

THE GREAT FALLS LEADER.

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

VOL. 1.

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1888.

NO. 13

MUSH.

Wish for the dead leaves are drifting,
Drive not to sweep them away;
Sift not the air by complaining—
A sweet hope lies dying today.
Wish! while the clouds on the hillside
Are gathering golden and gray,
Ask not for rainbow sunlight—
A great trust lies dying today.
Wish! while the low winds are moaning,
Like a sigh from a heart we betray,
Strive not to read what they tell us—
A true love lies dying today.
Wish! Fate and Nature are comrades,
They smile what avails it to say,
That hope, trust, and love made our life sweet,
Since all are laid dying today.
—All the Year Round.

JACK DAYTON'S FORTUNE.

Jack Dayton was 34 years of age. He was handsome, as that term applies to men; he was studious in an extraordinary sense; he was as sober as a cold water ad-vo-er; he was a lawyer, and he was as poor as a church mouse and prouder than Lucifer before he was exiled from heaven. Jack Dayton was as brave as a Bengal tiger, and his poverty never seemed a burden and a reproach to him before he met Gussie Vandorn. After that momentous meeting at Saratoga he felt that he could hang himself because he had not been born with a silver spoon in his mouth.

The fact of the matter is Jack Dayton was in love from the soles of his feet to the crown of his intellectual head, and because he was poor his pride stood between him and the rich woman who had stolen his heart in an unguarded moment. He had been practically raised in a lawyer's office. He had entered it at the age of 12 as general utility boy and he had left it at the age of 23 a finished lawyer, with a few hundred dollars saved up during his long years.

"Go somewhere, Jack," said the fond mother, "and stay all the summer. You never had a vacation in all your life, and you should celebrate your admission to the bar by taking one. You have been a hard student; you have been a loving and devoted son. Go take a vacation."

Jack kissed her and took himself off to Saratoga, the worst place on earth, except Newport, for a poor man to go. But Jack was bent upon celebrating his admission to the grand style and within the limits of \$300. So he went to Saratoga and took a modest room at one of the best hotels and started in for solid enjoyment and profitable review of his law books.

But the Vandorns were at Saratoga, too, and at the same hotel with Jack. He got acquainted with them in no time. He and Gussie got on famously in an easy, unconstrained way. She was a dashing, brilliant woman, with a sober side the world seldom saw. She began by studying Jack. He was a social phenomenon. He was the most nonchalant, self-possessed and dignified young man at the springs; a thoughtful yet often humorous conversationalist. Every body wondered what a brilliant and fashionable woman like Gussie Vandorn could find to admire in a studious, self-possessed and unadorned man like Jackson Dayton. They were much together about the hotel, "walking literature" some would say.

"When Jack's \$300 began to get down to the point he set about returning to New York. Instead of taking him through the summer, it had just taken him six weeks of Saratoga in a very quiet way to make the life out of it. There is nothing like a summer hotel for eating up money. Jack had to go, but he wanted to stay.

While the two were out for a quiet walk one afternoon about the middle of August, Jack said:

"Miss Vandorn, I go to New York tomorrow. My vacation is at an end."

"Miss Vandorn was as silent as a tomb. Jack was surprised thereby and cast a hazy glance into her face. He was startled and bewildered expression on her countenance his abrupt declaration had provoked. His heart gave a great leap and then stood still.

"If I say I go with regret it is because you have made my stay so very pleasant," he managed to say.

"Must you go?" asked Gussie.

"I must go. I am but a poor young lawyer, with a loving mother to support. My dream hour is over. It seems like a dream."

"What seems like a dream?"

"The few weeks I have been here and privileged to have so much of your society."

brilliant talents he had a time of it to make ends meet. He was brave and hopeful, and he nurtured these by thinking of the brilliant woman he had not met since he parted with her at Saratoga. He heard of her often, but he purposely avoided meeting her.

"What's the use?" he would ask himself.

