

NAMES CUT A FIGURE

COWBOY RELATES HIS TROUBLES TO A PARTY OF FRIENDS.

HE FOUND "SCIENTIFIC PETE"

Their Titles on the Ranges Brought Them Together and a Review of Good Old Times Followed.

"Nothing in a name? Well, just set me down as saying there are several points in it that I am trying to figure out," said a man who bore all the evidences of being a cowboy at the Finlen this morning as he pulled his broad brimmed hat down over his bloodshot eyes and pushed a little further down in his chair. "I am not talking to any lead," continued the speaker. "Nobody has given me any poetical hunch or anything of that sort. I am just thinking and telling you what I think as I go along," he observed to those who drew near him as he spoke.

"I have lived on the ranges for twenty years," was the story that ran on without prompting or invitation. "And this morning I am here to write it down that there is something in cowboy names. You know the boys out on the ranges generally have nicknames by which they are known wherever they travel, at least as long as they travel among the punchers. I came here when railroads were young in the state and I was pretty young myself. I might say in passing, I came out from the east with a chum of mine and glory was not long in finding us out. A little experience with an animal found me starting up fame's ladder in the woolly west as Will Cat Bobb. My chum was rather a methodical sort of a fellow and the boys on the ranges were soon calling him as Scientific Pete. Our names as they were written down in the old family Bible at home were lost sight of among the herd rounders and we dropped into line with the new titles about as easily as a new recruit learns to keep step in a military company. We even got so we addressed each other by the nicknames that had been given us."

"Well, about ten years ago my chum came here to Butte on a vacation, got stuck on the city life and never came back to the herds and the cowboys. Events whirled rapidly along, the country became more settled, the glory and the picturesque of the cowboy departed somewhat and during all these years of speedy changes I had never seen my old chum. About a month ago I decided to come to Butte and look him up. I was a little in doubt about how I might stack up trotting over sidewalks and steering over pavements, but I wanted to see my old friend and so I came to Butte. I did not know just where Scientific Pete, as I am still wont to call him, could be found, so when I got here I looked up a good boarding house and prepared to search for my old friend. During the first day I did not find him and in the evening I went home to get dinner, I believe they call it here—a little discouraging."

"Say, when I went in to sit down to the table I was introduced to all the people around the board and it was 'mister' from the word go. I even had to think up by old earthen name so that I could be Mr. Doods instead of Plain Will Cat Bobb. Among the fellows I met at the table was a Mr. York and almost as soon as my eyes fell on him I thought there was something sort of familiar appearing about him, but I thought I could not know him and dismissed the idea that I might have seen him before. I noticed that York glanced at me a few times, but thought nothing about that and simply ate my dinner and paid no attention to him. After the meal was over, we walked into the parlor and again I saw York looking at me, as if he had an idea about me that he would like to give up on the quiet. I walked over to him and asked him what was worrying him. He declared that it seemed to him that he had seen me before. Then I told him that I had thought I had seen him before and asked him if he had ever been on the ranges. He replied that he had and then I inquired what nickname he went by among the cowboys. What do you think his answer was? I could hardly believe my ears, for his reply came in words that were not to be misunderstood and it was 'Scientific Pete.'"

"What happened? That is almost a story all by itself. Pete and I knew each other again in about a second and there was nothing in town too good for me, at least it seemed to me that I had the keys to the city and was opening most of the doors in it before we got through. Pete and I started out and before we had gotten through with the third cocktail we were back at the roundup and astride the bucking broncos. Pete lassoed a two-year-old steer as he called for a gin-fizz and I was away up among the fat cattle as I came back with a whisky sour. Say, that herd must have had about four thousand cattle in and I think we caught each one with a rope, as the bander set them out before us. There never was a bronco on the range that we could not ride without a saddle and we could kill a deer at a thousand yards without taking sight. The night wore along and the last I remember was that Pete called for the drinks in what sounded like French to me and I saw two fancy glasses before me filled with emerald hued and bouquets. Right there I went out of business and the herd and the range existed to me only in my dreams."

