounted on their typical horses of the plains, were cutting all kinds of capers and giving a sort of free show, for the edification and amusement of the citizens and passengers. They were putting the horses through reckless evolutions and maneuvers, giving an exhibition of equestrianism that astonished the tenderest on the train. The boys had just come in from a round-up, and were flush with money and considerably flushed with Dakota tanglefoot. The railroad bridge, which spans the Little Missouri river at this point, is at least 100 feet above the surface of the water. To enable footmen to cross a narrow plank walk—not more than two feet wide—is laid on the ties, from shore to shore, in the center of the bridge. It requires steady nerve for a man to make the trip successfully, without losing his balance and falling through between the ties into the river far below, which, of course, would mean certain death. Two of the cowboys, more reckless than their companions, rode their horses upon the track at a rapid gait, and then, in single file, dashed on to the bridge and made for the other side, flying along on the narrow plank walk just as if they were racing across the prairie after an obstreperous bovine.

The spectators were thrilled with horror, and expected to see the two daring men dashed to death as they jumped the horses made. The riders yelled vociferously, and rode with the same easy confidence they always display when at home upon the plains. One of them was somewhat in advance of the other, and the passengers were astonished and their suspense greatly relieved when he reached the other side safely and gave vent to a regular yell of triumph. But his companion was not so lucky. He was within thirty yards of the end of the bridge—going at full speed—when his horse stumbled. The rider was seen to sway to and fro for a few seconds, and to make a desperate effort to pull the animal on its feet again, and then both went down in a heap. The crowd of lookers-on with one impulse gave vent to a cry of terror, and a number of people started out on the bridge to render assistance to the unfortunate fellow. But almost immediately the fallen cowboy arose, helped the horse upon its feet—in some miraculous way—mounted, and cleared the remaining space with a rush, yelling like a demon as he flew down the track on the other side, in hot pursuit of his companion, who was almost out of sight and running as if he were trying to get out of the way of a cyclone. If horse or rider was injured neither showed signs of it from the distance that intervened. The cowboy must have had the skin scraped off his shanks at any rate. Evidently the horse fell over on its side on the board walk and managed to keep its legs free from the spaces between the ties, thus saving itself from serious injury. It was one of the most foolhardy feats on record.—Pioneer Press.

Chicago claims 750,000 population on the basis of the number of names in the new city directory, which is over 200,000.

Vessels arriving at Quebec still report having encountered innumerable icebergs.

A STREAK OF LUCK.

An Old Prospector Discovers a Rich Mine, Which a Stroke of Lightning Unearthed.

"You know, I have not prospected recently, owing to rheumatism which has kept me at home nearly all spring. Well, last week the old fever seized me again, and I thought I'd have to take a turn at gold hunting. So locking up my cabin and taking my tools and outfit, I mounted my horse and started over the mountains. (The old man would not say in what direction he went, being very jealous of his discovery.) It was a fine, bright day when I started, but when I got to the top of the divide, rain began to pour down from the clouds which had been gathering for some time. Thinking, from the experience of a few days before, that another violent storm was imminent, I spurred up my horse and soon gained a clump of trees some distance down the mountain side. By this time the lightning was flashing vividly, and the thunder was sounding louder and louder at every clap, so I dismounted, tied my horse to a sapling near by and sought shelter and protection for myself at the foot of a dwarfed pine. I did not fear the lightning as there was a wooded butte considerably higher than my position a short distance from me. One side of this butte was composed of rocks and boulders piled one upon another in all sorts of shapes, while the other side was covered with dense timber. I had my eye fixed upon this butte when a flash of lightning, almost blinding in its brilliancy, shot across the sky, and I saw the rocks on the butte fly in every direction, as my eyes closed and insensibility overcame me. I did not even hear the clap of thunder that must have accompanied the stroke, so quickly did I relapse into unconsciousness. As near as I can now tell, this was about noon, and when I recovered consciousness it was 6 o'clock, but whether the same evening or the next I had no means of knowing. The sun was still above the horizon and the rain had ceased and the clouds had cleared away. On rising to my feet I found my limbs stiff with pain and felt very weak. I looked after my horse and found the beast stretched on the ground dead from a stroke of lightning. In walking toward the horse I found the ground for many yards around covered with fragments of rock from the shattered butte, and on looking toward that eminence I hardly recognized its altered shape. Picking up some pieces of the rock lying on the ground I found it was a species of quartz; and a thrill shot through me as I discovered traces of gold in it. Picking up some more of it and examining it my excitement increased until in a frenzy of joy I seemed to forget my rheumatism, and ran like a boy toward the shattered butte. The whole top of the rocky hill had been torn up by the lightning, leaving exposed a clean surface of quartz, which one glance sufficed to tell me was a vein of gold ore. I chipped pieces off the ledge and loaded myself down with the rock. Never have I seen finer ore. The vein is three feet wide and well defined, and the ore is remarkable for its easily reducible character. Here is a specimen of it," and the old man drew from under his roll of blankets a large lump of ore, in which the native gold could be seen with the naked eye scattered all through it. He continued: "I got \$200 out of that which I brought down with me from 'Lightning Butte,' which is the name of my mine. I pounded it out in that mortar, (pointing to an implement of that description on the table.) My fortune's made, my boy, and all through by being struck by lightning!"—Herald.

