

## MONA BELL IS TO BE MARRIED SOON

STEADFAST WOMAN WHO REFUSED AT POINT OF DEATH TO NAME ASSAILANT TO WED.

### MAN WHO WATCHED BY BEDSIDE IS BENEDICT

Believes Mona Will Make a Good, Quiet Wife, Inasmuch as the Chief of Police Could Never Get Her to Talk—Mona Is Driving a Charger Now and Has Fully Recovered From Her Wounds.

Mona Bell, the woman who was filled with lead in a mysterious fashion by a jealous admirer June 28, is about to vault into public notice in a new role.

Mona is to be married. She is to be led to the altar, or the justice shop, by a man who all through the time she tossed on her bed of pain stayed with her, offering what consolation he could—and paying the bills as far as his means allowed.

Mona exhibited wonderful self-possession while she was in the casualty ward of the hospital. She was the wonder of her sex for several days. She refused to talk, thereby demonstrating that she was superior to the most of her gender as far as a mastery of her tongue is concerned.

It was here that Mona made the hit with the man who now possesses what part of her heart that was not splintered by the bullet. He believed—fond trusting man—that she was a gem, that she would not talk and live with her would be one long dream of gabled bliss.

As Kipling Would Say. Those who have known Mona in the days when she demonstrated that her organ of speech was loose at both ends and hooked on a swivel in the middle, say she will fool the bridegroom—but that's another story.

There is gossip about the justices shops which says it is a matter of grave doubt whether the first interview of the happy pair will be with the minister or the constable. It is vaguely rumored that certain bills are unpaid, that duns come in like a flood and that the course of true love runs rough. Whether an attachment would serve to elicit money from Mona is a matter of doubt; it is believed that she would be as deaf to the entreaties of a bill collector as she was to those who asked her in her delirium who shot her and were given the merry, ha, ha for their reply.

Altougher Mona Bell appears a sphinx. Breakers Ahead. The wedding day has not yet been set, but announcement has been made that as soon as the woman in the case is able to march out and face the marital music the game will be pulled off. At present Mona may be seen any evening piloting a fiery sorrel horse about the streets, gaining strength daily from the exercises of pulling the lines over the headstrong brute, who is meekness itself when left standing, but who is ambitious to jump over the moon when flicked with a whip or checked to by the gentle bell-like voice of Mona.

The breakers ahead for the pair who are now contemplating matrimony may be only imaginary. Nurses and attendants may not tell all they know and spoil the wedding game, sending the "sweet bells jangling out of tune." Mona, when married, will likely make bread and biscuits as lead-like as the bullet that pierced her before Cupid sent his little arrow to her heart. She will handle the frying pan with deftness, and after her experience with smoking pistols will have no trouble or trepidation in facing a smoking range.

And talk! It's a cinch she'll talk, so the man who believed her silence in the hospital was a reflex of her nature will believe he has been made the victim of a gold Bell game.

## THE DEVIL MUST GO WAY BACK

Our Mary Is Done With His Satanic Majesty Forever and Does Not Love the Wicked Any More—Booked For an Old Maid.

Mary MacLane is still the rage in New York. The tip has gone out that she will find employment on the New York Evening World. That paper has printed pages about the little Butte "genius" as has also the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. The latter paper printed a full page interview with Mary Sunday with a "specially posed" photograph of Miss MacLane, the latter resembling in all respects the likeness on the cigar boxes bearing her signature in the Butte tobacco stores.

The following characteristic interview is published in New York and reveals a sudden and inexplicable change of mind on the part of the famous divinity of Butte's sand and barrenness.

Mary MacLane, the self-styled genius from Butte, whose recently published book created such a stir alike among cities and readers, has descended upon New York.

Since leaving Butte, where the little



MARY MACLANE.

book wrought of the experiences that come to every girl, and the dreams that came to Mary MacLane alone, was conceived and written, she has visited Chicago, Buffalo, Boston and several other cities. She is now staying with friends in Fordham.

