

OVER TWO MILES LONG

A Tremendous Demonstration Winds Up the Campaign in Butte.

The Streets Flamed With Torches While the Crowds Cheer Tools and Maginias by the Republicans.

Special to the Standard. BUTTE, Sept. 30.—The closing night of the campaign in Butte was marked by one of the greatest political demonstrations ever seen in Montana. The scene presented on the streets to-night was inspiring to the democrats of Silver Bow. At 8 o'clock the streets were literally faced with people anxious to see or participate in the great democratic parade. The procession was more than two miles long, with five men abreast in close file, and 2,500 torches were carried through the main streets by enthusiastic democratic voters. It was a grand exhibition. Main street was a forest of torches. The procession had to counter march in order to get room to turn around within the city limits. Carriages drawn by four horses and occupied by Maginnis and Toole, headed the procession. Several bands marched in the ranks. Thousands of people lined the route of the parade on all sides of the streets, and shouted themselves hoarse for the democratic ticket's success to-morrow. Everybody seemed to be democratic. The republican party was not heard of until a band of six instruments, followed by a carriage containing Col. Sanders and a local speaker attempted to pass up Main street without the democratic legionaries marching up one side and down the other. The republican outfit was gazed so unmercifully that they withdrew to a side street. The torches were lit, and the opera house where all those that could gain admission were addressed by Joseph K. Toole. But thousands of people were unable to get in, and Major Maginnis was compelled to address them in the street. From Academy street to Utah avenue on Granite street every inch of ground was occupied by admirers of Messrs. Toole and Maginnis. The halls of the republicans were deserted. Victory for the democracy was certain. To-night the republicans are dejected and admit they are defeated in this city and county.

FOR CONTEMPT OF COURT.

The Blue Bird Company Brings its Opponents Before Judge De Wolf.

Special to the Standard.

BUTTE, Sept. 30.—There was an important move taken to-day in the litigation between the Blue Bird Mining Company and James Murray and others, who are running the Darling and Little Darling mines. As has already appeared, the Blue Bird Company claims that the defendants in the suit are taking ore from a vein, the apex of which is in the territory of the Blue Bird Company. An order was issued a few days ago restraining the defendants from continuing their work in the mine until the question of a temporary injunction had been settled by the courts. The defendants then entered complaint against the Blue Bird company, asking for an injunction on the same grounds. The complaint was today read, the amendments, an order directing the Blue Bird company to show cause was filed, and summons were issued. Meanwhile the Blue Bird company has offered to file affidavits showing that three of the defendants are not concerned, because they are merely silent partners. The defense further asked adjournment, in order that they might present the evidence. The judge granted the adjournment. Mr. Farbis, for the Blue Bird company, asked whether, during the time of adjournment, the defendants were to continue taking ore from the vein. Mr. Scallion answered that no ore had been taken since the matter went into the courts, and the defendants were only fixing the shaft in such a way that there could not be a cave-in and the ore fall in as was threatened if matters were left as at present. The defense also presented a petition asking that the defendants be allowed to continue in this work, since it is in no way connected with the taking out of ore. The judge said that he would consider this matter as well as the charge of contempt at 10 o'clock Wednesday morning. The judge said that there is sure to be a great deal of litigation over this mining quarrel and it seems to be a matter of fact that is involved. Eventually there is sure to be a jury trial and the jury must decide. In the meantime the judge strongly urged letting the matter remain in statu quo, neither side taking ore from the vein in question until a final decision is rendered. The Blue Bird company, however, claims that the defendants said they would do nothing more than repair the shaft. To this Mr. Farbis objected on the ground that it would endanger the works of the Blue Bird mine. The judge set the time for argument at 10 o'clock on Wednesday morning.

A NEW ADDITION—A chance to double money in a short time by purchasing a well situated addition to Butte within city limits at a bargain. Evans, Nichols & Co., 62 East Broadway, Butte.

Butte Real Estate Record. BUTTE, Sept. 30.—The following transfers of real estate were recorded at the county recorder's office at Butte to-day: Thomas Stewart and Emma Stewart to Hayes Cameron, for \$500, parcel of land in Last Chance mining claim. Dennis Driscoll, his wife, and P. O'Donnell and wife, to John H. Murray, for \$100, part of the surface ground of the Marget Abn claim. Enos Sheehan and S. Marchesseau to Charles and Alexander Johnson and Tom Mitson, a portion of the south vein on the Nile patented ground, leased on condition of the parties of the second part beginning work on the land.

