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THE PRE-HISTORIC RACES.

What the Aborigines of Northern Montana Left in the Way of Remains and Traditions.

A New Banking Institution for Great Falls.—A Runaway Without Serious Results.

The Pre-Historic Races.

Of late years great interest has been manifested in the discovery of traces of pre-historic man in the United States. This has manifested itself by the various expeditions sent to explore the Pueblo cities of New Mexico and Arizona, the different commissions appointed by various states to examine the relics of the Mound Builders of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, the great interest manifested in the traces of the Northern in the New England states (the men who discovered this continent 700 years before the time of Columbus) and last though not least, the remarkable Chinese documents giving a description of our Pacific coast, the date of which is proved to be prior to the Christian era.

Hitherto the broad expanse of Montana has been ignored, though the remains of dog-headed men in the vicinity of Fort Berthold in Dakota, in those mounds which stud the plains of the Loomis river, approach very near our boundaries.

During my twenty years sojourn in Montana and my numerous wanderings therein, I have always kept a vigilant watch for remains of this description, and probably it may be of interest to some of your readers to hear the results.

It certainly cannot have been more than three centuries since the horse was known among the aboriginal tribes here; thus the human race at that time must have always camped near springs and water courses, and at the same time contiguous to places easy of defense from hostile bands. Search in such localities has always resulted in finding relics of such races, and the circles of stones are always visible, which they used in weighting down the edges of thin circular tents or tepees which were constructed of the skins of wild animals, very often indeed, these stones though eight or ten inches in diameter have their tops flush with the surface of the ground signifying the long period since they were placed *in situ*. Not only this, but the stone implements which they used in their ordinary occupations are occasionally found, for at that time iron was unknown to these races.

It is very interesting to note, that all these Montana stone implements (arrow points, flakes, seropus, knives, etc.) are identical in form, shape, and make, with those used by the Aleuts of the North Pacific coast, as also with the Post Tertiary drift implements found in the Somme valley, Abbeville, an Ft. Acheul. This remarkable resemblance was distinctly shown at the Centennial exhibition where the different specimens were placed in juxtaposition, giving Archaeologists this result, viz: That uncivilized races in all ages, who know not the use of iron, bronze, etc., are all actuated to work in the same channels of ingenuity, resulting in similarity of product.

In the Prickly Pear canyon remains have been found of stone jars, by Mr. James Ferguson, associated with bones which undoubtedly belonged to the Mammoth, that giant Pachyderm which ranged from Belting Straits to North Carolina. I had the pleasure of examining these. The jars had been used for carrying liquids, were about ten inches high and five or six inches across. They were made of hard micaceous stone, which was hollowed till the rim was about one-third of an inch thick. The fragility of the articles would forbid the idea that they had belonged to a migratory race, and also the presence of large stone hammers with the cincture around the centre where the raw-hide band went around, shows that some race must have lived permanently on the spot. All these articles were plowed up while cultivating the ground, many being broken during that time.

The remains of arrow points are numerous in some localities, especially in those places where the buffalo and other wild animals were stampeded over some precipitous point of bluffs. One instance can be given of one place on the right bank of Sun river about four miles above Priest's Crossing, where in one day in 1877 I picked up over 300 fine specimens. At this place the base of the bluff is very alkali and it seems as if a very large number of animals had been stampeded in a heap, and then they had been slaughtered in one heap. At the present time the pile of bones are about three and one-half to four feet in thickness, and the bones have been broken to extract the marrow. At this place beside arrow points, I found flakes,

and one stone knife, nearly all of which are made of Obsidian, and generally very beautifully finished. The material for this manufacture must have come from Worth, Wyoming. The absence of charcoal in any amount on this spot, and the bones showing no sign of wasting, would signify that the killers of these animals were unacquainted with the manufacture of pottery and must have cooked in a manner similar to that which the Assiniboine's did many years ago, that is, cook the game in its own hide. Having taken off the the skin, they pressed it down into a hole dug for the purpose, thus forming a receptacle that would hold water. In this primitive kettle, they then boiled the meat by immersing hot stones. The site, and remains found there are very interesting, but I consider that the relics are considerable later in age than those mentioned before.

Another interesting place, somewhat similar to the last mentioned, is near the St. Peter's Mission, but I have not personally examined it. It was also used for a stampeding ground and rough walls are yet in existence behind which the Indians would hide, and as the herd approached turn it either to the left or right. At various points on the Missouri below this I have found traces of camps, where I have picked up parts of implements, they are however, not so perfect as those of Sun river.

In concluding the article this coming week, I will refer to other localities in Northern Montana, and give some traditions now held by the Indians.

O. C. M.

A New Bank.

