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PROFESSIONAL.

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THE DUTY OF PATRIOTS.

Never mind what's your condition,
Or your self-depoted mission—
There's a cabinet position
That's a-waitin' for you sure!
If the enemy you co'lar'd—
If you led the boys all folloed
And got hoarse because you hollered,
Pass your plate and call for more.

If the banner you have toted
Till the full returns were quoted,
If your great-grandfather voted
Like a veteran of yore,
When the good news a-telling
And the chorus was a-swellin',
If you did a lot of yellin',
Pass your plate and call for more.

O, our troubles—they are over
And we're just knee-deep in clover,
And we're holding on to Grover
While he's entering the door;
And the rascals with th-ir cheatin',—
They are going out a skeatin',
Red-hot and still a-heatin'—
Pass your plate and call for more.
—Atlantic Constitution.

The Ways of the Czar.

The czar's daily habits of life are those of a pope rather than of a secular monarch, his relaxations those of a prisoner rather than of a potentate. When residing at Gatchino he generally rises at seven a. m., whereas few noble men in the capital leave their beds much before midday, and I am personally acquainted with two who rise with the regularity of clockwork at three o'clock every day. He then takes a quiet stroll in the interesting well watched palace park, returns to early breakfast and engages in severe manual labor as preparation for the official work of the day.

The latter consists mainly in the reading and signing of enormous piles of edicts, ukases and reports, all of which he conscientiously endeavors to understand. Upon the margins of these documents he writes his decision or his impressions with a frankness and abandon which laughs prudence and propriety to scorn. Those who maintain that the he is kept in complete or even partial ignorance of the cruel measures adopted in his name, or else that his boasted love of his people is but the varnish of hypocrisy, are as much astray in the matter of fact as in their appreciation. Cold blooded cruelty or savage hatred is not the correct manner of the motives that inspired the slaughter of the Amalekites by Saul, or the autos da fe of Arbues de Epila, and it should not be forgotten that there is a moral ailment called a false conscience, the effect of which is to poison the action without etiating its source. "M. never do wrong so thoroughly and so cheerfully," says Everett, "as when they are obeying

the promptings of a false principle of conscience."

To fancy, therefore, as many English optimists do, that emperor needs only to be informed of the facts in order to repeal the cruel laws and remodel the system of government which is ruining his people is as reasonable as to delude one's self with the pleasing notion that an illiterate peasant needs but a pair of spectacles in order to enable him to read his Bible.—The Contemporary Review.

Why Dogs Can't Talk.

Why back in some old book there is a story of how the dogs used to be in those days when they could talk, and were men's advisers. One day a great prince met a beautiful woman, and despite the advice of the dog who was his counsellor, he married her, and he made her cousin, a begger, his prime minister. Amid the festivities the dog warned his prince to watch the woman; told him that she was unfaithful; that her cousin was her lover, and that between them they would rob the kingdom and drive the prince from his throne. He turned on the dog and cursed him; cursed him so that his dog friend, looking at him, said: "Until men are grateful and women are faithful, I and my kind will never speak again." And it came about as predicted, and when the prince was a beggar, his companion and consolation was a dog whose eyes told the story of love and fidelity; but who never said one word with his lips. And as the world has grown older the dogs are all mute; for men have grown no more grateful than in the days when they could talk.

The Newspaper "Ad" does it All.

A neat illustration of the value of sagacious advertising was given at the Portland Y. M. C. A. meeting Sunday, when General Secretary McDonald stated that he had some curiosity to know what method of advertising reached the most people. He had circulated thousands of little dodgers, giving notice of the meeting, and asking those who had seen them, and had been moved to come through that means, to rise. The hall was packed as full as it could hold, and of the entire number about fifteen arose. Then Mr. McDonald asked all who read the notices in the newspapers, and had been influenced by them, to rise, and the crowd rose in a body.—Lewiston Evening Journal.

THE CHINOOK WIND.

Nothing More Nor less than the Ordinary Breezes From the West.

In the event of a chinook which some of the weather prophets are expecting hereabouts very shortly, the following description of that mysterious thawer from the Seattle Post-Intelligencer may prove interesting:

There is only one impression respecting the chinook wind which I think it would be well to correct, and that is that it is a wind peculiar to this part of the world. It is only characteristic in this region in its greater prevalence and its more distinctly traceable and widespread effects. I might add that it also has a peculiar name here, but it is nothing more and nothing less than the west wind of the world—the west wind that Virgil so often refers to, the wind that Homer describes in the Olysey as blowing soft from the ocean upon those fabled islands where winter is not, nor any burning summer heat. It is also noticed by Longfellow as descending upon the coast of Norway, and he and other writers of prose and poetry have often noted it in descriptions of New England. I was familiar with it in my early life in the Connecticut valley, and when I first felt it on the Columbia I recognized it as an old acquaintance.

Whence it comes or whither it goes is to a certain extent mysterious, but it belongs to no one quarter of the globe. It is more distinctive of this region, I believe, than of any other. It is many more times more abundant and prevalent here than on the Atlantic coast or in the interior of this country. But I think I am not mistaken in saying that we are favored beyond many other parts only in having more of it. Sweeping in from the west in these latitudes, it gives Eastern Washington and Montana an earlier spring than Minnesota, and it is not exhausted entirely in crossing the continent, but touches the New England hills and valleys to unlock the rigors of winter still later there.

A Knowing Lion.

A female lion tamer, young and fair, beckoned to the big lion, Nero, and it came and took a piece of sugar out of her mouth. "Why, I could do that trick," exclaimed a spectator. "What, you?" retorted the fair performer. "Certainly—just as well as the lion!"—Revue des Sports.