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PROFESSIONAL.

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CHOTEAU, MONT.

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IRRIGATION AND LAND SURVEY-
ING A SPECIALTY. SATISFAC-
TION GUARANTEED.
CHOTEAU, MONTANA.

CHOTEAU LODGE No 34
A. F. & A. M.
Holds its regular communications on
the 1st and 3rd Saturdays of each month.
All visiting brethren cordially welcomed.
Dr. S. H. Drake, W. M.

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LAWYER,
HAS REMOVED TO
FORT BENTON, MONT.

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Office, and the Pension and other
Bureaus.
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Notary Public
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instruments drawn up.
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CHOTEAU, MONT.

G. C. GARRETT. **A. C. WARNER.**
GARRETT & WARNER,
CONVEYANCERS,
REAL ESTATE,
INSURANCE
CHOTEAU, MONT.

W. H. STCLAIR,
Barber & Hairdresser.
HOT AND COLD BATHS.
Main Street, opposite Chateau Hotel

THE BROWNE.

[Youth's Companion]

Once afar in the "land o' cakes,"
O rugged mountains and bright blue lakes,
There dwelt a frugal and simple pair,
Prosperous, thrifty, and full a care;
Early they slept and late they woke,
Honest and diligent farming folk;
Plenty of bairns they had, indeed,
Many to clothe and many to feed,
But love made labor a pleasant thing
To child and parent—and all went well
Till in the house hold, one luckless spring,
A mischievous Browne came to dwell.

Ah, he was a wicked sprite indeed!
He scared the cattle and stole their feed,
He fastened bars to the poor cow's tail,
He scattered sand in the milk-maid's pail,
He lamed her three-legged milking-stool,
And down she went in a creamy pool.
He led the moles to the planted seeds,
He spoiled the garden with worms and weeds.
He lured the sheep to the field of oats,
He tore with brambles their fleecy coats,
He told the birds of the cherry tree,—
A wicked Browne indeed was he!

He harassed kitchen as well as byre;
He quenched to coals of the house wife's fire,
He broke her distaff, and laughed at her,
He filled with burdocks the kitten's fur,
He burned the cakes and he scorched the
broom.

He scattered the ashes about the room,
He rusted the kettles, knives, and tins,
He lost the needles and stole the pins,
He soured the milk and spoiled the bread,
He sprinkled crumbs in the children's bed,
He plagued the goodman with aches and pains,
Rheumatic twinges and cruel sprains,
He took his mind from his prayers and creed,—
Ah, he was a wicked sprite indeed!

At last, when patience was worn to shreds,
A plan came into their worried heads,
To leave forever the fated farm
Where they had suffered such loss and harm,
To trick the browne, and steal away
And leave him lonesome, some pleasant day;
And so, though sorry and sore at heart,
They loaded wagon, and horse, and cart
With round-eyed children, and goods, and gear,
The goodwife grieving, with sob and tear
At leaving thus, for no sin or wrong,
The dear old home she had loved so long.

When all was ready to start away,
A passing neighbor,—'twas market-day,—
Called "Going, neighbor?" across the road;
Just then, atop of the highest load,
Peered a moment a small brown head—
"Aye, we're a'goin'!" the Browne said.
The couple looked in each other's eyes,
With terror, sorrow, and sore surprise,
And read there, plainer than words could say,
What is the use of runing away?
Little good will our movin' do
If this bad Browne is going too."
Then in silence did they unpack
Their household goods from the pony's back
And the heavy cart and the loaded wain,
And placed them back in the house again.

And the goodwife said, as she blew the coals,
"Ah, for our discontented souls,
Wherever we go, by land or sea,
There will our cares and trials be;
They haunt all houses, beyond a doubt,
We can't escape them by moving out.
Whenever we seek a new abode,
We take our Browne along o' the load!"
ELIZABETH AKERS.

The Editor's Duties

[From an Exchange.]

