

THE GREAT FALLS LEADER.

DEVOTED TO THE AGRICULTURAL, MANUFACTURING AND MINING INTERESTS OF NORTHERN MONTANA.

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NO. 12

CONCEIT.

The shallow look
That o'er the pensive, traveling, runs away,
And tugs with every break of lead or noon,
Feeling the air with faint of heavy burden,
While but from and shows it carries
Known not the deep, still lake so near,
That, silent, covers its unnumbered dead,
While on its broad breast, to and fro,
The thousand ships of commerce go.
So our lives
The narrow mind, loud voiced o'er pretty things,
Knows not the silent souls a-sea,
Dreams not of depths or heights beyond its own,
Or treads the same in patient stillness.
—Louise Houghton.

A LOVE SICK PANTHER.

"It's no sayin' of it ez shouldn't,
Squire," remarked the Old Settler, "but
Squire's got to be kep' straight, and con-
sequently I'll haf to own up th' when I
were young I were a teazer amongst the
girls. It got to be so round the Sugar
Swamp des'rtin' th' th' was an' all gals
with their hearts cracked wuzen an' old
chazy respect the crackin' of 'em, b'gosh,
were laid right squar' to me, ev'ry time.
That were Suse Livingstone. Suse's left
eye had a way of shinin' round to wind-
ward, an' she were a little set in her ways;
but one year I took to shinin' with her
to all the doin's th' was. Bimeby the
other gals fall to pinin', an' I felt sorry
for 'em an' made up my mind th' I
wouldn't be so mean as to
let Suse hev me all the time,
I concluded to give the rest of 'em
a show. The day afore Bijah Lou's
corn huskin' I were glidin' by Suse's house
an' she hailed me an' wanted to know
w'at time I were comin' fer her to go to
the huskin'. I said I wa'n't comin' fer her
at all, but were goin' to galavant Mag Mc-
Jaggars. Suse got a little red, an' up an'
says th' she didn't think, b'gosh, th' for
a man ez were going to marry her twice
drectly the caper fer her to be rumm'
round the huskin' with ev'ry other Tom,
Dick an' Harry of a gal th' were in the
des'rtin'. This wind offen a yellow bird's
wing could be knocked me over, squire, I
was so set back. I says to Suse wa'n't
that a little sudden? an' Suse says it
might be or it might'n't. I says w'at is it
a comin' off an' she says th' a week I'm
Toosdy were a handy time, an' th' she'd
set it fer that day.
"Suse were so darn cool an' positive
bout it th' my tongue cluv to the ruff
of my mouth. I got it down poosy soon
an' says:
"Suse," says I, "we'll drop this right
here. I'll alluz be a brother to ye, an'—"
"Brother be darned!" says Suse. "I've
got seven brothers a'ready, jist seven
more th'n I want, she says. "W'at I'm
pinin' fer is a feller to cuddle up agin an'
to pay fer my callker. I've sot my heart
on ye, she says, 'an' th' he'n't no
more to say. Ye kin galavant Mag Mc-
Jaggars 'morn' night," she says, "but that's
the last. A week I'm Toosdy you an' me
is one!"
"Suse's susee'd eye shifted to the
center of a little more'n ever, but her
color an' went through me, b'gosh, like
a red hot poker through a shingle. I
didn't go to the huskin', but pillin' straight
fer him I shouldered my gun an' struck
fer the woods. I never stopped till I got
way beyond Wild Gander ridge, an' thar I
pitched my tent, so to speak, an' amongst
the bars an' the wolves an' the panthers
I found peace, till one day I tumbled
twenty feet down a ledge, losin' my gun
an' wrenching my leg so I couldn't
start up. I drug myself long the foot of
the ledge till I kin to an open spot, an'
thar I found a couple of good sized caves
in the rocks. It were somin' on nights, so
I pulled into one of the caves to stay till
mornin', w'en I thought I could drag back
to my cabin. I don't know how long I
stayed, but w'en I woke the cave were all
of a tremble. It didn't take me long to
figure out w'at made it. Th' were a
painter sleepin' long of me in that cave,
an' jist more th'n purtin'!"
"Fast along I wished I were back to
Sugar Swamp, but then I 'membered th' it
was the very day were the Toosday week th'
Suse had sot, an' I shet my eyes an'
slept."
"I'm afeer here, b'gosh!" says I.
"But how I did wish fer little Dominie
Hipper, of Lost Crow Barren! The little
Dominie never weighed more'n ninety
pound in his life, and wa'n't much taller'n
a bar cub, an' he alluz wore buckskin
brooches. But leetle as he were, wa'n't he
a howler at distracted meetin's! He
could pound the power inter a six-foot
saw sinner quicker'n I could run down a
side hill, an' ez I lay thar listin' to the
restlin' purr of that painter, I wished fer
the little Dominie, not ez I thought he
could reach me, but 'cause I kinder
wanted to get some p'ints ez to my chances
after I had aild out fer this vale of tears."
"Mornin' kum a sneakin' inter the cave
an' woke the painter up. The painter
fiz, stretched itself half way 'rout the
cave, an' then gaped an' showed me the
openin' inter w'ch I thought I'd properly be
passin' ez soon ez the painter were ready
'breakfas'. Then the painter tip toed
over to me. It put its fore paws on me
an' looked plumb in my face. Th' wa'n't
nothin' ugly lookin' in its eyes, but 'rid
of that they was ez soft an' laughin' ez a
gals' as w'en ye ast her if she'll go to the
ready pull. The painter were a big sise
one, an' arter lookin' at me fer a minute
she walked out. I kinder felt easier, I
couldn't git on my feet yet, so I drug my
self outside. The painter sot on the
ground a few feet away. She drect sly,
an' ez she'd ketch my eye her'n' I drop ez
down to me, ez I begun to feel safe, I got
hungry. Th' wa'n't nothin' in the
painter's harber, an' I thort to melf th'
the painter's mout jist as well as he'd
me up ez I let me set thar an' starve to
death. While I were ez th' wa'n't my
stomick, the painter fiz up an' went

