

DAILY INTER MOUNTAIN

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TUESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1901.

THE COURT SCANDAL.

Regardless of the outcome of any pending litigation between mining companies, the people of Butte intend insisting on a prompt and complete investigation of the charges made respecting the recent conduct of Judge Harney and his tardy denial of the same and counter charges.

It may be of interest to know that Governor Hunt was a resident of Butte until a few years ago. He was employed as a clerk by a local dry goods firm, but tiring of confinement in a store went to Idaho where chance threw him into politics and the people elected him governor.

THE MINING CONGRESS OF BUTTE.

Respecting the decision of the National Mining Congress to hold its next annual meeting in Butte and which formed the subject of discussion last night in the Butte Business Men's Association, we submit the following from the Salt Lake Mining Review to show what the delegates will expect and what a reputation Butte has in the mining world for wonderful mines and generous hospitality.

The next annual session of the International Mining Congress will be held in the great mining camp of Butte, Montana. The selection of Butte as the next camping ground of the Congress meets with the hearty approval of a large majority of those interested in mining and of those who wish to more fully post themselves in all its branches.

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COPPER AND THE TARIFF.

The Anaconda Standard indulges in reminiscence this morning because the Inter Mountain yesterday expressed regret that the state of Montana whose prosperity depends largely upon the tariff protection of its industries should have cast its vote last fall for a party wedded to free trade or a tariff for revenue which is almost the same thing.

COPPER PRICES AND POLITICS.

We have no memory of a wool campaign in Silver Bow county last autumn. Good figures for copper account for Butte's splendid industrial conditions. Did McKinleyism put up the price of copper? Not a bit of it. Has copper ever had a lobby at Washington craving republican favors in the tariff schedule? Never. Copper is high because the so-called copper combine put up its price to a reasonable market figure and keeps it there.

It was never claimed by a republican in this state that McKinley or the protective tariff put up the price of copper. It is a fact, however, that the industries which consume copper have been made permanently prosperous by the republican policy. These industries under free trade were so depressed that the demand for raw material, copper included, was very limited and prices were low. The Standard may possibly recollect the copper quotations under the Wilson law. It may recollect how the people of Butte felt during the democratic panic of 1893, when miners in this district were glad to get work on the B. A. & P. railroad new building. It may recollect the talk about the imminence of a shutdown by the Parrot and Boston & Montana and even the Anaconda smelters or the alternative of reducing wages. Surely the Standard recalls that gloomy period in the history of Butte and that of its own town. It is a fact doubtless that the copper combine helps maintain prices at their present high level, but no combine could keep up prices were it not for the prosperous condition of the manufacturing industries which owe their splendid growth to the republican system of protection. So well does the Standard know this that it has not printed a free trade article for years and has allowed even the wool season to pass without making a single demand for a free wool schedule.

CORCORAN'S PARDON.

In answer to the storm of protests against the action of Governor Hunt of Idaho in voting for the liberation of Paul Corcoran, the Coeur d'Alene agitator convicted of murder, that official has found it necessary to issue the following statement: "This is the first case acted upon by the board of pardons where its decision

SOME VIVID DREAMS.

IN "The Story of My Life," by Augustus J. C. Hare, are told the following dream stories. When staying at Ravensworth castle in November, 1876, General Stanhope, talking of dreams, said: "Lady Andover, who was the daughter of Lord Leicester, was with her husband at Holkham, and when one day all the other men were going out shooting she piteously implored him not to go, saying that she had dreamed vividly he would be shot if he went out. She was so terribly eager about it that he acceded to her wishes and remained with her in the painting-room—she painted beautifully in oils, and was copying a picture of 'The Misers' which was by Holkham. But the afternoon was excessively beautiful, and Lady Andover's strong impression, which had been so vivid in the morning, then seemed to wear off, till the last she said: 'Well, really, perhaps I have been selfish in keeping you from what you like so much because of my own impressions; so now, if you care about going out, don't let me keep you in any longer.' And he said: 'Well, if you don't mind, I should certainly like to go,' and he went.

While in Rome in 1870 Mr. Hare heard the following dream story: Lady Vernon dreamed that she saw the duke of Devonshire, with a knife in one hand and a candle in the other, crossing the entrance hall, and she awoke with a great start. After awhile she composed herself to sleep again and she dreamed—she dreamed that she saw the duke, with a knife in one hand and a candle in the other, standing at her bedroom door, and she awoke in a great terror, and she jumped out of bed, and she said: 'I'll have an end of this; I'll have an end of these foolish imaginations.' And she rushed to the door, and she threw the door wide open. And there at the door stood the duke, with a knife in one hand and a candle in the other. And when he suddenly saw Lady Vernon in her white nightdress, with her hair streaming down her back, he was so dreadfully frightened that he dropped the candle on the floor and rushed off down the staircase and off to the stables, where there was a horse ready saddled and bridled, on which he meant to have ridden away when he had murdered Lady Vernon. And he rode away without ever having murdered her at all, and he was never, never heard of again.

