MICHAEL P'S CHRISTMAS EVE

BY J. W. SCOTT

'Enery had the best of it; there was no question of that, according to the concensus of opinion in the servants' quarters. 'Enery was the butler at the Billingses. Katrina was a maid at the Johnsons, and the grounds behind the city places of the Billingses and the Johnsons ran back to an alley that divided them.

The grounds were sufficiently clear of houses so that you could look from the rear porch of the Billingses to the rear steps of the Johnsons, and 'Enery and Katrina were able to exchange long-distance grimaces often.

The other man in the case was Michael P. Kennedy, the policeman on that beat. Michael P. was a fine young Irish-American. But, for that matter, 'Enery, who was bald, 40 and dropped his "hs," was a fine American, too—by adoption. He was fat and placid, and not "so werry bad lookin,," and he had an air that showed that he belonged to the "hupper class."

Comfortable Bank Account.

But his real superiority lay in his circumstances. He was reputed to have a comfortable bank account. And Katrina was a beauty; so the man who hoped to win her as his rose of roses had need of coin of the realm, and plenty of it.

There was no gainsaying that Michael P. was handsome, and he was young. The sighs of the other maids were often directed at him, while they sniffed at 'Enery because he was "huppish." But that was not important. A passable appearance and a bank deposit, where the woman has an eye to business, always outpoint mere youth and good looks.

The behavior of Katrina toward her respective suitors showed which way the wind blew the bubbles of favor; or at least the kitchen and hall spectators of the drama so decided. On the day before Christmas, which was a very mild, shiny, sunny day, Katrina smiled very sweetly from the rear stoop of the Johnsons at 'Enery on the rear veranda of the Billingses, and the gardener and the hostler of the Billingses and another of the Johnsons' maids saw her do it. 'Enery heaved his chin in the air and walked across the plot behind the Billingses to the coal house, evidently treading on air.

On the Night Shift.

Michael P. was on the night shift, but just at that blessed moment he came up to where the alley cornered on the street, not 50 yards away, and beheld this most interesting scene. The gardener laughed like an ape, and Michael P. went the light pink hue of a salted shrimp.

A brick red would have showed that his pride was hurt. But the pale pink indicated a deeper wound. Katrina, whose color had abruptly hightened, slipped in suddenly, and thus carried her part off with an appearance of innocence.

At 11 o'clock that quiet Christmas eve Michael P. tapped on the kitchen door of the Johnsons, which had become flooded with light of a sudden, and was admitted by Katrina, who had just returned from a festivity with one of the other maids. He had waited a long time for Katrina's return, and the other maid considerately retired to a room adjoining to give him and Katrina privacy.

Michael P. was presently engaged in pressing his suit, and the fair Katrina was resisting and evading him laughingly, poutingly, jibingly, coquetishly. The backsteps was sure of its opinion as to 'Enery's chances, but backsteps have often been mistaken in much the same fashion as the best rooms, and the casual observer would have regarded the situation as uncertain, after beholding the scene in progress.

Michael Becomes Bitter.

"I suppose if I had a bank account like this houseman, Mr. Flammangham, you'd say yes," Michael P. said with rather bitter resentment.

"Who said anything about money-" Katrina demanded, indignantly.

"Oh, nobody," Michael P. replied, looking into the air.

Then Katrina laughed, as if she were amused. That was the most provoking thing about her. She laughed a great deal at Michael P.

There was a silence, while Michael P. chewed the bitter cud of dissatisfaction. It was a dark Christmas eve, and outside the only noise breaking upon the air was the yap-yapping of a small dog with an exceedingly penetrating and raucus voice.

There was nobody stirring either, except that a man with his hat pulled down over his eyes was slipping up the alley between the Johnsons and the Billingses with a very noiseless tread. It was too dark for the dog, who was sitting on his tail somewhere in the Johnsons back yard, to see the man, and the latter stealthily crossed the back yard behind the house next to the Billingses and went up to a side window in it.

Burglar Who Is Wanted.

In the city just then there was a burglar, who had done so well in his chosen profession that Michael P. and all his club-bedeviled comrades would have given greatly to catch him. There was a reward of $2000 upon his head. But he was so oily-smooth that none could trail him down.

This gentleman who leaned so successfully upon the billy for support and advancement in life, blew safes in a neat, expeditious and profitable manner, and he had been only once seen. The beholder on that occasion related that he had small eyes, set very close together and looking slanting-wise across his nose, and a complexion without color.

