

McLaughlin as a Jobber.

There is more joy in teaching a pilgrim who knows it all, than in imparting knowledge to one who appreciates his own ignorance.—Cowboy Philosopher.

This is the story of the last Indian uprising in Choteau county. It is a tale that is not recorded in the annals of the State Historical society, nevertheless true.

A decade ago a young man came out from the East to be bookkeeper for T. C. Power at Fort Benton. His name was Charles Holtenhoff; his manner self-confident. He knew his West. There was nothing that he could be taught of the ways of the cowboy and his kind. Theories he had in abundance. One was that the Montana Indian was a thing of the past.

It so happened that the Indians who usually roamed the region were away that summer holding a sun dance somewhere on People's creek and Holtenhoff took this fact as proof positive of his theory.

The boys at Benton never had read Kipling and never had heard of the manner in which Lord Benira Trigg was treated at a certain barracks in India, as faithfully recorded by the chronicler of Private Mulvaney's adventures. Nevertheless certain minds run in certain channels, whether their owners be soldiers in the Orient or cowboys in the new and westernmost Occident.

All the Indian trappings to be found in Benton were carefully and secretly gathered together under the direction of George McLaughlin, later sheriff and still later Indian agent.

Then one day McLaughlin invited Holtenhoff to go for a drive and Holtenhoff accepted. They drove away many miles from town. As the afternoon shadows lengthened their road led them through a depression in the rolling hills. Suddenly there burst from a coulee a band of painted savages who, with wild yells, rode down upon them.

"My God," shrieked McLaughlin, "Indians!" and leaping from the cart he fled in the direction of the yawning mouth of another convenient coulee. The savages fired several times in his direction, but did not give chase, confining their attention to the paralyzed Holtenhoff.

They surrounded him and dragged him from his seat to the ground. They stripped him of his clothes, removed his watch and all his valuables and staked him down on the bare and burning earth with picket pins. About him they gathered, their fiendish hearts delighted by his evidence of agony, more mental than physical. While one savage prepared a fire to be placed at the feet of the prostrate pilgrim, the leader and spokesman of the party stood over Holtenhoff and dramatically, although in broken English, addressed him.

"Are all the Indians gone from Montana?" he demanded.

"No, good heavens, no. There are plenty and to spare," groaned Holtenhoff, "if there are many more at home like you."

"There are many," said the chief.

Then Holtenhoff begged and pleaded for his life. Never did man beg more politely than he, but the only concession he could obtain was a promise not to burn him. The sneaking redskin—his skin, by the way, a trifle too red—who was testing Holtenhoff's scalp with the point of a scalping knife was ordered away. The party was gathered together and, taking the horse and cart and all of Holtenhoff's belongings, it rode off toward the Missouri river.

Holtenhoff's thankfulness that his life had been spared was shortlived. It gave place to speculation upon the slow and fearful death that awaited him. Insects crawled over his naked body until he almost shrieked in his pain.

Suddenly off in the distance was heard the shots of battle. Rifle report after rifle report rang out, the sound mingled with the yells of men fighting for their lives, and then all was still. Soon came McLaughlin, bearing back in triumph the horse and cart and all Holtenhoff's belongings. Also he bore a tale of having ambushed and defeated the entire party of Indians, killing six.

There crept into the mind of Holtenhoff an idea that perhaps he had been the victim of something beside an Indian outrage, but he said nothing, content that his sufferings were ended. That night the railway agent at Benton sold a ticket to Chicago and T. C. Power began to look for a new book keeper.—Anaconda Standard.

Mme. Perrichet's Blunder.

Among the ephemeral sensations of the French capital is an attempt at murder which was committed a day or two ago in a small house near Pere la Chaise, where for some time resided a couple named Perrichet. It seems that the master of the house had been drinking freely of late, each time returning home in an increasingly ugly frame of mind. On the occasion in question, after a particularly stormy scene with his wife, he retired to rest while she remained up and vowed vengeance.

He slept directly under a trap door, and in the loft above Mme. Perrichet rigged up a gallows with the intention of hanging her erring spouse. When she was convinced that he was asleep she opened the trap door and let one end of the rope down through the opening, fastening the other to a beam; then she descended to the bedroom and tied a noose around the man's neck and returned to the garret to pull him up. In the meantime he awoke and, being in a fairly sober frame of mind, he took in the situation. He disengaged the rope from his neck and tied it around a stove that stood in the room and lifted it on to the bed just as his wife from above began to pull with all her might.

