

**ODD BITS OF LIFE.**

**Major P. G. Blad, who lives north of the city on the Crown Hill road, says the Indianapolis News, is a Mississippian by birth. His father was a slaveholder and a believer in the cause of the south. Politics led to a separation of the family, one of the sons who stoutly stood for the union leaving the paternal roof and coming north in his teens. When Lincoln called for men this son was prompt to respond. In the service to which he thus gave himself he became a major, and it is through him that this story has its being. During the war he learned that his father and brothers had enlisted in the Confederate armies, and when the major with his company was forming a part of the Mississippians within the fortifications of Vicksburg he wondered if any of his own kith and kin were in front of his guns.**

**"I have just received word that my old father is dead," he said. "He left a paper which was to be opened after his death. It is a strange document, as you will see. In it he asks for a reconciliation of his children—estranged since 1862 by the war. One clause, directing particular attention to me, says:**

**"I can not go to my grave without asking your forgiveness for suppressing so long my parental love. There is no reason why our family should longer live apart. Our hot southern blood explains our conduct. There is but one clause of excessive vindictiveness that needs to be explained.**

**"I was in charge of a battery at Vicksburg in front of your command. On the 28th of June you made an assault upon our works. We were short of battery supplies. Our last fuse had been fired. We had neither torch nor match. You know, perhaps, that your sister Kate, then a young girl, followed me all through the war. She would not leave me. You know also the peculiar physical energy and subtle force that characterize our blood. If you will go back to the early days—before we had heard much of electricity or "spiritualism"—you will remember how all of our children used to rock tables and chairs by a power you could not explain, and how Kate used to comb sparks off of her hair, to the terror of the colored people.**

**"Well, in our desperation one day in trenches, I determined to have Kate fire the cannon if the worst came. By rubbing her hands or feet over a rough cloth or by stroking her hair she could charge herself with electricity and discharge it off the end of her finger in sparks. When you came up against our breastworks that day (we did not then know that you led the column) we were without means of firing upon you.**

**"Kate," I called.**

**"Yes, sir," she answered, comprehending without further words. Stepping up to one of the guns she peered through the porthole at the advancing column of blue-coats. I saw her turn pale and falter and her eye was fixed on an object outside. I looked and saw you in the van of your ranks, fairly in front of our cannon. I was dazed, but only for an instant. Our men were beginning to yield and you troops, meeting feeble resistance, were coming on triumphantly.**

**"Do your duty, Kate," I said, and the girl, setting her teeth together, rubbed her hand twice over her rough jacket and lightly struck the old-fashioned cannon right at the touch-hole, where a little pile of powder had been poured. There was an instant discharge and result—confusion in the Federal lines.**

**"I do not know, unless providence came directly to your aid, how you escaped. But I loved my state and we thought we had our duty done. I need never to have known this, for few saw it, and they are gone. But a father's returning affection compels me to tell all. In the fierce heat of the battle for our cause would have sacrificed you. I thank God that in the fearful rain of shot that day you were spared. Kate lives to join in this request that you forgive."**

**"There is nothing in this to excite any incredulity," the major said, in speaking of the letter. "My father is right. All our family are human and electric batteries. Let me give you an illustration."**

**The major sat down, pulled off a shoe and stocking and scraped his bare foot on the carpet a few times. Turning on a gas jet he took his finger and applied it at the gas vent. Instantly the gas ignited from the spark that was given off his finger.**

**"I haven't done that for years," said he, "but I know that I could do it unless my physical make-up had changed. It's not so remarkable. Many people doubtless could do it if they but knew their power."**

**"Yes, I shall go back to Mississippi, and Kate will be just as dear to me as if she had blown up Jeff Davis instead of having fired at her Yankee brother."**

**Exchanging Sleeping Berths.**

**"One night about a month ago, about half an hour before we left Chicago, a couple of gentlemen came into my car with tickets entitling them to two lower berths directly opposite each other," said a sleeping car conductor to a Detroit Free Press man. "One of them retired immediately, while his friend said he would smoke a cigar before turning in. Just as the train started a gentleman and his wife entered the car. There were no berths left except the two upper ones directly over the berths engaged by the two gentlemen. This did not suit the gentleman and his wife, and they asked me if I could not arrange it so that they could have a section to themselves. I said I would try. So I went to the smoking room and explained the situation to the gentleman who had engaged the opposite lower berth. "Why, certainly, I will exchange my berth with pleasure," he said. Accordingly, he occupied the berth over his companion and surrendered his own to the gentleman and his wife. About 7:30 the next morning the fun began. The man who went to bed first woke up first. He sat up on the side of his berth, rubbed his eyes, and surveyed the situation. Glancing across the aisle at the lower berth, which he thought contained his friend, a bright idea seemed to take possession of him. He reached down and picked up one of his shoes from the floor and cautiously parted the curtains of the berth. It was dark within so that he only distinguished one form, that lying on the outside. Then he raised his shoe and dealt his supposed friend a terrific thwack. An unearthly female shriek was the response. I shall never forget the expression that came over the face of the man with the shoe. He turned all sorts of colors as he sat on the edge of his berth staring helplessly around him. In the meantime the husband of the abused lady had jumped out into the aisle just as the innocent companion, who had yielded up his quarters the night before, was sticking his head out beneath the curtains to see what the row was all about. It looked for a minute as though there would be a riot. It took several minutes to cool the enraged husband down so he could understand the situation. Husband and wife left the train a couple of hours afterwards."**

