

# THE MONTANIAN.

VOL. 3.

CHOTEAU, CHOTEAU COUNTY, MONTANA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1892.

NO. 33.

## PROFESSIONAL.

**S. H. DRAKE, M.D.**

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,  
Office over Valley Restaurant.

CHOTEAU, MONTANA.

**A. G. WARNER,**

NOTARY PUBLIC.

U. S. COMMISSIONER,

AUTHORIZED TO RECEIVE

FILINGS & FINAL PROOFS ON PUBLIC LANDS.

CHOTEAU, MONT.

**J. H. DAY.**

IRRIGATION AND LAND SURVEYING A SPECIALTY. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

CHOTEAU, MONTANA.

**J. G. BAIR,**

ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR

AT LAW.

**JAMES SULGROVE,**

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

CHOTEAU, MONT.

**T. W. MURPHY,**

LAWYER,

HAS REMOVED TO

FORT BENTON, MONT.

**J. E. WAMSLEY,**

Physician & Surgeon.

CHOTEAU, MONT.

**I. S. CORSON,**

REAL ESTATE.

RANCH PROPERTY A SPECIALTY.

ROOM 18, DUNN BLOCK.

GREAT FALLS, MONT.

**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.

**W. H. SICLAIR,**

Barber & Hairdresser.

HOT AND COLD BATHS.

Main Street, Opposite Choteau House.

**W. M. 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.

**E. G. GARRETT.**

**A. G. WARNER.**

**GARRETT & WARNER,**

CONVEYANCERS,

REAL ESTATE,

INSURANCE

CHOTEAU, MONT.

## WHO SANTY-CLAUS WUZ.

[BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.]

Jes' a little bit o' feller—I remember still—

Ust to almost cry fer Christmas, like a youngster will.

Fourth o' July's nothin' to it!—New Year's ain't a smell!

Easter Sunday—Circus day—jes' all dead in the shell!

Lawzy, though! at night, you-know, to set around an hear

The old folks work the story off about the sledge an' deer,

An' "Santy" skootin' round the roof, all wrapt in fur an' fuz—

Long afore

I knowed who

"Santy-Claus" wuz!

Ust to wait, an' set up late, a week er two ahead;

Couldn't hardly keep awake, ner wouldn't go to bed;

Kittle stowin' on the fire, an' Mother settin' here

Darnin' socks, an' rockin' in the skreeky rockin'-cheer;

Pap gap, an' wonder where it wuz the money went,

An' quarl with his-frosted heels, an' spill his liniment;

An' me a dreamin' sleigh-bells when the clock 'ud whir an' buzz.

Long afore

I knowed who

"Santy-Claus" wuz!

Size the fire place up, an' figger how "Old Santy" could

Manage to come down the chimbley, like they said he would;

Wisht 'at I could hide an' see him—wunderd what he'd say

Ef he ketched a feller layin' fer him thataway!

But I bet on him, an' liked him, same as ef he had

Turned to pat me on the back an' say, "Look here my lad,

Here's my pack,—jes' he'p yourse'f, like all good boys does!"

Long afore

I knowed who

"Santy-Claus" wuz!

Wisht that yarn was true about him, as it 'peared to be—

Truth made out o' lies like that un's good enough fer me!

Wisht I still wuz so confidin' I could jes' go wild

Over hangin' up my stockin's, like the little child

Climbin' in my lap to-night, an' beggin' me to tell

'Bout them reindeers, and "Old Santy" that she love so well

I'm half sorry fer this little girl-sweetheart of his—

Long afore

She knows who

"Santy Claus" is!

## STRONGEST MAN LIVING.

**Sandow, the Marvelous Prussian**  
—Some of His Feats.

New York World: It is quite impossible to tell what Sandow, the Prussian Samson, could do with his strength if he chose to exert it in an eccentric and self-willed manner. Hitherto he has comported himself with all the dignity of a courteous gentleman, and has confined his feats to exhibitions to which an admission fee is charged. If he were to devote his energies to tugging away at temple pillars he could push them out of place as Samson did. Fortunately for him and the temples he has done nothing of the kind.

Sandow is so very much stronger than any other living man that it is almost impossible to realize what a potential energy is con-

tained in his well knit, wiry frame. He could take John L. Sullivan by a strap around the waist and hold him up in the air with one hand. This sounds unreasonable, but it is absolutely true. While he was holding Mr. Sullivan up in the air he could probably make it interesting for Mr. Corbett with the other arm. Putting Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Corbett into a sack (provided these gentlemen would suffer such an indignity) Sandow could pick them up and make off with them. In one of Sandow's stage performances three men lug on a dumb bell. It is not a fake dumb bell, like the cannon that Mr. Barnum's strong lady to fire, poised with great difficulty on her ample shoulders, and which, after the performance, was tossed lightly into a corner by a thin-chested man. In order that there may be

no deception, Sandow stuffs the dumb-bells with live men. The dumb-bell consists of a couple of hollow globes of hoop iron, covered with black canvas, united by a steel shaft. Two men creep into these spheres, which open at the middle. Sandow then, seizing the steel shaft, hoists the dumb-bell to his shoulder and then puts it up, straightening out his arm in the recognized fashion. At the lowest estimate the weight of the dumb-bell with the two men inside cannot be less than 250 pounds.

Sandow supports the weight of two ponies on a see saw. There is no joke in this act. It is very real and Sandow sometimes succumbs under the monstrous load. He is greatly annoyed whenever this happens and declares that he is becoming feeble. Among other things which he does is, when shackled to a column by the knees, with his feet inserted between a sort of double cross-tree, to bend down backward and pick up from the floor, first a couple of dumb-bells and then a couple of men in succession, lifting then as a cat would pick up a rat by her teeth. He raises them to the top of the column and deposits the there. He can also move about the stage with a dumb-bell in either hand and a third balanced on the end of a long stick resting on his chin, the aggregate weight being about fifty-six pounds. Carrying two of these dumb-bells in his hands he jumps out of one and into the other of a succession of tubs placed in a row and then throws backward somersaults in the air blind-folded.

After the performance Sandow takes a cold sponge bath in a tub. Then you may see what a remarkable development he has. He is fifty-two inches around the chest, but his waist is surprisingly small. His body and limbs are striped and crossed with wires and knots of muscle, developed at points where they are not observed on the body of the ordinary athlete. Sandow says that he can never remember the time when he was not strong. At school he used to play football against all the rest of his classmates combined. Some times they would win from him. He is under twenty six years of age, was born at Konigsberg and has been in the Prussian army. When Sandow has his street costume on he looks like a respectable broker or lawyer, in which respect he differs, somewhat, from most professional athletes.