A BIG BARGAIN—In a surveyed and plotted addition to Butte, patented quartz claim title, within the city limits. Evans, Nichols & Co., 62 East Broadway, Butte.

Coal. The Montana Lumber & Produce company are now receiving large consignments of Lehigh, stove and nut, Colorado, anthracite and Rock Springs coal selected especially for family use, which they are prepared to furnish to consumers at the best prices, in small lots or by the car load.

A WILD MAN OF THE WOODS.

His Feet Tall With a Beard Boasting to His Waist He Terrorizes the Community.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 30.—One of the most remarkable cases of dementia ever discovered is now causing the residents of the sparsely settled country between Birdsboro and Pottstown no end of terror. A man who is unquestionably wild is roaming about in the woods in that section and has been seen at least half a dozen times within the past month.

He was first seen about four months ago by a little girl named Alice Marshall, who lives with her parents at Sanatoga, about two miles east of Pottstown. The little girl, whose father is a laborer in the employ of the Philadelphia and Reading railroad, went early one morning to the farm occupied by James McComb to buy some butter. While passing along the road she saw a weird-looking man, very thin, clad, flitting from one shadow to another in the woods. She dropped her butter pail and ran to her home in a frenzy of fright. She told her father of what she had seen, and taking his shotgun from the wall he went to look for the strange being, scarcely believing what he heard could be true. His efforts were futile, but the story told by his little daughter was so sincere that he tried the next day with much better success to see the man.

Before starting out he called at the house of William Burnam and induced him to go along. About half way between Saratoga and Birdsboro they caught a glimpse of the wild man, sitting on the trunk of a fallen tree, and, as he did not observe them, they took a good look at him. The man was fully six feet in height and had a brown beard almost to his waist. His hair was dark and long. He wore a dark suit of clothes that looked very greasy and the trousers were so old they hung in ribbons about his limbs. His shoes were old and very heavily soled. The strange creature was in a thoughtful mood and was breaking up dry twigs and branches, and placing them in a heap, evidently for the purpose of building a fire. As he did not look very dangerous the two men approached him, but as soon as he heard the rustling of the leaves caused by the shuffling of their feet he stood up, gazed at them for a moment and then fled like a deer. He was soon lost in the dense growth of trees and although the men spent the remainder of the day in hunting him he could not be found.

The story was widely circulated by the two men, but was disbelieved at first on account of its seeming impossibility. The matter went around for some time and was finally brought to the attention of the county authorities. Constable Jacob Frech, of Pottstown, was at the head of an exploring party and they started out on Saturday last to find the wild man and capture him if possible. Among the men were McComb, Burnam and Marshall.

They were out for about three hours when they encountered the man in the woods, near Saratoga. He was then approaching and, much to their surprise, he stood his ground until they had approached within fifty feet of him, when he commanded them in military style to halt, which they did. The wild man was armed with a heavy club, evidently cut from a tree, and the hunters were frightened within their souls, which were outlined by his tightly clinging rags, that he could wield it with terrible effect. "I'm crazy," he shouted to them. Do not molest me or I'll kill every man of you."

Then he started to walk away slowly, but the crowd advanced on him and fled as if frightened. The party pursued and the pursued had a hot chase through the trees and heavy undergrowth for several hours, but his superior knowledge of the ground assisted him in eluding capture. He was followed by his footsteps through the woods to the edge of a high precipice of rock overlooking the tracks of the Philadelphia and Reading railroad between Saratoga and Pottstown, where all trace of him was lost on the very edge of the cliff.

Where this wild creature must be is a mystery, but a rumor has been circulated in Pottstown to the effect that he crossed over the Schuylkill river to the other side. A man whose name could not be learned told a crowd in a Pottstown tavern that he knew who the man was. He said he was crazy and imagined that he ought to live in the woods like a wild beast. The same man says that every few days he leaves provisions in a certain place in the woods and when he returns the next day he finds that they have been eaten. One day he left some articles of wearing apparel with the food, but while the edibles were taken the clothing remained where it had been placed. In revenge for this kindness the wild man leaves some evidence of gratefulness.

