

In the Early Days When Butte Was Young.



ANCIENT HISTORY OF BUTTE

An Interesting Tale of the Early Days in the Great Mining Camp.

Delving into the history of the past has a fascination for the majority of the people and there is no city whose past is more interesting than Butte's, the Copper Queen of the world. The mines, past, present and future, have been made familiar by constant repetition and so have the thrilling "gun plays" and daring feats of the pioneers of early days who are now staid men of families and are high up in the social scale.

The every day life of Butte in those days is seldom spoken of; only when some pioneer will give free rein to speech and talk, not for publication, but for the enlightenment of the tenderfoot. They are so little removed from the days of luxury and ease, those days of the 16-foot square log cabin, by the lapse of years, that it seems almost impossible that Butte should have grown to the city it is today in such a brief span of time.

Mrs. Elizabeth Frakes still lives in the comfortable little frame house at No. 15 South Idaho, which was built for her some twenty-seven years ago, and which is now overshadowed by the High school building. When it was built it was considered a pretty pretentious affair. It is a two story, plastered and convenient having in all the essentials kept pace with the march of civilization.

The beautiful flower gardens are, however, but a memory of the past although there is a brave showing of long, green grass and some rose bushes and other hardy plants. Mrs. Frakes is an active member of Lincoln Relief corps and the Associated Charities and several secret orders.

"Did we have any social life in early days," she responded yesterday in answer to a reporter's question. "Indeed we did, far more than now it seems to me. In proportion to the size of the town. There was general sociability and a feeling of god fellowship which is sadly missing now-a-days. The millionaires of today were the same as the rest of us striving to make a living. Surprise parties and dances were of every night occurrence.

"We had all kinds of entertainments, too, traveling companies used to make regular trips here and they were good companies too. A good deal better than many that come here now to play. Our opera house was hardly as good as the one now building, nor even as imposing as the Grand. It was a log building just where the Owsley block is now; underneath on the ground floor was a stable, and upstairs was the ball for theatres and dancing.

"I lived right here then, and right across on the opposite corner W. A. Clark lived in a little frame house with an ell, and right across from him in a little red house lived Clark's sister and

her husband, the Sebasca's. Just a little way from them lived Judge Wilcox and his family in a log house. The Evans family lived on West Granite, the Evans girls have all married well known men; J. Ross Clark, Shields, Marcus Daly, and Joe Lewis. The old timers seem to have all forged ahead.

"Right next to me where the High school building is was a row of little log cabins and all the rest around was a wilderness with no houses. Talk about Butte having no trees; the town was embowered with them. On the hill, about where Murray's bank is was a fine group of trees. On warm afternoons when we had our work all done we women would take our sewing and go up there and sew and rest and have a good time until we had to go back to town to get dinner for our families.

"And water; my but we did have good water; wells with the loveliest spring water, but the mines drained them all. Then there were some springs, water ice cold even on the warmest days and all fringed around with the prettiest ferns and grasses. The flowers, why we had some of the prettiest flower gardens

you ever saw. All the old favorites and we used to send east for all the novelties. We had the seed catalogues come regularly and we used to pick out everything that looked pretty and send for it, and often it was some old favorite under a brand new name—like some of the old timers of the west.

"I remember when they built the first high school building, and how grand we thought it was. They gave a big dance when they opened it to pay for it. I know they started in the dance in the evening and they kept it up all the next day and then the next evening. My husband and the men folks all danced all night, then went to work and then after work went to the dance again. The school house was right where the library building now stands.

"The old stage road ran right past here, next to my fence. Came from Ogden, Utah, six horse teams right by the house to the last. No, I didn't come to Montana by stage coach, I came in a wagon, forty of them in a long line, and I never had such a good time in my life, barring the fear of Indians. They used to have forts 18 to 20 miles apart, where the

driver changed horses and which he could generally reach in case of an attack by Indians, they were such a short distance apart. We stayed in Fort Shaw in Wyoming one day as the Indians had just attacked a party and stamped their horses. We had over 100 fine horses.

"We went first to Virginia City and lived like the rest in log cabins at first. Pat Largy was in the hardware business there, and Henry Elling ran the bank. E. W. Patton and Lambert also had a store there. Things were very high. We paid \$50 for a No. 7 cook stove. My husband did not want me to bring our dishes but I quietly packed them up and when he found that common stone china plates were \$1 each he was more than glad I did. I was quite swell for I had a rag carpet and chairs and some pictures and table linen. This is one of the chairs. This is nearly a hundred years old. It used to belong to my grandmother.

"When the narrow gauge railroad came in from Ogden we had a great time, public and private rejoicings. Such little jerk-water cars. We used to call them the pepper boxes.

HOW THE CITY HAS CHANGED

The Lapse of Years Has Erased Many Old Familiar Landmarks.

I went east soon after they came in to Butte. Went down to what was called the junction, Dillon. No sleepers and diners, no such luxuries. The women just made up beds on the seats and piled in and the men made up beds on the floor, in the aisles or any old place. And for eating we all took lunches or went hungry. Honestly the train was so slow that we used to get out and run along by it for exercise.

"Coming back I had a big time with a crowd who had their private car, the Rices, and they were just taking out the first two big engines for the Union Pacific. I met the Rices east and they invited me to go in their special car with them and I did. So it was easy until I struck Montana again.

