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GREAT FALLS TRIBUNE.

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MIDNIGHT WALK.

Written for the TRIBUNE.

My friend Dr. Horatio Woodward and myself were enjoying ourselves to an extent almost unlimited, in the very heart of the Rocky Mountains last summer. Both of us were fond of Diana's sylvan sport as well as abject devotees to the creed and creed of good old Isaac Walton. The doctor considered himself a first rate naturalist, while I was equally proud of my botanical abilities. I was at that time particularly in search of all kinds medicinal plants, and kept my weather eye open for plants not known to the medical world, but which had been found of value by the Indians, miners and travellers. Up to the time my story commences I had had great success and had discovered quite a number of specimens entirely new to science. Among the many medicinal herbs I had found was one of peculiar interest, inasmuch that the plant as a whole had a peculiar and odd appearance and possessed marvelous curative properties. Its leaves were thick, green and pointed at both ends. They were sparingly covered upon the upper surface with rather coarse hairs, and at the base of each hair was a gland from which a little resin dot exuded. These leaves upon being chewed gave at first a spicy, aromatic flavor, but afterwards proved to be acid and bitter, parching the mouth and throat unmercifully. The plant evidently contained strong alkaloids and other powerful agents. Upon applying the leaves either chewed or brewed in any amount from which the blood flowed, no matter how fresh, the glands of the leaves seemed to stop the flow of blood almost immediately. At first the effect they produced was a smarting, burning sensation but soon followed by a cool and soothing feeling in the injured parts. Well, one day we struck camp, packing everything on our pack animals, and securing all by a carefully adjusted diamond-bitch, we journeyed still further into the silent solitudes of those mighty mountains. We travelled all day, toiling wearily over windfalls and rough masses of rock, ever and anon fording this mountain torrent or that, until at last night overtook us at the base of a towering precipice. The wind sighed sadly in the tree tops overhead, the night birds came forth, adding their dismal notes to the desert air, and the little stream at our feet foamed, splashed and eddied in impish fantasy, ever keeping up its wiced murmur, while the moon half hid by the rifted clouds looked down upon the scene with a wistful, pitying eye. Our pitch pine camp fire brightly blazed, casting a lurid glow upon the surrounding vegetation. My companion was inclined to be merry as he smoked his pipe by the warm rays of the fire, but I was silent. An inexpressible solemnity crept into my heart. I felt as if something was happening or about to happen. At last Woodward turned in and was soon in the land of dreams. Still I sat by the fire, deeply pondering. Presently I arose and wandered away, thinking of many things connected with my past. Here was I, in the bosom of the wilderness, where naught but nature reigned supreme, thinking of the many dear ones left behind in the heart of civilization. What were they doing now? Did they ever think of me? Did they miss me? Just at that moment I entered a grove of stately pines (Pinus ponderosa); their thick trunks standing rigid and erect like the grim sentinels we read of in stories of the days of chivalry. Or like monster pillars supporting the dome of some vast temple, and truly they might be so considered, for on that particular night they reared their lofty columns heavenward. The dome they supported was the half-frowning firmament above me, studded with precious stones, some green, some purple, some red, some blue and some golden, all emitting starlike brilliancies and all twinkling down and saying, "How small and how insignificant is ponder mortal being far below us, who warms in this temple." And the tem was that of nature, dedicated to the Sublime Omnipotence of the Supreme Being.

Ah! What was that I saw? Nothing. 'Twas only a night bird disturbed and affrighted by my obtrusiveness. Just as I had so concluded there rang out on the midnight air in sorrowful note the following rhyme—

Farewell, farewell, my friend farewell. Our time of parting now is nigh. With sad'ning heart my breast doth swell, Tears of sorrow bedim mine eye. Together we labored side by side In the days that are past and gone, Little thought we how months did glide, Nor how soon this parting must come.

Happy hours together we spent In those hurrying days of yore, Our paths are now divergent bent, Mayhap my friend we'll meet no more. Life is naught but a fitful dream That soon shall be past forever, God grant we meet beyond Death's stream Eternally happy together.

