

### ECHO OF THE PAST

**EARLY DAY TRAGEDY RECALLED**  
BY DAVID HORGAN KILLING.

**MURDERED FOR HIS MONEY**

**Fearful Fate of a Wealthy Englishman**  
Who Was Wintering With Two  
Companions on the Upper  
Madison.

(Special to Inter Mountain.)

Dillon, Dec. 14.—The murder of David Horgan of Butte in the Centennial valley a few weeks ago recalls another murder nearly 25 years ago, when a man was killed by his companions, in the hills, for the little money he possessed.

Away up in the Madison valley, about 50 miles from Virginia City, and a few miles above the bridge, at the mouth of the West Fork of the river, is a place where the bluffs make a horse-shoe curve from the river and leave a little bottom exposed, which is known as "Dead Man's Flat." This is how its title was gained.

In the early '70's two men started to float down the river from the National Park to where they could reach civilization and comfort and one of these died there. The time was about Christmas. The men had decided to winter in the park—to be the first white men to ever pass a winter season in a region that was then practically unknwn and but little too much to stand.

But the awful silence, the deep snows and the knowledge that they were literally out of the world was more than they could bear, and they resolved to float down the river to a point from which they could reach Virginia City and there enjoy some of the comforts for which they longed.

Their names, if they were ever known, have been forgotten, but they are inveterate. For while they got along nicely and, although the Madison river is in places swift and dangerous, they succeeded in reaching Pine Buttes in safety.

At this place there are a number of big rocks in the river, and here is where ill-luck befell them. The boat was driven onto one of these rocks and capsized, throwing both of the men in the water.

One of the men was a good swimmer, and he succeeded in getting on shore. With his companion it was different. He could swim but little and the current was too much for him, but, after being carried down the river for some distance, he finally succeeded in scrambling onto a large rock which stuck its head above the water, where he held on in distress.

**Rescued With Difficulty.**

From this position his companion finally rescued him with difficulty, but when he was got to shore he was thoroughly chilled through and near his death. The rescuer built a roaring fire of drift wood and did all in his power to aid his companion, but the icy bath was too much for him, and he failed to respond to the efforts to bring the blood of life back into his frame.

In a little while he gave up the ghost in that lonely spot on the upper Madison. The other man, after a hard struggle through the deep snow, reached the settlements and told his story, and a party soon went up to Pine Buttes to verify it.

Everything was found as he told them it would be, and the dead man was buried in the snow to await the spring time, when it was given decent burial near the spot where the unfortunate man had breathed his last. From this incident the little bottom was named "Dead Man's Flat."

Courseing down through this flat are two little streams. One had already been named "Pine Butte Creek" in honor of the pine-covered buttes which overlook the river. For many years the other creek went unnamed, but now it is named "Dead Man's Creek," and the circumstance of its christening is as follows:

**Buys Much Food.**

Over 20 years ago an Englishman, accompanied by two other white men, came into Virginia City and bought a large supply of food, stating that he and his men intended to winter on the Upper Madison and that he expected to hunt for a greater part of the winter in the hopes of securing a number of choice elk and mountain sheep heads to carry back to England with him when he returned to the old country the following year.

He bought only the best material that could be secured for his camping outfit; his "grab" was of the very best and included all the delicacies that could be secured in the market and his supply of ammunition was practically unlimited.

Of money he had plenty, and he paid without a quibble and acted as if a lack of money was the least of his troubles. It was noticed at the time that he kept it in a little green iron box and the merchants of who he bought his supplies commented on it and told afterwards that the box was apparently crammed full of bank notes and \$20 gold pieces.

**Hauled to Wolf Creek.**

The "grab" was hauled by one of Tom Farrell's teams to Wolf Creek, a tributary of the Madison river which joins the stream about 40 miles from Virginia City, and from there it was loaded onto horses and packed to a point where this then unnamed stream leaves the mountains.

The last ever seen of the Englishman by any one, except his men, was when he paid the driver of the rig and bade him good-bye. The one who drove that rig, who was then a lad, is J. P. Conway now a resident of Billings.

After the "grab" was packed up to the cabin, one of the men returned to the valley and placed the horses, which numbered about a dozen head, into a pasture for the winter, and then returned to the upper Madison to rejoin his companions.

This was early in the month of December, the exact year of which has been forgotten. Occasionally, as the winter wore on, one or the other of the men would make the trip to Virginia City, secure the mail and anything that might be needed for the comfort of the camp.

**Departure From the Valley.**

When the first thaws of spring came the two hired men came down the valley alone and secured the horses from the pasture in which they had been wintered. They then rode up the val-

ley for several miles and forded the river and started for Virginia City, keeping in the hills and away from the few settlers who lived in that section at that time.

When they reached Virginia City they tried to dispose of the horses, and said, in answer to the query as to where their employer was, that he was on the Madison awaiting their return; that, when they sold the extra pack horses they intended to join him and all of them would go to the Yellowstone to hunt buffalo for a while.