Mme. Perrichet, fancying that she had her drunken husband at the end of the rope, tugged away until she had, as she thought, his body swinging in the void. She then made her end of the rope fast to a beam and, going to the window, shouted to her neighbors to come quick, that her "good man" had hanged himself. When, after a few moments, the neighbors and the police arrived they beheld a strange spectacle. The stove was dangling from the ceiling, while the supposed suicide was beating his wife in a corner of the bedroom. Mme. Perrichet was so severely mauled that she had to be taken to the hospital. Her husband was locked up.

ALTYN.

Every thing is a rush these days getting ready to start the concentrator; men cutting and hauling wood others getting the mill in shape, in fact every spare man in camp is at work and it makes the camp look as if there was something here.

There was a very narrow escape from drowning at the Cracker lake. Jackey Stewart was crossing in a small boat and when he was about 150 yds. from shore the boat filled with water and sank. The people on the shore saw the fix he was in and Joe Keating took off his clothes and swam to him with a plank. When he rescued him he had more water in him than Jackey says he wants again for some time.

T. L. Thompson, J. W. Burrows and W. E. Jeffery were visiting at Cardston this week and one look at the gentlemen when they came back was enough to tell you that they had a good time.

There was a very pleasant time at a card party on Tuesday evening at the Allyn Hotel. Our genial host and hostess are great entertainers and every one present had a royal good time and all are looking forward to the time when Sam may invite us again.

J. W. Burrows and T. L. Thompson leave in a few days for Choteau where they intend to start a meat market. Mr. Adlam will look after the business here while Mr. Thompson is at Choteau. Keep your eye on Thompson; he is going for more than a meat market.

A new kind of fish was caught in the Cracker lake last week. Joe Keating caught it and James Laherty helped to land it. It weighed 140 lbs and they call it a cousin Jack.

Mr. Boucher the deputy game warden is here and woe to the one he catches spearing a fish or killing any kind of game. He has both eyes open and the boys say there is no sport here.

Mr. George Adlam and family, Mrs. Hedges and family, and Miss Lilian Harris picnicked at the Blue lake last Sunday. They report a good time.

Sam Somes tried his luck once more at the fishing business but he says it is no use. He tramped all day, got wet, lost a \$15.00 diamond stud and got three fish that would not make a breakfast for a cat. It is all off with Sam now.

There was an elk grazing within one hundred yards of town the other day and he did not seem a bit afraid. Several of the boys made the remark that Boucher won't be here always.

SHELBY NEWS.

H. F. Guth returned from the trip he took west. He visited Spokane and intermediate points and says Jennings reminds him of old times, everything being wide open. While there he saw James Holmes a former resident of Shelby, also Martin and Ragsdale, formerly of Cut Bank.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Joiter of Rocky Ridge were in Saturday and transacted land business before J. M. Wilcox U. S. Commissioner.

Louie Lindquist is preparing to move his house to Virden.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Parrott are visiting in Great Falls.

Mrs. James Spurgeon from Culbertson is visiting her sister Mrs. Thos. Daly.

Maurice Carney has located a ranch six miles north of Shelby having sold out his former location to Potter and Miller.

Mrs. Wm Meade is recovering from her sickness and is now able to sit up.

J. M. Walker J. P. at Cut Bank is touring the west. He intends to take in all the towns along Puget Sound before returning.

Harry Hauser and Fred Buteau took a trip to Cut Bank Sunday.

Ed Cummings who has been in the employ of H. F. Guth for the past year resigned Saturday. He has accepted a position with the Neihart Mer. Co. Success to you Ed.

Chas. F. Moberly deputy sheriff returned Friday from Choteau where he had been to take James King and John Skiffington who stand charged with burglary, and in default of \$1,000 bail were committed to stand trial before the district court.

Jack McDowell had teams in for lumber Monday for the purpose of erecting a new store building. His rapidly increasing business makes more room necessary.

Sterling Cross is sojourning with us a few days.

Robert Grinling brought in a fine load of vegetables Thursday, and disposed of them in a few minutes for as soon as it was made known that fresh vegetables were in town there was a stampede for Bob's wagon.

Ray Gilbreath took a trip to Pondera Sunday.

We miss the familiar yelp of the kit foxes these evenings. Geo. Jacobson sent one pair to his brother in Minneapolis and Conductor Waghorn took the other pair to Great Falls. Now the gophers will have a chance, as it took at least half a dozen every day to feed the little fellows.