She Grows Prettier Daily. In appearance Miss MacLane does not differ from the usual Western American girl. Prettier than her published portraits, she has a lithe, slender figure, a trifle above the average in height, and a face which is chiefly remarkable for its look of infantile wistfulness.

It is, indeed, almost a baby face, with a well-shaped mouth, which very frequently breaks into a girlish giggle, showing small, even teeth.

Asked to tell the object of her visit to New York, she smiled and said in her even, somewhat expressionless tones:

"That is none of your business. Why should I tell you? You are nothing to me."

"Do you intend to write about New York?" was the reporter's next question.

Again Miss MacLane smiled, the innocent baby smile which is such an unexpected revelation of her character.

"I will write about New York if I feel like it," was her reply. "Why should I tell you what I intend to do?"

"What do you think of New York?"

"New York?" said Mary MacLane. "It is the most—but why should I give you my impressions, the coin of my brain, the product of my genius? It would be robbing myself. I may want to write what I think. You are nothing to me."

"Will you tell the public, Miss MacLane, whether you have found the devil you were looking for when you wrote your book?"

Tired of the Devil Question.

"There has been a great deal written about that devil," Miss MacLane answered. "Some of it was very much exaggerated. I wrote my book when I was 19. I am 21 now. The expression 'devil' may have been symbolically. I don't say it was. But I think now that I shall never find my devil. When I was 19 I wished to find him. Now I give him warning that I don't want him. It is better that we should never know each other."

"Better for him or you?"

"Better for both of us. Why do you ask me about the devil? Everybody does that. I should think you would try to invent some original questions."

"Do you still consider yourself a genius?"

"I am a genius," she declared emphatically. Then, as if correcting herself. "That is, I would be if I thought about it at all. But I have ceased to think about it. It does not interest me."

"But at 19 you wrote that you were a genius. How did you know?"

"How do I know that I am Mary MacLane? We all have the same idea of what a genius is. No one has ever before done what I have done."

Mary MacLane Has Many Phases.

"I wrote about Mary MacLane in many of her phases. Not in all of them, for I was reckoning them up the other day and I found that there were 80 or 90 of them. When I was in Chicago I showed a phase that is not in my book. I did the pathetic act."

Miss MacLane laughed reminiscently. "The women all thought I was such a dear. And they said I was so different. People all say I am different. In Chicago I did some very tall capering. At a luncheon there I met Miss Ruth Hanna. I thought her clothes fitted her beautifully. You know," explained Miss MacLane ingeniously, "the fashionable figure for women is like a shad. Miss Hanna asked me if I liked her. I was not sure, so I said merely that I supposed so. And she stopped talking."

"Have you been anywhere else in the East except at Buffalo and Boston?" the reporter asked.

"Yes, I have been in Newport. I was at the wedding of Ethel Davies last Saturday. I was at the Casino, at Bailey's Beach and other places there."

Wouldn't Talk About Newport.

"What did you think of social life at Newport?"

Again Miss MacLane smiled, that smile that has all the charm of childhood, all the mystery of the Sphinx.

"Why should I tell you?" she repeated. "You are nothing to me. If Mary MacLane of Butte, Mont., wants people to know what she thinks she will write."

"Then you intend to write about New York and the East?"

"I have already told you that is my business. But I will add—just because it pleases me—that I do intend to write about New York and the East."

"I do not intend to look at buildings, to be shown sights I will get at the heart of things. And I will write about them as they seem to Mary MacLane. One of my greatest merits is being just myself."

"I do not read, for fear that I will borrow thoughts from other people. I have no need to do that; for I am Mary MacLane."

Then she added seriously: "MacLane; I hate people who spell my name with just 'Me.' You need not stay any longer," she said. "I have said all I intend to say."

