

MARY, MARY, MARY! MARY SO CONTRARY

MARY THROWING BRICKBATS O'ER THE ALLEY FENCE, IS JERKED BEFORE HIS HONOR.

JUDGE BOYLE PUTS UPON HER A VERY HEAVY FINE

Which Makes May Leary—"Nebber Did," Says Mamie; "Huh! Ah'm Not Ashamic. Guess You White Trash Think Ah Haven't Got No Sense!"

She used a brickbat for a ball, A fence plank for to whack it; To play lawn tennis and Judge Boyle Was down on such a racket.

Mamie Burton, the lawn tennis queen of Pleasant Alley, came from the Mourners' bench, as Sol Levy terms the seat for prisoners in police court, chipper and smiling.

"We caught Mamie throwing brickbats over the alley fence last night," stated Policeman Barshaw, "and she came near hitting four or five people passing by."

"Nebber frowned no bricks," exclaimed the prisoner. "Dem brickbats most er went ober de fence becase I sount 'em, but I nebber frowned 'em."

"Maybe you made them fly over," suggested the judge.

"Now, sah," stated Mamie, "I knocked 'em ober wid er plank."

"Well, what made you do that?" Judge Boyle wanted to know.

Practicing for Tournament. "I wuz jes' er praxersin' fer de tennis game what we niggers is goin' to hab in Pleasant alley nex' Satterdy," was the reply.

"I picked up de brickbats an' wuz deliberin' 'em ober de fence what I used fur de net. Judge Bile, I'se champion tennis player 'mung de cullud ladies in Pleasant alley."

"Yes, but I am down on any such racket," stated Judge Boyle. "I didn't expect you Pleasant alley people to play lawn tennis with brickbats, but I was looking for a game of ping-pong. It wouldn't have been surprising if you had played golf with each others' heads, but lawn tennis is over the line. What did you knock the bricks with?"

"Wid er fence palin," was the reply. "If you weren't so dark you would be palin," Judge Boyle remarked, "because I am going to fine you \$10—net—for that game of lawn tennis. I have no idea that you can pay the score for playing in this court and with you the strike is an out—to the city jail."

BOULDER AGAINST REVOLVER

Race Track Habitude and Roulette Wheel Whirler Engage in Duel.

Samuel Bowley and J. R. Timlin, the former a race track habitue and the latter a roulette wheel twirler, were arrested last night by Policemen Dowling and Lydon on a charge of fighting, shooting, throwing stones and disturbing the peace of East Galena street.

Bowley and Timlin are not good friends. Last night they ran into each other in the bandbox bearing No. 34 East Galena street. They quarreled and adjourned to the outside to fight it out. After reaching the street, ally or some other convenient spot, Bowley threw a boulder at Timlin because the latter insisted on fighting with a gun instead of his fists. Then Timlin fired a shot at Bowley, who ducked. The bullet whistled a deum in the air. The shot scared up the two policemen and they did the rest.

After being placed in the city jail Timlin and Bowley fought another round with their fists and disgraced the jail to such an extent that it was decided to transfer them to the county lockup.

FUNERAL OF MRS. A. J. PALMER

Interment at Mount Moriah After Services at St. John's Church.

Many relatives and friends of the bereaved family attended the funeral of Mrs. A. J. Palmer, which took place this morning at 9:30 o'clock from the family residence, No. 631 Colorado street.

From the residence the funeral attendants proceeded to St. John's Episcopal church, where the ceremony was concluded by Rev. S. C. Blackiston. The remains were interred in Mount Moriah cemetery.



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FIGHTERS RECEIVE KNOCK-OUT BLOW

COUNTY ATTORNEY BREEN FORMALLY NOTIFIES LOCAL BOXERS OF HIS VIEWS ON THE GAME.

AGREEMENT WAS BROKEN AND THE LAW VIOLATED

Had the Matches Been Confined to Mere Sparring Contests, as They Ostensibly Were, Mr. Breen Would Not Have Interfered—Complaints Have Reached Him That Brutality Was Allowed.

Boxing matches have come to an abrupt halt in the city of Butte. County Attorney Breen, while in favor of legitimate sport, has decided to allow no more sparring events to come off in Silver Bow county, because of the recent knockouts and the violation thereby of the law governing such matters.

The fighters and their managers in some instances did not keep faith with Mr. Breen, after assuring him that the matches to be held by them would not be allowed to degenerate into prize fights in which one fighter would knock the other out.

Owing to that fact, Mr. Breen decided to withdraw his permission to sporting men of all kinds to carry on sparring matches in the county.

Is Kind but Firm. Firm, but kindly letters announcing his decision and his intention to arrest violators of the law who undertook to pull off fights against the decision were sent by him to James Murphy, Dal Hawkins, Howard Opie, Jerry McCarthy and Jack Clifford, all of whom had engagements in the fist arena in view for the near future.

