

A TRAMP CLIENT'S FEES.

Originally a barrel of Bourbon Whiskey, developed into \$1,000,000 Cash. Undoubtedly the most valuable barrel of whiskey ever distilled...

Some years before the war a young man named Henry M. Sherwood was admitted to the bar of Steuben county. He was a bright young fellow...

"It looks as if I was in a pretty bad scrape," said the tramp to Hank, "but I believe that a lawyer can get me through all right. Now I'm from Kentucky, and I haven't got a cent..."

"Young Sherwood didn't take a bit of stock in the man's story, but he made up his mind to see what he could do in the management of the case..."

"Say, Hank, there's a barrel in the freight house for you. It's been there a day or two and it's marked Kentucky. More than that, its markings declare that it contains fine old Kentucky bourbon..."

"The tramp had paid his lawyer's fee, sure enough. Sherwood had the barrel taken home and placed in his cellar. He wasn't much of a tamperer with whiskey, and the barrel lay in the cellar five years without being disturbed..."

"Young man," said he to Sherwood, "I won't forget you for letting me see the stuff. If ever I see a chance to give you a lift I'll do it."

"Time passed, Sherwood skinned along after the manner of the average country lawyer. The day he was called out Judge Cook was one of the solid men of western New York..."

"I'm going to give you that lift now, Henry," said he.

"He let Sherwood in on the contract, and the country lawyer's share of the proceeds was \$100,000 dollars. After this was done Judge Cook said to Sherwood: 'There's some land for sale in Tioga county, Pa. It is coal land and is bound to be very valuable. You can buy some of it cheap. Put all the money you've got in that land.'"

"Sherwood did so. Every dollar he made in the big contract he put into Tioga county land. He hadn't a great while to wait before the prophecy of Judge Cook came true. M. Sherwood's first fee resulted in being the biggest fee ever received by any lawyer on earth, for he cleared over \$1,000,000 from his investment in the Tioga county lands...

A MODEL LANDLORD. He Will Allow No Servant to Accept Tips. From the Chicago Tribune.

Potter Palmer is one of the few landlords of the country who refuses to allow any one in his service to receive a tip. violation results in the dismissal of the recipient.

"How came he to make this rule?" I asked of Mr. Mazerve, a trotting man, who is posted.

"One day," he said, "Potter Palmer was speeding his horses on the Lake Shore drive when he became aware that some one was trying to pass him. Mr. Palmer touched up his horse with the whip and the same did the man who was behind. In a moment more the latter passed Mr. Palmer, and as he did so Mr. Palmer recognized him as his head porter. The next day Mr. Palmer met the man and said to him: 'John, that is a pretty good horse you had on the drive yesterday. You passed me, and my horse is a good one. Where did you get your horse?'"

"The porter, with a glow of pride, answered that the horse was his own. 'Mr. Palmer made no reply, but began an investigation. He found that this man

was accumulating wealth on the tips he had received from guests at the Palmer House. He found that all his employees were doing likewise, and he at once issued the order that any man in his service who received a tip was to be discharged. You may see a waiter in the dining room if you want to, but it has to be done under cover. If the head waiter sees it the underlying goes. This rule applies to the fellows at the bootblack stand, which stand like everything else in that hotel, is run by Potter Palmer. The money taken at that stand is turned into the manager every night and is credited to the bootblack account. It is the only place I know of where tipping is forbidden."

QUION'S SKIN GAME.

The Poker Table with Which He Fleeced a Cattleman Out of \$17,000. From the Kansas City Times. Bud Guion, a Chicago gambler, has just ended a visit to Kansas City which profited him and his confederates the snug sum of \$17,000. His victim was a well-known cattleman. The game was draw poker, and a table which is arranged to assist the gambler in his work played a very prominent part in the games. The playing took place at a well-known hotel, and it required three sittings. The police broke into Guion's room early one morning shortly before he left for the purpose of seizing the table, but the gambler had heard of their intentions the night before and had carefully stowed the table away in another part of the hotel. Guion left town, after spending \$8,000 of his winnings with a Main street jeweler for diamonds.

