

GREAT FALLS TRIBUNE.

VOL. 2.

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA TERRITORY, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1886.

NO 30

TICKLING TOUCHES.

Yesterday afternoon the editor handed me a note addressed in care of the TRIBUNE. The superscription was in a round, plain hand, and upon sawing open the envelope with a knife blade, patterned after Henry Ward Beecher's despair, discovered the following:

GREAT FALLS, Dec., 10th, 1886.

Y. H. Tims, Dear Sir:—
To you as the story-writer for the TRIBUNE, I take the liberty of appealing for help and advice in regard to the best method of becoming a story-writer. I young, poor, have considerable imagination, a fair education and a strong desire to get into print. Enclosed please find postage stamp. Please answer as soon as convenient.

Your admirer
and Humble Serv't,
G. I. M.

For a brief moment, surprise overpowered me, but calm judgment soon intervened and I saw at once that duty demanded an effort on my part to rescue from a horrible fate a bright, ambitious, but misguided youth. A Dixon's graphite and a yard of paper were immediately called into requisition and to G. I. M. was the following written:

DEAR G. I. M.:

Your note of the 10th inst, informs me of your mistaken ambition and rash desire. Be warned while yet the warm blood of impulsive youth courses in your veins! Don't do it, that is, don't ever even try to write a story unless you can depend to a dead certainty on the early demise of a maiden aunt who will constitute you sole heir to a fortune. In such an event the acquirement of a fortune will turn the course of your ambition into other channels. Let me beseech you not to blast your life's happiness with any such delusion, for in days to come you will discover your sad mistake when, alas too late! When early silver hairs will steal in among the vigorous, like a defeated candidate after election into a bar-room. When as you become sensitive to the meaning of peoples every day actions you will have discovered that your approach toward a knot of people will be the signal for a discontinuance of conversation.

When the butcher holds your semi-monthly allowances of meat in one hand and your silver in the other re-awakens the action of his blooded handed mechanism. When the cigar and tobacco dealer, who sees you approaching from afar vigorously applies the feather duster to his narcotic merchandise and as you enter is studiously engaged in straightening up that significant legend "NO TRUST."

When the festive cowboy undisguisedly scorns you with bowlegged sneers, knowing that though busted, you are no broncho buster. When the groceryman hands you over the counter candles in return for your last and lonesome quarter and then with a wink at the woodsawyer in the corner flippantly refers to the author's mid-night oil. When the landlady takes savage satisfaction in referring to your MSS as *litter* and warns her freckle faced daughter against such "worthless things as them writers." When the plebeian cayuse fears lest you should describe his calico appearance in some tale of lawlessness. When even the dogs shun you afraid that you may quote "curs of low degree" against them. When the editor jabs punctuation marks clean through your copy and the typos make sport of your big words. When the fairest flowers of your rhetorical climax are so crushed and demoralized that you can't tell them from a funeral notice in Sanscrit. When the very word which exactly expressed your meaning and was written most plainly comes out in print transposed and ridiculous. When with your hand upon your heart you can honestly and confidently assure yourself that the above and many more as yet untold trials can be borne by you with heroic equanimity then commence out of the fullness of your enthusiasm on your first story, utterly disregarding, place, plot or punctuation. You say you are young; that's one point in your favor, before this reaches you, some other and more remunerative ambition may have occurred to you. You are poor; another fortunate circumstance on your side, for unless you are much enamored of poverty, story writing will soon show you that condition in its most attenuated form. "Considerable imagination." Good! Apply your imaginative powers to some scheme. The amelioration of the morals of story writers, for instance, give your fancy full play upon the charitable instincts of benevolent, old ladies, secure the treasurership and then come to me for further advice. "A fair education;" very handy thing to have, get

some more of it. Read as much as you can comfortably understand and remember—Story-writers don't read, hav'n't got time. As for getting into print, there are hundreds of ways to do that; if nothing else suggests itself to your adolescent mind, put coal tar on the editor's door knob and let him catch you at it.

I found your postage stamps first thing and it proves to my mind conclusively that as yet you have not taken the fatal misstep. Story-writers are never, except on rare occasions, possessed of stamps that is one thing it is foolish to buy so long as they may be obtained by judicious borrowing just before the mail goes out. Happy is the conviction that at least once in a sadly misspent life a worthy duty has been conscientiously performed to a deluded fellow mortal.

