

MASONS OF HIGH DEGREE ASSEMBLE IN BUTTE NEXT WEEK



E. F. FARHAM.



T. F. O'GRADY.



T. L. MELCHER.



FRED MACDONALD.



WILLIAM R. TONKIN.

"At the dawn of the twentieth century, where the light of Masonry is most potential in displaying the darkness of ages, we welcome our brethren of the Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite to our fifth annual re-union."
Such is the greeting extended by the members of the Rite in the "Valley of Butte" to their brethren who will assemble from all over the state next Monday for their four days' ceremonies and celebration.
The members of the Rite intend that the fifth annual re-union of the Scottish Rite bodies of the Valley of Butte, Orient of Montana, shall be an occasion for

general rejoicing and attended by appropriate ceremonies.
The small and widely scattered membership of one hundred years ago in the United States, was the nucleus from which the Rite has grown to be a most powerful and influential factor in modern civilization and its members are a power in the councils of the states and nation.
The approximate strength of the Rite in the United States at the dawn of the new century is 50,000.
The Rite in the Valley of Butte has kept pace with the advancement elsewhere, so that here, where less than 40

years ago civilization was in its infancy, and though not more than ten years organized, it numbers more than 130 members.
Twenty-five candidates will be initiated during the ceremonies which will be held at the Temple on Park street; the members are looking forward with pleasurable anticipation to their inauguration of the new temple now in process of erection, which is soon to become their permanent home and where they will be furnished with the accessories necessary for an impressive rendition of the sublime degrees of the Rite.
Thursday evening in the temple ban-

quet hall, after the more serious part of the meeting is over all the members will sit down to a sumptuous banquet, presided over by Hon. H. L. Frank, who holds the 33d degree and is deputy inspector general of the Rite. An excellent program of toasts has been prepared which will be responded to by eminent brethren of the Rite who are noted for their wit and ability in this direction. An orchestra will also be present and render a musical program during the evening.
The following are the committees which will have charge of the affair:
Executive—T. F. O'Grady, W. R. Ton-

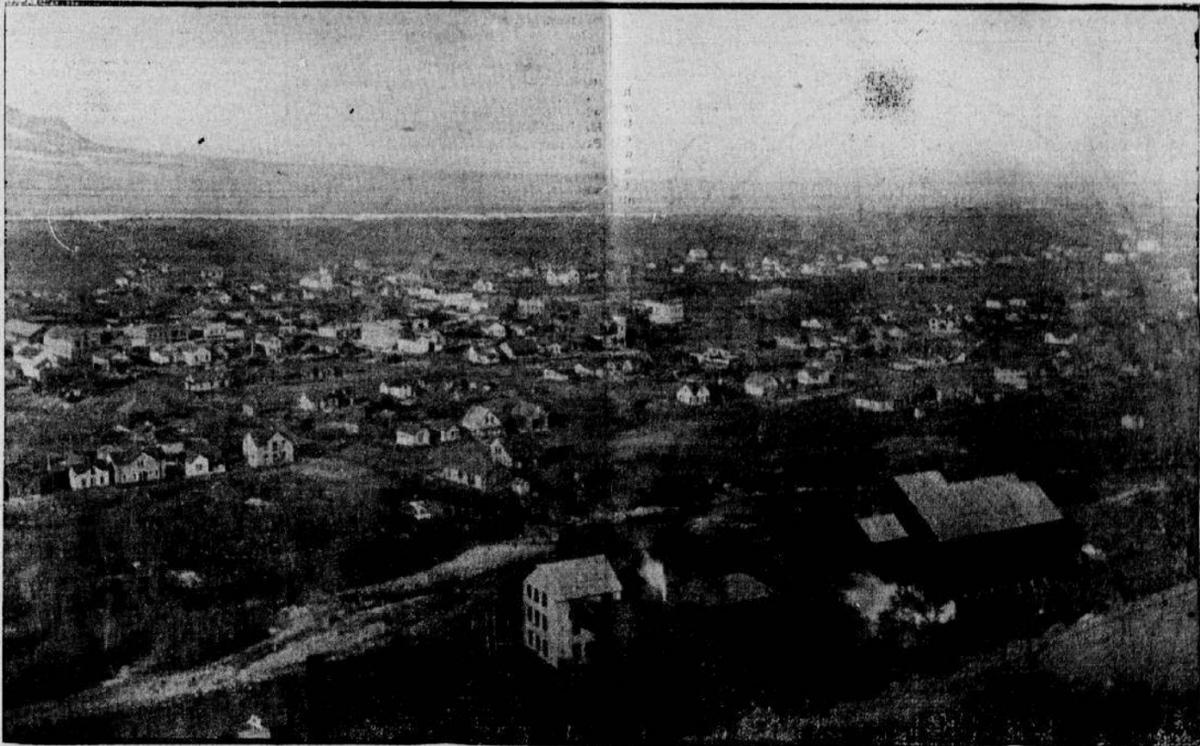
kin, J. M. Settle, E. F. Farham.
Reception—F. L. Melcher, J. R. Evans, William Gallick, Louis T. Best, John T. Backus, W. H. Davey, Savin Lisa, G. W. Mikel, Tom Bullock.
Credentials—Henry L. Frank, T. F. O'Grady, W. R. Tonkin, J. M. Settle, E. F. Farham, Fred Macdonald.
Banquet—W. H. Davey, William Gallick, T. F. O'Grady, Fred Macdonald.
Committee in Charge of Candidates—M. C. Riely, S. Genzberger, C. M. Clark.
Entertainment—E. D. Neill, J. W. Shackleton, Gustave Gallick, F. S. Gray, W. G. Bawden, George H. Casey, Ignace Cohn.