"Jack," said his mother as he went home one night, "I have never spoken to you about your father because the subject is so painful one to me. But I have heard news today through his father's lawyers that you should know."

"Well, mother, what's the news? I have never taken any stock in my father, because you never told me anything about him, and I concluded that he must have wronged you very deep."

"He did, Jack. He thought he loved me, but he did not. He married me and when he found that his rich father would not sanction the marriage he deserted me. For twenty-five years he has lived in Europe. He drank very hard, so I have heard. He never wrote to me, but his lawyers have paid me a small sum every quarter as you know."

"Well, yes," said Jack; "I knew you drew the money, but I didn't know he was living and that he is rich. I shall institute action to recover your rightful share of his money."

"But he is now dead, Jack."

"Dead?"

"Yes; he died in Paris a month ago."

When Jack entered his office the next morning his head was full of the news his mother had told him and projects to look into his father's affairs to protect his own and his mother's interests. He had hardly got settled down to work before a spruce young man in a footman's livery presented himself and handed him a sealed letter. He read the letter with mingled emotions. He put on his coat and hat and followed the servant to the pavement and entered the magnificent carriage in waiting. The carriage stopped before a rich house in one of the fashionable up town streets, and the doors flew open as Jack approached them.

He was led to a large bedroom. He walked to the side of the bed, around which two physicians and one or two servants were congregated. Everybody made way for him. A shrill cry was extended to him, and he grasped it.

"Young man," said a faint voice, "I am your grandfather. I wronged your mother when she was young. Your father is now dead. He was a rascal. I have kept track of you through the years since you were born. I have not long to live. I want you to forgive me before I die. I will not ask your mother to forgive me, because I have occasioned her too much sorrow. All my wealth is yours. You have only to see my lawyers, Jenks & Jenks. You will find everything in shape, for my house has been in order a great many years against this side."

Jack sank down by the side of the bed thoroughly unversed. He was a strong man, but in this hour, when the past was to be atoned for and death hovered about the grandfather who had wronged him, but whom he had never seen before, he was weak as a child.

"Forgive," and the spirit of James Dayton left the frail and wasted body, where it had lodged for seventy years, before he could finish the sentence.

Three months after the mortal remains of James Dayton had been consigned to the earth from which they came Jack Dayton presented himself at the Fifth avenue residence of Gussie Vandorn. His head was in a fearful state of agitation.

After a short time, which seemed an age to him, the young woman entered the parlor. He arose to his feet and advanced to meet her.

"Miss Vandorn, will you pardon the liberty I take in calling upon you?"

"Mr. Dayton, you have been free to call upon me, by invitation, for the past two years."

"But I thought you may have forgotten."

Jack gazed into her eyes a moment with all the earnestness of the days since they had parted. Her eyes dropped beneath his, and her face was suffused with blushes. She had not forgotten. He said with simple eloquence:

"I have not forgotten. I never could forget. Your face has been with me; I have heard your voice ever since we parted two years ago. I have come here tonight to tell you that life is no longer endurable if you don't share it with me. I have waited two years to tell you this. You need not have waited two years, Mr. Dayton," she said, with a roguish smile.

A CALIFORNIA CRAZE.

COLLECTING BASKETS FROM THE MEXICANS AND INDIANS.

The Latest Fad Among Artistic People on the Pacific Slope—Hunting for Specimens—Beautiful Work of the Dusky Basketmakers.

The latest fad or craze in California, especially in the southern portion, is to possess a collection of Indian baskets. It is the correct thing, and some of the most artistic homes in the state have rooms decorated with them. Who started the craze is not known, but some one discovered that the baskets possessed great artistic beauty, were rich in harmonious coloring and formed attractive ornaments for library and parlor, and the craze began. It was the old story of new lamps for old, and dealers and others went around the country exchanging new modern baskets for the old ones of the Spanish and Mexican families.

