

THE MONTANIAN.

VOL. 2.

CHOTEAU, CHOTEAU COUNTY, MONTANA, FRIDAY, JANUARY 1, 1892.

NO. 34.

PROFESSIONAL.

J. G. BAIR,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR
AT LAW.

J. E. WAMSLEY,
Physician & Surgeon.
CHOTEAU. MONT.

J. P. BOUSCAREN
CIVIL AND HYDRAULIC ENGINEER.
Address: P. O. Box 34, CHOTEAU, Mont.

W. H. STCLAIR,
Barber & Hairdresser,
HOT AND COLD BATHS.
Main Street, Opposite Choteau House

JOHN C. DUFF,
Authorized to practice before the Department of the Interior, the Land Office, and the Pension and other Bureaus.
PENSION CLAIMS SPECIALLY ATTENDED TO.
Cor. Main and St. John Sts., Fort Benton.

GRAND UNION HOTEL,
CHAS. ROWE, PROPRIETOR.
FORT BENTON, - - MONT.

DAY & MURPHY
H. A. DAY & THOMAS W. MURPHY,
LAWYERS,
GREAT FALLS, - - - - MONTANA
OFFICE OVER FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

E. H. BRIGGS,
DENTIST,
ROOM 14 COLLINS-LEPLY BLOCK,
GREAT FALLS, - - - - MONT.
TEETH Extracted without PAIN
by the use of Vitalized Air.

E. C. GARRETT, A. C. WARNER,
GARRETT AND WARNER
REAL ESTATE AGENTS
NOTARIES PUBLIC
AND CONVEYANCERS
Deeds, Mortgages and other Legal Documents executed. Public Land Plats and Abstracts.

A. C. WARNER,
U. S. COMMISSIONER.
LAND PROOFS
AND FILINGS.
Corner Main & Hamilton Street,
CHOTEAU - - - - MONT.

WM. H. LYON,
Notary Public
DEEDS, MORTGAGES and all kinds of legal instruments drawn up.
Subscriptions received for all Newspapers and Periodicals at publisher's rates.
CHOTEAU, - - - - MONT.

BYRON GORSON
REPAIRS AND CLEANS WATCHES
& JEWELRY.
CHOTEAU, - - - - MONT.

ANNIE LAURA.

OLD VERSION.
Maxwilton banks are bonnie
Where early fa's the dew;
Where I and Annie Laure
Made up the promise true;
Made up the promise true,
And never forget will I,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay down my head and die.
She's backet like the peacock,
She's breasted like the swan,
She's jimp about the middle,
Her waist you weel may span;
Her waist you weel may span,
And she has a rolling eye;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay down my head and die.

HOW BISMARCK WON HIS BRIDE.

Loved Her on Sight and Took a Kiss in Public.

At the time of her marriage the girl who is now Bismarck's wife relinquished a name which would not have misbecome the heroine of a Bab Ballad—von Puttkammer. writes the Countess Wilhelmina in Ladies Home Journal. The Frauline Johanna was a most charmingly sweet and modest country maiden—in spite of her name—when at the wedding of one of her friends, at which she was bridesmaid, she met young Herr Otto von Bismarck, a strapping, dissipated, high handed young dandy of 31, with a reputation for fire-eating and flirtations which would scarcely have disgraced a Kentucky colonel of twice his years. These two young people, as Rosalind says, "No sooner met than they looked, no sooner looked than they loved."

Hence it was that immediately on his return from the wedding young Otto wrote to the parental Puttkammers, with whom, by the way, he had not the slightest acquaintance, demanding the hand of the Frauline Johanna in marriage. The parental Puttkammer seems to have been somewhat of a diplomatist, for without committing himself to either a consent or a refusal, after learning from his daughter that she cared for young Otto, he wrote, inviting that estimable young gentleman to visit him. Preparations were made to have his reception one of becoming dignity and solemnity; but the effect was rather spoiled by young Bismarck the moment he alighted going up to his sweetheart and kissing her soundly in the presence of a number of guests. The immediate effect of this embarrassing and shocking behavior was the prompt announcement of the betrothal, which was followed a year later by the marriage.