"The next thing I knew Pete was leaning over me holding a damp towel to my head which felt as if the size of my hat would have to be about double. Pete had to go to work this morning, and I am thinking it over. Things don't travel quite as rapidly through my pate as they did last night about this time, the grass colored thirst extinguisher got in its work on me, but I am a little wiser on the way an old friend may receive you in Butte; and what is impressing itself upon me is that all this trouble came upon me through a name. If it had not been for that 'Scientific Pete' handle I would never have gotten next to Mr. York last night and our experiences from fording the Yellowstone to climbing mountains would not have been rehearsed. Incidentally your humble servant would not have had a summit on his frame which threatens to refuse to be pushed through a door way. I don't want 'em to set 'em

NOTED MEN AT WM. M'KINLEY'S BIER TOLD BY A LAWYER



The recent funeral of the late President McKinley brought together more noted men than had been gathered in the United States for many years. The scene above depicted shows the faces of a few celebrities who gathered around the casket of the late chief executive.

ATTORNEY DISCOURSES ON COURTROOM INCIDENTS.

JUDGE GAVE SOME ADVICE

Counselor Wanted a New Trial and Did Not Get It—Was Told to Hunt Another Case.

"I was looking over an eastern paper this morning," said an old attorney at the Thornton today as he removed his cigar from his mouth and called the attention of a friend, "and I saw a story that reminds me of an amusing remark that was made by a federal judge back in Wisconsin a few years ago. The story I have just read was about a decision that was rendered by the same judge, and that is why I recall the incident.

"At the time of which I speak the jurist had been listening for several days to a case which was rather dry in itself and was doubly so to his honor for the reason that he had heard it a couple of times before. The attorney for the defendant was a persistent sort of a fellow and each time he was beaten managed to get a new trial. For the third time the jury brought in a verdict against the client and the lawyer promptly gave notice of a motion for a new trial. The judge looked down at him benignly, the suggestion of a smile hovering about his mouth, and said pleasantly, but with sarcasm in his voice:

"No, if I were you Mr. Smith, I would not try this case again. I don't think you want a new trial. Go out and get yourself another case."

"That was all the court said, but the lawyer concluded that he did not have quite so many grounds for a retrial as he had before the judge spoke."

"Another odd incident I once witnessed in a court room," continued the speaker, "was when two attorneys threatened to fight in the presence of the judge. His honor was an old dignified man and lawyers knew his appreciation of his own dignity too well to really allow themselves to come to blows in his presence, but it often happened that they would go so far as to make dire threats towards each other in his court. On the day in question two rather muscular attorneys were trying a case against each other and they waxed warm over many of the points in issue. They called each other names as harsh as the surroundings would admit of, intimated that there were witnesses in the case who were not telling the truth and referred meaningfully to the things that might happen if the forum were a different one. Suggestions in regard to the possibilities of outdoor exercise in which the same legal light might be the only parties in interest were made now and then. Finally one of the attorneys seemed to take especial offense at something that was said by the man on the other side of the table and he bounded to his feet in a towering rage and swung his hands high in the air, declaring that he would not suffer himself to be insulted in the manner that his opponent had referred to him. He expressed his regret that he could not throw down the gauntlet then and there for a physical encounter and his adversary arose and announced that if the place were a proper one he would be glad to do battle. At this point the judge looked over his glasses with an annoyed expression on his face and said:

"Gentlemen, if you have any difficulties which you desire to settle by a fistie encounter proceed to adjust them. The court will take no judicial notice of your actions. I find that the number of apparently belligerent lawyers is rapidly increasing and they seem to have to make great self-denials because they cannot fight in court. I have often wondered of these court warriors were really as fierce as they seem, so now, gentlemen you have your consent to pound each other as long as you wish."

"While the judge was talking the war cloud vanished. The attorneys did not seem to want to take any chances on getting hurt and from the minute of the court's speech to the close of the trial the lawyers were able to get along peacefully. The court had called their bluff and they no longer had an excuse for wanting to fight. I might remark in passing, too, that no one ever heard of their meeting in physical encounter outside of the court room."

"Just one more court-room incident occurs to me," the lawyer went on. "This one is with reference to the manner in which a young lawyer got even with an eminent and brilliant attorney. The great lawyer was known as a member of the bar who had scarcely an equal in repartee. The lawyer was a good looking man but he happened to have a slightly retreating forehead. One day he was in court trying a case against a young attorney and at every turn was giving the junior member of the bar much the worst of it. Finally the young man jumped to his feet and sarcastically referred to the position taken by his learned friend—his learned friend with the high forehead—high like a cow. When the reference was made to the nature of the great lawyer's high forehead a ripple of laughter swept over the court room, and from that time on the young fellow got a show in the case. For once the eminent attorney found himself unable to make a telling reply."

out to me any more on the 'Scientific Pete' plan, but gentlemen if you will join plain Mr. Doods, we will have a cool one at the bar without greens in it."