I stood still, transfixed as it were. The voice of the singer was well known to me. It was the voice of a beloved friend and co-worker in the cause of science whom I had left a few weeks before alive and well in his eastern home. At last I saw the vocalist advanced, calling him by name. As I went forward he silently receded; when he passed between a tree and I could see the tree through his body. Again I cried out, calling upon my friend to speak if he loved me. The only answer was given in sorrowful chant—

"Farewell, farewell, my friend farewell" and as the words were given back with all the receding modulation of a mountain echo, the phantom disappeared in the darkness. I returned to camp with those words ringing in my ears. The fire was low, my friend was snoring, and the moon hid behind a peak, so I turned in. My sleep was feverish. In it I saw spirits, ghosts and hob-goblins without end. All, all repeated the words I had heard in the forest.

Shortly after the occurrence we returned to the haunts of man, I found awaiting me from the east a letter edged with black. It contained the news that my friend whose voice I had heard and whose form I had seen in the mountain forest had died. Just before he died he became delirious, calling wildly for me. His last words were—

"God grant we meet beyond Death's stream Eternally happy together."

I tell you my dear reader that those things had a lasting effect upon me. Since that time I have thought of the vanity of life. Turn where you will, everything is vanity. Life is very short. Few realize how short, yet they strive and toil for fame and fortune, things that in themselves are of worth, but worthless when striven for to the neglect of the soul, which surely is immortal.

Our Wards

Outside of Alaska, we have 260,000 Indians, and every buck, squaw and papoose, be he, she or it, full-blood or half-breed, possesses in the average 500 acres; and yet the government feeds the last one of them—a few in the Indian territory except—at a large expense. Last year it cost \$6,500,000 to feed and blanket the noble red men. Three years ago we expended upon these people nearly double that sum. But as it is impossible to say how much hung to the fingers of the Indian agents, a per capita calculation would only be approximate. Since 1815 we have expended \$225,000,000 in taking care of the Indians, and probably as much more in various efforts to subdue or exterminate the pesky creatures.

Beef vs. Hog.

An alleged packer of forty years' experience, says: "The quantity of grain that will make a pound of beef, will make more than a pound of pork, and a pound of pork is generally worth more than a pound of beef." The statement is not correct in either particular. The ox does not perfectly digest ear corn, as usually fed. Hogs do the gleaning, and save all. Again, the price of fully fat beef on the hoof, and hogs on foot, is generally in favor of beef. And as the hog turns out more meat per live weight than beef, the price of pork is reduced still further.—Chicago Tribune.

Nevada's Salt Hills.

In Lincoln county, on the Rio Virgin is one of the most remarkable deposits of rock salt on the continent. It is found in hills 500 feet above the level of the valley, chemically pure. Blocks of it over a foot square are so transparent that one may read a paper through them. So solid is this salt that it must be blasted out the same as if it were rock.

Indian Boy Printers.

Two Indian boys at St. Ignatius Mission, fifteen or sixteen years of age, are becoming quite practical printers, and are able to do pamphlet printing as well as more difficult work. They have a job printing office at the mission. The boys are full blooded Indians.

Sheep.

The Argentine Republic has more sheep than any other nation, though their wool products is not so valuable as that of Australia, owing to poor quality and lightness of clip.

THE MONTANA CENTRAL.

Has Montana the Right to a Competing Line of Railroad to the East?

The attitude assumed by the Northern Pacific railroad company, toward the Montana Central enterprise, is calling forth the indignation of the people, and if that corporation is to be moved by public sentiment, they will let go, and forthwith call off those who are acting in the capacity of mouth-pieces for them. "Helena" in a number of letters to the Herald, of which the following is one, voices, we believe, the sentiment of the people of Northern Montana, the same as it would anyone, either directly or indirectly interested in its development. Following is the letter:

The evidence continues to accumulate, that the "powerful ally" of the Northern Pacific, acting with that powerful corporation, proposes, if possible, to choke off the Montana Central, and if necessary to parallel every line it proposes to construct, and make a fight for the right of way through the Prickly Pear Canyon. This magnanimous (?) conduct toward an independent organization which propose to do all that lies in its power to build up this section of the country, and Helena in particular, seems to have secured official sanction and recognition. Interviews published in the St. Paul papers indicate that a fight is to be made upon Mr. Hill, of the Manitoba, to prevent the consummation of his project to give us a competing line of railroad to the East. Upon what basis is the proposed fight to be made? But one reason has as yet been given, viz: That he is invading territory claimed by the Northern Pacific as exclusively its own. In one of the interviews referred to the "powerful ally" admits that the Northern Pacific cannot conduct these operations under its present charter, and alleges that it proposes to accomplish its ultimate object by the organization of other companies with its "powerful ally" at the head, to operate in the interest of the N. P. When and where has the Montana Central invaded the territory of the Northern Pacific? Is this Territory, containing more than one hundred and forty-six thousand square miles, to be given over entirely to one corporation? Away with such nonsense. Even official (?) interference will fail to subject us to the tyranny involved in the proposition that the Montana Central, or any other independent company proposing to construct railroads, are to be fought because they are invading the territory of the Northern Pacific. If any such territory exists let us have a proclamation issued, that it be designated by boundary fences, to the erection of which all good people should be invited.

