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PROFESSIONAL.

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DRAWING THE CIDER.

To draw the cider we were sent,
We two on mirth and mischief bent,
She bore the candle flaring high;
The old blue-figured pitcher, I.

What shadows o'er the cellar wall
Tossed huge and shapeless, dim and tall,
What eerie sounds from rack and bin,
And casks that pent real spirits in.

The spigot turned, both heads bent low
To watch the amber current flow,
The candlelight flared strangely dim—
The pitcher must not over-brim.

So close, so close our faces drew,
Our lips had touched before we knew:
And ere they parted rogues disgorged—
Six quarts of cider went to waste.
—Frank Leslie's Weekly.

SPEAKING OF WEATHER.

Minnesota and Montana Rep-
resentatives Swap Lies.

"Just down from Minnesota," said G. W. Burson of St. Paul, as he sat with his hat off and perspired in the lobby at Willard's "You seem to think it cold down here; you ought to see it up in my country. If we wanted to we could have an ice palace higher than the tower of Babel and it wouldn't melt before summer after next. Why, if the mercury in the tube begins to climb anywhere near zero we throw water on the coal in the furnaces and pull up the windows. Don't see how you people down here manage to stand the infernal heat all the year around. It must give you lassitude and a feeling of extreme weariness, and all that sort of thing. Are the oranges ripe yet?" "Out in Montana," said J. W. Presnal, who was an interested listener, "we have it differently. We never mind the weather, so the wind doesn't blow, but I am compelled to admit that it does blow sometimes. However, when it has lasted two or three days and the mercury is 20° below in the cook stove, we get the chinook. Know what the chinook is? Well, it is a dispensation that comes from the South in the shape of a gentle and balmy breeze that is steady, soft and low. You never know it is there until the snow begins to melt and the ice particles are gone from the air. In a little while all the land is bare of white and you think that spring is all around you. If it were not for the chinook Montana would be no better country than Minnesota. As it is, there is no country like it."—Washington Post.

Presidential Epigrams.

[Anaconda Standard.]
Garfield will live forever in his historic sentence, "God reigns and the government at Washington still lives." Cleveland's epigram

is known the country over, "A public office is a public trust." Other presidents have furnished the nation with sentiments that will endure as long as the government exists. The thought of Lincoln recalls at once "A government of the people, for the people, by the people." Grant was made famous by "Unconditional surrender." Jackson gave us the sentiment, "Our federal union; it must be preserved," and his blunt self reliance shines forth in "I'll take the responsibility." Jefferson is immortal as the author of the preamble of the Declaration of Independence, and, wherever there is a public school, his words are familiar. "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal." A paraphrased form of Washington's sentiment has lived, "In time of peace, prepare for war." Scholarly John Quincy Adams wrote:

"This hand, to tyrants ever sworn the foe,
For Freedom only deals the blow."

President Harrison's new year sentiment, too, is a good one, "Retrospection would be a crime."

It is pleasant at this time to recall that saying of ex President Hayes, which is one of the best political maxims ever recorded. In urging the necessity of civil service reform and fidelity to public trust, in his inaugural address, he said: "He serves his party best, who serves his country best." This was his motto, and, viewed retrospectively, his life seems to have been in full accord with it.

How Beet Sugar is Made.

One of the new industries which promises to revolutionize a considerable portion of the American continent is the making of beet root sugar. Few persons have any conception of what is meant by this class of beet cultivation. In the Cosmopolitan for February beet sugar is for the first time in magazine literature thoroughly illustrated. Every step in its cultivation, the seed, the plant, the planting, the cultivation, the harvesting and the machinery for manufacture are given direct from instantaneous photographs. It ought to be widely read by those interested in agriculture in every part of the country.

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Tough if True.

"When I was fishing on the Kankakee some fifteen years ago," said the man with the cigarette to an Indianapolis Journal man, "a whirlwind came along and carried off my vest that was hanging on a limb just over my head. It had my watch in it and—a tailor's account. Well, the whole outfit sailed out of sight in less than a minute. Seven years afterward a party of us were camped up the same river, only 100 yards farther up. It was my turn to do the cooking, so I started out for some dry wood, stepped on a log, which caved in, and lo! as the story books say, there lay my watch with the same old tailor's bill twisted through the ring. It was still running."

"Oh, come off! You want us to ask you how such a thing could be and then you'll explain that the whirlwind wound your watch up so tight that it ran for seven years."

"I didn't say the watch was still running," said the story teller, as he lighted another bacillus exterminator; "I had reference to the tailor's bill. It is running yet, in fact."

Charley Wilcox^{***} was in the burg the other day, says the Burney Valley Bulletin, exercising his team of speckled colts. The way the animals happened to be speckled happened in this way:

While their mother was at Hat creek drinking one day, she was seized by the lip by a trout weighing at least 20 pounds. The fish had to be killed with an axe before it would release its hold, and when the twin colts were born they were speckled like trout. They are an extra fine team and are peculiarly fond of water.

It is possible that the public may be somewhat relieved of the great mass of dirty, mutilated paper currency so generally in circulation, and the money of the country may hereafter be cleaner and more sightly. Representative Outhwaite, of Ohio has introduced a bill in the house providing for the frequent redemption of National bank and treasury notes and their exchange for new notes at government expense. It is sensibly argued that dirty bank notes are the home of disease germs, and disease is often transmitted by this means. It is believed that the early passage of the bill would aid in guarding against the possible spread of cholera through the medium of circulating notes.