I am most truly yours,

Y. H. Tims.

He hadn't been around for over a week. Perched up on the chair back, his muddy feet on the seat, he coughed one of those deep down, far in the hereafter coughs which make strong men shudder. "Got an awful cold," he commenced, "Jest got back from Benton, an' got this cold on the road." "Yes, its cold riding up the river," we reply. "Taint that, taint that; got this cold from two drummers, travlin' men, by 'maginashun. You see the front inside the coach was full o' bundles an' boxes an' I sit between the drummers. One's from St. Louis an' the other from Sheecago. The St. Louis man hears that we got plenty coal here in Great Falls an' bein' in the stove business come up to sell sum. I thort he was the slickest talker I ever heard. He started out with 'nuron mine told all about furnaces an' smelter, then got onto the foundry racket an' hed just got a goin' on the new patent heaters when it come noon. After dinner he let loose agin and talked base burners an' patent heaters till I got warm'd up so that if I hadn't know'd 'twasent more'n two weeks from Christmas I'd a swore 'twas the middle o' August, whew! wasn't I hot, jest a bilin'." The other fellow he got in the game an' open'd the play with a hand on ice chests an' 'frigerators, then switched back to Minnesoty an' Iddiany, told us about the lakes an' ice cuttin', then he changed his play an' read us a few lines on Dakota blizzards an' when I got out on the other side the river I was froze clear to the bone, an' after I got thaw'd out I found I'd the duradest worst cold I ever ketch'd." He gathered the folds of his buffalo overcoat around him, coughed up a cork oversole and slowly crawled out. At 5 o'clock in the evening when everybody had on overcoats and gloves, he was walking down the middle of the road in his shirtsleeves, singing clear and loud, "I come from old Missouri, I'm all the way from Pike."

A Desirable Christmas Present.

A copy of the Holiday number of the TRIBUNE will prove a desirable Christmas present for your eastern friends. Leave your orders at once and avoid the rush.

Misplaced Confidence.

For some months past John Kelley, better known as "Kelley the Bum," has been at Great Falls, carrying the hod, and doing other odd jobs. He has always been regarded a harmless old bum who was an enemy to no man but himself. He is an intelligent looking old fellow, a glib talker and a dyed-in-the-wool whiskey fiend. Kelley used to be a prosperous merchant in New York, afterwards went to the gold fields of California and finally turned up at Virginia City, Nevada, with \$40,000 in cash and large amounts of mining-stock. But prosperity was a thing which Kelley could not stand and he soon dissipated his ample fortune. About three weeks ago he wandered up to the Montana Central R. R. camp, a few miles above town, ragged, hungry, dry and "broke." James Tyren, who was keeping a saloon there, took pity on the man and gave him a snug job which would provide for him during the winter. Last Friday Jimmie had occasion to go to Benton on business, and left Kelley in charge of the bar and exchequer. Thoughtfully providing himself with supplies of liquors, cigars, and \$95 in cash, old Kelley, "the bum," proved himself to be also "the thief." He ungratefully left his benefactor in the lurch. His whereabouts are still unknown and Jimmie says he will not try to find him. It is safe to say that his ill-gotten gains won't last him long. He will live like a prince for about half a day and then go begging again.