The story of the games was told to a Times reporter yesterday by a local gambler who is acquainted with all the facts. "Besides Guion and his victim," said he, "there were two more in the game, a Main street saloon keeper and a young fellow, a friend of the cattleman, who poses as a horse dealer, and who did the capping for the gambler. The latter met the victim in the barroom of the hotel one night and introduced Guion to him as a dealer in the Chicago board of trade. The gambler and his confederates spend about \$25 for wine, and by that time the 'subject' had reached a happy stage. A little game was proposed, and the cattleman, who has a fondness for draw, consented. When they went to Guion's room the victim was rather odd for a Chicago grain dealer to have a green-covered table in his room. The table was round, with a wide border of richly patterned green cloth, and always sat at a certain place at the table, where, by touching a spring with his foot, an opening would be made between the border and the green cloth. He could keep a thing hand ready until the time came for him to use it to the most advantage. He would deposit high cards and pairs as they came to him until he had collected a high hand. Then he would 'dig it up' when the victim developed symptoms of a hand of more than usual strength. The confederates were mere dummies.

"The cattleman," continued the sport, "had only a few hundred dollars with him when the first night's play began, but before the game ended his big diamond stud and watch and chain were in the gambler's pocket. The second game was played a couple of nights later, when the cattleman came back to retrieve his losses and was told that he had lost all his money and watch and chain were in the gambler's pocket. His checks are good for almost any amount, but as it was feared he might stop payment on checks given for gambling debts they were refused. He was bound to continue playing, however, and a couple of promissory notes were taken. The game was followed by a third, and his checks were taken then, and they were cashed at the bank immediately, so as to give no chance for stopping payment. In the first two sittings the cattleman's losses were \$13,000, and on the third night he was pulled in for \$4,000 more, when he said he had enough. At first he refused to pay the promissory notes, but after threats of a suit and exposure to his family and friends he compromised. Guion remained at the hotel several days before the police made it advisable for the gambler to leave the mean time roping in a Mexican merchant for \$1,300 and several drummers for sums from \$100 to \$250."

Chief of Police Speers corroborated the story and the gambler admitted that he had learned after Guion's departure that the table had been boxed up marked "Glass, handle with care, and sent by express to Chicago." "All there is to it is some Kansas City gambler gave Guion's 'snap' away. Gamblers don't like to see money that they have a chance to get taken out of town by a cunning dealer. The gambler in the country knows what Bud plays. The table is covered with billiard cloth to within a few inches of the edge. There is a spring all round. The cloth turns next to this strip of wood, and there is a natural looking seam where the wood and the cloth meet. A man who knows the table can sit down at a certain point and begin operating a helper under the strip of wood and which can be got at through the seam. By inserting a knife or a piece of wire into the seam he touches a spring which will cause the drop down under the table. He fastens this lever between his knees and with it works the machine in the table. When he picks up his hands he is in front of him just inside the edge of the cloth, turns his knees to the left, the wood between him and the cloth swings back a little, and up out of the seam, a receiver. Of course he is holding out, and he puts the cards he don't want into a receiver, turns his knees to the right and down again, leaving the receiver coming except a natural-looking seam to be seen when he straightens up and raises his hand from the table."

From the Chicago Tribune. There is hardly a sport in town who does not know about the table which was used to beat Quinlan. It is known as the "California game" or California helper," because it was invented on the Pacific coast. Where Guion is not known he can get his table into a hotel or private game and work it to great advantage. The trouble is that he is known by the gamblers all over the country. The jealousy of gamblers is proverbial, and in every town some member of the local fraternity may be depended on to "knock" any outsider who does it. It turns a trick. A man who is familiar with the gamblers of the northwest said yesterday to a Tribune reporter:

How He Won a Breakfast. From the Yankee Blade.

"Tramp," "Please, ma'am, will you give a poor man a bite to eat?" Matron: "Not a bite; I don't encourage idleness. Get out, or I'll set the dog on you." Tramp (continuing): "Please, ma'am, a friend of mine told me you gave him a piece of cake once, and 'twas the best cake he ever ate, and he thinks you're the best cook he ever—" Matron: "Come right in, poor man. Mary Jane, get a good breakfast ready for this poor creature."