"One day," said the stranger to the crowd in the tavern, "I left him, with other things, a jar of preserved peaches. On the next day the jar was still there, and also a large piece of white sandstone on which was lettered, evidently with a piece of soft coal, the single word 'Thanks.'"

It is thought that the man was never a resident of the neighborhood, but that he wandered there after escaping from some asylum.

Butte Mining Notes. William L. Robbins and wife have deeded to James Hughes, for \$150, all their interest in Copper Bottom lode in the Camp creek district.

James Hughes has deeded to Michael McCormick and others, for \$4,000, three-fourths interest in the Copper Bottom claim in the Camp creek district.

Frank Lehman has given notice of the location of the Orient claim, three miles southeast of the south monument of Red mountain.

Wounded Pride. From Puck. Old Sportsman: "Ah, I see you've got a partridge. Did you use bird shot?" Amateur sportsman (sarcastically): "Of course I did. How do you think I killed him?" "I suppose I could hit him in a barn and clubbed him to death?"

Belford, Clark & Co.'s Property. CHICAGO, Sept. 30.—The value of the property of Belford, Clark & Co., the publishers, which was seized by the sheriff on several attachments, was assessed to-day by a sheriff's jury at \$98,000.

The Public Debt Statement. WASHINGTON, Sept. 30.—Treasury officials estimate that the public debt statement to be issued to-morrow will show a reduction in the debt of about \$13,500,000.

On the Retired List. WASHINGTON, Sept. 30.—The following army officers were placed on the retired list to-day: Major Charles H. Hoyt, quartermaster, and Captain Harrison, Eighth cavalry.

All Hall Prince Russell. HELEN, Sept. 30.—Russell Harrison is on his way here and will vote at the election to-morrow. Both sides claim a majority.

The Bishop of Oregon at Rome. ROME, Sept. 30.—The pope to-day gave audience to the bishop of Oregon.

A WILD STEER'S ESCAPE.

After a Prolonged Rampage He is Killed in the Park.

From the Philadelphia Times. The wild steer that has been roaming through Fairmount park since Saturday, terrorizing men, women and children and chasing them for long distances, came to a timely and deserving death at Five Points yesterday afternoon, but it took a small regiment of men and a proportionate amount of powder and ball to put an end to his career.

The hunt after the wild beast was begun early in the morning by an army of Park patrolmen, armed with muskets and revolvers, under the direction of Lieutenant Amey. East Park was explored, but nothing was seen, the first sighting occurring in the afternoon. The patrolmen started to scout the West Park. At the Park entrance a little girl, named Hughes, who lives at 2563 Girard avenue, rushed up to Sergeant Evans and breathlessly told the officer that a wild bull had chased her and three other little girls into a small house near the rear bridge.

This set the patrolmen on the trail, which finally led to the slaughtering of the beast. Near the red bridge they met a small detachment of men, armed with guns and pitchforks, hunting after the beast. "He gouged Charlie Lee, my farm hand, an hour ago," explained George Hall, who has a pretty farm near the gentlemen's driving park, "by lying in a dangerous condition at my house. We have started after him, but as you patrolmen have not met him I guess he must have doubled up on us."

The indignant farmers reinforced the patrolmen and the hunt was again commenced. A little past the red bridge the herd was finally brought to bay. It consisted of a colored boy who is employed in the Penecey Rolling mills. His name was Charlie Johnson. He had been almost dead to death by the infuriated animal and pointed out his hiding place in a clump of bushes a quarter of a mile away.

When the steer saw the small army advancing he took to a thicket. Here he got entangled and before he could disengage himself he fell on his back. The men, chasing several of them short distances and receiving any amount of lead in his body he was finally killed by a load of buckshot from the sergeant, Mr. McMillen. Lieutenant Amey secured the horns of the steer and will have them mounted and hung in the guard house.

Way Down in Old Virginia.