A newspaper man has no busi-
ness to seek office. It is his busi-
ness to try and get an office for the
other fellow; to sound the praise of
the candidate and keep quiet his
own feelings; to whoop her up for
his man, and let his man forget all
about him when he is elected; to
defend his candidate against the
unjust attacks of the opposition,
and see that whatever favors his
candidate has to bestow goes to

the other fellow.

It is his business to boom the
city for all it is worth, month af-
ter month, and then see \$1.00 worth
of printing go out of the city be-
cause ten cents can be saved in
doing so. It is the business of the
new-paper to give every enter-
prise a frequent "send off," and
then catch school because he had
failed to record the fact that some
prominent citizen had his delivery
wagon painted. To subscribe
liberally to every public charita-
ble and church entertainment, ad-
vertise them for nothing, pay his
own way to everything and then
be called prejudiced and mean-
spirited because a column is not
devoted to that particular affair.
Do you wonder that there are so
many cranks in the newspaper
business?

Women in Hotels.

Women in hotels have their
strong points and their weak ones.
They do not order drinks or eat
expensive meals.

They do not make a noise in the
corridors.

They do not clip the furniture
or spill ink on the carpet.

They do not throw burnt
matches on the carpet or cigar
ends in the wash basin.

They do "look well;" add to the
attractive appearance of the place;
attract respectable custom.

They do—sometimes—wash their
handkerchiefs at the washstand
and dust their shoes with towel
That's economy, the feminine vir-
tue or vice, as it may be.

They give the bellboys plenty
to do.

They get flowers, which men
never do.

One man can make more trouble
in a hotel than 10 women; or less
than one.

On the whole, hotel men are
glad to have them around, and al-
ways say, "come again."

The Burlington.

The bill which Commodore
Power, of Montana, got through
congress allowing a railroad the
right of way across the Crow res-
ervation will, he says, bring the
Burlington road into Montana.
The Big Horn & Southern will
connect with the Montana &
Wyoming and all will be under
the Burlington's control. Mr.
Power says every piece of needed
legislation to secure this end has
been passed and signed.

To be Read Either Way.

Shug and raw was I ere I saw
war and guns.

A Massive Ship of War.

The battle ship Indiana, launch-
ed at Cramp's shipyard, will be
the most massive ship of war ever
set afloat in the waters of this
continent, and she will take rank
without question among the stout-
est war vessels in the world. The
launch of such a craft is more than
a fleeting spectacle to thrill the
tens of thousands who may look
upon it—more than an occasion of
patriotic national interest made
memorable by the presence of the
nation's highest dignitaries. For
it marks the dawn of a new era in
the history of our naval establish-
ment, and one which will find
recognition as promptly among
foreign governments as at home.
—Philadelphia Record.

An Irrigation Pump.

The McIntyre Irrigation pump
was started yesterday afternoon
pumping out the Coffey-dam where
the Townsite company is erecting
its new power-house at Black
Eagle falls, and it is doing excel-
lent work says the Great Falls
Tribune. Quite a number of en-
gineers and practical mechanics
were present and all pronounced
it a decided success. The pump
consists of four hollow arms re-
volving on a single bearing and
there is but one valve in the en-
tire pump which is the foot valve
at the bottom of the suction pipe.
It is extremely simple, durable
and cheap of construction and does
all the inventor claims for it. An
electric motor is used for running
it, but any power can be used—
either horse, wind, steam or water,
making it especially adapted to
the use of the farmer, who, with
his team, can raise sufficient water
to irrigate 160 acres to a height of
from 25 to 28 feet, but with more
power will raise water to any
height. The inventor has sev-
eral improvements which, when
perfected, will increase its present
efficiency very materially. It is
certainly going to supply a long
felt want in the arid regions. The
pump will be running for the next
two weeks at the point named,
and will then be set on the river
bank near the wagon bridge to
demonstrate what can be done
with two horse-power.

The man who cheats the printer
Out of a single cent
Will never reach the golden shore
Where old Elijah went,
He will not gain admission there,
By devil's he'll be driven
And made to loaf his time away
Outside the walls of heaven.