Life Under Water. From the New York Sun. She (sentimentally)—Harry, I wonder what the mermaids do when they want a lemonade? Harry (practically)—Probably they call a bell buoy to fetch it from the harbor bar.

UNDER FALSE COLORS.

Some Interesting Facts About "Ex-Governor" Tate, of Nebraska. To the Editor of the Standard. DEAR SIR: The greatest fake of the present political campaign was perpetrated on the people of Anaconda on Saturday night when, for the purpose of attracting an audience, the local republican brass advertised as one of the attractions an ex-governor of Nebraska.

Having lived in Nebraska for a few years and mingled more or less with several of the leading political personages in that state, you can easily imagine my astonishment to read about an ex-Governor Tate, when no such person ever existed except in the fertile imagination of the brilliant leaders of the Patriotic Order Sons of America in Anaconda.

Poor Tate himself must have felt quite big for a few hours, because in reality he is only an enlarged edition of a Salvation Army captain, being a peculiar sort of hybrid creature who could not make ends meet in any legitimate business and like some of our local Patriotic Sons was incapable of doing an honest day's work, took to expounding the gospel, and it seems that even in that line he had proved a failure, and from preaching peace and good will, and exhorting the masses to follow in the footsteps of the Divine Master he has taken on himself the impossible task of booming the republican party in Montana, that party whose foundations are built on the slender and flimsy base of the White Czar, that Irish Duke who can point with pride to a pure life, unswayed and unequalled. A man who for every-thing that is good and honorable, is a giant amongst men, and a man who by his talents and inventive genius has won a world wide reputation, and a man whose name has become a synonym for growth and prosperity of the common-wealth than all the republicans combined, from Soligman down to the most insignificant of our citizens, is a giant in the contemptible little secret clique known as the P. O. S. of A.

Mr. Tate personally is a broad-minded Englishman, and of my knowledge of the man, few confident he would not, if he knew the character of the intolerant little clique to which I have already alluded, demean himself by associating with or standing on the same platform with them. He must be in complete ignorance of their aims and objects; he must not have heard how several of the late leaders of that party in the last legislature insulted the citizens of foreign birth and in particular Irishmen and Cornishmen, by publicly disgracing that legislative assembly in the most disgraceful manner of men to tamely submit to insults leveled at the people of England or Ireland, and yet Mr. Tate, these are the men with whom you are now in partnership. If you imagine for a moment that the corrupt atom and keystone of the republican party in Montana is not composed of men possessing these dwarfed un-American characteristics, the fossil remains of a decomposed know-nothing party, then you are greatly mistaken, and if you wish for proof I will send you a list of names and addresses of the men with whom you will agree with me that such uncivilized ideas and such uncharitable opinions are quite unworthy your advocacy or support as a man and a Christian minister.

You, a lover of universal liberty, dishonor yourself by mingling with men whose very existence is a curse to American freedom, and who are the same ideas that obtain in China and Japan, and who, before election time come around, will dare to say to you, because you first saw the flag of the United States in England or on some green hillside in Ireland, or any other country, or because by education or conviction you worship the Almighty God, that you are unworthy of becoming an adopted citizen of America, or enjoying the privilege of taking shelter beneath the benign folds of the starry flag—no matter though every star in that flag was made brighter by the life blood of our common ancestry and race.