Mr. Breen is a lover of clean sport, and a boxing match carried on under the law allowing gymnasium exercises, has never been objectionable to him. But he is opposed to prize fighting where the events go to a finish and end in knockouts, and the pressure of public opinion against that form of the sport is also great.

Letters to the Fighters. The following letters were received by Murphy, Hawkins and Clifford, and they clearly indicate Mr. Breen's stand in the boxing matter. It is understood that the fighters, since the receipt of the letters, have given up thought of holding the fights in contemplation heretofore.

Murphy was to fight Root of Chicago here or elsewhere; Hawkins was to fight McCarthy here and Clifford to fight Opie. The boxers were in training before the receipt of the letters, and it is understood that the training has been called off in some instances since then.

Mr. Breen was interviewed this morning concerning the stand he has taken on the subject of fights in this city.

"Is it true that you have issued an ultimatum to the boxers that no more fights will be allowed in Butte?" he was asked.

No More Fights. "Yes, sir; there will be no more fights held. I do not object to legitimate sport, but there is too much complaint about the way those fighters violated the law and they will be stopped hereafter," he replied.

The three letters begin with a terse communication to James Murphy. The epistle directed to the red-headed heavyweight is as follows:

"I see by the papers that a challenge has been accepted by yourself to fight Root of Chicago in the near future. Now, you must realize that this matter has been crowded to the limit, and I desire to call this fight off as far as Butte is concerned, for there will be no more sparring contests in this city until other cities in the state of equal prominence have again returned to sparring. This fight, positively, will not be allowed to come off."

The letter concludes with this solicitous item: "Trusting that you have not incurred any expense in this matter, I remain, etc."

A Knock-Out for Clifford. The second knockout is aimed at Jack Clifford and is concluded as follows:

"I see by the papers that a match has been, or is being arranged for a fight between yourself and Howard Opie, to be pulled off in Butte in the near future. Now, I desire to inform you that there will be no more sparring matches or prize fights in Butte or Silver Bow county for some time to come. Should you proceed in making arrangements you will be arrested for so doing."

It winds up with this significant thrust: "Trusting this warning will be sufficient, I remain, sincerely yours, etc."

Dal Hawkins gets another bon mot. It is right to the point, and is as follows: "I have been informed that arrangements are being made for a prize fight between you and Jerry McCarthy to take place in Butte in the near future. I sincerely trust that neither you nor any of your friends will go to any expense in this matter, for the said prize fight will not be allowed to take place, as the business has already been overdone."

Hawkins' little note ends with a jerk. "Respectfully yours," says the official, and then signs his sig.

BUILDING PERMITS ISSUED

Who Are Going to Build and What They Are Going to Put Up.

Building Inspector Lane has issued the following permits during the last few days: Matthew Thomasin, for a two-room addition to his house at 505 Kemper avenue; C. M. Clark, to remodel the old Masonic Temple; S. Slater, a two-room addition to his residence at No. 815 George street; Martin Clifford, for the erection of a two-story addition to his property at the corner of Jackson and Galena; W. K. Fooks, for the addition of four rooms and bath rooms to Nos. 636 and 638 West Park street; and to Joseph Mikosowid, for the construction of two frame buildings on unplatted ground at Jackson and Porphyry streets.

Big Crop of Apples. Columbus, July 24.—S. E. Winscott is in from his ranch near Park City. He says his apple trees are so full of apples that many will have to be picked at once.

HOW PIUTES TAKE DEMISE OF CHIEF

SPENT NO TIME IN TELLING HOW THE LORD HAD TAKEN HIM AWAY, BUT LAID FOR DOCTOR.

FOR IT WAS THE DOCTOR HAD TAKEN HIM HENCE

Tribe Knew This and Inflicted Summary Vengeance Upon Fake Medicine Man, Whose Strenuous Efforts to Save the Chief Are Thought to Have Materially Hastened the End—Old Settler's Story

All old timers in the Western states have interesting stories concerning the Indians. Martin Callahan, a pioneer Comstocker who arrived from Nevada and registered at the Finlen today, told a vivid tale of how a medicine man was stoned to death at Virginia, Nevada, in the old days, the subject of conversation having turned upon the recent sun dance held near Butte by Chief Solferino Levy, The-Man-Who-Looks-Well-On-a-Horse, and his fiery sun-worshippers, the flea-bitten Cree nation.

"They killed the medicine man because he let Captain Bob, the chief of the Piutes die," Mr. Callahan said. "Captain Bob was the biggest Indian on the Comstock in those days, and the Indians desired to keep him with them."

It's a theory of mine that the sort of supervision exercised by the Indians over their medicine men and the fate dealt to them when they lose patients ought to be adopted into the white man's civilization. I used to live here in Butte several years ago, and I know two doctors who opened a hospital and killed so many people that they had to leave the country. They ought to have been hanged.