Dick Crockford went to Sweet Grass station Thursday to take Willis Nichols' place for a few days, as Willis has to appear in Helena on the 22nd to answer to a charge of selling whiskey to Indians.

H. F. Stoltenberg passed through town Monday with two teams loaded with lumber to fence a couple of claims at the Sweet Grass.

Jimmie Hallett is day mixologist at the palace during W. R. Crockford's absence.

Wm McGeorge took a flying trip to Lethbridge last week.

Mrs. Gains of Fifteen coulees brought in her baby last Saturday for medical treatment. The little one is suffering from stomach trouble, and this hot weather made its condition serious.

Hardy Clark came in last week to receive the Dr.'s cattle. He is going to run them during the coming winter.

A Canadian breed was bound over by Justice Price of Whitlash last week for killing a calf belonging to one of the settlers in that vicinity. On the arrival of the constable with the prisoner at Ft. Benton and after County Attorney Pray of Choteau Co. investigated the case he found it necessary to become acquainted with some of the other breeds of the same camp so he filed several more informations, and now the sheriff is looking for them.

The school-house is receiving a coat of paint. Chas. Rawson and Will Clark are wielding the brushes, and have improved its appearance considerably both inside and out.

C. B. Toole of Round Grove came up from the Falls Friday. Chas. Moberly met him at the train and took him out to his ranch.

Abe Wallenstein's familiar face was seen on the streets Sunday. Each time Abe visits us a fresh consignment of Queen Mary and Chancellor cigars is received by our merchants.

CHOTEAU.

Chas. Klockler arrived from Kalispell last Friday, and accepted a position with the Choteau Mercantile Company. Charley has been away from Choteau about one year and returns with the intention of making this his permanent home. Mrs. Klockler will follow him in a few days.

John A. Kennedy is visiting with his family.

Mrs. O. G. Cooper and daughter Fannie are visiting at Dupuyer this week.

George Monroe of Pondera transacted business in Choteau first of the week.

Geo. F. Miller and family of Bellevue were shopping in Choteau Monday.

Martin Munson who was injured in a run away last week has been taken to the Falls and placed in a hospital for treatment. His injuries are more serious than were at first supposed and he will probably be laid up for some time.

Sheriff Taylor and Attorney Bair went north last Sunday to be gone for a week or more.

A team belonging to W. W. Gamble made things pretty lively on Main street for a while last Monday. Mr. Gamble was in the wagon driving when the horses became unmanageable. Mr. Gamble was thrown from the wagon but was uninjured and the horses after running about a mile were caught.

Kenneth McLean of Augusta visited in Choteau Sunday.

Jos. Hirschberg & Co. are building a large ware house near their store.

B. M. Richardson of Collins was transacting business in the county seat Friday.

The county jail has been repainted and thoroughly renovated. "Shorty" Russell did the work.

County Treasurer Gordon is having the Dunlap property repainted, and Under Sheriff Acton will occupy it after Sept. 1st.

The Helena Record man was in town Wednesday hustling subscriptions for the paper.

Senator Mitchell and A. J. Cowell have bought a large tract of land on the Teton just northwest of town and are now at work fencing and improving the same. These gentlemen expect to engage in the cattle business on an extensive scale. Mr. Cowell expects to dispose of his sheep and will no longer live on the fat of the lamb.

"Through the months of June and July our baby was teething and took a running off of the bowels and sickness of the stomach," says O. P. M. Holiday, of Deming, Ind. "His bowels would move from five to eight times a day. I had a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in the house and gave him four drops in a teaspoonful of water and he got better at once." Sold by Thos. B. Magee.

A Minister's Good Work.

"I had a severe attack of bilious colic, got a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, took two doses and was entirely cured," says Rev. A. A. Power, of Emporia, Kan. "My neighbor across the street was sick for over a week, had two or three bottles of medicine from the doctor. He used them for three or four days without relief, then called in another doctor who treated him for some days and gave him no relief, so discharged him. I went over to see him the next morning. He said his bowels were in a terrible fix, that they had been running off so long that it was almost bloody flux. I asked him if he had tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and he said, 'No.' I went home and brought him my bottle and gave him one dose; told him to take another dose in fifteen or twenty minutes if he did not find relief, but he took no more and was entirely cured." For sale by Thos. B. Magee.

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