## TOMMY THOUGHT HE COULD CATCH CACH

BUT THE AUSTRIAN IS GAME UNDER FIRE AND REFUSES TO GIVE UP GOOD DOPE.

### CONSTABLE COSGROVE IS TOO FREE WITH HIS GUN

Serves Garnishment Papers on One But-tervenich and Demands in Addition Certain Information at Point of Pistol Austrians Are Not Bluffed a Bit, but Make Complaint to the Authorities.

Frank Cach, an Austrian who runs a saloon opposite the Braund house, was in the county attorney's office this morning to charge Constable Thomas Cosgrove with threatening him with a pistol. Constable Cosgrove and Constable Shea have become famous lately for their raids on Chinese and Italian gambling houses, and lately Constable Shea was convicted in Judge Arnold's court with exhibiting a weapon in a rude, threatening and boisterous manner.

From the story told by Cach, Cosgrove stands a chance of being brought to book in the same fashion and on the same charge. Cach was exceedingly wrath and indignant at the constable's actions.

He related that Cosgrove came into his place of business day before yesterday and waited there for an Austrian named Nick Buttervenich who works in some mine. Nick came in and Cosgrove served a writ of garnishment upon him.

Cach described the event as follows:

He Pulled a Cannon.

"The constable say 'Here dot is von garnishee for you.' Nick say 'All ri', and he poot dot garnishee on hees pocket. De constable he say 'What mine you work?' Nick say, 'I do' know.' Den de constable he poot dot hees pistol lak dot and he point it Nick on he yell, 'You won' tale me where you work!'

"I say, 'What you care where he work? You give dot garnishee heem, what you care?' Den he roon roun' de counter on he poot dot pistol at me on he say, 'What you talk? Where dot man work?' I say, 'What you care where he work?' He got de garnishee. When he point dot pistol at me my barkeep, Harry Cummings, he run over de bar on he say, 'I have pistol for you here too. I have 44 what you like dot?' If he shoot me he would shoot heem at vonse."

Bluff Did Not Work.

Cach stated that Cosgrove's bluff with the pistol at Buttervenich did not work a little bit, because Buttervenich declined to loosen up as to where he worked, even with the gaping muzzle of the revolver in his face. The bluff did not work any better with Cach. His story was told to Assistant County Attorney Yancey, who told him to bring the barkeeper up for an interview.

The Austrian said that after his threatening demonstration with his revolver the constable went outside and took out a little book and wrote down the number of the place in it and stood looking up at the front of the building and writing in his little book for some time. It is thought that Cosgrove took a sketch of the house, so as to remember it as a place where bluffs are called.

Notice, Masons.

All members of Butte Lodge No. 22, A. F. and A. M. and sojourning brothers, are requested to meet at the Old Masonic Hall on Friday, August 22d, at 2 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of attending the funeral of our late brother, James Kernohan.

JOHN C. SPENCER, W. M. H. C. KENNEDY, Secretary.

## The Connell Store

OUR NEW FALL CLOTHING is now ready. All our men's clothing is made expressly for us by Stein-Bloch Co. and Hart, Schaffner & Marx. We sell no other kind, so you can't make a mistake so far as quality, fit and price are concerned.

### Hanan's New Fall Shoes

JUST RECEIVED, 2,400 pairs of these superb shoes in all the new shapes, every size, every width. The best is cheapest in the long run; especially in shoes.

WE have a new four-room house and large basement for sale on W. Boardman St., Mount Moriah Addition. Purchase price

## \$1,350.00

Payments easy; title perfect. If you contemplate buying look this up.

### THE THOMPSON CO.

FIRE INSURANCE 15 West Broadway LOANS, RENTALS

LITTLE BUTTE HAVANA

SWEND CARLSON, 4 South Main

## BUTTE FOLK KNOW HOW TO TREAT 'EM

A. O. U. W. DEPART PLEASSED WITH THE RECEPTION GIVEN THEM HERE—HELENA NEXT.

After the electing of officers at yesterday afternoon's session of the A. O. U. W. grand lodge of Montana the annual meeting was formally closed and the delegates bled them to the gardens where they spent a delightful evening with banquet and dance.