The man who had threaded the alley and who now very deftly twisted the fastening off the window and entered the house, whose tenants were absent, had a pale face and such eyes as described.

He also had a small bundle, in which was compressed within the smallest compass a bar of soap, a small bottle of nitro-glycerine, a thick, small wedge, a thick, small, heavy hammer and some short fuses with giant powder caps attached to them.

Valuables in the Safe.

In this house was a safe, in which Ferguson, the proprietor, preferred to keep valuables that properly should have been stored in a safety deposit bank. The man went to the room where the safe was and turned on the electric lights. There was no window in the room; so that was not indiscrete of him.

Outside, the little dog behind the Johnsons house barked and barked. In his attic room in the Billingses 'Enery turned over once, twice, thrice on his couch, and very heartily cursed the dog. In the Johnsons' kitchen Michael P. sulked and stewed, while Karina alternately looked solemn under his glance and grimmaced when his attention was diverted.

The burglar transacted his business very swiftly, and blew the safe open in a workmanlike manner. That was a thing that largely accounted for his success.

His method was simple. With the thick, small wedge and the thick, small, heavy hammer he quickly cut the combination knob off the safe door. Then into the hole thus made he thrust soap, swiftly molding it into a cup-shaped receptacle.

Pours in the Explosion.

After that he poured nitro-glycerine into the cup, put the capped end of a fuse into the explosive and covered both over with soap, neatly molded to exclude the air. Then he sealed the cracks at the top, bottom and sides of the door with soap, and the mine was laid.

The loose end of the fuse was quickly lighted with a match, spluttered a few seconds, and then presently there was a dull "boom," and the door flew open.

On the darkened grounds back of the Johnsons, in whose kitchen Katrina and Michael P. were still courting, the little dog's bark split the keen air of Christmas eve with the regularity of clockwork, and 'Enery, who had turned over numberless times and reiterated the few curses at his command till they had become stale, crawled out of bed and descended the back steps softly, with the determination of interrupting the bark.

"Drat that dorg. Drat 'is hinfernal 'ide," 'Enery said between his teeth with exceeding viciousness.

'Enery was a placid man, but the man whose nerves are proof against the ceaseless "yap, yap" of a file-voiced dog, when he—the man, not the dog—desires to sleep, has an extraordinarily tranquil nature.

Gathers Many Stones.

'Enery went down to the graveled garden walk that ran around the house, and gathered to himself several stones like unto henseggs for bulk. Then he went out behind the Billingses to fall upon the dog and stay his voice.

Christmas eve was to the chalk-faced man whose eyes looked down his nose as opportune for the consummation of a burglary as any night between the Fourth of July and St. Patrick's day, and Ferguson's valuables went into a small sack with dispatch. Then the man slid out the window again with such facility as only those gain who have had much experience. He regained the alley and began to slide along it between the Billingses and the Johnsons, on very light feet, keeping in the lee of the outbuildings where he could.

This occurred at that particular and signal moment when 'Enery had found the range of the dog who was disturbing the peace. A stone the size of a hen's egg, thrown with the full strength of a robust man, whose anger is mighty within him, becomes a missile that hurtles through the air with marked force.

'Enery marked the exact spot in the darkness whence the shrill, small, rasping voice of the dog rose, and then said "Blang ye!" and hurled the stone thitherward with all his might.

Drops Like a Shot.

Just then the man with the crossed eyes passed like a shadow threading a darker shade between 'Enery and the dog, and the stone smote him above the temple and he fell like a pot-shotted bird.

The dog, undisturbed by the casualty, continued to air his dagger-like voice, and the noise prevented 'Enery from hearing the fall.

'Enery was surprised at the lack of results, and again his anger swelled up in him. Whereupon he repeated, "Blink, blink, 'is hinfernal 'ide," and threw once more.

This time the results were more instant, and were astounding as well. The stone whistled by the dog, leaving him unscathed, triumphant, unmoved; shot across the space behind the Johnsons and crashed through the kitchen window with a shattering noise that frightened Katrina speechless, and made Michael P. jump off his stool with a fierce growl of surprise and resentment.

The man with the crossed eyes lay still as death in the alley, and Michael P. hurried out to discover the stone thrower. The dog had changed his key and moved down the grounds a bit. At the sound of the policeman's footsteps and the slamming of the door behind him, alarmed at the arrival of the law, he now fled. 'Enery heard the glass crash and muttering "Blarst that hinfernal dorg. Blarst 'is 'ide," had fled up stairs to his apartment.