The baskets are exhausted, at least the old ones, being now in the hands of a few collectors and others who will not sell them. The baskets cost from \$1.50 to \$3 usually, and bring from \$10 to \$30 apiece. Unless the reader has seen some of these works of barbaric art this price will seem excessive; but the graceful shape, the rich brown tints, the age and association, give them a value appreciated by those who have engaged in their collection. The cheapest way to make a collection is to go to some collector and buy their baskets outright, but the most pleasurable method is to take a carriage and go about the country among the Indians and Mexicans and buy them one's self. Many of the finest baskets come from the Indians north of San Francisco, and others have been collected in Los Angeles, San Diego and San Bernardino counties. In the latter counties are the remnants of the Mission Indians, hidden away in the mountains at Pala, Pauma and at Pachana.

EXPERIENCES OF THE COLLECTOR.

The experiences of the amateur basket collector are varied, and no better way in which to study the habits of the present Indians can be found. The successful basket find must have what is popularly known as "obedience" must walk into the bedrooms and private apartments, must upon trunk being opened, and contents shown. This may seem a high handed proceeding, but it is necessary, as even while the people wish to sell they, in the majority of cases, say at first that they have no baskets, and when they are produced do not wish to sell on account of the ancient art or grandparent who has handed them down. If, however, the would be purchaser has the staying power the baskets can be secured. The sellers generally believe the Americans to be great fools for paying such prices. A half breed informed the writer that the people were crazy and would give anything; and with a laugh, he said, "They pay \$5 a time for such old things as they do for the new." That a basket which they use to sift their flour in could serve as an ornament is beyond their conception; yet this is the end to which these old utensils are put. They are tacked against the walls to show the figures or color or being over doors or in corners. The large ones find a place near the fire to hold the wood, while others are distributed about the library for papers and magazines; indeed, their usefulness grows upon one. The finest collections are photographed by their owners and make a fine and artistic showing.

It is as an art that the work of these people commands itself, not as in the form of the baskets, but in the marking and arrangement of colors, and that such artistic feeling should be found among people whose ideas of art, as we recognize it, are of the crudest description, is a remarkable fact. After so many years of association with white people it would not appear strange if some of their ideas of ornamentation were obtained from them, yet this is extremely rare. All the ornamentation is unique, possessing an individuality that cannot be mistaken. The lines are often graceful and of great geometrical beauty, radiating from the center. A common design is a series of triangular or arrow shaped figures worked into radiating lines. Some seem to represent flashes of lightning in the zigzag motion. Human figures worked in, often extending completely around the basket, with clasped hands, are seen in some of the best baskets, while deer and other animals are sometimes introduced. The colors are usually dull reds or browns, yellows and black, and in almost every case the blending is harmonious. Where these people obtain their dyes is an interesting question, but probably from nature—the foliage, the bending grasses, etc., suggesting the lines of green and beauty.

METHODS OF BASKET MAKING.

It is not necessary to go far from the centers of civilization to see basket makers. The Diggers produce beautiful baskets not far from San Francisco, while the Indians about Monterey, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles and other localities still make coarse ones in the same primitive way.

The basket work of the California Indians is valuable in several ways. It is characteristic of the different tribes, and they can be traced by it. Some baskets are beautifully ornamented with feathers, and this shows that they were made by the Indians north of San Francisco. One for which a large sum was recently paid is ornamented with the red feathers of the woodpecker, while around the edge are the plumes of the plumed quail. The feathers are woven in while the basket is being made. Fitness and age are two important qualifications.

The California Indians employ two general methods in basket making, the coil is either twined or wipped. The Diggers, as before stated, produce fine baskets of great beauty, while the Klamath and McCloud Indians make twined baskets so fine that they can be used to hold water in the baskets from the Bel river tribe a double coil is used. The Modoc women produce some beautiful shapes. We see cones, inverted truncated cones, shallow dishes, some like hats or half eggs, vases, long and narrow others flat, with short ribs. Plaques are common, while some baskets are almost perfect spheres. Many

CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & NORTHERN R. R.