"I found a peculiar custom up at Shepherdstown, W. Va., where I spent my vacation," said Fred Ernst to a Washington Post, "which was a novelty. The people say that they call 'soups.' A 'soup' is a sort of out-door picnic. Each person invited brings a dressed chicken. The host provides the vegetables. The chickens and vegetables are put into huge kettles holding 10 or 20 gallons and cooked over open fires for several hours until the combination is reduced almost to jelly. Peppers and other seasonings are introduced. The young folks stir the soup with long-handled iron spoons, walking around the kettle as they stir. When a girl's spoon clicks against the cooking machine, she is bound to catch and kiss her. As you can imagine, there are a good many lively serenades around the kettle. When the soup is done it is divided into plates and eaten, and it is delicious.

"The custom is an old one, and I was unable to find its origin. A company of Stonewall Jackson's soldiers was encamped around Shepherdstown and it still keeps up the organization. It has a reunion every year and celebrates the occasion with a grand 'soup.' A 'soup' is a sort of company dinner, properly gotten up should be made of stolen chickens, but the veterans have given up their foraging since the war and now make a compromise with necessity by properly getting up squads and robbing each other's hen-roosts by a prearranged understanding.

Col. W. A. Morgan is the directing spirit in an agricultural fair which is held annually in Morgan's grove near Shepherdstown. A feature of the fair is a speech by some prominent man. This year Gen. Rosser, who is a well known figure in the community, is the speaker.

"Now, see here, general," said Col. Morgan, "there are as many union men around here as confederates, so don't get into any argument about the north and offending these people."

"But I have my speech all written out," exclaimed Gen. Rosser.

"Can't help me talk about agriculture, if you please."

"So the hero of the Shenandoah had to bottle his hurray speech, though he couldn't help getting into it, and it was there was a traveling operator up there, continued Mr. Ernst, "who came over to take a picture of Col. Morgan's guests. We all went to the little house in front steps. Gen. Rosser took his position on the porch. A couple of colored boys came out and stood on each side of the general.

"Get out of this!" he shouted; "I don't want any darkeys in a picture with me!"

"The boys shot off into the house and sneaked around the parlor, where they stood in the windows. When the pictures were finished there was Gen. Rosser as natural as life, with a grinning colored boy in each window at his back."

Some Kind of a Bird. One day last week a man who seemed rather rural in his ways bounced into an attorney's office on Fourth avenue, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch, and asked: "Is there a man here named Swan, attorney-at-law?"

"No, there is not," replied the lawyer addressed, "and the only man I know of that name is Postmaster Swan of Allegheny."

"That's not the Swan I'm after. The man I want to see is some kind of a bird, and he's a lawyer in Pittsburgh."

"Well, there are a good many kinds of birds at the bar here, that's a fact," admitted the lawyer.

"But this man's called after a bird; his name is a bird's," replied the countryman. Then the lawyer repeated all the names that came to his mind and asked: "Will you bill the bill. He repeated two or three names, and finally mentioned Mr. Quail. At the sound of the name the countryman jumped, and, slipping his legs, exclaimed: "That's the bird, by the ho!"

All of which goes to show that it is advantageous at times to have a peculiar name.

Needed a Book. From Life. Canvasser—I have here a work—Master of the House—I can't read. Canvasser—But your children—Master of the House—I have no children (triumphantly). Nothing but a cat. Canvasser—Well, you want something to throw at the cat. "He took it."

To House Furnishers. Look at the D. J. Hennessy Mercantile Co., ad. on carpets, house furnishings, etc. The house is moving to the front with the progress of our city. Call and look them over. They carry the latest styles in all the goods they represent and give courteous treatment to all.

TOLD IN A LINE.

Baby carriages at cost at the Bee Hive. Picture frames made to order at the Bee Hive.

Lenses repaired and keys fitted at the Bee Hive. Complete line of cartridges at Anaconda Hardware Co's.

Go to Hawes for fine work in photography. Excellent is the finish of Hawes's photographic art.

Guns for rent at Anaconda Hardware Co's. Have you seen those fine hanging lamps at the Bee Hive?

Estes & Connell have received their new fall stock of clothing. Guns and ammunition at the Anaconda Hardware Co's.

Photographs in all the latest novelties at Hawes's Palace Studio. For style, good goods and a perfect fit, go to Estes & Connell's for your clothing.

Loaded shells at Anaconda Hardware Co's. New underwear, over-shirts, neck wear, hats and caps, boots and shoes, at Estes & Connell's.

Guns and rifles at Anaconda Hardware Co's. After the 15th inst. Mr. B. F. Mahan will receive the mining stock quotations of the St. Louis market daily.