The Romance of Win Ga Shee Renegade Cree.

"YOU should have seen that fellow seven years ago on ration day at the Cree agency at File Hill and dressed up in all the pomp and circumstance of a young Cree buck and you'd find it hard to identify him."
The speaker, Sergeant Major Knight of the Northwest mounted police, pointed towards the cell in the city jail where Win Ga Shee was waiting to be taken back to Canada for the murder of his cousin.
The Indian, who seemed to have heard the remark, turned for a moment so that the dim glare of the electric lamp emphasized the terror of his features; the hunted look, the hopeless, helpless expression of fear; all gave him the appearance of a man who knew his time had come.
There was a perceptible touch of pity in the tone of the big trooper as he added "Poor devil; and 'twas all for the love of a lady."
One couldn't help agreeing with the narrator in his very evident sympathy for this untutored savage, who gave an animal's vent to his animal passion at a woman's faithlessness.
He had lived among Indians for years—this typical specimen of King Edward's cowboy cavalry, and as he sat in the jail corridor reflectively smoking his cigar and pulling at his big blonde mustache he looked his part—the first ranking non-commissioned officer in his majesty's ranger regiment; the hardest fighting, most enduring body of men of the thousands that follow the fortunes of the Union Jack.
No tin soldier this—he had been through the Boer campaign with the Canadian mounted rifles and on his breast hung a tiny cross supported by five bars on which were inscribed Vet River, Brandfort, Zand river, Johannesburg, Diamond Hill! He had fought Indians during the Riel rebellion and was one of the detachment that captured Louis Riel himself and brought him to the speedy justice he deserved.
"Win was a policeman once himself," said he, "and a good one, and when he won the heart of Pah-Ton-Mee, the belle of the File Hill agency, and rode over to the barracks in his multi-colored blanket he cut a fine figure I tell you. For three or four years things went along all right and a couple of beady-eyed paposes brought joy to the Ga Shee tepee.
"One summer Win was sent up North by the agent on special duty, and when he returned he learned that Young Boy and Mrs. Win had formed one of these platonic friendships, you know. He warned Young Boy to go away round his tepee, but in vain, and one day Young Boy was found lying on his back in the cottonwoods with a little blue hole in his temple, his glossy eyes staring at the sun.
"The next day a detachment of our boys went in search of Win, but he had rounded up his little bunch of cayuses and hit the trail.
"We followed him and caught up to him one night in a coulee on Two-Medicine creek and, thinking that he couldn't get away that night, we rounded up his horses and went into camp for the night. But Mr. Ga Shee had a horse cached in the bluff and in the morning when we went for him he was not there.
"That was in September, 1894, and we had almost forgotten the affair until your officers sent us word that they had our man.
"What will we do with him? Well I think we'll hang him and it won't take long either. Let me see, we'll be in Regina Thursday morning and inside of a week from then perhaps he will be across the Great Divide.
"And it's all for the love of a lady," ejaculated a big trooper as he got up from his chair, pulled on his great bear-skin overcoat and shook himself.
Just then the hack drove up and Jailer Shea brought up the Indian, fastened the big steel handcuffs on his wrists and turned him over to his escort.
As they marched out through the long corridor the Cree, muffled in a big overcoat, his coarse black cap pulled down over his eyes, turned half around as if in mute protest at leaving his iron cage, for he knew too well the inevitable fate he was going to meet—the justice that is swift and tempered with little mercy across the line.
Here in Montana for seven years he had vagabonded from camp to camp in fancied security; here he had almost learned to forget his crime and to scorn the very possibility of his capture; and now as he stepped into the hack which was to carry him away from the freedom his savage heart loved so well, one could almost fancy he saw the death shadow fall across his face and the utmost anguish of despair settle down upon him as he was whirled off in his funeral car to meet his impending doom.
"If he was a white man they'd pat him on the back," said a big policeman as the carriage swung around the corner and was lost to view.
He Got Back.
The ubiquitous Harry Lehr has associated so much with womankind that he has to a great extent acquired some of their traits, especially the power of knowing intuitively woman's weakest point in a combat of words.
A certain society woman had taken offense at Harry Lehr on some trivial ground, and undertook to humiliate him in the presence of some fashionable friends. She waited for her opportunity, and then remarked, with a sneer: "Mr. Lehr, will you please send a case of wine to our house? We are all anxious to help you along, you know."
"Same as last?" queried Mr. Lehr, calmly.
"If you please."
The squire of dames turned to his valet: "Make a note of some wine for Mrs. X," he said. "One dozen sherry—dollar ninety-five."—New York Times.
All Alike.
(Philadelphia Record.)
"A woman's favorite weapon is a tear," remarked the Wise Guy.
"Yes; even the Eskimo women are addicted to blubber," murmured the Simple Mug.