Arrested on the Spot.

So there was nobody to receive Michael P. excepting the gentleman stretched out in the alley. Him Michael P. stumbled over and arrested him on the spot for obstructing the streets and alleys. When Michael P. had discovered what was in the man's bag and had looked studiously at the man's face his heart gave a jump in his breast.

The broken window dwindled into insignificance, and he hardly took time to whisper a few words to Katrina that made her look abnormally serious, and then bid her good night, ere he dashed up the alley to turn in a call for the patrol wagon.

The wagon took Michael and his capture to the station, one jubilant and the other dead to the world. It took a long time to revive the man with the queer eyes; but that was done, and that was a wonderful Christmas eve for Michael, for the reason that the man proved to be none other than the enterprising and elusive burglar upon whose head was set a $2000 reward, and the reward was Michael P.'s.

Backsteps Often Mistaken.

The backsteps are often mistaken, and after Michael P. had shared the Christmas dinner set out for Katrina and her friends in the Johnsons' rear dining room on Christmas day, Katrina capitulated to the confident air which the thought of the $2000 had bred in him and plighted him her troth, forever setting 'Enery aside.

That involved a double dose of bitterness for 'Enery, for the daily prints revealed to him that it was the stone he flirted so valiantly at the dog that had laid the burglar low, and brought home to him the knowledge that he had by his own act thrust Katrina into the arms of his rival, Michael P.

Redemption of Anaconda City Bonds

One of the principal events of the present year in Anaconda municipal affairs was the redemption of four of the first bonds issued by the city.

The bonds bore the denomination of $1000 each with interest at the rate of 6 per cent per annum from December, 1889, and were issued for the purpose of raising funds with which to establish a sewer system.

The total issue was for the amount of $25,000, redeemable in 10 years' time with the principal due at the expiration of 20 years.

During the 12 years the bonds have run, the holders have been paid the sum of $18,000 for interest on the money thus loaned. This was a heavy drain upon the treasury and finding the treasury in condition to redeem $4000 of tthe bonded indebtedness, Treasurer Harper took steps in that direction last September.

By doing so the city is relieved of paying interest upon them the sum of $240 per year, or a total for the eight years they would have had to run of $1920.

The city treasurer expects soon to make further progress in the way of a reduction of the city's indebtedness of about $56,000, which includes two judgments recently entered for damages against the city through a decision of the supreme court.

The fact that the bonds redeemed were the first in the city's history makes that quite an important event of the year.

The instruments were executed December 9, 1899, and bore the signatures of H. T. Mahan, mayor, and J. R. Boarman, city clerk.

MARGARET THEATER ORCHESTRA

Only Completely Organized Orchestra in Anaconda.

The Margaret Theater orchestrra is composed of eight professional musicians.

During the past year it has filled more than 90 per cent of the engagements in Anaconda.

The services of this organization have been in popular demand at dances and other social entertainments.

The members of the orchestra desire to thank the public for the generous consideration they have received from the public in Anaconda in the past, and are ready to make bookings for the year 1902.

The Standard Drug company, whose main place of business is at 210 East Park avenue, is one of the solid and substantial business firms of Anaconda. It began business in 1895, was incorporated in 1897 and today enjoys a larger drug trade than any other firm in the city. The Owl drug store, at 500 East Park avenue is operated as a branch house, which was established in 1898, to accommodate the citizens of the eastern portion of the city.

Cotton Back, Probably.

"What do you think of our new oil painting?" asked Mrs. Cumrox.

"Well," answered Mr. Cumrox, "it looks right good from the front, but if you turn it around and look at the other side I must say the material seems kind o' cheap."—Washington Star.

NOTED MEN OF ANACONDA.

H. F. COLLINS.

Under the management of H. F. Collins the Margaret theater has succeeded in gaining a reputation among theatrical people second to none in the Northwest There is but one opera house in Montana that exceeds it in seating capacity, that being Sutton's New Grand of Butte. As regards interior furnishings and conveniences, not a single one can compare with it. It enjoys the reputation of being the best theater between St. Paul and Seattle. Every season the citizens of Anaconda have the pleasure of seeing the best shows that are produced in this country. Very few of the noted actors and actresses but have played in the Margaret since its construction.

WILLIAM E. THOMAS.