boundin' away to'n'd Lost Crow Barren.
She were gone fer a couple hours, an' then
she kin boundin' back agin an' fetehol
with her a nice fat lamb!
"Hain't this painter actin' a little
queer?" I says. "Or is this the way they
do w'en they hev company?"
"I didn't stop to argy, but in less time
th'n I kin tell it, squire, them words was
bein' scouted with their fast sniff of roost
lamb. The painter kep' a glaucin' at me
outen a corner of her eye. She stayed by
me all day, an' fore night she'd got over

her bashfulness, an' were settin' right
long side of me, lookin' into my face ez
gentle ez a fawn, an' a purrin' like a cat
on the h'arth, only twenty times louder.
"To cut this contribution to nat'ral
hist'ry short, squire, afore night the nex'
day the 'stoundin' truth busted in on me,
an' I felt like tearin' my hair an' thumpin'
my head agin the rocks.
"I've scaped f'm Suse an' the gals of
Sugar Swamp," says I. "I skinned away,
b'gosh, f'm their love in the clearin', an'
were findin' peace in the wilderness," says
I, "an' now w'at do I strick? A painter,"
says I. "A female painter sees me, an'
arter seein' me," says I, "goes an' falls
beels over head and dead in love with me!
Gosh! mighty!" I says, "Hain't none of
the sex proof agin me?"
When the truth dropped on me I were
braddin' a snare to ketch some big trout I
had seen in a brook nigh the cave. Havin'
no string, I had chopped with my jack-
knife a lock of hair often my head to braid
an' twist inter a piece long an' strong
enough to make the snare. The losso
lock I had put in a flat th' backer box
th' I gherly carried by a buckskin string
round my neck, so's I couldn't lose it.
The backer bein' ez close an' high, the dis-
crepancy of the painter's hankerin' fer me
knocked all hankerin' fer trout outen me,
an' I limped away to think it over, leavin'
the box whar it laid.
"T'morn' night," says I, "same ez I
be, I'll give the painter the slip!"
"That night she showed by her noosin' at
me, an' her gherly bearin', th' she'd like
to see me in her cave. I lit a big pine
snod, carried it inside, and stood it in one
corner. The torch was a tride flickerin',
but it made the cave light all over. I set
down on a rock. Bimeby the painter
went over to the pine knot an' scratched
an' pawed at the light till she put it all
out—but a little flicker at the top. Then
she kinder edged to'ards me, bashful and
shy, but poosy soon plunked herself
squar' in my lap an' laid her head on my
shoulder!
"Gosh! mighty!" says I, "if she hain't
gone an' turned down the light an' wants
to set up an' spark jist like a red gal!"
"I spring right up an' went out, not
carin' a durn w'ether I hurt her feelin's or
not. Nex' mornin', my leg bein' better, I
felt cheered up, an' so I says I'd hev that
mess of trout fore I run away f'm the
love sick painter anyhow, but I couldn't
find my backer box an' hair. The painter-
er'd gone on her reg'lar mornin's mark-
etin', an' I were 'speetin' her back ev'ry
minute. While I were lookin' fer my
backer box I see her comin' down the
ridge. She were carryin' sump'n in her
mouth th' looked queer. I were wonder-
in' w'at it could be, w'en she bounced
inter the openin' an' laid her marketin' on
the ground. I give one look at it an' kin
high jumpin' plumb outen my skin, fer
thar laid little Dominie Hipper, havin'
been Inggid in by the painter's somen-
sary by the seat of his buckskin breeches!
I stopped the Dominie over an' soon
fetched him to. I helped him up on his
feet, an' he looked round with his eyes
hangin' out like the big end of a banty
hen's egg. The painter kin up to me
an' put her paws on my chest, an' she
never looked so darn lovin' at me afore.
"Like she were lookin' th' kin a report
like a small clap of thunder, an' my
painter fell dead as my feet. The little
Dominie stood on t'other side of her with
a pistol nigh a foot long, an' he had sent
all th' it held clean through the painter's
brain. I looked down at her ez she lay
thar dead, an' sump'n shyn on her breast
ketchin' my eye. I stopped down. Lay-
in' plumb over her heart, an' fasten'd
round her neck by the buckskin string,
were my tin 'backer box, with th' lock of
hair in it!
"Squire, that were a totelin' sight, an',
b'gosh, I had to blubber!"
"I tol' the Dominie the story of the
painter's love, an' he tol' me he had
been waylaid by her an' yanked in afore
he could say boo."
"But w'at in under the blue canopy
did she want to fetch you in fer?" I says.
"Did she think I had a tooth fer Dominie
an' buckskin breeches?"
"No," said the little Dominie. "Can't
ye see?" says he. "She'd sot her heart on
havin' you," says he, "an' fetched me in to
do the marryin', ez s'uro ez my name is
Dominie Hipper!"
"Squire."
"But the squire was moving toward the
door, and he went out without a word,
leavin' the old settler to muse about on
the queer things nature used to do in the
olden time.—Ed. Mott in Chicago Herald.