No one wanted to buy the horses; the general supposition was that the men had deserted their employer and had stolen the horses.

Seeing there was no hope to dispose of the horses in Virginia City the men announced that they would rejoin their employer and go to the Gallatin valley, where they expected to find more liberal and fair minded people to deal with.

**Residents Are Suspicious.**  
A number of the people of Virginia were suspicious of their actions and watched them, to see which way they went. They followed the old toll road, which leads up past Cemetery hill and climbs around the Raspberry patch to reach the summit of the Tobacco Root range, from where the old town of Virginia can be seen cogily nestling in the gulch a thousand feet below.

As they passed over this hill they passed out of the sight of the Virginia City people forever, although less than two months thereafter the entire machinery of the law was fruitlessly scouring the territory in the hopes of locating them.

Some time after they had passed out of sight, about six weeks perhaps, some stockman or hunter had occasion to pass by the cabin on the upper Madison, which the Englishman had built. He found the cabin deserted, and curiosity led him to investigate the shack.

**Odor of Burned Flesh.**

The cabin was a small one, and when he threw open the door he noticed a strong odor which made him think of burned flesh. For a few moments he could scarcely make out any object, but his eyes soon became used to the gloom and he could see an odd looking object in the edge of the fire-place.

It had a fascination for him, and it seemed as if he must examine it. He did so and took it to the light in order to get a closer look at it. It was a part of the thigh bone of a man; black and charred, and the little flesh still attached to it was shriveled and burnt. With a cry of dismay he dropped the unmann object and fled from the cabin. He lost no time in mounting his pony and riding to Virginia City, where he told of his ghoulish find to the authorities.

Of course, there was a great deal of wagging of heads and "I told you so's" among the wise ones, and bitter regrets were expressed over the fact that the men with the horses had been permitted to leave before an investigation had been made into affairs on the upper Madison.

**Investigation Is Made.**

As soon as it was possible to do so a party was sent to the lonely cabin on the Madison and an investigation made. There was not a thing of value left in the cabin and not a scrap of paper by which any one of the three could be identified.

In the fire-place were found a number of partly burned bones, which afterwards proved to have belonged to a human being. In the creek a short distance below the cabin was found the iron box, in which it was known that the Englishman had kept his money, but it was open and empty.

About the cabin were scattered a number of fine specimens of elk and mountain sheep heads.

With the exception of the thigh bone, there was scarcely a handful of his remains that were not in ashes. Just to satisfy the curiosity of the investigating party some of the ashes in the fire-place were scraped up and taken to Virginia City where they were given a chemical examination and found to be undoubtedly the ashes of a man.

**Big Reward Offered.**

Of course there was a great hue and cry over the matter and sheriff's officers all over the territory of Montana were notified of the occurrence and the description of the two supposed murderers was scattered broadcast.

A substantial reward was offered for their apprehension, both by the governor and by Madison county, but although many years have passed since the ghoulish discovery was made, no one has ever made an attempt to claim the reward nor explain how these two men succeeded in disappearing as if the earth had opened and swallowed them.

It was thought certain that they would have to pass through the Gallatin valley after they left Virginia City, but the most diligent inquiry failed to show that they had ever been seen by any one residing in that valley.

After this occurrence the creek was named "Dead Man's Creek" and, though that section offered a most promising field for hunting, no one ever cared to spend a night in that cabin after the charred bones of the Englishman were found.

**Alleged to Be Haunted.**

The report soon got abroad that the place was haunted and both the cowboys and hunters avoid the place as if it were accursed. It has been half a dozen years since the place was visited, and at that time it was tumbled in and fast decaying and looked little like the habitation of man.

Now the incident of the mysterious fate of the Englishman is but a memory among the old-timers of the valley and the peculiar name of the creek causes but a passing thought of curiosity in the minds of the "tenderfeet" who are now filling up that valley.

**Epworth League Election.**

The Epworth League of the Trinity M. E. church held its regular business meeting Monday evening, and elected the following persons for office for the next six months: President, John Callow; first vice president, Annie Hosking; second vice president, Hugh Wicks; third vice president, John Cole; fourth vice president, Mable Martin; secretary, Flossie Hooper; treasurer, Cora Semmons; organist, Mable Martin; choistler, John Callow.

**DISSOLUTION NOTICE.**

This is to notify the public that the co-partnership heretofore existing between Smith & Saville is hereby dissolved by mutual consent. Smith collects all bills and assumes all indebtedness. Signed,  
EMERY SAVILLE.

### LEAGUE TO PUBLIC

**ADDRESS TREATS ON THE TELEPHONE FRANCHISE.**

**GIFT REGARDED AS VALUABLE**

**Business Men Urged to Insist Upon City's Rights in the Matter—Plain Facts Are Told.**

Concerning the telephone franchise which is pending before the city council, the Municipal League has issued an address to the public. This is the way the paper reads:

"We feel it but proper to state to the public the reasons impelling us to make the request of the city council that we did at the meeting of the judiciary committee of the council last week relative to the new telephone franchise asked for.