CLAM BAKE AT THE GARDENS

Silver Bow Club Members Will Have a High Old Time—First Event in Years.

Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at Columbia Gardens the members of the Silver Bow club and a few invited guests will indulge in an old-fashioned New England clam bake. All preparations had been made for an earlier celebration of this first of a series of annual outings, but was necessarily deferred because of the national tragedy. The soft-shell sand clams and the Quahaugs, the rock seaweed and the sea grass have been shipped in refrigerating cars from Providence, R. I., to Butte, arriving here in first-class condition. The Armour Packing company has undertaken the care of the material since arrival. The Booth Cash grocery, besides shipping the clams, etc., is the caterer and will supply the live chickens, green corn, sweet potatoes and other requisites concomitant. Tom Carder is the club's master of ceremonies. Two hundred persons will participate. The party is purely stag, but will enjoy the refining influence of music and the elevating effect of "solas" served in every form.

SALE OF UNCLAIMED GOODS

"Old Hoss" Packages Knocked Down to the Highest Bidder by Auctioneer Boyle.

If there is one place better than another in which to conduct an "old hoss" sale it is in Butte. The people here will buy anything at one of these sales, no matter how small it is or how insignificant it appears, provided they can see what they are getting. Today the sale of unclaimed goods of the Northern Pacific Express company was started in a room in East Granite street and drew a full house. Constable Thomas Boyle of Justice Arnold's court conducted the sale and did it in good form. There was a little of everything on tap. Slot machines, sewing machines, typewriting machines, packages, large and small, trunks, picks and shovels, grips, pictures, blankets and canned goods.

At the rate at which the articles were going this morning Auctioneer Boyle expected to complete the job about 3 o'clock.

HORSES BOUND FOR THE COAST

Hugh I. Wilson and James A. Murray Ship Their Racers to Other Fields.

A carload of race horses that have been winning hay and oats on the Montana circuit was sent south today over the Oregon Short Line. The car contained the stables of Hugh I. Wilson and James A. Murray and is bound for Sacramento, where the animals will be rested up pending the resumption of operations on the San Francisco and Oakland tracks in November. The stable of Mr. Wilson contains the Weaver, Flourish, Mintaka, Winnecook, Okuste and Mildred Schultz, all 2-year-olds, and that of Mr. Murray contains Pope Leo, Algaretta and Lake Mills. The car is in charge of Dan Denison.

Clement Verdict.

In the case of J. B. Clement, a barber who took poison in the Bennett block, with suicidal intent, after writing letters to his friends, in which he stated that he was tired of living, the coroner's jury has returned a verdict to the effect that the deceased "came to his death by taking an overdose of morphine, while temporarily insane, which insanity being caused by dependency."

Day of Atonement Services. Will be held by congregation B'nai Israel at the Methodist Episcopal church, South, corner of Galena and Idaho streets, Sunday evening, September 22, at 7:45 o'clock, and Monday at 10 a. m.

FOR SALE—FURNITURE OF THREE rooms, with bath, etc., and house for rent; three blocks from postoffice. Address C. C., Inter Mountain office.

WRIT TO BE ASKED GIVEN FIVE YEARS

MOVING FORWARD IN THE REYNOLDS GAMBLING CASE.

NOTICE TO JUDGE MCCLERNAN COMMITTED GRAND LARCENY

It Was Served Today—Defendants Will Move the Supreme Court for Relief—Writ of Prohibition Desired.

This morning a notice was served on Judge McClernan in the Reynolds gambling case notifying him that a writ of prohibition will be asked for in the case from the supreme court. The case is known as the state of Montana against Jacob Pincus, O. W. Crib, Chas. King (alias E. H. Ring), John Reynolds (alias John Ringold), Ja. ob Poliskey (alias Davd Poliskey).

The case is before Judge McClernan now, and the defendants have pleaded not guilty and are awaiting trial. The proceeding now begun to get a writ of prohibition, is in behalf of John Reynolds, and it is in the hands of his counsel, Attorneys I. G. Denny and Henry C. Magne. With the notice served this morning on Judge McClernan was an affidavit, signed by Reynolds, alleging that the prosecution of the defendants in the case in the district court is illegal. The affidavit will be used as the basis for the motion that will be made in the supreme court for the writ of prohibition. The affidavit alleges that the law upon which the defendants in the case are being prosecuted is unconstitutional and that the prosecution is being carried on without and in excess of the jurisdiction of the court, and states that the supreme court will be asked to issue a writ of prohibition commanding the district court to dismiss the case.