The Prince's Foster Mus.
About a year ago Prince George of
Wales was sent to his ship after a vaca-
tion (wherein he became greatly involved in
debt) quite penniless, and with a warn-
ing lecture from his father. Shortly after
the christening of the Rattenburg baby
occurred, and presents were sent to the
infant in great quantities, and of value
commensurate to his exalted rank. Prince
George duly and dutifully sent his offer-
ing—a powder mug with a tag attached,
on which was written: "To my beloved
nephew, with the hope that when his
commensurate to his exalted rank he will
purchase a more appropriate gift than
this." It is said the Prince of Wales, on
reading the inscription, exclaimed: "That
boy is incorrigible!" then laughed heartily,
and next day sent him a handsome sum.
—The Argonaut.

THE PAINS OF FEAR.

THE EXQUISITE TORTURE ENDURED BY THE TIMID WOMAN.

The Night Has Its Terrors and the Day
Its Dangers—Mothers Who Make Their
Motherhood a Long Drawn Agony,
Part I Everywhere.

"Think what that poor, dear, timid
woman undergoes who nightly looks
under her bed for the burglar she be-
lieves to be secreted there, who goes
round the house after the servants are
asleep to see that all is safe, and that no
sneak of leave man is creeping by his lib-
erty to do her harm. With what a sense
of dread she locks the doors of those dark,
underground places into which she dares
not peer. Ghosts and robbers—she turns
the key on both with a quick shudder and
trembling hand, then beats a retreat with
ever the same feeling of nameless terror,
the same sensation of being followed by
some vague horror, which she has not the
courage to turn round and confront.
Night after night this torment is re-
newed, as unfeelingly as that which the
old hag inflicted on the merchant Abudah.
If the night has its terrors so has the
day its dangers. Such a person as this in
the country dies a thousand deaths in
each succession, and the one is as un-
necessary as the other. A tramp loitering
on the highway means robbery first and
assassination after. A few harmless cows
going home to be milked, and driven by a
child, are as dangerous as a stampede of
buffaloes, heads down and tails aloft. Cattle
in a field, however well worn the pub-
lic way across, make that field taboo, for
is not each dull, slow, grazing ox, each
child-eyed "milky mother of the herd,"
each tangle-poll'd, yearning, and un-
groomed as a wild bull, "max mad," and to
be approached only with caution and in
force? That distant, barking collie, that
restless, neighing horse prancing up to
the gap in the hedge, through which he
thrusts his sociably inquisitive nose, that
wayside encampment of traveling gypsies—
all the circumstances of the country are
so many causes of fear to the timid per-
son, that he is not only a prey to the
fear of a constitutional, and taking no pleas-
ure in what she sees.
In a carriage she fares no better. Up
hill she is sure the horse will jib; down
hill they will slip and fall, or the pole will
break, and then heaven have mercy on
her soul! On the plain road, put to a
sharp trot they will run away; indeed,
they are running away. If they whisk
their tails they are about to kick; if they
cock their ears they are sure to shy. She
screams at the smallest difference between
them and their driver; and when they
have to meet another carriage, or pass a
lumbering cart, she pinches her compan-
ion black and blue in the spasms of her
fear.
The torment of fear is hard to bear
when it is centered on one's self. What
is it when it spreads itself abroad and in-
cludes others—the beloved—in its mesh?
For the beloved, indeed, in no degree.
Every railway journey includes a smash,
every sea voyage is a foregone shipwreck;