INGERSOLL SCINTILLATING.

Baltimore American: A story credited to Bob Ingersoll comes from Washington. It was brought to Baltimore by a delegate who attended the conference of charities there last week. The genial infidel, so the account runs, was talking to a batch of delegates, among them several Marylanders, in a social gathering. He said he never took much stock in a Creator or a creation. "But," said he, "recently I have seen one thing which strongly inclines me to change my opinion. I mean the oyster. You are surprised? Perhaps you are. But just suppose that Providence had put legs on the oysters! Imagine the result! Why, two-thirds of the Eastern Shoremen would starve to death." A snit for slander and libel against Col. Ingersoll, with the Eastern Shore [of Maryland] as plaintiff will now be in order.

HERE'S CHEEK FOR YOU!

A clergyman out in one of the towns in Wayne county, says the Albany (N. Y.) Journal, wrote a personal letter to old Commodore Vanderbilt, saying he was very poor and wanted to attend a ministers' conference at

A. M. HOLTER & BRO., GREAT FALLS PLANING MILL. Sash, Door and Blind Factory. 1881 SIDING LUMBER, LATH AND SHINGLES, FLOORING 1885 Hardware & Building Material. Chas. Wegner, Agent. Lumber Yard at Sun River Crossing, THOMAS ROSE, AGENT. Lumber Yard at Johnstown, ED. DAVIS, AGENT.

CATARACT ROLLER MILL. FULL ROLLER PROCESS FULL ROLLER PROCESS. FULL ROLLER PROCESS FULL ROLLER PROCESS. To be Completed With Latest Improved Machinery and Ready to Run on the Coming Crop. Chowen & Jennison, Proprietors. GREAT FALLS.

GROCERIES. HARDWARE. Murphy, Maclay & Co., DEALERS IN Groceries, Hardware & General Merchandise. Sash, Doors, Nails & Building Material. Great Falls, Montana. GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

DEATH OF AN OLD PIONEER.

Bernard W. Brisbois, one of the best known of the old-timers of the Northwest, died at Prairie du Chien, Wis., a few days ago. He was born at Prairie du Chien, Oct. 4, 1808, of French parentage. In 1827 the few companies of the Fifth regiment United States infantry were removed from Prairie du Chien to Fort Snelling, and soon after the Indians made an attack upon some keelboats on their return from the fort, which so alarmed the residents of the town that they fled to the fort for protection. Captain Thomas McNeil took command; young Brisbois was appointed second lieutenant, and as such served until the return of the United States soldiers. This was known as the Redbird war. Redbird being a noted chief of the Winnebago Indians. Brisbois soon after engaged with the American Fur company. He remained with this until 1846, when he and H. M. Rice became successors to H. L. Dousman. Returning to Prairie du Chien, he was appointed assessor of internal revenue by President Lincoln for the Third Wisconsin revenue district. December 27, 1872, he was appointed by President Grant, consul at Verrier, Belgium, where he remained until 1874, when he returned home in consequence of ill health and business engagements. Mr. Brisbois was a genial companion, a man of more than ordinary intelligence and a gentleman of the highest home culture. He had seen Prairie du Chien in possession of the English—of the Indians—and the Americans witnessed many bloody scenes. In his early days the Mississippi river was navigated only by the Mackinaw boat and the canoe with supplies for the Mississippi, upper and lower, as well as the Missouri and the Yellowstone rivers, which were brought from the island of Mackinaw, via Green Bay, Fox and Wisconsin rivers, to Prairie du Chien, from which point the boats separated for their final destination, manned by hardy voyageurs.