Lord Denbigh sent the following story to Mr. Hare of a supernatural vision which he had heard from Henry Malet in 1868: In the winter of 1844-5 Malet was in Paris and saw a good deal of Palgrave Simpson, the dramatist and author. One day he expressed himself a believer in clairvoyant phenomena. A few weeks afterward Malet received an offer to return to London and hold himself in readiness to embark for Malta before his departure for Malta he received a note from Simpson inclosing an antique ring. The note said: 'Do not laugh at me, but while you are in the Crimea wear the inclosed ring. It was given to me by the last representative of an old Hungarian family on her deathbed. In her family it was an heirloom and considered most excellent talisman to preserve the wearer from any external harm.' Malet slipped the ring on his finger without attaching any great importance to the matter, about the middle of the month of Portsmouth. We will let him tell the remainder of the story: 'We touched at Gibraltar, but it was not till our arrival at Malta that I heard of the ring. They found a letter from my mother, dated from Frankfort on the very day of our sailing from England. It said: 'I have been quite broken-hearted about you and comfort any where, but now all is changed, for a most extraordinary reason. This morning as I lay in bed in broad daylight, and after my maid had brought my hot water, just as I was about to get into my nightgown, a young lady, very fair, and dressed in gray silk, drew aside the curtain of my bed, and leaning over me, said: 'Do not be unhappy about your son; no harm shall happen to him.' 'I am quite certain I have had a vision, yet it seemed as if I were awake; certainly I was so the moment before this happened. The whole thing is as distinct as possible, and as unlike the effect of imagination. Of course I cannot account for it, but it has made me quite happy, and I know you will come back safe.' 'On receipt of this letter I without me of the ring and begged my mother to refer to me minutely the appearance of the mysterious visitor. My mother said it was a young woman about 27 years of age, rather pale, with very straight features, large gray eyes and an abundance of hair, worn in rather old-fashioned manner. The sleeves of the gray silk dress were what we call 'bishop sleeves.' I sent copies of my mother's letter to Palgrave Simpson, and he answered me the next day, saying, 'I am in the minutest particular, the counterpart of the lady who, on her deathbed, had given him the ring, some 16 or 17 years before. It is to be observed that no communication whatever passed between me and my mother between the receipt of the ring and my arrival at Malta, and I will swear that I told no one the story.'

OLD PETE, FAMOUS RHINOCEROS. After six months of hard work David McCadden, a zoologist and an Academic of Natural Science, has finished the mounting of the skin of "Old Pete," the enormous Indian rhinoceros who lived in the zoological gardens January 3 of this year. The completion of this work gives that institution the only stuffed specimen of this animal in the United States, and the largest one in the world. When alive it weighed nearly 7,000 pounds; it was covered with his skin, which is now in the academy, weighs only 1,500 pounds. The preparation of the hide was the most difficult work the taxidermist had to do. It was originally from one to three inches thick and required one month to pare it down and tan it so it could be put on the frame. While this was being done five men were required to handle each of the three sections of hide. The frame manikin, which holds the skin, is covered with lath, over which is distributed 600 pounds of prepared clay. This was put on exactly as plaster is put on the walls and ceiling of a room. Then the prepared hide was carefully placed over the counterfeited body of the rhinoceros, the taxidermist following closely the many folds of the skin as they hung on the animal during its lifetime. "Old Pete" was one of two of his species which were taken to London in 1826. At that time he was fully grown, and T. E. Manley, the keeper at the zoo who has been his constant attendant for more than 21 years, said recently that he believed the animal was 70 years old when it died. The other rhinoceros that was captured with "Pete" is still in the London zoological gardens.—Philadelphia Press.

CONSOLING.

It was a still and sultry southern night, sound traveled far, so when Lucy (the dusky deity of our kitchen) paused at the gate to take leave of her escort, near us came all too plainly to the unwilling recipient indoors. Everything necessary and possible having been said in the way of good night, Lincoln Washington Jones still lingered. After a silence, his voice, fraught with solicitude, inquired: 'What for you sigh, Miss Lucy?' 'No reply. 'Now be hit sumpen mighty heavy trouble'n you, Miss Lucy, mek you sigh so deep.' 'Hit jes' dis-a-way: sometimes I git to study'n, an' I 'bout mek up my min' dat dey to take leave of me 'tall.' 'Oh, yes dey do, Miss Lucy' (positively). 'No, dey ain't nobody but me,' (mournfully). 'Yes, dey is too, Miss Lucy. I know one dat shu' lubs you, anyhow,' (tenderly). 'Who dat?' (expectantly, yet coy). 'Jesus lub you, Miss Lucy.'—Dorothy Whiteside in Anecdotes.