TIME TABLE.

Leave Great Falls for Chicago, St. Paul, N. & M. by
Arrive at Saint Paul, N. & M.

Miles	St. Paul	Chicago
118	1:30 pm	11:30 am
123	1:45 pm	12:45 pm
128	2:00 pm	2:00 pm
133	2:15 pm	3:15 pm
138	2:30 pm	4:30 pm
143	2:45 pm	5:45 pm
148	3:00 pm	7:00 pm
153	3:15 pm	8:15 pm
158	3:30 pm	9:30 pm
163	3:45 pm	10:45 pm
168	4:00 pm	12:00 am
173	4:15 pm	1:15 am
178	4:30 pm	2:30 am
183	4:45 pm	3:45 am
188	5:00 pm	5:00 am
193	5:15 pm	6:15 am
198	5:30 pm	7:30 am
203	5:45 pm	8:45 am
208	6:00 pm	10:00 am
213	6:15 pm	11:15 am
218	6:30 pm	12:30 pm
223	6:45 pm	1:45 pm
228	7:00 pm	3:00 pm
233	7:15 pm	4:15 pm
238	7:30 pm	5:30 pm
243	7:45 pm	6:45 pm
248	8:00 pm	8:00 pm
253	8:15 pm	9:15 pm
258	8:30 pm	10:30 pm
263	8:45 pm	11:45 pm
268	9:00 pm	1:00 am
273	9:15 pm	2:15 am
278	9:30 pm	3:30 am
283	9:45 pm	4:45 am
288	10:00 pm	6:00 am
293	10:15 pm	7:15 am
298	10:30 pm	8:30 am
303	10:45 pm	9:45 am
308	11:00 pm	11:00 am
313	11:15 pm	12:15 pm
318	11:30 pm	1:30 pm
323	11:45 pm	2:45 pm
328	12:00 am	4:00 pm
333	12:15 am	5:15 pm
338	12:30 am	6:30 pm
343	12:45 am	7:45 pm
348	1:00 am	9:00 pm
353	1:15 am	10:15 pm
358	1:30 am	11:30 pm
363	1:45 am	12:45 pm
368	2:00 am	2:00 am
373	2:15 am	3:15 am
378	2:30 am	4:30 am
383	2:45 am	5:45 am
388	3:00 am	7:00 am
393	3:15 am	8:15 am
398	3:30 am	9:30 am
403	3:45 am	10:45 am
408	4:00 am	12:00 pm
413	4:15 am	1:15 pm
418	4:30 am	2:30 pm
423	4:45 am	3:45 pm
428	5:00 am	5:00 pm
433	5:15 am	6:15 pm
438	5:30 am	7:30 pm
443	5:45 am	8:45 pm
448	6:00 am	10:00 pm
453	6:15 am	11:15 pm
458	6:30 am	12:30 pm
463	6:45 am	1:45 pm
468	7:00 am	3:00 pm
473	7:15 am	4:15 pm
478	7:30 am	5:30 pm
483	7:45 am	6:45 pm
488	8:00 am	8:00 pm
493	8:15 am	9:15 pm
498	8:30 am	10:30 pm
503	8:45 am	11:45 pm
508	9:00 am	1:00 am
513	9:15 am	2:15 am
518	9:30 am	3:30 am
523	9:45 am	4:45 am
528	10:00 am	6:00 am
533	10:15 am	7:15 am
538	10:30 am	8:30 am
543	10:45 am	9:45 am
548	11:00 am	11:00 am
553	11:15 am	12:15 pm
558	11:30 am	1:30 pm
563	11:45 am	2:45 pm
568	12:00 pm	4:00 pm
573	12:15 pm	5:15 pm
578	12:30 pm	6:30 pm
583	12:45 pm	7:45 pm
588	1:00 pm	9:00 pm
593	1:15 pm	10:15 pm
598	1:30 pm	11:30 pm
603	1:45 pm	12:45 pm
608	2:00 pm	2:00 am
613	2:15 pm	3:15 am
618	2:30 pm	4:30 am
623	2:45 pm	5:45 am
628	3:00 pm	7:00 am
633	3:15 pm	8:15 am
638	3:30 pm	9:30 am
643	3:45 pm	10:45 am
648	4:00 pm	12:00 pm
653	4:15 pm	1:15 pm
658	4:30 pm	2:30 pm
663	4:45 pm	3:45 pm