Born and raised in Deer Lodge valley, the only republican holding a county office except County Commissioner H. B. Hoffman, Clerk of the Court William E. Thomas is probably the most popular and best known man of his age in the state of Montana. For four years prior to his election he held the position of assistant postmaster in this city. Although a young man, Mr. Thomas has numerous mining interests in different parts of the county. He was elected to his present office against two opposition candidates by a large majority.

CITY CLERK WISNER.

Anaconda's city clerk, G. S. Wisner, has been for a number of years closely identified with the republican party in this community. From his early boyhood he has lived in the city which has seen fit to bestow upon him the responsible position he now holds. He is also cashier and part owner of the Anaconda Real Estate & Insurance agency. Publicly and privately he commands the respect of the entire vicinity. Mr. Wisner is a prominent lodge man and holds an office in the Masonic Grand Lodge of Montana.

MAYOR W. H. DAVEY of Butte.

The Man Who Was Grateful

By B. E. St. Charles

Oh, I've been up against the real thing all right, all right, my son; several times; and I remember the times very well. But my hearrt is always cheerful, for I'm one of the gratefulest men for small favors you ever saw. I can think of half a dozen times when I was next to it, but one of them that I'll never forget was on Christmas. Yes, sir.

But, say, they wouldn't call me Happy Jimmie if I hadn't a weathersome, cheery disposition and a grateful nature. I never touted a man on a horse in my life that I wasn't grateful if he gave me half his winnings. And if he lost—well, I always took what the joker on the other horse gave me just as cheerfully. You see, I believe in being grateful.

In the Rural Districts.

Well, this time I'm telling you about, this Christmas, I had a partner named Bill, and we'd been hoofing it over the stones for two weeks through the rural districts. That was east. We were flat, and we'd had the hardest kind of luck.

Everybody was sore on highway emigrants, and we were living on what we could mooch—handouts and so on, but mostly we got the dog and the fare was mighty slim.

That Christmas was one of those sad ones. There was snow everywhere, and it was cloudy, you know, and raw; good and raw. The day before that we'd lived mostly on wind. Everybody threw us down, and Bill was about sick of his job. But I didn't feel so tough, not so very tough; because I'm one of those guys who are thankful for just being alive.

Well, it was Christmas day, but we didn't have more than about five per cent of enough to eat, and we were hollow to the heels, you bet; after two weeks of mooching. And we'd bumped into so many hard ones when we tackled the Reuben-houses for a chew that we were sore on the play; we hated to hit a house for a handout now.

Nothing But Apples.

Well, we didn't eat anything for breakfast that Christmas morning except apples. We got them in an orchard right close to the road. They'd been stacked up and covered with sacks, and left out on the ground because they weren't worth taking in. Some of them were froze and some of them were half rotten and some of them were both. But I was pretty glad, because I believe in being thankful for anything, you know.

The apples were all right in their way, but they didn't go very far, and that afternoon Bill and me were almost starved, and I said, "Say, Bill, let's hit a shack for an eat."

By that time Bill was too much broken up in business to care a hang whether he got eat up by a dog or not; so we slid over to the next farm house we came to. It was a big, white house, and it looked as if the duffer who owned it ought to have enough to divide a little on a cold day like that. But we'd bumped into so many raw deals that we were leary as goats, and Bill hung behind when I waltzed up to the kitchen door.

I kind of thought we'd get the Turkish run. But we didn't. The lady that came to the door was all right. You see, it was Christmas. She gave us a pleasant smile, and it nearly knocked me out because I didn't expect it.

Given a Good Dinner.

She trotted us inside then, and dished us up the dinner of our lives. Oh, it was a peach. Cold turkey, cranberry sauce, celery, cider, mince pie—. Oh, say, Mike, that was all right, that feed. It was up to the limit, and I felt thankful to that lady, you can bet on that.

But right in the middle of the eat, while the lady was out, what does this mate of mine, this duffer, Bill, do but grab a big silver spoon and shove it down his leg.

Well, when I saw that I nearly choked myself on a bunch of cranberry sauce, I was so paralyzed. And the lady came back right then; before I could say a word; and she stayed right with us after that through the whole meal.

Say, I told you I believe in gratitude, didn't I? Well, I do, see? I believe in being grateful for what you get, and that was Christmas, too.

I felt pretty bad about that spoon. But I couldn't give Bill away to the lady. But I pitched him a look that ought to have knocked him off his stool.

Never Looked Up.

It didn't, though; it didn't even faze him; he went on chewin' a turkey leg and never even looked at me. But I didn't quit on that; not by a lot. I just said to myself, "I'll fool you one, Billy," because I believe in being grateful, and that lady was a nice, kind lady, and she'd been good to us.