The motion and the affidavit served on Judge McClernan today will be sent by the county attorney's office to the attorney general, and the latter will be assisted by the former in resisting the motion for the writ in the supreme court. If the writ is granted the prosecution here will end; if it is refused, the prosecution will be continued.

The merits of the anti-gambling law will be analyzed in the proceedings had over the attempt in the upper court, and its constitutionality will be passed upon. If it is declared unconstitutional, gambling will probably come into vogue openly in Butte again.

LEFT PROPERTY TO NIECE

Will of Late Hannah Sullivan Filed in District Court For Probate Today.

A petition for the probate of the will of Hannah Sullivan, deceased, was filed in the district court today in behalf of Reverend Father Stack, executor of Mrs. Sullivan's estate under the will. The will was attached to the petition, and in it the deceased leaves all her property to her niece, Margaret Sullivan, 13-year-old daughter of Michael and Julia Sullivan of Butte.

The will directs that all the property of the testatrix be converted into cash, by Father Stack, and that the net income from the fund thus secured be paid to the devisee till she becomes 18 years old, when she is to receive everything. In case of her death before reaching the age named the estate shall go to her sister, Nellie. The will was signed in August last and witnessed by Edward McGuarrin and Margaret Halley.

The petition for probate says that the estate consists of \$1,350 in cash on deposit in the Daly bank, \$100 due the testatrix from the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Ancient Order of Hibernians as burial benefits and a house and lot in Virginia, Nevada, worth \$100, probably. The nearest relatives are Julia Sullivan of this city and Mary Cornell of San Francisco, sisters. The testatrix was a resident of Butte and died in Salt Lake on August 27.

Miss Elizabeth Brown are in their rooms at 505 West Galena street, as last year.

The lace curtains don't have an embalmied odor after you have smoked a Harvard cigar in your parlor.

Miss Horgan, Mrs. J. A. Murray and Miss Fanny Thornton leave this evening for New York on the North Coast Limited. Mrs. W. B. Hamilton will accompany them as far as Detroit.

It is quality that has made the Harvard cigar the greatest seller in America. There is no better Havana tobacco than in the Harvard; and the cigar is made by the best American, Union labor.

Mrs. S. M. Casper, the founder of the Homer club, is in the city from Denver, Colorado. The hosts of friends of Mrs. Casper will be delighted to welcome her once again. The club she originated is still the representative study club of Butte for women.

F. E. Kellogg, stenographer and assistant ticket agent at the Oregon Short Line office, has resigned his position and will leave tonight for Diamondville, Wyo., where he will enter the employ of the Anaconda Mining company's coal department.

Mrs. T. W. Buzzo, president of the Butte City Federation of Women's clubs has called a meeting of the federation for next Thursday afternoon at the apartment of Mrs. A. H. Whitcher in the Lenox hotel. It is hoped that every member of the federation will be present as business of importance is to be transacted.

Frank Gallagher, son of Mr. and Mrs. James B. Gallagher, will leave Monday for San Francisco, where he will enter the employ of the Union Iron Work company as a machinist's apprentice. He expects to take a four years' course in the acquisition of knowledge in both machinery and electrical engineering.

On Wednesday afternoon the ladies of the Jewish Synagogue were royally entertained by Mrs. David Goldberg, at her home 552 West Granite. Mrs. Goldberg gave a regular Kaffe Klatch and the ladies had a most enjoyable time. Social conversation and music, combined with the dainty refreshments were the features of the afternoon.

COPPER MINING QUOTATIONS

Boston, Mass., Sept. 21.—The copper mining shares closed today as follows:

Amalgamated	\$100.85
Anaconda	43.00
Parrot	47.50
Calumet & Hecla	720.00
Tamarack	345.00
Osceola	104.00
Utah Con	25.00

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TUPPER ALLEGES DESERTION

Sues His Wife For Divorce on That Ground—Married in New York.

Edward L. Tupper has begun suit in the district court against his wife, Jessie M. Tupper, for a divorce. His complaint was filed in the clerk's office today. The complaint alleges that Mrs. Tupper deserted her husband on or about the 1st day of September, 1898, and continues to desert him without cause and wilfully. Tupper and his wife were married in New York city on June 2, 1894, and there is a child called Catherine Tupper, the first of their marriage. The child is about years old, the complaint says. The plaintiff has been a resident of Montana for a year, he alleges, and he asks for a decree divorcing him and granting him general relief.