

THE MONTANIAN.

Historical Society of Montana

VOL. 3, 212 CHOTEAU, CHOTEAU COUNTY, MONTANA, FRIDAY, JANUARY 6, 1893 NO. 35

PROFESSIONAL.

S. H. DRAKE, M.D.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office over Valley Restaurant,

CHOTEAU, MONTANA.

A. C. 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. STOLAIR,

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

W. M. H. LYON,

Notary Public

DREDS, MORTGAGES and all kinds of legal instruments drawn up.
Subscriptions received for all Newspapers and Periodicals at publisher's rates.

CHOTEAU, MONT.

G. C. GARRETT,

GARRETT & WARNER,
CONVEYANCERS,
REAL ESTATE,
INSURANCE
CHOTEAU, MONT.

LEGISLATION DEMANDED.

BY THE BILLVILLE BANNER.

Now the Legislature's met, we've got some bills to pass:
A bill to keep them signs all down what says: "Keep off the Grass."
A bill to make us, Coroner—we'll do the thing up brown.
A bill to move Jim Jones's still just three miles nearer town.
A bill to make all taxes free to them that can not pay.
A bill to pension widows, and make them keep away.
A bill—and every man will rise and say it's mighty nice—
To make a man a colonel who has lynched a fellow twice;
A bill to do away with all this revenue inspection.
A bill to make salvation free and take up no collection!

—Atlanta Constitution.

WAS A WISE OLD TOAD.

A Batrachian Which Lived 36 Years Under a Doorstep.

Among all the stories which are told of toads none is more remarkable, perhaps, than that related by the Youth's Companion of a toad which lived for more than thirty-six years in a hole beneath the doorstep of a French farmhouse. How old it was when first noticed, no one could say, but it had probably lived a long time before familiarity with the sight of man emboldened it to rest tranquilly on the doorstep over which persons were constantly passing. The step became the batrachian's "hunting ground" where with little trouble it might capture the ants which persisted in crossing the step. The toad "hunting for its supper" came to be regarded as a part of the sight of the neighborhood, and certainly the skillful manner in which it used its wonderfully formed tongue entitled it to be ranked as an expert. For one thing it showed wonderful skill in judging distances; the tongue was never darted out until the insect came within a certain range. The accuracy of the creature's aim was another matter of surprise. The insects were generally in motion when the tongue was darted out against them, but the arrow never failed to hit. The rapidly with which the tongue was shot forth excited much wonder. The operation is a complex one. The tongue is doubled or folded up when in the mouth; therefore a two fold action is required—an uncoiling of the weapon and then then the darting of it forth. The withdrawing of the tongue, with the captured insect on the tip, was not less remarkable. Notwithstanding the rapid motion, the fineness of the tongue tip and the struggle of the prey, the victim was never dropped. The toad was

so tame that it justly be called "domesticated." It would remain quietly in one hand and take its food from the other, provided a leaf were placed on the hand which held it. Without this precaution the warmth of the human skin was evidently annoying. Few things seemed to please it more than to be placed on a table in the evening when the lamp was lighted, it would look round with the greatest confidence in its gleaming eyes, and when insects were placed on the table it snapped them up even with greater rapidity than in its daily huntings. In this way the toad lived for thirty-six years, the pet of the neighborhood. It might have lived many years more had not a tame but spiteful raven pecked out one of its eyes. The bird brought upon himself universal hatred for this assault, but sympathy was no profit to the poor toad. He could no longer measure distances accurately or aim with certainty, and he died in about a year after his injury, apparently from starvation.

The Farmer and Politics.

The property of a farmer to-day depends more on the methods he employs than on governmental rule. Take seeds for an example. Many farmers, who are alive to their own interests in other things are careless in buying seeds. They seem to think that a seed is a seed and there it ends. If there was more knowledge about seeds and greater care exercised in their selection, there would be richer crops and better returns.

Realizing this, D. M. Ferry & Co., the famous seed firm of Detroit, Mich., have embodied in their Illustrated Annual for 1893, much valuable information about seeds and their selection. It contains the knowledge gleaned from many years practical experience in the seed business, and the newest and best things about gardens and gardening. Such a book issued by a firm of unquestioned reliability is of the highest value to every one who plants a seed. Although the cost of printing and embellishing it with beautiful illustrations has been great, it is sent free to any one making application to the above firm.

Collector—I have called six times for the amount that is due from you, and have never been able to get it. X—Dear me! dear me! How sorry I am that you should have been put to so much trouble! Now I'll tell you what I'll do. When I feel like paying they amount I'll call you on— Funny Folks.

HE UNDERSTOOD THE LANGUAGE.

Not Such a Chump as the Jokers Took Him to Be.

I was engrossed in my magazine as the train sped on, says a writer in Harper's Weekly, and did not notice that a bride and groom had entered the car at a small station, but my attention was attracted to the couple in rather an odd way—by telegraphic signals.

Two young men who sat opposite to each other across the aisle were making remarks about them by ticking with their pocket knives on the metal arm of the seat.

"Sweet as a peach, isn't she?" ticked off the young man whose seat was immediately behind the new arrivals.

"Yes," replied the other. "Bridal couple, evidently."

"See how close he sits to his tootsy wootsy."

"I see. They are holding each other's hand, aren't they?"

"No; but they are exchanging love glances."

"How on earth do you suppose such a chump like that managed to catch an angel?"

"Give it up. She surely couldn't see anything in him to admire."

"Her lips were just made for kisses."

"That's what they were."

"Say!"

"Well?"

"When the train gets to the next tunnel I'm going to reach over and kiss her."

"You wouldn't dare."

"Yes I would. She'd think it was her husband, you know."

Their telegraphic conversation ceased here, for the bridegroom took out his pocket knife and commenced to tick off this message on the arm of his seat.

"When the train gets to the next tunnel the chump proposes to reach over and hammer your two heads together till your teeth drop out. See?"

Soon after that two passengers might have been seen sneaking off to the smoking car, and they remained in the smoker not only while the train went through the tunnel, but until they reached their destination.

Some of the esteemed contemporaries are debating the form of the verse beginning: "If I were a cassowary," but all of them get it wrong. The correct version is reproduced by the Memphis Appeal-Avalanche for the benefit of posterity:

If I were a cassowary,
And lived in Timbuctoo,
I'd eat a missionary,
Coat, hat and hymn book too.