"It does seem strange, the changes here. Mike Connell was a clerk and then he started a store room, right back of where Hight & Fairfield's is now. Soon he had Dan Hennessy and Mr. Courtney for clerks. Now look at Connell's big store and Dan Hennessy's big store. I used to trade there and they were fine people to trade with. Looking back it seems as if nearly all the old timers were pretty fine people.

"No, we didn't know anything about copper then; Butte was a silver camp and we thought when silver dropped that the bottom of Butte would drop right out at the same time. Yet look at it today. I'm like many others—if I had known all about it I would have held on to more real estate and other things and been a millionaire with the rest of them.

WHY POSTMASTERS ARE OFTEN GLAD TO RESIGN

It seems odd that government office-holders will resign places paying \$1,000 and over, but they do, and there is always a lively scramble for these places. The men with their representatives, recommendations usually get them. The fact that 47 presidential postmasters resigned last year adds proof to the exception to the adage quoted. There were 45 deaths in the army of 4,233 of the president's appointees.

The reason for giving up these well-paying berths are also diverse. Business men who have been appointed postmasters find that the duties and responsibilities of a postoffice required too much of their time, and as the department demands that a postmaster shall devote his attention to the duties of his office, the good old plan of past days of allowing an assistant to run things while the postmaster remained in his business house, drew the pay and enjoyed the honor no longer works. Postmasters who try to thus carry water on both shoulders are promptly called down, admonished to attend to the affairs of the office, and if they do not, they are removed. Many resign to avoid removal.—Washington Star.

COPPER MINING PLANS.

Consolidation of Three Lake Properties Discussed.

Houghton, Mich., Special to New York Sun, June 19: It is the general impression which seems to rest upon good grounds, that the Baltic, Trimountain and Champion mines will be consolidated under the so-called Standard Oil management, which is in control of the Arcadian, Isle Royale and Trimountain mines, among Lake Superior properties, in addition to controlling the Amalgamated Copper company, which is heavily interested in the leading Montana copper mines. Such a consolidation probably would make one of the greatest mines of the world within the net few years.

All three mines are opened on the Baltic amygdaloid, which improves in richness toward the south, so far as opened. The lode is of phenomenal width. The Baltic was the first mine opened on the amygdaloid, whence the name of the lode. The Baltic was opened in 1897 and became a producer to a limited extent in 1898. It has been making an average of better than 125 tons of mineral a month, with the use of two stamps at the At-

lantic Mill, but for the past ten days has been turning out seven to eight tons daily, or at the rate of better than 175 tons a month. The rock is yielding about 22 pounds of ingot a ton of material stamped, which is under the average of the Wolverine and Quincy, but above the Osceola, Franklin, Atlantic and Isle Royale. The great width of the Baltic lode renders rock of such quality extremely profitable, and there is little question that the Trimountain will average better than the Baltic, while it is highly probable that the Champion, still south of the Trimountain, will do better.

The consolidated property would have a longer stretch of paying lode than is now owned by any Lake Superior mine, and owing to the sharp pitch of the lode, which descends into the earth at an angle of 69 to 73 degrees, and also taking into consideration the great width of the lode, it is probable that the properties named carry at least twice as much copper per acre as the Calumet and Hecla. This is not to be construed as meaning that these properties are twice as good as the Calumet and Hecla, but is a statement of fact regarding their remarkable copper resources.

Error in the Lord's Prayer.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale tells how a curious error crept into the translation of the Lord's prayer into the Delaware Indian tongue. The English translator had as an assistant an Indian who knew English. "What is 'hallow in Delaware," asked the translator. The Indian thought he said "halloo," and gave him the equivalent. Therefore the Delaware version of the Lord's prayer reads to this day: "Our Father, Who are in Heaven, halloo be Thy name!"

Liquid Air Blasting.

In the new Simeon tunnel experiments have been made with liquid air for blasting purposes. The cartridges consisted of wrappers filled with paraffin and charcoal soaked with liquid air. When placed in the shot holes they were detonated with gun cotton primers. The use of these cartridges was discontinued because they had to be fired within a few minutes after being taken out of the liquid, else their power was gone. But the problem of adapting liquid air to blasting is still being studied in Germany.

A pretty gown is of gray taffeta, the skirt and bodice made of alternate tucks and strappings of cloth. There is a girde of turquoise blue silk and the hat is trimmed with pink and a soft blue silk.



Nervous Exhaustion

"Two years ago this summer I was in a miserable condition as the result of hard work. I was completely run down, pale and losing flesh, and so nervous that I could not sleep or even get rest. It was dreadful to go to bed at night all worn out and his awake for hours with nervousness. If I did fall asleep it was to wake up in the morning as tired as when I went to bed. My head troubled me a great deal, too, both with pain and dizziness. If I stooped over at any time I would be so dizzy I could hardly see or keep from falling down. I was troubled somewhat with indigestion at the time, but the nervousness was the greater trouble. If I became a little excited my hands would shake so I could hardly hold anything in them. I employed our best physicians, but not one of them did me any permanent good. I had, of course, read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, but had never taken any of them till Mr. Robert Van Kuren, of Jordan, recommended them to me so strongly, from his own experience with them, that I got some and before the first box was used up I began to feel that they were doing me good. I kept on taking them according to directions and got from them the only real, permanent benefit I have had from any remedy. It did seem so good to get a night's sleep and to be refreshed by it. I am a firm believer in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and I do, and shall, recommend them to my friends. I generally keep a box in the house to take in case I feel a little run down." ELLER PARCE, 1 Spruce St., Binghamton, N. Y. June 26, 1900.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

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