Irish aid to Washington won American independence, and the great glory of being Irish birth or descent. And when American union and American liberty were again threatened, Irish and other foreign born citizens went forth bravely, and on many a gory field of death ensanguined with their life-blood their devotion to liberty and equal rights. With such a record of descendants of countless ages of unconquerable heroes can afford to treat with the most supreme contempt the silly drivel and weak twaddle of those keystones and cornerstones of a modern party in Montana, who are no Americans in thought or word or action or idea. They are Americans simply by accident of birth, having neither the blood nor the soul, but physically bearing all the traces of the baboon, possessing the evil will but not the ordinary audacity of the garrotter or sandbagger. Mr. Tate, if you possess any sense, and if you do, the manhood, sense of honor, the spirit of freedom that is generally attributed to your countrymen, be it no longer a seville tool in the hands of your enemies. Assert that manhood in no unmistakable terms. Scorn their low lying device of sailing you here and there in false colors; tell the people that they lie when they received them with the cock and bull story that you are an ex-governor of Nebraska, and you can, I assure you, tell this little lot of cowards and traitors that you are not on the first day of October the vast majority of the citizens of Montana, native and foreign born, will go to the polls and elect a republican party. Let such creatures and such principles and those creatures and their principles will be buried once again as they have been so often already, but this time they will be interred so deeply that all the powers of earth or hell can never resurrect them. Yours truly, THOMAS R. E. BERRY.

IN NEW HAVEN.

She Lost Her Last Hair and Suffered an Awful Reduction. From Puck.

He turned sternly from the slight, quivering figure, convulsed with sobs, and leaning his elbows upon the mantelpiece, gazed darkly into the empty grate. "Then it is true?" he said, as the frown deepened on his brow. "Forgive me," she sobbed, rocking to and fro in her grief and abasement. "But you told me you had never loved before—that no man had ever stirred before—that no man had ever stirred before—that no man had ever stirred before—" "Not as I have loved you!" she cried, wildly. "And yet you admit that you were engaged to Ferguson of the class of '87?" "Yes," she murmured. "And that before that you had an understanding with Williamson of '86?" "Yes."

And with Graham of '85?" "No, he was not with him—with both his brothers in the Sheffield scientific—but not with him."

"But you were engaged to Sandiman of '85?" he went on, referring to a letter in

his hand. "Can you not forgive me?" she pleaded. "I could, Clara," he said after a pause—"I believe I could bring myself to it if that were all. But you were also engaged to McHaffey of '84?" "Ah!" she cried, feebly, "do not spurn me from you!" "What have you to say for yourself?" he demanded, hoarsely. "Speak, woman!" She rose to her full height and looked at him with a pathetic dignity in her glance. "Ah, George," she said, "you little know the exigencies of a young girl's life in a college town." For an instant he hesitated, as if his better nature moved him, and then he turned toward the door. "Farewell," he said, and walked rapidly away. In another second the street door closed behind him, and the sentence he had just uttered was all that remained of his presence.

AN INGENIOUS TRICK.

How Reading Through an Envelope is Done. From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

One of the puzzling tricks performed by so-called public mind-readers or clairvoyants, is an extremely simple deception. The performer standing on the stage asks several persons in the audience to write each a sentence on a slip of paper and seal it in an envelope. Of course the stationery is furnished and afterward collected. One of the audience is a confederate and writes a sentence agreed upon beforehand. When the assistant goes through the house gathering up the envelopes the confederate's contribution is carefully put where it will be the last one of the lot to be taken up. The performer picks out an envelope and, after feeling of it, with much ceremony pronounces the sentence agreed upon and the confederate in the audience acknowledges that he wrote it. To confirm this the performer tears open the envelope and repeats the sentence as though he found it on the enclosed paper, which is in reality another man's sentence, which he reads and then, picking up another envelope and fumbling it over, he cries out the sentence he has just read. The one who wrote it says it is right, the performer tears open the envelope, reads what is in it and proceeds in that way through the lot.

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GOOD GOODS COURTEOUS TREATMENT

EXCURSION

COLUMBUS, O.

The Montana Central Railway will sell tickets to Columbus, O., September 11 to 14 inclusive, at a single fare (\$68.15) for the round trip on account of the Sovereign Grand Lodge I. O. O. F. convention.

Good returning until September 30. For further particulars apply to W. Pinkham, Grand Representative Sovereign Grand Lodge, or M. C. ticket office.

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And Machinery for the Systematic Reduction of Ores by Amalgamation, Concentration, Smelting and Leaching, Builders of the Homestake, Granite Mountain, Drum Lummon, Anaconda, Blue Bird, Lexington and Bi-Metallic Companies' Reduction Works.

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