**Oyster Planters Lose Heavily.**

**NEW YORK, Sept. 14.—It is claimed by the wholesale oyster men that the oyster planters have sustained a loss of from \$1,000,000 to \$2,000,000 by reason of the late storm and that some of them have been forced out of business and into bankruptcy.**

**A Bet Regarding Watch Dials.**

**There is a good story out on A. K. Hicks, the bonny Scotch druggist of South town and one of the honorary members of the Woodpecker club, says the Minneapolis Tribune. The other day Hicks was amusing himself by asking all he met how the hour of 6 was indicated on their watch dials. Nearly everyone was willing to bet the cigars that the hour was marked in Roman characters, VI being the most common claim. Others thought the figure 6 was the thing, while the point of the joke was that the place where the 6 o'clock mark should occur is covered in most watches by the second-hand dial, and there are no characters whatever for 6 o'clock. Hicks had sold nearly everybody he knew in South Minneapolis, and was surrounded by a dismal crowd, when a man appeared whom the little druggist took for a fresh prey. He was so confident that he offered to bet cigars for the crowd on the issue. When this was settled the man pulled out an old Waterbury watch on which VI was plainly marked. After Hicks had emptied several boxes of choice cigars he discovered that it was a put-up job by Alderman Phillips and George Myers, who induced the owner of the Waterbury to "do up" the joke. Mr. Hicks is now figuring on a new joke to get even.**

**Not Embarrassed.**

**From the San Francisco Post.**

**"Doesn't it embarrass you to be kissed by your husband before a careful of people?"**

**"Embarrass me?" replied the lady, who was starting off on a journey, as she seated herself and looked at the questioner. "Did John kiss me when he said good-by? I declare I didn't notice it. Is my hat on straight, Laura?"**

**DEMOCRATS OF MONTANA.**

**THE most important election in which the people were ever called upon to participate is but thirty days off.**

**Never since the organization of the territory has the Democracy been so united or seemingly so invincible. Our cause is just, our candidates invulnerable, and our victory ought to be certain. There is but one danger to be feared, and that is a failure to register. Let every man that deserves well of the coming state see to it that he is not disfranchised by that vicious and partisan law, which ought to have been entitled "An act to disfranchise the farmers, miners and stockmen of Montana," and which was born of the first republican legislature of Montana.**

**Register, and do so at once, and thus rebuke the party that enacted such a law. Delay is dangerous. In order to vote you must register on before September 15.**

**Let the naturalized citizens of this territory who have been voting unmolested for years, hunt up their papers that they have not seen for ten years, and go to the place of registration and register, and at the same time register a vow to rebuke the political party that puts you to this great inconvenience and practically disfranchises you by the absurd provision which requires you to produce your papers, and in some instances to travel a hundred miles to register before you can exercise the rights of freemen.**

**We ask all who are interested in good government to read the platform of our party. Examine the public and business records of our candidates, pursue and investigate them in all their relations to the public, to the last and final analysis, and we are confident that you will find them worthy Montanians, men who will guard and protect her interests at all hazards.**

**Register and tell your friends to register.**

MAICUS DALY.	S. T. HAUSEL.
W. A. CLARK.	C. A. BROADWATER.
W. W. DIXON.	A. J. DAVIDSON.
JOHN SCHRINER.	SAML. WORD.
WALTER COOPER.	WM. PARRBERRY.
ALFRED MEYERS.	CHAS. E. CONRAD.
C. R. MIDDLETON.	GRANVILLE STUART.
GEO. R. TINGLE.	W. W. MORRIS.
J. A. SAVAGE.	CON BRAY.
R. S. KELLY.	W. J. STEPHENS.
T. E. COLLINS.	ED. CARDWELL.

**Committee.**  
Anaconda, August 27, 1889.

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Some of the Finest Buildings in Helena and Anaconda Have Been Built by this Firm.

Orders left for jobbing at I. F. Kirby's Hardware Store will receive prompt attention. Correspondence solicited.

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**Staple and Fancy Groceries and Provisions.**

Good goods and low prices.

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**Heating and Cook Stoves FOR WOOD AND COAL.**

Come and see the Handsomest Line of Stoves ever shown in this market. Don't forget to come.

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**REAL ESTATE MINING BROKER.**

And Collecting Agent.

First Street, Near Main, - - - - - Anaconda, Mont.

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**Dealer in Office and House Furniture, CROCKERY, STOVES AND FUNERAL GOODS.**

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STEIGER & FAUL, Proprietors. Brewery at West End Fourth Street.

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according to size and character of rooms occupied.

**DEL. HARBAUGH, Manager.**

**ANDERSON & THOMAS, Contractors and Builders**

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And Respectfully Solicit a share of Public Patronage.

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Largest and Best Assortment of Lumber in Deer Lodge County.

LATH, SHINGLES, WINDOWS AND MOULDINGS ALWAYS IN STOCK.

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Single Baths 35c. 20 Bath Tickets, \$5.00. Children under 15 years, 25 cents. West Second street, one block from the Montana Hotel.

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A full line of Bar Glassware, Flasks, Etc., constantly on hand. Prompt delivery to all parts of the city free of charge. Remember the place, Stone Building, West First Street, Anaconda, Mont.

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Upholstering and all kinds of repairing promptly done. We invite you to inspect our stock of

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The largest assortment and best goods in town. The only exclusively Furniture store in Anaconda.

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