We have heard enough of the assumption that the territory of the Northern Pacific is being invaded. The people are not prepared to receive any such doctrine and will have none of it.

As a Horse Country.

The man who has a ranch, range and a few good neres in this country is in a fair way to be wealthy. It is now realized throughout the entire country that the high grazing regions of the west are capable of producing better bone and muscle than any other country, and all Montana horsemen have to do to create a strong standing demand for their horses is to be zealous in the propagation of good stock. We are so far from markets capable of relieving us of large numbers of horses that it will not pay—not so well at least—to raise anything but valuable animals, as it costs about as much to market a \$40 pony as it does a \$1,000 thoroughbred.

It seems that there ought even now to be a large profit in transferring horses from this country to places where the prices are much higher. It is a fact that a horse that could be bought for \$40 to \$50 here is worth \$75 to \$100 in Texas and other countries, and there is a prospect that every man who has a good horse for sale can dispose of him easily and at handsome figures to drivers and shippers.

There is every prospect, also, that so far as the horse trade is concerned, the movement of stock from the south to the north will be reversed, and that large numbers of Montana horses will find their way to southern markets. Just as Montana grass and air matures beaver better and makes them more valuable than those marketed from other ranges, just as these same feed and climatic conditions impart better muscles, sinews and bones into horses and make this the finest horse country on earth. Montana is the modern Arabia, and future generations will speak of the

horses of ancient Arabia in comparison with those of this country.

The horseman who realizes that this is the best country for his business in America, who stays with his business and uses good judgment in the selection of good animals to breed from, and displays business ability in the management of his affairs, will be the rich man of the future.—Stockgrowers' Journal.

Montana's Exhibit.

A correspondent writing from New Orleans to the Salt Lake Tribune, has the following to say of our exhibit at the exposition:

The Montana exhibit lacks to some extent the feature of variety possessed by other displays, but to the intelligent observer, to the man after facts and figures, it represents the grandest mining country in the world. The Anaconda, Parrot, Moulton, Hleca, Granite-Mountain and Drum Lummon are mines which are not duplicated elsewhere. They and the other great dividend payers of Montana are represented here by the largest and richest specimens in the Government quibling, and are a feast to the eye of capital. A score of large and handsomely framed photographic views of mills and smelters in Butte and vicinity, confirm and supplement the statements of the Commissioner in charge in reference to the vast enterprises of the Territory, its great resources and business activity. For persons not interested in mining, abundant and accurate information is supplied orally concerning the agricultural results and possibilities of Montana, its coal and timber, its public institutions and the million and a half of cattle that roam and fatten on its broad area.

A Murder That Did Not "Out."

The skeleton of a man was found in the rocks on the reservation, near Boise, Idaho, by men hauling rock therefrom. The verdict of the coroner's jury was that the bones were those of a white man, that he was thirty years old, five feet, seven or eight inches high, and that he had been dead ten or twelve years, and that he came to his death by causes unknown to the jury. In the hole where the bones were taken out were found a piece of flannel, a piece of cotton cloth, thought to be part of a part of a pair of overhauls, and two rifle or musket balls. No clue to his identity or how he came to his death could be determined.

Defense of Employers.

A movement is on foot in Chicago and letters are being sent out quietly to arrange for a national meeting of business men and manufacturers, to be held this month, to take action towards devising some means of defense against the power of organized labor. There is nothing definite yet arranged about the proposed meeting, but the opinion of business men is being asked in confidential circulars which speak of "outrageous demands" now being made by workmen, and suggests action to meet these demands and put employers in a position to withstand them.

Knights of Labor in St. Paul.