So when we got through, I said to here: "Now, mam, we ain't got nothin' to give you, but we're grateful all right. We appreciate your kindness, mam. That was the finest dinner I ever eat in my life, and I want to do somethin' to pay for it."

The lady said that was all right; she didn't want any pay. But I made up my mind that I wouldn't let Billy get away with that spoon. Because I believe in being grateful, and showing that you're grateful.

So I told the lady that I wouldn't feel good unless I did something to square her kindness. Then I told her I could do a little slight of hand work, and that if she'd bring in the kids I'd show them a trick. So she called the kids in, and they all stood around; there was about a dozen of them, and they grinned at me and Bill plenty.

Bill Never Suspected.

While I was makin' this spiel Bill was lookin' at me as if he thought I was out of my head. He'd never seen me do any tricks, and he thought I was givin' her a game. He couldn't get onto what I was up to.

Well, when the kids got good and settled, I took another big silver spoon just like the one Bill swiped, and I said: "Now, mam, I'll show you a trick I learned from Hermann, the great magician, when I was on the road with him"

I took the spoon between both my hands to hide as much as I could of it, and then I put it over my head and then down again quick and winked at the kinds; and I said to the lady as I was doing that, "Now, mam, I'll put this spoon in my sleeve first, and then I'll take it out of my partner's boot."

When I said that Bill's eyes bulged out, and he looked like he'd blow up. But he dasn't open his trap; I had him nailed to the mast.

Slipped Into a Sleeve.

After that I worked the spoon in my hands and said "Hokus pokus," quick, and slipped it into my sleeve. Then I went over and took the other spoon out of Bill's boot. Bill couldn't say a word; he just sat and looked at me like a calf that's gone silly.

Well, the lady and the kids were tickled by that trick. They thought it was right up in G. I knew Bill was wild, but I thanked the lady and we pulled our freight. I believe in being grateful, and in showing appreciation for what is done for you, and I wasn't goin' to let Bill nail that spoon. A week after that Bill and me hit Chicago, and we both got soft jobs in a keno room.

What's that? What did I do with the spoon I put in my sleeve? Oh, I soaked that at the next town we struck after we left that farm house, and we went on a big time, Bill and Me.

ANACONDA URSULINE CONVENT

Aside from the public schools, Anaconda has another institution of learning which cannot be overlooked—the Ursuline Convent.

The school is now located in temporary quarters on East Third street, but within the coming year the new building, a magnificent structure, to cost $100,000 will be completed. It is the intention to have the building ready for occupancy by the opening of the school year, which will be in September.

In speaking of the Ursuline convent sometime ago, Father Coopman, who has taken a deep interest in the welfare of the institution, said:

"As the nineteenth century was drawing to a close the Ursuline nuns entered Anaconda, opening, under the most trying circumstances, an academy for our boys and girls.

"Patiently they have worked, toiling continually to raise the means by which they could erect a commodious building Generous hearts have met them, and have aided them until today we feel proud to see begun this academy which will be one of the finest in the west; an institution that will prove to be an ornament to our thriving city of Anaconda."

Many annoying delays have been experienced, but at last the assurances have come that the work is soon to be pushed on the structure and that early in the spring work of construction will begin with a vim.

A year ago it was thought that the building would be ready for occupancy by this time, but obstacles appeared which for a time seemed almost unsurmountable; this difficulty has now been overcome and the work is to go on.

Ground was broken for the new academy early last spring, the intention being at that time to push the building to completion in time for the opening of the fall term of school. Unfortunately, annoying delays intervened, and while the beginning of the school year is now at hand scarcely nothing has been done above the foundations. It is hoped now, however, that no more obstacles will be met with, but that the structure will be pushed forward to completion without further delay.

The laying of the corner stone of the proposed convent took place August 29 last, when impressive ceremonies marked the event as a memorable occasion. The stone was laid by Bishop Brondel, assisted by the local and several visiting priests.

The new building will be 117 feet long by 85 feet wide and three stories in height, in addition to the basement. It will be fitted within with all modern improvements, such as electric lights, steam heat, baths, etc.

The dormitories will accommodate 500 pupils, and the dining hall will seat a corresponding number. Ten rooms in the building will be used as recitation rooms and furnished for that purpose.

The structure will have two entrances one on Adams street and one on Jefferson street, for the use of the pupils That on Adams street will be for the exclusive use of the girls, while the one on Jefferson street will be used by the boys.