Charles Y. Kenloch and George Martin, wealthy capitalists of Lakota, D. T., visited Great Falls about two months ago. They were so much pleased with its prospects that they have now returned to remain and embark in the banking business. These gentlemen, with their capital and business ability will be a great benefit to this place.

What the Ladies Say.

The ladies who went to hear Col. Sanders speak all agree that they could have made better use of their time had they gone to C. P. Thomson's and examined his new fall goods which have just arrived. New fall and winter hats, elegant tips and plush trimmings. Sackings for ladies and children; winter dress goods, hose, gloves, and everything in fall goods are at the lowest prices ever offered in Northern Montana. A Singer sewing machine on the easy terms of \$5 per month can be had from Mr. Thomson, who is the county agent.

A Runaway.

Last Sunday Mayor Sullivan of Benton, arrived here with his family and the following day started for home. While somewhere between here and the lower falls his team became unmanageable and ran away, throwing Mr. Sullivan, his wife and daughter out, but fortunately not seriously injuring any of them. The buggy was pretty badly splintered, and the unruly horses struck out over the prairie with a part of it attached to them. It was a decidedly inconvenient and expensive accident, but the mayor is satisfied to get off as lightly as he did.

Religious Notes.

At 11:30 a. m., on Sunday the Rev. John Reid will commence a short discourse, at the close of which the Lord's Supper will be celebrated. The members of the branch church in Sand Coulee have been invited to attend. In the evening the Rev. James M. Largent will preach, his topic being: "No Cross no Crown." This is a good subject and embraces a wide field of thought, so we expect to hear something of considerable interest. At 10:30 a. m. the Union Sunday school commences, and at 3 p. m. the First Presbyterian Sunday school will open. Every Wednesday evening a prayer meeting is held, and on Friday evening the choir meets for practice at the residence of Rev. Reid. Last Sunday night it was given out in church that owing to the absence of a town clock, the time at the postoffice should be recognized as the standard whereby churchgoers should gauge themselves so as to be in time for the beginning of the different services. All meetings except the choir meeting will be held in the school house. Evening services at 7:30 p. m. A hearty welcome is extended to all.

Read and Learn.

Two years ago this winter a feeble attempt was made to organize a Literary society at Great Falls. The affair was started, but, suddenly, the leading lights of the institution dropped off and permitted the thing to live or die. Well, like the end of a candle left burning in the socket, it sputtered and flickered a pale, dim flicker and went out, we suppose, into the outer darkness, for nothing has been heard of it since. Recently, however, a new spirit of adventure has developed and a few brave men have decided to call a meeting at the school house next Thursday at 7:30 p. m. Now, if our citizens know what an excellent thing a genuine Literary society is, they will not miss this opportunity to arrange for organized amusement for the long winter evenings. The originators of this society intend to make things pleasant, entertaining and profitable, by furnishing good subjects for debate, recitations, songs, lectures, etc., all of which will be conducted in a respectable style; no ruffianism being tolerated. Ladies are invited to cooperate in this laudable scheme. Let everybody attend the deliberation meeting. Remember the date.

PISCATORIAL PLEASURES.

The Pleasure of Trouting in Northern Montana Streams Pleasantly Depicted by

An Enthusiastic Lover of the Sport—Sanders Done up in Poetry by Our Janitor.

Trouting on Belt Creek.

To the Tribune:

The bright and sparkling waters of the mountain rivers and streams of Northern Montana are alive with that prince of the Finny Tribe so dear to the disciples of old Isaac Walton—the brook trout.

The scenes that old Isaac loved to portray—where the meandering river flows from its source in the highlands, along the rich valleys and meadow lands of "Merrie England"—where the mountain torrent pours its flood down the steep side of the highlands and bounds over the rocks—from thence wending its comparatively placid way to the Estuary of the Northern Sea that encompasses the shores of the writers' native land—Scotland, are ever present to our mind in connection with the many enjoyable piscatory perambulations in the days of our youth. Often have we scooped from out their rapid waters such baskets of "speckled beauties" by means of the seductive fly, that always affords true delight to the enthusiastic lover of sport. It was with feelings arising from remembrances such as these, and with an enthusiasm known only to those who enjoy and appreciate the delights of a real fishing trip, that we determined to investigate the claim of Northern Montana, that her rivers, "for sport are the best on earth."

We were fortunate in being located in the very center of this Fisherman's Paradise, viz:—the rising city of Great Falls. The mighty Missouri river, on which the town is so beautifully located, is itself a very goldmine for fish, and large specimens are being constantly landed from its depths. The water below the Big Falls, not far from the town, never fails the lover of the rod. But true to instincts of old associations, we determined that upon this occasion one of the mountain streams was to be the scene of our explorations. Only a short time before this the writer, opened to find himself on a business expedition in the Belt Country, where the fine stream called Belt creek, dashes along after leaving its source high up in the Belt range of mountains—during which such wondrous tales were poured into his ears, of the finny contents of its waters; that he then determined, if opportunity offered, to make a personal investigation. Hence Belt creek was selected for the trip.