The most important action taken by the Workmen at the meeting was the reduction of the per capita tax from \$2.50 to \$2.

"The people of Butte certainly know how to entertain," said Past Grand Master F. L. Grandey. "We had a royal good time here and we are coming back to Butte some day to hold our annual session. Next year we go to Helena and it remains to be seen if the capital city people are as hospitable as those of Butte."

Following is a complete list of the officers elected for the ensuing year:

Past grand master workman, F. L. Grandey of Butte; grand master workman, Major C. R. A. Scooby of Fort Peck; grand foreman, J. V. Trevarthorn of Walkerville; grand overseer, E. G. Worden of Lewistown; grand recorder, R. H. Howey of Helena; grand guide, F. S. Putnam of Neihart; grand inside watchman, H. Brannigan of Stevensville; grand outside watchman, John Miller of Deer Lodge; grand medical examiner, R. W. Getty of Philipsburg; grand receiver, L. Q. Skelton of Boulder; grand trustees, Jerry Sullivan of Fort Benton, Moses Morris of Helena, Chris Hoffman of Billings; supreme representatives, F. L. Grandey of Butte, Patrick Carney of Waterloo, Dr. J. S. Hammond of Butte.

\$45.00.

Great Northern excursion to St. Paul and return. Good going August 13 and 16, returning until October 15. For information and tickets call at city ticket office, 42 North Main street.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY. Saturday and Sunday Excursions.

Basin and return ..... \$1.50  
Boulder and return ..... 1.50  
Alhambra and return ..... 1.50  
Good going Saturday and Sunday, returning Monday.

Basin and return ..... \$1.00  
Boulder and return ..... 1.00  
Good going and returning Sundays only. Ticket office, 42 North Main street and depot. Butte, Mont., May 5, 1902.

## FREE! FREE!

### TO KIDNEY SUFFERERS

An Opportunity Worthy of Your Notice.

If you suffer with kidney disease or any ailment arising from an improper action of the kidneys or urinary organs, this offer we make to the people of Butte should interest you. In the advancement of medical science, the kidneys, the organs of the greatest importance to human health, have not been neglected, and in placing before you such a cure as Doan's Kidney Pills the proprietors recognize how far so many statements of the makers of similar preparations have fallen short of their claims, being convinced that no remedy for kidney complaints in existence equals Doan's Kidney Pills for such ailments; strengthened in these convictions by letters that are daily received of the work they are doing for mankind's benefit, old backs and young backs are being constantly freed from never-ceasing aches, and many a lame and shattered one, stooped and contracted, is strengthened, invigorated and infused with new life. With such a medicine an offer of this kind can be made without hesitancy, for while we lose the box we give to you, we make a friend that assists us in the sale of many others.

FULL BOXES

of Doan's Kidney Pills will be given away free to every person suffering with kidney ailments at the undersigned address. First come, first served, and only this one chance offered. Remember, this is not a sample box, but a regular size box of Doan's Kidney Pills, which retails at 50 cents. Remember,

FREE DISTRIBUTION ONE DAY ONLY  
Friday, August 22nd  
From 9 a. m. to 7 p. m.