Holiday goods at Lapeyre's drug store, Central ave. 2t

LEWIS AND CLARKE'S EXPEDITION

In this vicinity Lewis and Clarke particularly note the presence of herds of countless buffaloes, antelope, elk and other wild game, besides the less welcome and far more troublesome grizzly bear. Their lives were in constant peril from the latter. None of the party dared to be without their rifles for a moment. They had considerable difficulty in making the portage at the point which has ever since been known as Portage Coulee, situated eighteen miles below this town, "down north" for here the Missouri takes a generally northern course. They made a cache at the mouth of Portage creek, in which were deposited some of their baggage, ammunition, provisions, books, specimens of plants and minerals, and a draught of the river from its entrance to Ft. Mandan. Near the Great Falls, Capt. Clarke, his servant, Chaboneau, the interpreter and the latter's wife narrowly escaped from the floods with their lives. On their arrival there Capt. Clarke observed a very dark cloud rising in the west, when threatened rain, and he accordingly looked about for shelter. At length, about a quarter of a mile above the falls, he found a deep ravine, where there were some shelving rocks, under which they took refuge. They were on the upper side of the ravine perfectly safe from the rain, and therefore laid down their guns, compass and other articles which they had carried with them. The shower was at first moderate, then increased to a heavy rain. Soon after, a torrent of hail and rain descended. The rain seemed to fall in a solid mass and instantly collecting in the ravine, came pouring down in torrents, carrying with it masses of mud and rocks. Capt. Clarke fortunately saw it a moment before it reached them and springing up with his gun and shot-pouch in his left hand, with his right clambered up the steep bluff, pushing on the Indian woman with her child in her arms; her husband too had seized her hand, but he was so terrified at the danger, that but for Capt. Clarke, they would all have been lost. So instantaneous was the flood of water, that before Capt. Clarke had reached his gun and begun to ascend the bank, the water was up to his waist, and he could scarcely get up faster than it rose, till it reached a height of fifteen feet with a furious current. Had they waited a moment longer they would have been swept over the falls. The Capt. lost his compass and umbrella, Chaboneau left his gun, shot-pouch and tomahawk, and the Indian woman had just time to grasp her child. Several members of the other branch of the expedition were knocked down on the plains and considerably bruised by hailstones. They improvised wooden carts to make the portage around the series of falls to a point just above where Ira Myers mill is now situated, a distance of seventeen and three quarters miles. Their report records the fact that while in the vicinity of the falls they repeatedly heard a strange noise coming from the mountains. It was heard at different periods of the day and night, sometimes when the air was perfectly still and without a cloud, and consisting of one stroke only, or of five or six discharges in quick succession. It was loud, resembling the discharge of a cannon. The solution of the mystery as given by the "watermen" of the party was that it was occasioned by the bursting of the rich mines of silver confined within the bosom of the mountain. They thus describe Square butte: "There is a mountain, which from its appearance we shall call Fort mountain. It is situated in the level plain, and forms nearly a square, each side of which is a mile in extent. These sides, which are composed of a yellow clay, with no mixture of rock or stone whatever, rise perpendicularly to the height of three hundred feet, where the top becomes a level plain. It has the appearance of being perfectly inaccessible.

Religious Notes.

Last Sunday night the Rev. J. M. Largent preached on "The New Covenant" to an attentive audience. Next Sunday the Rev. John Reid will preach in Sand Coulee in the morning and here at night. The Rev. Mr. Norris, of Chestnut, is holding meetings every evening at the school-house this week and also next week. His subject is "The Christian Religion" and he wishes it to be understood that every sermon is a link of the chain of ideas he is desirous of impressing upon the minds of his hearers. Mr. Norris is a man of ability and his discourses are extremely interesting; therefore, let a full house

greet him upon every occasion. The First Presbyterian Sunday school will hold its usual session next Sunday. The interest in this school is on the increase. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening of each week and the children's choral practice for Xmas the same evenings. All evening services at 7:30. A hearty welcome is extended to all.

OUR HOLIDAY EDITION.

The next number of the TRIBUNE will contain sixteen pages, just double the regular size. The extra space will be given to a complete "write up" of Northern Montana in general and Great Falls in particular. The object in view is to portray the advantages of Northern Montana in a truthful and comprehensive manner. Its circulation outside of our regular patrons will be throughout the east, and we trust that it will be the means of adding many to our population. Three thousand extra copies will be printed, about half of which have already been subscribed for. Those desiring extra copies, will please leave their orders at this office as soon as possible. The price will be \$10 per 100 copies. Single copies 15 cents or two for 25. A limited amount of space will be devoted to advertising. For rates apply at the office.

David Thomas on ice.

Last Monday as David Thomas was crossing Sun river near his ranch, he broke through and came near perishing. For an hour and a half he struggled in the frigid water, not losing his presence of mind, however. His cries finally brought Jasper Hall and some others to his assistance, who became "fishers of men" and with difficulty pulled him out with a rope. Mr Thomas was so overcome with the cold and frantic exertions that he was insensible when rescued. They managed to tow him across the Missouri on a board and brought him to the Park hotel in a carriage which was quickly summoned. He was as rigid as though dead, and his clothes were frozen to him so tight that they had to be literally chopped off. It was a terrible experience and there is no doubt but that he would have died had the good samaritans been ten minutes later. Under the care of friends and skillful treatment of Drs. Fairfield and Ladd, he was soon restored to consciousness and started on his way rejoicing, for home on Tuesday, a little battered, but still thankful and hearty.

The Result of Carelessness.