RED LODGE IS PROSPEROUS AND GROWING

RED LODGE, Jan. 18.—Red Lodge is one of the newest and most prosperous of Montana's smaller cities. A dozen years ago but one lone cabin marked the site of where now is one of the most beautiful little cities in the state. It was the discovery and development of the Rocky Fork coal mines, the tippie and new washer of which are shown in the foreground of the picture, that caused Red Lodge to become a city.
Who is there in Montana who has not heard of or even burned Rocky Fork coal? It is the mines from which this coal is dug that furnishes the lifeblood to Red Lodge business interests. In the mines are employed from 400 to 600 miners—miners who do not work for the starvation wages which has caused strikes in the Pennsylvania mines, mind you, but miners who get pay worthy their toil.
A large number of the men employed in the Rocky Fork mines are Finlanders—a great, husky people, somewhat clanish, but altogether good and substantial citizens. They own their homes, and, while they usually partonize Finn merchants, they leave their money in town just the same.
City Owns Water Works.
The town boasts of one of the finest water works systems in the West. The plant was put in by the municipal government and the pure and wholesome water which is furnished Red Lodge citizens at the minimum cost is a great argument in favor of universal municipal ownership.
Red Lodge has a high school which has been honored by the state board of education by being placed on the "accredited" list, two strong banking houses, two newspapers, three hotels, and a large number of mercantile houses and saloons, and is the business center of not only a large portion of southeastern Montana, but of northern Wyoming as well.



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE CAPITAL OF CARBON COUNTY.

WHITE POWDER A VERY BAD INDIAN



White Powder, the Bad Indian of Lame Deer Agency.