If you want a good Domestic, Imported or Key West cigar, go to D. Tietjen's cigar store, corner 1st and Oak streets, Anaconda.

Estes & Connell are marking their new stock of clothing and furnishing goods at prices that will please all who want first class goods.

If you want a suit of clothes made to order call at Estes & Connell. They have over 30 samples to select from, and guarantee a perfect fit.

Call and see these plushes at 38 cents at Estes & Connell Mercantile Co's. The Montana Lumber & Produce company will name you bottom prices on hay, grain and feed in large and small lots. They carry the largest stock in town.

Ladies, call and see those 38 cent plushes now on sale at the Estes & Connell Mercantile Co's.

Barn Parties at Newport. A man just back in town from Newport has been telling me, says the Brooklyn Eagle, of rather an odd and picturesque incident at one of the barn parties given there lately, just before the ending of the season, which has been the gayest one seen there for ten years.

These barn parties, as they are called—though stable parties would be a more correct if less euphonious title for them—have been very popular there this summer, and they are really the only form of amusement that in any degree partakes of the unconventional in that home of fashionable formalities. Even these do not in any great degree resemble the barn parties of the New England ancestors of many of these folk—the barn parties where two or three hours' hard work at corn-husking preceded the "hoe-downs" and reels and the supper of pie and cider.

The modern version of this sort of entertainment takes place in the stable of a millionaire, which is generally larger and very little less sumptuous than his dwelling; the men are in evening dress, the women wear imported silks and tulle gowns, the music is by Lander, and the supper is furnished by Pinard. It is simply a Delmonico ball transported to a stable, with perhaps the suspicion of added merriment and abandon from that fact. On this particular occasion there was a suggestion of the surroundings carried through, with perhaps the exception of Chinese lanterns lit the scene, and the hall opened with a hunt quadrille, the men in hunting pink and the women in white with black and white collared favors.

There were silver spurs for the men and stirrups for the women, hunting crops, and pins and bangles made in devices of silver and gold, and a Virginia reel, as all these balls do, and when the hostess, who was in the lead group, was about to go down the aisle, a groom suddenly appeared, leading a smart-looking little pony fluttering with rosettes and ribbons. The lady seized its silken halter, and, descending her partner, went down the middle of the aisle, a party of who trotted along as if he quite entered into the lark of it and liked the fun. The applause was deafening, and after that not a woman among them would go down the middle with her own party, but insisted upon doing the picturesque act by flying down the long floor leading the little horse in his finery. One young fellow, who had the courage of his soldier father in him, would not be left, but took a flying leap over the pony's back and rode it a party of three, while the coach-house roof rang with laughter and cheers. It is so rarely that New Yorkers—the fashionable set—ever see an original and spontaneous scene as this, even in the country, that the little incident seems worth a line or two of chronicle.

Who are always to the front with a Full Line and Choice Selection at prices bound to suit. We show this week a floor full of Hard and Soft Coal Burners and Wood Heaters. Also a complete line of Ranges and Wood and Coal Cook Stoves.

• • AMMUNITION • • We are headquarters for Cartridges, Center and Rim Fire, Shot Gun Shells, both 16 and 12 gauge, too cheap to talk about. Shot Guns, Rifles and Revolvers, Gun Tackle Belts and the Celebrated Shultz Powder. Call and see us. OPEN TILL TEN AT NIGHT.

THE ANACONDA HARDWARE COMPANY.

HAWES

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My Work is all First-Class and of the Latest Styles. Enlarging a Specialty.

Over Peters' Store, Anaconda.

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Now is your time to buy. Call and inspect our stock. Full line of

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES,

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Losses & Maxwell are agents for the celebrated Red School House shoes. Every pair warranted.

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DRESS PATTERNS!

Shown this season by any firm in the city.

Ladies Intending to Buy a Nice Dress

will do well to call on us and inspect them, before purchasing elsewhere.

RESPECTFULLY,

M. S. ASCHHEIM.

Marriage is Not a Failure!

That is if you are married and living in Anaconda and buying your STOVES of the

ANACONDA HARDWARE COMPANY.

Who are always to the front with a Full Line and Choice Selection at prices bound to suit. We show this week a floor full of

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