Running off the Island.

Travelers returning from abroad bring with them a plentiful supply of yarns. A woman tells the New York Times that while she was in England she heard of an American who, on his first trip on an English railway, quite held his breath at the rapid running. When his nervousness rather overcame him he approached the guard: "I say, guard," he ventured, "this is pretty fast travel for safety, isn't it?" "Oh, no, sir," replied the guard, "we never run off the line here, sir," "But," said the Yankee, quickly, resenting the patronage, "it is not the line. I'm afraid of running off your measley little island."

Ingersoll on Christmas.

"I believe in the festival called Christmas—not in celebration of the birth of any man, but celebrate the triumph of light over darkness—the victory of the sun. I believe in giving gifts on that day, and a real gift should be given to those who cannot return it, gifts from the rich to the poor, from the prosperous to the unfortunate, from parents to children. There is no need of giving water to the sea or light to the sun. Let us give to those who need, neither asking nor expecting return, not even asking gratitude, only asking that the gift shall make the receiver happy—and he who gives in that way increases his own joy."

The Annexation of Hawaii.

"Ben Abou" in New York Press.
"When I hear talk about annexing Hawaii to the United States," says Claus Spreckles, "I am reminded of an episode at a banquet given in San Francisco to the late King Kalakaua. He had made a speech, and several prominent Pacific coast men followed, nearly every one of whom mentioned annexation in a jocular or serious manner. Kalakaua finally rose to his feet as one of them sat down, and said: 'I like this talk about annexation very much, and I have a plan for carrying it into execution. I will annex the United States to Hawaii and rule over both countries as emporor as soon as you are ready.' There was nothing more said at that banquet about annexation."

A son of the sculptor. Powers, has a studio in Denver, where he is engaged on a work entitled "A Closing Era." It represents a lonely Indian standing over a prostrate and dying buffalo.

SINGLE TAX IN WYOMING.

Anaconda Standard.

In Wyoming they propose to enact a law taxing all unmarried men above the age of 27. Wyoming, it will be remembered, is a state where woman suffrage is in full operation, and it doesn't require extraordinary acuteness to trace the demand for the taxation of bachelors to the women. The bachelors will fight the present proposition, of course; they will go farther than that and array themselves in permanent opposition to woman suffrage. But they are in the minority and can't expect to accomplish very much in the way of retaliation. The proposed law is absurd and nonsensical, but what of that? It is class legislation of the worst sort, but if the bachelors don't like it they are at liberty to leave the state of Wyoming, or enter the state of matrimony, or commit suicide or do anything except remain in their bachelorhood, a constant aggravation to the old maids and widows.

A Valuable Rattle.

Seattle Press-Times.

"I used to be a customs inspector in New York," said Robert Grosch, who is at the Occidental. "We had received advices that some diamonds were to be smuggled in and one day when a passenger steamer arrived I saw a young couple with a small child and a suspicious looking hand bag which the mother carried. The husband went to another part of the steamship and I stepped up to the young woman and told her I would have to examine the hand bag. She looked startled and turned a little pale, I fancied, but said:

"'All right, sir, just hold the baby and I'll unlock it for you.' I took the little fellow in my arms and shook the rattle, which he had in his hand, and he laughed and crowed while his mamma opened the diminutive valise, and demonstrated to my satisfactin that it contained no dutiable goods. I searched in vain for the diamonds, and when my chief afterwards learned that tha baby's rattle, which I had shaken to amuse the child, contained several thousand dollars worth of diamonds, he discharged me, and that's how I happen to be selling drygoods."

The last census report shows that there are over 106½ women to 100 men. The proportion of women to men has been steadily increasing for the past forty years.