HE TOOK IT FOR A PICNIC.

A young Cleveland woman, who teaches a Sunday school class, told her small flock several Sundays ago about the long journey of the children of Israel on their way to the promised land. She described the march of the columns through the wilderness and told how the priests were behind the vanguard bearing their sacred burdens. Last Sunday she thought she would disclose how much of this lesson the little extras remembered. To her chagrin the first boy she asked remembered nothing about it. 'Come now,' she said, 'some of you surely remember what the priests carried when they marched through the wilderness.' But no one remembered until she reached little Halley. 'Now, Halley,' she said, 'you know what they carried, don't you?' Halley nodded. 'They carried the lurch,' he said, with a look of triumph at his stupid classmates.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

AUSTRALIAN NICKNAMES.

Australians have some queer nicknames for different states and for one another. The Queenslanders are dubbed "bananalanders," western Australians, now abbreviated into Westralians, are known as "sand-groppers," or "groppers." The Westralians class the whole of the other states in one group and call them "other side," and the inhabitants "other siders." Tasmania, so much like England in climate and other characteristics, is usually regarded as a little behind the times, and referred to as "the land of sleep a lot," and so on. Tasmanians are called Tassies, also "jam-jams," jam being one of the chief productions of the "light little island." Tasmania, however, has lately added point to these satures by issuing a huge postage stamp series, which, as one humorist says, "takes one man to hold and another to lick."—Washington Times.

PHRASEOLOGICALLY CORRECT.

A young fellow who was looking for a clerkship was recently recommended to a city merchant by a Glasgow gentleman. When the two friends met some time thereafter the Glasgow man ventured to hope that his recommendation had been productive of good results. 'The contrary,' replied the merchant. 'You astonish me,' said his friend, 'I thought he would suit you exactly. He was so full of go.' 'And he has gone off with a thousand pounds of my money.' 'Is it possible? And I thought he was the very man you were looking for.' 'Deep enough.' 'You are right there. He is the very man I am looking for.'—Youth's Companion.

ANOTHER ECHO OF THE SEASIDE.

'I never saw a man so mad in all my life as Myrtle Higier was last night.' 'What was the trouble?' 'She had a new bathing suit that she has specially laundered, you know, and was walking on the pier, when she made a misstep—and fell in.' 'Was the water deep?' 'Deep enough.' 'Deep enough for what?' 'Why, to ruin her suit forever.'—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

CHRONIC DYSPESPIA.

Finding undigested food in the stomach of a Siberian mammoth that had been dead 50,000 years breaks the record for chronic dyspepsia.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

SOME MAXIMS OF OBENDAGA.

OBENDAGA has 55 wives. As he sat in the shade of a coya in the African village yesterday, he kicked at the shadow of a slave, spat on the bayuse of a beneger, and nodded solemnly that he had spouses two store and fifteen. Bamgootula, the priest, interpreted into French from Senegalese of the twenty-ninth dialect. At times Obendaga wearied of thinking, and Bamgootula took up the task and thought as well as talked for the great chief of the savages. At such time Obendaga spat and snored and twice took snuff of plug tobacco that had been chewed into quids by the wives, dried in the sunshine and powdered by groyula stones in the moonlight. Obendaga marries with a nod. He ducks his head and grunts twice and the ceremony is as binding in Senegal as if it were held in a grand cathedral with a parade up the main aisle to the altar while "Lohengrin's" march poured forth. In the marriage line Obendaga has ducked about 280 times, according to the records, and surviving spouses. By the banyada count of bamboo rows he has been a widower 231 times and is a husband to 55 more women now living as his wives. How many more Obendaga won with a nod in the days of youth, history tells not, and the banyada count has left no bamboo row to relate. 'What is bygone the burial claims,' says Obendaga. 'A bygone wife is better dead; life is spent, her days are over.' Bamgootula here heeded a few words of French, and cautiously led the great chief to speak of domestic matters. The utterances of Obendaga are the words of a seer. Bamgootula, with profuse obeisance, explained that the great and good and wise and sublime Obendaga would condescend to speak of 'Memories of my wives, and how to pick them.