The fatal result of being careless, was sadly exemplified last week. A thoroughly worthy, but somewhat absent minded young man of Great Falls, has long been paying his respects to one of the most charming if not the most beautiful girl hereabouts. He had succeeded in gaining her affections, and the eventful day was approaching when he was prepared to pop the question, when behold another Great Falls' gallant took a fancy that he would like that particular girl himself. So he at once went to C. P. Thomson and had an elegant suit made by the great fashion house; of St. Louis, represented here by Mr. Thomson—and though a homely man, the suit fitted so well and looked so handsome, that he actually carried the girls heart by storm, and married her within a week. The first fellow, out of spite, went and married the ugliest and sourest old maid he could find, and for a week his life was miserable, until one day he bought her one of Thomson's New Singer Sewing Machines. This gave her so much joy by its easy running and splendid work that her temperment underwent a change until she became a good, kind, house-wife. Now both parties are happy—the result of our merchants keeping good goods. tf

School Report.

Herewith is submitted the report of Great Falls' school ending December, 3d, 1886.

Number of pupils enrolled, 42—21 boys and 21 girls; average number belonging, 35; days attendance, 598; pupils present every day and having no tardy marks, are Emily Bruneau and Bertha Largent; those present every day and not having more than three tardy marks, are Kitty Lux, Jesse Herring, Harry Herring, Ira Black and John Gray. Visitors—Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Evans, Mrs. Dockery and Rev. Mr. Clews.

J. M. LARGENT, Teacher.

Holiday goods at Lapeyre's drug store, Central ave. 2t

BENEATH THE WAVES.

Last Sunday afternoon three freight outfits arrived at the ford across the river. Mr. Horton passed safely over followed by Mo. 2. But the third, belonging to Tunnell Bros. was less fortunate. They drove too far down from the upper ford and the refractory leaders becoming unmanageable, swung around into a deep hole. Here was a predicament, six horses tangled up in the harness, struggling for life in twenty-five feet of swift flowing water. They managed to cut three of their horses loose, but the others after keeping their heads above water by violent struggles, for half an hour, finally succumbed.

The horses were valuable ones and their loss falls heavy upon their unfortunate owners. Tunnell Bros., sat upon the wagon watching their property go down, powerless to save it in the deep water. Joe Herring put himself in swimming trim, mounted a horse, rode out to the wagon and brought the freighters to shore. "Jack" the faithful yard boy at the Park hotel, with more generosity than discretion jumped on a horse and went out to cut the drowning horses loose. But he fell into the same trap, got over the horse's depth, lost his grip and was soon left lamenting in the ice cold water in the middle of the river. Jack handled himself pretty well, swimming in the cold water until his feet touched a rock where he had sense enough to remain until Geo. Arthur and Bill Anheir went out in a boat, to his rescue. Jack was in the water at least twenty minutes and was so numb when they got him on terra firma that he could hardly stand up. A liberal application of hot water without and whiskey within and vigorous rubbing restored him to his normal condition and he was rustling as usual bright and early Monday morning. He says he has no further use for the Missouri until spring.

The crowd gathered at the river bank became considerably excited while the poor fellow was soaking. It certainly was a close call for Jake, for had he been taken with cramps, his life would not have been worth a farthing. The tragedy ended with a grand comedy in which Tom Murphy's goat and Kinlouch's dog were the dramatic personae. The dog backed Mr. Billie Goat into the canal, from which, on account of the ice, the B. G. was unable to extricate himself. The boys helped him out however, and for their kind offices he showed his gratitude by slaking ice-water all over their Sunday clothes. The cargo on the ill-fated freight wagon consisted of hardware for Burch & Hotchkiss and liquors for the Park hotel. Fortunately none of it was lost. It is surmised that the genial host of the Park devised this stratagem as a sly way of watering his whiskey. This theory is not given general credence, though the circumstantial evidence is strong. A subscription was taken up for Tunnell Bros. which somewhat lessened their loss. Both the fords here are treacherous and no one should attempt to cross them unless perfectly familiar with their exact course.

CASUAL.

I scream, the boys say when they involuntarily get left out in the congealed Missouri with no immediate prospect of release. A very proper thing to do under the circumstances.

The bridge across the river, at present is a "bridge of sighs." I hope that by another fall we will have a good substantial viaduct at the foot of Central avenue.

I read the history of a free for all fight on the faces of a number of rounders, the other day. No one seemed to know anything about it, but the touching multitudes of their countenances spoke louder than words.

December 8th I saw several little boys running about town bare-footed, and they weren't obliged to either. Such is Montana winter weather. The oranges will soon be ripe.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Great Falls December 10, 1886.

Burnham A C	Beard James
Foley Mike	Christianson Nils 2
McDougal Dan.	Lisher M. G.
Peterson Charles	Majors Zenia
Pierson John	

Persons calling for any of these letters will please say "advertised" as they are kept separate from other letters.

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