ENTHUSING OVER S. BULL.

A Washington special telegram, on June 23d, says: "Sitting Bull is one of the special attractions advertised in great letters two feet long on the bill boards, by Buffalo Bill's Wild West company, which is exhibiting in Washington this week. The old Sioux chief appeared to-day with his ugly face made hideous by daubs of paint and with a cheveaux defrise of feathers running down each of his legs. He did not take much part in the show except to gallop at a headlong dash around the park on his horse to show himself. He awakened great enthusiasm among the small boys who read dime novels. Gen. Sheridan and wife and half the army officers in town were at the show, as were also scores of members of Congress, government officials and statesmen who are here looking for a job. Holman of Indiana was there on a pass, getting points for the Western junketing tour on which he is about to start."

ALFALFA AS A FODDER.

It is well known that until recently our stockmen have been simply growing cattle for Eastern States to make beef of, instead of making the beef here, even for our home consumption. Happily, this wasteful process is changing. The remarkable productiveness of alfalfa and its great fattening properties are now thoroughly understood, and instead of bringing dressed beef into Colorado from the East, we shall soon be shipping beef thoroughly fattened. Probably 20,000 head were fed alfalfa during the past winter in this State, and though all feeders were not equally successful, yet from 10,000 to 12,000 were turned into prime beef on alfalfa alone, against not more than 2,000 so fed in the preceding winter. It has been demonstrated by actual

test that a steer weighing 1,100 pounds, stalled, fed and cared for as cattle are fattened in the East, gained in eighty days, 240 pounds in weight on 80 pounds of alfalfa alone per day, being an average daily growth of three pounds, and when killed here last winter was found to be the finest beef seen in Denver for years. Another case is reported where a farmer took a lot of thin steers in the fall which cost him an average sum of \$25 per head, fed them exclusively on alfalfa during the winter, and sold them at an average price of \$60 per head, and when slaughtered they were equal to the best corn-fed beef.

The possibilities of alfalfa raising and its uses in our States are incalculable. It has been proved to be as good feed for sheep and swine as for cattle. Some of the finest and justest mutton ever sold in our market was fattened on alfalfa in six weeks' time. It can be grown in any part of the State and three or four crops gathered per year. That it is thoroughly appreciated by our farmers is shown by the fact that fourteen carloads of the seed were brought to Denver alone last year, and twenty to twenty-five carloads could be sold here this year if they could be obtained. Denver Tribune-Republican.

CATTLE THIEVES IN URUGTAY.

"Cattle thieves in the land where I raise stock," said a Montevideo cattle-breeder visiting Montana, "have discovered a new and ingenious mode of disguising their booty. Last autumn I lost several head, and half a dozen times I and my men, with the mounted policemen, came up with the thieves, and I saw them with cattle that I knew at once were mine. My brand was on them (J M) and sometimes there were scratches on their bodies that I knew quite well. The animals were like mine in every respect but one. The horns branched differently. If those on my cows had pointed up those dropped toward the ground, and often one pointed forward and the other backward, or one toward the sky and the other toward the earth. J M, the drover said, were his own or his employer's initials. The cattle were certainly mine, but I could not swear to them, and I was obliged to see them taken away. The thieves had kept the horns wrapped in policies of boiling hot meal until they were soft enough to be twisted, and thus destroyed the cow's identity. The horns soon hardened when the bandages were removed. I have been told that the trick was invented by Russian cattle thieves."