"The points made by the members of the league committee at that time were fairly reported by the daily papers on Thursday morning. But there are still other features that should be brought out.

"What would the plant be worth without the franchise? If the franchise and plant are both equally necessary, might it not with reason be argued that the people are entitled to one-half the benefits arising from the joint operation?"

"Further, granting that it requires the investment represented in the plant to give commercial value to the now dormant utility, it might not be doing violence to any equitable adjustment of the matter to look at the imposition in this wise.

"Conceding that an investment of money is entitled to a reasonable return, of say, 7 to 10 per cent per annum, why should not a reasonable percentage of at least the remaining net earnings go to the city treasury?"

"This latter feature, however, to have any value, would require a close inspection, not only of the actual investment of capital in the plant, but also of its legitimate and conservative management.

"This, of course, is practical, although it requires time and attention to work it out to a practical solution.

"If it is only a fair investment of 10 or 12 per cent per annum that is wanted by the franchise seeker, why not arrange the matter in this way:

"Allow the investors even 12 per cent per annum for their share, the city to get the balance of the net earnings, under proper security and surveillance, and the remainder, with Butte growing as it is, might surprise our citizens at the rapidity with which it would pay the original cost of the plant.

"The league has not as yet been able to get the specific figures of the cost of such a telephone plant as would be required to meet the demands made upon it, but reliable estimates to that end are being sought and will be ready in due time.

"With the evidence that the league has been able to get it is satisfied that there are sufficient profits in the telephone business to make business men of Butte very sorry when they learn the true facts as to its earning qualities that they did not take this utility as a joint investment among themselves, or else, at least, insist on the city's acquiring the whole plant through a reasonable use of the franchise in the entire interest of the franchise done."

**How Frederick Stopped Dueling.**

As the result of a drunken brawl another German officer has been killed in a duel. The Kaiser, writes a correspondent, if he is in earnest in his expressed desire to stamp out dueling in his army, might profitably take a leaf out of the military book of discipline of the most illustrious of his ancestors, Frederick the Great. When that potentate ascended the Prussian throne fatal duels among officers were of daily occurrence. He resolved to put an end to the practice, and he did—for a time—as long as he reigned, in fact. He issued an edict that any officer fighting a duel, and surviving, would be shot or hanged. Two officers appealed to him to be allowed to try to slay each other. Granted, on two conditions—that he (the King) should choose the ground and be present at the encounter. Accepted. Frederick took a seat behind a fine new gibbet he had erected in honor of the occasion. The combatants approached his majesty, saw the gibbet, became puzzled and embarrassed. "What may this mean, your gracious majesty?" they ventured to ask. "It means this," was the suave reply: "that the man who survives will be hanged as high as Haman on that gibbet." There was no duel.

—Fall Mall Gazette.

**Height of Waves.**

Vaughan Cornish, in a paper before the British association, corrects the popular impressions as to waves "mountains high." He quotes the following mean from independent sources, of the measured height of waves in the most water, far from land, in different kinds of bad weather: Hurricane, 27.32 feet; strong gale, 20.07 feet; gale, 14.71 feet; strong breeze, 9.42 feet. Records of waves on the North Atlantic are in existence showing them to have reached a height of from 40 to 50 feet. These, however, are exceptional and infrequent.

**"The Moon! the Moon!"**

O foolish baby! what—"the moon?" Life's vainest longing waked so soon? Your ball is round, your bells are bright; Both close to touch as well as sight. The moon's a great cold, empty thing; It will not bounce, it will not ring. For ages it has hung on high. To tempt poor bye-low babes to cry. Go bye-whimpering to the same old tune— "The moon! the moon!"

O wisest babe, to want the moon! Life's subtlest lesson learned so soon! When sawdust dolls and trampled joys Have shattered all our baby joys— Unspooled, unbroken, unattained, By feverish fingers unprofaned, The lovely moon still swings on high, That self-respecting babes may cry, It keeps us looking to the sky, When he have picked our last balloon. The moon! the moon!

—Louise Betts Edwards in The Independent.

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	WHISK BROOM SET in Case .....	\$1.00	
	Toilet Set, 7 pieces, silver mounted	2.00	
	Collar and Cuff Boxes, No 1, .....	.75	
	" " " " " 2 .....	1.00	
	" " " " " 3 .....	1.25	
	" " " " " 4 .....	1.50	
	" " " " " 5 .....	1.75	
	" " " " " 6 .....	2.25	
" " " " " 7 .....	3.00		
Glove and Handkerchief Box, 2 pieces .....	1.00		
" " " " " " .....	1.50		
" " " " " " .....	2.00		
" " " " " " .....	2.75		

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