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PROFESSIONAL.

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

JAGOSITY.

Little drops of toddy
Little grains of spice
Don't they maky a body
Feel so awful nice.

Why should the papers say, avoid
A drink's seductive wiles
And leave his pleasures unenjoyed
When even nature smiles.

Aan wants but little here below
The very thought is sad;
But when he wants a drink
He wants it awful bad.

MORAL.

When the wine is in the bottle
Then the bloom is on the rose.
By and by the bottle's empty
And the bloom is on the nose.—Ex.

"Proposal" Statistics.

A gentleman apparently of
some leisure and withal taste for
the curious, has compiled a list
of methods in which heroes and
heroines in fiction behave at the
critical moment of "popping the
question."

Taking a hundred cases of pro-
posals accepted, and referring
separately to the behaviors of the
nymphs and the swains, he finds
that in eighty one cases the gen-
tleman declares he cannot live
without the lady, in seventy two
he holds the lady's hand, and in
sixty-seven he kisses her on the
lips; two kiss her hand in the
courtly style; one eccentric kisses
his innamorato on the top of the
head, and one unlucky wight
kisses her on the tip of the nose—
by mistake. Fourteen have lumps
in the throat, and an equal num-
ber have qualms; nine say "Thank
Heaven!" aloud, and seven are
deliriously happy.

Of the ladies, eighty seven
know that something is coming;
eighty-one sink into the arms of
the gentlemen, and one into the
arms of chair; seventy-two have
eyes full of love; one sneezes, but
as she is a chit of a thing under
sixteen, this must not be taken as
a precedent; only three refer the
gentlemen to "papa"; a dozen
hide their faces in their hands, but
to counterbalance this excess of
modesty, eleven clasp their arms
round the gentlemen's necks; one
lady, aged forty five, struggles not
to be kissed, and one, a widow,
says, "Yes, but don't be a fool."

In the case of the "rejected ad-
dressés," out of fifty cases thirty
one gentlemen rush madly away;
seventeen swear that 'life is of no
value; fifteen clear lumps out of
their throats; and thirteen, more
practical than any, say they will
go home. Half a-dozen threaten
to commit suicide; and four say
they will go to sea; three tear

hlar—their own; one puts his hands
in his pockets; one pounds a stone
wall with his fist, and one careful
soul brushes the dust from the
knees of his trousers.

Of the ladies, fifty-one rise to
their feet; twenty-six promises to
be friends; two laugh in scornful
derision; one asks if his mother
knows; one promises to pray for
him; and one tells him he is acting
like a donkey.

Badgering a Witness.

The old practice of badgering
witnesses has almost disappeared
from many courts, but in a West-
ern Kansas town it is still kept up,
sometime, however, to the disad-
vantage of the cross examiner
Lawyer S. is well-known for his
uncomely habits. He cuts his
hair about four times a year, and
the rest of the time looks decided-
ly ragged about about the ears.
He was making a witness describe
a barn that figured in his last case.

"How long had this barn been
built?"

"Oh, I don't know. About a
year, mebby—about nine months,
p'r'aps."

"But just how long? Tell the
jury how long it has been built."

"Well, I don't know, exactly—
quite a while."

"Now, Mr. B., you pass for an
intelligent farmer, and yet you
can't tell how old this barn is, and
you have lived on the farm for 10
years. Can you tell how old your
own house is? Come—now tell us
how old your own house is if you
think you know."

Quick as lightning the old
farmer replied: "Ye want to
know how old my house is, do ye?
Well, its just about as old as you
be, and needs shinglin' about as
bad!"

In the roar that followed, the
witness stepped down and was
not called back.—Chicago Post.

Judge E. Rockwood Hoar, re-
marking on President Lincoln's
dry humor, says that on one occa-
sion a delegation of colored men had
awaited upon M. Lincoln, and
were evidently at a loss to know
just what to say. The president
waited awhile and then remarked:
"Well, all who are here seem to
be present." This self evident
proposition broke the ice and re-
moved the spell from the African
jaw.

In an article on "The Tragic
Side of Alpine Life," in one of the
current magazines, a famous
epitaph is quoted thus:

"Here perished the honored and virtu-
ous maiden,
G. V.
This tablet was erected by her only son."

WASHINGTON'S APRON.

It was Wrought by Mme. Lafay-
ette and Members of
Her Family.

Washington and Lafayette were
warm personal friends, as well as
brothers in arms and in the great
Masonic fraternity. On many a
hard fought field Lafayette proved
his friendship for Washington,
and as a testimonial of his brotherly
love for him he presented him
a satin embroidered Masonic
apron wrought by Mme. Lafayette
and members of her family. The
apron is still in existence and is
the property of Mount Nebo lodge,
No. 91, Shepherdstown, W. Va.

The apron is of white satin
fringed with black silk, with the
following emblems beautifully
wrought in gold and silver tissue:
At the top is the cable tow in fes-
toon, then the gavel, square and
compasses, and over these, also
forming compasses with their
stafis, the French and American
flags. Where the flagstuffs inter-
sect are the skull and the cross-
bones, with the pilgrim's sword,
and entwined among these is a
sprig of acacia. Now some of the
black silk fringe is missing, but
the satin and the embroidery are
well preserved.

The apron was often worn by
General Washington, and it re-
mained in the family as an heir-
loom until it was presented to
Mount Nebo lodge by Bro Thomas
Hammond, who married a Miss
Washington, and who was initiat-
ed into the lodge in 1815.

Betrayed by an Echo.

Perhaps the most interesting
echo, partly because of its history,
is that of the Cathedral of Gir-
genti, in Sicily, where the slightest
whisper is borne with perfect dis-
tinctness from the great western
door to the cornice behind the
high altar. The fact that a faint
whisper could thus be carried 250
feet was discovered accidentally
by a man who overheard the con-
fession of a fair sinner, the con-
fessional being just at the most
unfortunate place. The secret
was kept jealously guarded by the
discoverer and a few intimate
friends whom he confided it, while
escapes of the most private na-
ture become public property in
the most mysterious way. Finally
one listener had his curiosity
more than satisfied by hearing his
wife's confession to the priest; and
raised such a row that the secret
became known, and the location
of the confessional was changed
to a more secure part of the edifice.