On a fine early morning, a short time ago, a buggy with to god looking sorrels, might have been seen making in its freight in front of the Park Hotel. Across the country the writer and his friend, an enthusiastic for the sport as himself, started. Soon we were in Sand Coulee, to be in the near future, the scene of a great mining industry—from thence over the table land, crossing Box Elder, and again mounting the slope by a winding road, to the fine, undulating bench land beyond, leaving that prominent landmark, Belt butte on our left, with Wolfe and Tiger buttes looming up in the distance. Eventually, by a picturesque road, we go down in the coulee called Neill creek and after going about a mile further to the top of the hill beyond. Far down below under our feet we saw Belt creek, its waters rushing and winding along between its cottonwood groves and luxuriant undergrowth with the high bluff escarpments of variegated tints glowing in the sun of a bright September day and for a background the lofty Belt range of mountains sharply cut against the sky—a perfect picture of beauty and fertility. Down the steep declivity with the brake "hard on," an into the valley. Thence we take ourselves to rest and refreshment for horse and man. Subsequently, by a few mile drive, we arrive at our headquarters for the next day or two, being met by a smiling welcome from a well known and fascinating young lady whom we had the pleasure of meeting on a former occasion. Our hostess' husband was away in the mountains, but expected home shortly. Meanwhile, up rod and reel and casting line with two or three tempting flies—then stroll to the river before supper. Although this part of the stream is not considered so good, we were rewarded with a godly number of magnificent trout. The dashing manner in which a Belt trout comes at the fly evidences an ignorance of the deadly nature of the tempting looking morsel—which after our experience with the Old Country trout, is to say quite refreshing. Here, all that is needed is a nib of color and there does not appear to be any great necessity of selecting your flies. In the Old Country, unless your flies are the counterpart of those particular ones that happen

for the time being, to be hatching on the river banks, you might as well fish on the dry road as in the water for the fish will not condescend to look at, much less take your flies. The fishing therefore, for these (if we may use the expression) uneducated trout, is a much easier matter, and all that is needed by a novice, to insure success, is to have the right kind of tackle, and to learn how to throw his line so that the flies will not light on the water not with a splash, to frighten the fish, but with that light flicker so that they will drop on the water over the noses of our finny friends, just as the natural fly is seen to drop. Do this keeping well out of sight if the day be bright, and you have him, dead certain.

Well, to make a long story short, the following day we had "a regular picnic." Notwithstanding the fact that we kept our host's table regularly and amply supplied with trout during our stay, we had a large quantity left to take home—about 25 lbs. of trout and a large quantity of white fish, which, though not equal in quality to trout, are an excellent table fish and give great sport in catching them. To anyone who enjoys beautiful scenery, the upper Belt valley is in itself sufficient to repay one for the trip. The river dashes along between high, perpendicular limestone rocks, of hues, from a creamy white to pink and red, which intensifies the bright green of the cottonwood trees. At the place called the "sluice boxes" it runs between two enormous cliffs for a considerable distance—the water rushing over the rocky bottom end down into the placid pool where by careful observation one may detect the weird forms of the finny inhabitants sailing along in the dark depths below, made more dark by the shadows thrown over the waters surface by the towering cliff on its margin. This is one of the sights which a true angler loves and after the anxious, busy life in the city, he is repaid for days of toil and goes home refreshed and invigorated. Northern Montana abounds in such scenes and in such sport. Its rivers are as fertile in fish as its coulees, bench lands and mountains abound in game. The city of Great Falls, picturesquely situated on a grand sweep of the Missouri, on an undulating plain, surrounded by highlands stretching to the horizon, with the great river bounding over the series of falls below the town, is the very centre of all this region so attractive to the sportsman and lover of nature. The soil in its vicinity is adapted to a great deal more than grazing. All that is needed is capital and energy to develop its resources.

The Muse Broke Lose Again.

The parody which some unknown admirer of Sanders' prepared for the meeting last Monday evening, suggested to our janitor the idea of trying his hand at the wheel. He ground out the following, which has at least one virtue, that of being brief:

POETICAL PROPHECY.

Old Wah Hoss'll be inspected,
An' he's shuh to be rejected,
Climbin' up de leeshum stairs;
O' how he'll kick and yell,
When de voters dar story tell,
Climbin' up de leeshum stairs.

Chorus:

O! I heah de voters singin'—
Dar voice clearly declares,
Dat Jee can't help a winnin',
Climbin' up de leeshum stairs.