### NEWBRO DRUG CO.

Druggists and Pharmacists  
BUTTE, MONTANA

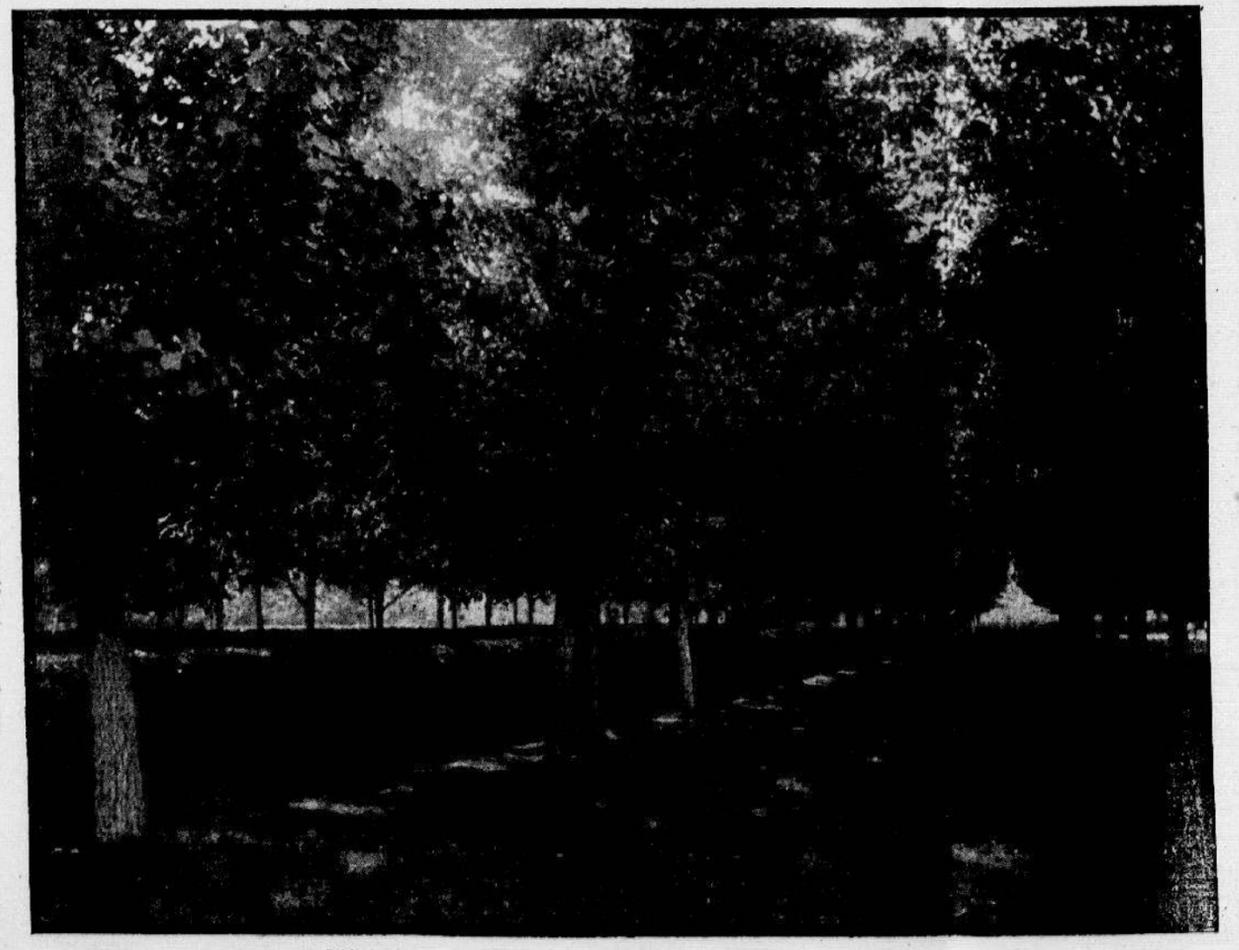
Cut this advertisement out and bring it with you.  
Sole agents for the United States, Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

## Dr. F. A. Ironside

### The Dentist

Extracts teeth absolutely without pain,  
Fine Gold and Bridge Work  
A Specialty.

Prices Moderate Fully Warranted  
25 West Park Street



GROUNDS SURROUNDING THE DALY RANCH, NEAR HAMILTON, WHERE MEMBERS OF MONTANA PRESS ASSOCIATION IS TO HAVE ITS OUTING.