St. Paul Globe: The work of the Knights of Labor is comparatively quiet and their influence essentially secret. A leading St. Paul hatter tells me that he cannot sell a Stetson hat because of the boycott upon them. He displayed, also, a letter from Stetson, in which the latter complained of the boycott, and attributed a direct loss of \$100,000 in trade to it. This same hatter says that if the labor men knew that he sold a Stetson hat from his store he would come under the same boycott.

Another Railroad Wanted.

Coeur d'Alene wants a railroad from the Northern Pacific at Rathdrum and engineers are said to be in the field now making a preliminary survey for a railroad up the South Fork from the Mission landing to the Tiger mine, where there is claimed to be enough ore already for shipment from two mines to pay considerable part of the cost of building such a road.

Expensive Wards.

Every American Indian costs the United States Government nearly \$3000 a year. This is on the presumption that there are 260,000 Indians and that the appropriation ranges in the neighborhood of \$7,000,000. Expensive wards.

The Rabbit Pest.

The rabbit pest in Nevada which has assumed such proportions as to endanger the stock ranges of that state, is ascertained to be the ultimate result of destroying the coyote, wildcat and lynx.

HANNAH.

Have you heard of Hannah, she who mastered the piano, and was thoroughly conversant with the thinness of the here?

She could dance the polka mazas and discourse in learned phrases in a most peculiar language that was starting to my ear;

And she had a great devotion to the famed aesthetic notion, wearing lilies on her garments, and she moved with languid grace,

And when she and I were walking, why the way she kept on talking, made me feel so densely common that a blush came to my face;

She had gained her wondrous knowledge at a famous eastern college, and she was a head and shoulders up above the common herd;

And the way we talked of weather when plain people came together seemed to her, at least she said so, most ungrateful and absurd.

In the ball room she was queenly and she moved along serenely, with a laughly way of snubbing people who were not so learned;

Though I tried her heart to soften yet she snubbed me hard and often and a raging thirst for vengeance in my mainly bosom burned.

Years passed on—at last I found her with a dozen people round her, but their looks were not admiring and no praises from them fell,

And I was interested, information I requested, when told me she was waiter in a second-class hotel.

Thus was my revenge complete.—St. Louis Whip.

Tenderfeet as Cowboys.

It were well for the foreman of a large outfit at present if he should not be known. On his arrival in town he is besieged on all sides by men and boys of various ages desirous of obtaining work at the earliest date. So popular does this method of gaining a living seem to be, that each year the ranks of the cow boys are reinforced by a number of recruits from the east, whose one idea and ambition is to get a position on a cattle, horse or sheep ranch. Anything that will give them a chance of experiencing the wild, free life of the prairie. The boy from the east usually has a somewhat difficult time in obtaining employment, unless he chances to have friends who are well acquainted with the various ranches, and who are themselves old hands at the business.

In the first case his general appearance will in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred proclaim the fact that he is a tenderfoot, as such he is in all cases not a desirable acquisition, men of experience being what are particularly needed. The fact that living is so cheap in the far east, and also the facility afforded for getting there in the fall of the year when beef shipping is going on, has enabled a number of boys who intend to lay off for the winter, to spend part of their time in the east. On their arrival there they are naturally regarded as curiosities, and they are soon the center of attraction of an admiring crowd anxious to hear the actual truth regarding the free life in the west and the increased opportunities for making money. In such a situation as this can the object of attraction be blamed for exaggeration? Somewhat bewildered, perhaps, by the intricacies of a large city, and prompted by the very apparent ignorance of his listeners regarding anything western, he of course becomes anxious to gratify their desire, and does so, as a rule, to the fullest extent. In this way many a boy, together with the able assistance of the dime novel, is deluded into coming west, only to find that although wages are high and the life wild and free to a certain extent, yet there is nothing to compensate for the entire lack of the luxuries of a home life. He always has the roughest work, that which an experienced man is not expected to do, and after the novelty has worn off the ambition for cow boy life becomes dimmed. However, after he has become acquainted with his surroundings and learned the ways of the life, in many cases, there is something attractive about it that causes him to stick to it, and to return to the east again would be almost obnoxious to him.—Yellowstone Journal.

How To Kill Sage Brush.

There is a very simple way to check the growth of sage brush, and also of cactus, on the plains in this region of country, which is not, perhaps, known to all, but which experienced ranchmen understand all about. If water can be let in over the land so that the turf can become saturated and remain so for awhile it will kill the sage brush so that not even the roots will possess any vitality again, and there will be no more trouble from the growth of sage brush.—Cheyenne Leader.