Captain Bob Took Pneumonia. "But that's a digression. I was talking of the stoning to death of Captain Bob's medicine man. The winters are fairly cold and the snow very deep on the Comstock, and Bob's camp of Piutes was between Mount Davidson and Sugar Loaf, on the hills east of the city."

"He took sick. I do not know what ailed him, but I have heard tell it was pneumonia. He had a wooden house to live in, built by some well-meaning whites who had evolved the entirely erroneous notion that cloth teepees were not sufficiently warm for human beings to pass the winter weather in. If Piutes were entirely human the idea might be good."

"Anyway Captain Bob accepted the house, but did not let it prevent him from following the custom of his forefathers as to the sort of a residence a self-respecting Indian ought to live in. He set the skin and cloth wickup of his family up inside the house, saying that by the exercise of a little will power he could forget the house was there and that it did not make any difference any way."

Medicine Man Steps In. "Some of the whites said he caught pneumonia because he did not keep the doors and windows of the house closed at night, but that was foolishness, because he was inside the tent."

"When he got sick, the medicine man painted himself up to resemble the devil on a spree, and went after him with his tom-tom, as they always do. The doctor had a big yellow circle of ochre around one eye and dabs and stripes of vermilion, chalk and tar wherever he could get them on best."

"He stripped himself and wore only his bonnet and a ballet dancer's skirt slashed into ribbons around his middle, and how he did howl and beat his tom-tom. His howls were the real thing; they made everybody around there glad to go and see how business was looking in the next town."

"It must have been a hard case of pneumonia, because nothing touched it. In two weeks he was ready to die. Then we heard in town that the Indians were going to kill the medicine man unless he effected a cure. After the way he had howled that was the least they could do."

Went on Howling. "There were reports in town that the big Injun was dead, but the medicine man went on howling, so we knew that he was still holding out. But one morning Captain Bob died, dinned to death. The medicine man had howled him out of the world. Thenceforward his method was different from the methods of the white doctors, but it had been just as effective."

"Then the trouble began. The Indians said that the medicine man should die, and the medicine man tried to crawl out of the dilemma by insisting that if Captain Bob had lived in the open air, as every sensible Indian had lived since Adam, he would have had no trouble in curing him. The chief's constitution had broken down under a couple of weeks of pneumonia on account of confinement to the house he lived in, and no howling could save him. Beside that, the evil spirits of the house had been very strong and the doctor was unable to cope with them."

Stoned Him to Death. "A white boy saw the slaying of the medicine man. The Indians chased him out of the village pelting him with stones, and a stone about the size of a man's fist finally struck him on the back of the head and felled him. It probably broke his skull, but the Indians finished him with more stones, any way, and pitched him into a hole and piled stones upon his body. Thus was the inadequate practice of medicine avenged. The whites tried to fix the crime, but could not do it and the Indian exemplars of the biblical death went free."

KILLS HIMSELF IN ST. LOUIS

Dan M. Murphy, Once Well Known Here, Sends Bullet Into His Heart.

News of the suicide of Dan M. Murphy, once a well-known faro dealer in Butte, has reached his friends in the city from St. Louis.

Murphy had domestic trouble while here and left the city after turning over most of his property to his wife. He emptied two chambers of a revolver into his body, which lay unidentified in the St. Louis morgue for several days.

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H. O. WILSON, General Agent. The Montana State School of Mines' third year begins Tuesday, September 9, 1902. For catalogues and terms address School of Mines, Butte, Montana.

NOTICE. There will be a meeting of the stockholders of the North Pacific Pacer Mining company, held at the company's office, 20 West Broadway, on Thursday, July 24, at 7:30 p. m., for the election of officers and any other business that may come up in the interest of the stockholders. By order of the president, J. CHAUVIN, Secretary.

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NOTICE OF FORFEITURE. Butte, Montana, April 8, 1902. To Thomas L. Porter, or Assigns: You are hereby notified that I have expended during the year 1901, one hundred dollars in labor and improvements upon the Julian Lode claim, situated in Summit Valley mining district, Silver Bow county, Montana, about 4 1/2 miles southeast of Butte City, Montana, of which the deplorable statements of record on Page 75 of Book "D" of lode claims, in the office of the recorder of said county of Silver Bow, in order to avoid said claim under the laws of the United States concerning annual labor upon mining claims, being the amount required to hold said lode for the period ending on the 31st day of December, 1901. And if within ninety days after publication hereof, you fail to contribute your proportion of said expenditure, as a co-owner by payment thereof to me or to my agents, the J. E. Rickards Co., at Butte, Montana, your interest in the claim will become the property of the subscriber, your co-owner, by the provisions of said laws. MARY W. BISHOP.