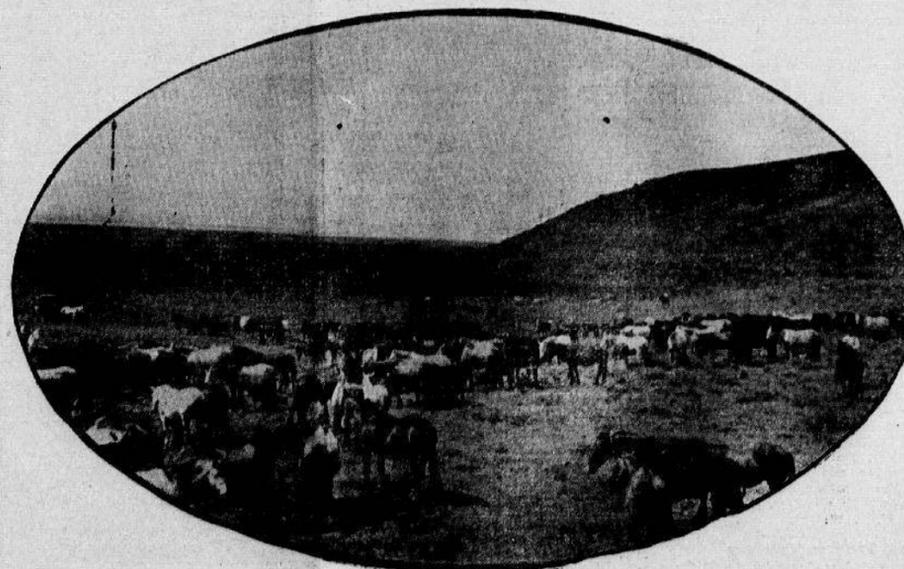
Forsyth, Jan. 18.—This is a good picture of White Powder, the Indian who was the cause of the recent disturbance at Lame Deer agency, and of his son, the only surviving member of the family.
White Powder was accused of stealing cattle and the Indian police were sent to arrest him. As he was about to surrender his wife and daughter ran out of their tepee and induced him not to do so.
Shot Indian Police.
The Indian then became excited and shot Bullard, one of the policemen. It is not yet known just how the

tragedy following this occurred. One account says that White Powder murdered his son, a middle-aged man, also his wife and daughter and then killed himself.
Another account says that the family committed suicide, one by one, with the same gun that killed the Indian policeman.
All but one of the White Powder family are dead and what, for a brief period, promised to be a sensational episode among the Cheyenne Indians is now a closed, soon to be forgotten, incident.

During the holiday season she spent several days here and went about a good deal. All her girl friends were aware that she had married a rich man and that she was allowed plenty of money, but they could not understand why she never paid the carfare. Several of them had noticed that when the conductor came through the car to collect fares this young woman would always reach for her pocketbook and fumble away apparently in search of change, but never was able to find it until some one of the party had settled with the representative of the street car company for the party.
One day some of her friends, in her absence, were discussing the young woman, when one of them called at-

tention to this fumbling characteristic of hers. Then another one recalled that she had always appeared to be extremely careful about money matters, or as one of the girls expressed it, "stingy" before she was married, and they decided to test her sincerity in the matter of car-fares as soon as an opportunity offered.
The chance came the next day. One of her girl friends called for her and they started down town. When they were comfortably seated in the street car the conductor approached them with the request for their fare. Each one opened her purse and began to search for the elusive small coins when the girls recollected the agreement made the day before and, while still fingering her

purse she said to the young married woman: "You pay the fares this time and I will fumble."—Milwaukee Sentinel.
Some dress suit cases which catch the eye of the damsels who find them convenient are covered with coarse linen instead of with leather. The handles are strong, and, as this piece of baggage is usually carried in the hand instead of being thumped down in baggage wagons, linen does well.
"Do you ever bet on elections in Alabama?"
"Bet on elections? Certainly not, sah. It would be betting on a sure thing, sah."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



Some of the Fast Horses Owned by E. W. Stack at Big Hole Basin.

Made Her Pay the Fare.
Not long ago a pretty girl who had lived in Milwaukee most of her life and has a large circle of friends here, married a wealthy Chicago man and has since that time made Chicago her

home. She returns frequently to visit her parents and invariably looks up her old friends. She will pick up one girl and they will call on another, and frequently there will be quite a crowd of girl cronies together before the afternoon is over.