Massa Sanders am a speeka'
But in votes he'll be de weaka'
Climbin' up de leeshum stairs;
O' how he'll cuss his fate,
When he finds dat he's Tookle) ate,
Climbin' up de leeshum stairs.

Chorus:

SAMBO.

Democratic Rally.

There will be a grand democratic rally at the young men's club rooms next Saturday evening, at which time H. R. Buck, J. W. Tattan and T. E. Collins will be up from Benton to shake hands with the boys.

For Sale.

A good business building on Central avenue is offered for sale. Inquire of E. J. Canary, Great Falls.

For Sale.

A nice lot of Sand Coulee hay at reasonable rates if taken before Nov. 1st.

GEO. F. FIELD

Coal! Coal!

Leave orders for your winters coal at this office. Order early in order to be prepared for the cold weather.

GEO. BEDINGTON.

Strayed.

Strayed from my ranch two miles east of Great Falls, one bay horse, branded  and vented  on left shoulder. Has white stripe in face, three white feet and saddle marks. Was dragging long rope with iron pin attached when last seen. A liberal reward will be paid for his return or for information that will lead to his recovery.

S. V. V. CARTER.

A Caution.

All persons are hereby cautioned in regard to running the band of horses branded  on right thigh and  on right shoulder on or off the range F near Red buttes. Guilty parties will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law, and any person giving information which will lead to the detection of such will be liberally rewarded.

G. F. FIELD.

SANDERS'S SOFT SOAP.

Sanders, the "Silver-Tongued" War Horse; or, The Northern Pacific's Mouth-Piece.

Visits Great Falls and Fully Convinces Our People That He is the Man they Don't Want.

Sanders Soft Soap.

The hand-bills announcing that the "silver-tongued" war-horse would neigh in Great Falls Monday evening, brought a goodly number of people to the Park hotel to hear him. H. P. Rolfe acted as chairman of the meeting and made a few introductory remarks which he had framed as appropriate to the occasion. He then called upon the "silver-tongued" consisting of about eight ladies and gentlemen to render the Star Spangled Banner, which they did in an excellent manner.

After the applause elicited by the music had died away, Mr. Rolfe introduced A. J. Craven of Helena. It had been whispered around that from young Craven we would hear a speech only equaled by the colonel himself. So all the vast(?) audience was hushed, awaiting the burning eloquence of young Craven. He arose with the calm assurance depicted on his countenance, that the great issues which have worried the greatest statesmen of the country for thirty years were to be settled by himself right then and there. He has a good voice and probably could speak a declamation or an oration first rate, but his effort last Monday evening was certainly a great disappointment. He went away back into buried issues and stirred up that old political rot which we have all tried to forget about for our own and our country's sake. Then he tackled the tariff question, where he found himself badly swamped, and so, finally acknowledged that he didn't know much about it anyway.

If young Mr. Craven is going to act as groom for the old war-horse during this campaign he ought to be furnished with speeches.

No one can deny that Col. Sanders is a splendid speaker. He abounds in beautiful words which he has ever ready at his command. He tortures logic so beautifully that his auditors are almost willing to have truth sacrificed to art for the sake of being entertained. He coats his sophistry pills all over with honey which are swallowed with a relish that is, however, soon dispelled by terrible gripping pains in the intellectual digestive organs. The colonel don't impress anyone with the idea that he is sincere. He is brilliant, meteoric and ready, but when he has finished, his hearers feel about as they do after a good concert or play.

About the time the meeting closed the tardy bon-fires commenced to glow and the anvils awoke to disturb the good people who had gone home to sleep. The grand feature of the evening, however, was the shouting of the Battle-cry of Freedom, by the Glee club. This is a parody on the good old patriotic song. As it is full of "alleged" wit, we beg leave to inflict it upon our readers:

MONTANA'S BATTLE-CRY.

There are many good and valiant men
Among us here to-night;
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom,
Who are not bound by party lines;
Who vote for the right,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

Chorus:

Montana forever, loudly they cry,
With Sanders to lead us victory is nigh,
So we'll rally round the flag, boys,
We'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

They have come from ranch and work-shop,
They have come from forge and mill
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom;
From mines and from the ranges,
Where roam countless herds at will,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

Chorus:

Merchants, bankers, doctors, lawyers,
With an editor or two,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom;
All are here and all are ready
At the polls good work to do,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

Chorus:

These want more than empty promises,
They vote for no man's Tool(e);
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom,
And vow on next November
To rebel 'gainst Hauser's rule,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

Chorus:

Montana forever, loudly they cry,
With Sanders to lead us victory is nigh,
So we'll rally round the flag, boys,
We'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

M.

GREAT FALLS, Sept. 27, 1886.