if an epidemic touches the outside fringes
of the district, it is sure to make a leap
into the home where the dear ones live.
The smallest cold is bronchitis, and the
little people cough they have whoop-
ing cough, no less.
Some mothers make their motherhood a
long drawn agony by the fears with which
they accompany their young. Is the nurse
a quarter of an hour beyond her usual
time? Straightway the grave is opened
and the cherished and adored lie therein
stark and cold. Wild wanderings to and
fro, wild surmises as to what evils have
happened, angry rejection of any com-
monplace explanation as to a longer walk than
usual, a longer season under the trees
than was calculated on, passionate tears
of frantic despair, passionate outbursts of
such a frantic wrath, which she cannot
come quietly up to the house door with
her charge as fresh as a flower and as gay
as a lark, and that voluntary descent into
Hades proves itself as futile as it was un-
necessary.
These fears accompany a mother of this
uneasy kind all through life. When her
boys go to school she is sure they will be
molested by the bigger ruffians of their
class, maligned for life in the playground,
overworked, underfed, put into damp
sheds and morally corrupted. She suffers
more than they from the dire necessities of
learning, and wishes that there was a
royal road to knowledge where her dar-
lings could blunder along at will, and
with never a hill to climb nor a valley
wherein to descend. She thinks the mas-
ters cruel and the curriculum inhuman,
and wonders how so much can be ex-
pected from such young brains and grow-
ing bodies.
All through life it is the same cry of
evil. The fortunes of war take her sons
here and there, and the mother frets over
the possibilities of disaster, as if that pos-
sible event were proven fact and chance
had no side ally for escape. And when
it comes to matrimony the whole thing is
renewed under another name; for surely
was there never the girl born who was a
fit wife for the son of such a mother,
while the finest man extant makes but a
poor kind of a care taker for her daugh-
ter? So she perverts the great gift of love
and the divine glory of maternity into a
sorrow, and not a blessing, and weeps
behind her mantle of self-made mourning
because she has not the courage to believe
in the common sense to hope.—The For-
num.

Against Cremation.
If cremation becomes popular it will be a
great boon for poisoners and other mur-
derers who dispose of their victims in
such a manner as to leave no outward in-
dication of a crime having been committed.
It frequently happens that several weeks,
and perhaps months, elapse before suspi-
cion is fastened upon the murderer, and
then it is necessary to exhumate the re-
mains and hold a post mortem and inquest
in order to prove the cause of death. In
case of cremation this would be impos-
sible. In the Maxwell case, for instance,
the little chloroformed woman in all proba-
bility have escaped had it not been possi-
ble to disprove his testimony, that he was
treating Freiler for a disease which re-
quired an operation necessary, by exhuming
the remains and making an examination.
The theory was a plausible one and would
have had great weight with the jury.
Criminal Lawyer in Globe Democrat.

Chicago,
Burlington &
Northern R. R.

Leave Great Falls 1:35 P. M. via St. P., M. & M. By
Arrive at Saint Paul 7 A. M.

Miles	St. Paul	Time
115	St. Paul	1:35 pm
125	Ar. Winona	1:45 pm
135	La Crosse	1:55 pm
145	Prdn. Chgo.	2:05 pm
155	Dubuque	2:15 pm
165	Galena	2:25 pm
175	Savanna	2:35 pm
185	Oregon	2:45 pm
195	Chicago	2:55 pm
205	Peoria	3:05 pm
215	St. Louis	3:15 pm

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