668	5:00 pm	5:00 pm
673	5:15 pm	6:15 pm
678	5:30 pm	7:30 pm
683	5:45 pm	8:45 pm
688	6:00 pm	10:00 pm
693	6:15 pm	11:15 pm
698	6:30 pm	12:30 pm
703	6:45 pm	1:45 pm
708	7:00 pm	3:00 pm
713	7:15 pm	4:15 pm
718	7:30 pm	5:30 pm
723	7:45 pm	6:45 pm
728	8:00 pm	8:00 pm
733	8:15 pm	9:15 pm
738	8:30 pm	10:30 pm
743	8:45 pm	11:45 pm
748	9:00 pm	1:00 am
753	9:15 pm	2:15 am
758	9:30 pm	3:30 am
763	9:45 pm	4:45 am
768	10:00 pm	6:00 am
773	10:15 pm	7:15 am
778	10:30 pm	8:30 am
783	10:45 pm	9:45 am
788	11:00 pm	11:00 am
793	11:15 pm	12:15 pm
798	11:30 pm	1:30 pm
803	11:45 pm	2:45 pm
808	12:00 am	4:00 pm
813	12:15 am	5:15 pm
818	12:30 am	6:30 pm
823	12:45 am	7:45 pm
828	1:00 am	9:00 pm
833	1:15 am	10:15 pm
838	1:30 am	11:30 pm
843	1:45 am	12:45 pm
848	2:00 am	2:00 am
853	2:15 am	3:15 am
858	2:30 am	4:30 am
863	2:45 am	5:45 am
868	3:00 am	7:00 am
873	3:15 am	8:15 am
878	3:30 am	9:30 am
883	3:45 am	10:45 am
888	4:00 am	12:00 pm
893	4:15 am	1:15 pm
898	4:30 am	2:30 pm
903	4:45 am	3:45 pm
908	5:00 am	5:00 pm
913	5:15 am	6:15 pm
918	5:30 am	7:30 pm
923	5:45 am	8:45 pm
928	6:00 am	10:00 pm
933	6:15 am	11:15 pm
938	6:30 am	12:30 pm
943	6:45 am	1:45 pm
948	7:00 am	3:00 pm
953	7:15 am	4:15 pm
958	7:30 am	5:30 pm
963	7:45 am	6:45 pm
968	8:00 am	8:00 pm
973	8:15 am	9:15 pm
978	8:30 am	10:30 pm
983	8:45 am	11:45 pm
988	9:00 am	1:00 am
993	9:15 am	2:15 am
998	9:30 am	3:30 am

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THE GREAT FALLS

Water-Power & Townsite Co.

THE INDUSTRIAL CITY.

GREAT FALLS, having the greatest available water-power on the American continent, is destined to be the chief industrial city of the northwest. The Montana Smelting Company is now erecting here the largest works for the reduction of ores in the United States, and other extensive manufacturing enterprises will soon be inaugurated.

GREAT FALLS is now the terminus of three railroads—the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba, the Montana Central and the Great Falls and Sand Coulee line.

It is the Commercial Center of Northern Montana.

It has a population of 2,000 and is growing rapidly. Enterprises now under way and to be inaugurated will more than double the population this year. No town in the Rocky Mountain region offers greater inducements to the settler or investor, and all such are respectfully invited to come and see for themselves.