'When a woman smiles and keeps her teeth shut, marry her for a columbia who can bite when she laughs. 'The wife who scratches her left side with her left hand and scratches with both hands; shun her. 'When a woman weeps part her once; if she still weeps, beat her twice. 'If you do not like a woman's ear, cut it off; she will hear no less and may look more beautiful. 'Despise not all women but, see cocoon trees; in every forest must be some cocoon tree. 'If a yellow woman is like muddy water, fit only for cooking. 'Why kiss? It is like patting a sugar tree. 'When you want a woman, take her if you can; if you cannot, make her feel her loss. 'Be condescending always to a wife; she likes it. Cocoon trees grow simply to fall and lie around the foot of a tree. A man with many wives is a cocoon tree with much fallen fruit. 'A woman fights with glances, a man with spears. Some glances are sharper than some spears. 'If there is trouble in your huts shut the women; women must live together a week before they fight. 'Some wives nurse grievances like children, and love them full as well; see that such wives have a family of grievances. 'One of my best wives hated me when I married her and loved me when I told her to die. 'The wife is as if the clock always marked high noon; there are other hours on the clock. 'One wife is like one meal every day, and that one meal always boyada, the same food; the stomach will not stand it. 'If a wife sneezes at you, take snuff and sneeze thrice at her; then spit. 'When a wife cuts your gums while she picks your teeth with her lopps, make no sound, make no wince or sign of feeling; later, see if she can do likewise under pain. 'Some women must be won in the sun, others in the shade. Judge them by their eyes, not by their skin, as some burn quicker in the shade than others in the sun. 'Slap some, pinch others, never pat them unless to save a word. 'Talk little to women; listen much. They talk for many and listen for few. 'Better to have a woman fear you than to think she can wave a dog to a lover behind your back. A woman admires a lion that will eat her more than a monkey that will chatter for her peanuts.

'The wink is not known in Senegal; we do not blink at the sun or at each other. What we see, we see. What is, we see. What is not, other countries can wink at. 'Fifty-five wives are like a long journey. When the traveler wears he can rest by the wayside in the moonlight. 'Do not worry over what a woman means. A dog follows you whether you understand his bark. He winks to the moon. A woman often means even less than the moon. 'I bring three wives here; I leave behind 52 for what you call modesty, modesty is funny; it means clothes, blouses and less wives known to others. 'Always have an odd number of wives; that is true already in this country, save when they punish for an even number; men are in prison for two wives, but not for three. Bigamy is even numbered, polygamy is odd numbered. One is an odd number. 'The less clothes a wife wears the more she has to lose in her head if she would keep it far more. Clothes are foolish; tattooing is far more ornamental and does not chafe. Tattoos are like monkeys' tails, good only for hanging. 'What is art. I never saw it before I came here. In Senegal, art, as I see it in this country, would be for a monkey to hang by its tail in a cocoon tree and make all tribes believe it was a man in high suspense. 'Wives are useful, particularly if you smoke. Let their teeth be good; it means better snuff. 'Children? They are incidents. Great men deal only with events. 'Marry much. Do not take it seriously. Often bad wives make good widows. It is hard to be a widower of a good wife. No man ever was the widower of a good widow. 'All that Americans need to teach the real stage of life where others will do all

NEWBRO Three-Day Sale Back and Side COMBS Tortoise, Celluloid, Some Jeweled Choice 10 Cents Prices were 35 to 75 Cents Each NEWBRO

A RELIC OF THE PAST. A Darlington lady, upon engaging a new cook, was very careful to impress upon her that no followers were allowed at that establishment, and added that the last cook had been discharged through breaking that rule. Shortly afterward, suspecting that all was not right in the culinary department, she paid a surprise visit to the kitchen, and, upon making a tour of inspection, was astounded to find a fine specimen of the genus Atkins standing bolt upright in the cupboard. 'Bridget, what is this man doing here?' she asked. 'Faix, ma'am, he must have left there by your last cook,' said Bridget.—London Answers.

CUT GLASS In Our Window We Show— 10 styles of water tumblers from \$3.00 to \$35.00 per dozen. 8 styles of whisky tumblers from \$5.00 to \$27.00 per dozen. 5 styles of champagne tumblers from \$5.50 to \$30.00 per dozen. 3 styles of claret glasses from \$2.00 to \$27.00 per dozen. 2 styles of wine glasses from \$3.00 to \$25.00 per dozen. 3 styles of sherry glasses from \$3.00 to \$32.00 per dozen. 4 styles of saucer champagnes from \$15.00 to \$50.00 per dozen. 2 styles of saucer champagnes with hollow stems, from \$10.00 to \$23.00 per dozen. 3 styles of sherbet glasses from \$13.00 to \$25.00 per dozen. 1 style of goblets \$38.00 per dozen. Hight & Fairfield

A Good Line to Tie to ELLIS Paint Co. 17 E. Quartz Wall Paper Paints Window Glass Estimates Given

Royal Bonn Royal Habsburg Mettlach, Bisque and Cameo Ware. The first shipment received, of the purchases made by Mr. Christie while abroad this summer—and embraces a varied assortment in the above lines—many beautiful little pieces at prices suitable for prizes, etc., as well as the elaborate and more costly sets. LEYS Jeweler and Optician. (W.S.L.E.)