LATE NEWS FROM BUTTE

More Gossip About the Location of the New City Hall.

Views of Some of the Prominent Business Men—Mr. Hall Pays His Fine—The Election Muddle—Other Gossip.

Special Correspondence of the Standard.

BUTTE, Oct. 17.—The problem as to where the new city hall is to stand seems as far from settlement as ever. At last night's meeting of the council, instead of progress being made toward a settlement of the question, the matter was placed farther from settlement than before. As stated in this morning's STANDARD, when the question of selling the property in East Broadway near the California brewery came up, 7 voted in favor of it and 3 against it, which was not a two-thirds vote of the council and consequently the proposition fell through. The sum of $100 had already been received from the parties desiring to purchase the property, but City Attorney Corbett was of the opinion that this would not bind the city, inasmuch as the committee had not received the requisite authority to make the sale. It would seem that, the council having declined to sell the Broadway property, that would naturally be the site. But only three of the aldermen voted in favor of retaining that property and it is therefore evident that it would not be a popular site.

A number of citizens were asked by a STANDARD reporter to-day where, in their opinion, would be the best site for the new city hall. Almost all of them thought it should be moved further uptown. If the fire department occupies the basement of the city hall, it will be much easier for them to run down hill than to run up hill. In fact in bad weather it would be almost an impossibility to climb the hill. For this reason the proposition to build an addition to the present hall by purchasing the adjoining lot is not regarded favorably. It is thought the hall should be as high up as Broadway or Granite streets. A site which is regarded with favor by many is the pavilion or old Turn Hall, in Granite street, not far from the court house. Another good suggestion is the Thornton property, in Broadway, diagonally across from the McDermott Hotel. These plans, as well as the site near the California brewery, and the old site, have strong advocates, and it is not easy to tell at present which is the most popular.

TOWN TOPICS IN BUTTE.

Inspecting the Butte and Boston Mines—Postmaster Talent's Resignation.

Special Correspondence of the Standard.

BUTTE, Oct. 17.—D. L. Demmon of Boston, J. A. Carlan of Boston, A. S. Malhan of Chicago, and Captains Vivian and Daniels of the Lake Superior mines, left here to-day, after having made a thorough inspection of the mines of the Butte & Boston company. The gentlemen are stockholders and directors of the company and will make a report to the company of what they have seen here, preparatory to the laying out of a large sum of money for the building of mills at Great Falls, so it is said. Captains Vivian and Daniels, who are experts in copper, being agents for the Lake Superior mines, express their belief that this district is to be a great copper producing district of the country for casting brands. They are eminent authorities. The party will leave to-day for Salt Lake, and go via the Rio Grande to Omaha and thence to the Lake Superior mines.

Postmaster Talent still holds his position and says his resignation has not yet been accepted. The only information he has received is a letter from the postoffice department to the effect that his resignation had been received and refered to the postmaster general for consideration.

A social will be given by the None Such club at Miners' union hall next Wednesday evening.

The sidewalk in front of the Eagle saloon, which caved in several days ago, is being rebuilt to-day.

A marriage license was issued to-day for Patrick Mullaney and Miss Katie Coughlin of Walkerville.

Mrs. Thomas Sturtridge died at 5 o'clock this morning at her home in Centerville of typhoid fever, after 10 days' sickness. She was 31 years old and left a husband and three children.

A meeting of the board of trade has been called for to-morrow night on the question of issuing patents to the Northern Pacific company on mineral lands of Montana.

The new paraphernalia for the police arrived to-night.

John Ducer of the Homestake district to-day had some rich ore assayed which averaged $1100 to the ton. The whole vein is not so rich, but is very valuable.

Mrs. Scott will build a three-story brick building on the site of the house destroyed in the great fire.

PAID HIS FINE.

Mr. Hall Deposits $20 for Carrying Concealed Weapons.

Special Correspondence of the Standard.

BUTTE, Oct. 17.—"Hello, Central!"

"Hello!"

"Give me 106."

"All right."

"Hello."

"Hello."

"Is this the city hall?"

"Yes, who is it?"

"This is Mr. Hall. I want to know if I can come down and settle up that case now."

"What case is that?"

"Why, that little case on the street last night. I am Mr. Hall, you know, the commissioner. Would there be any objection to my coming down and settling it up?"

"None whatever."

Mr. Hall had been released over night on his personal recognition. He appeared before Judge Newkirk at 10 o'clock. Considering that the only charge preferred against him was that of carrying concealed weapons, which was a clear case, the handle of the revolver having been prominently displayed as he walked about last night. When the charge was read Mr. Hall plead guilty, but said that his life had been threatened and that he lived quite a ways out of town and thought he ought to be allowed to carry a revolver.

Judge Newkirk considerately gave him the smallest punishment possible under the statute, fining him $10 and costs, the whole amounting to $20, which was immediately paid.

John De Wann, for drunkenness and disturbing the peace of east Park street, was to-day sentenced to thirty days in the penitentiary.

Made Things Lively at Silver Bow.

Special Correspondence of the Standard.

BUTTE, Oct. 17.—C. M. Rorick was released from the asylum at the Springs a few weeks ago, supposed to be cured. He went to Anaconda and secured work at the smelter. On pay day, however, he went off on a roaring drunk, and before he got through he was crazier than ever. Last night he was at Silver Bow junction, and held the whole village in awe. With a coupling-pin in his hand he drove everybody, passengers and employees, from the depot, and waving the coupling-pin defied them to return. He kept the whole place in a panic for an hour, but was finally seized from behind by two strong men, thrown to the floor, and after a hard struggle was tied hands and feet. Early this morning he was brought to Butte by Deputy Hunckley. In probate court he was consigned to the asylum again and left for there in charge of the deputy at 3 o'clock this afternoon.

Ingersoll Held for Trial.

Special Correspondence of the Standard.

BUTTE, Oct 17.—Frank Ingersoll, the alleged fire bug stepped out into the open air this afternoon for the first time in two weeks. He was brought down from the court house jail to the police court to receive Judge Newkirk's decision. Ingersoll went into the judge's presence smoking a cigarette as usual. Judge Newkirk ordered him to stand up, and then rendered his decision holding him over to the next district court to await the action thereof and fixing the bond in the sum of $1000.

The next term of court will in all probability convene on the 7th of November. Ingersoll declined to give bonds and was taken back to jail. It is believed that it would have been very imprudent to have allowed Ingersoll to go, even in case he is innocent. If another incendiary fire started soon after his release, his life would be worth nothing. In the cells he will be safe until a jury of 12 men has decided whether he is guilty or innocent.

Butte Real Estate Record.

Special correspondence of the Standard.

BUTTE, Oct. 17.—These real estate transfers were recorded to-day:

Charles M. Edwards to Jacob B. Fry for $150, all right in the Nevin's Hill placer mine.

A. J. and F. A. Roliday to F. and A. Stannay for $600, lot 2, in block 8.

Charles M. Edwards to Anthony Headley for $1, one-half interest in 361 feet of the Nevin's Hill placer claim.

Charles A. Hoyt to Joseph I. Foreman for $150, the north 52 feet of lot in Carlotta quartz lode.

Frank D. Smith to Joseph I. Foreman for $150, the north 52 feet of lot 7 in Talbot's addition.

John A. McConville to S. H. Treloar for $450, lot 22, in block 8, of Leggat & Foster's addition.

This mining deed was recorded: William Dyer to Samuel Barker and John Clark for $1 each, one-sixth interest in the Pacific lode quartz claim.

These quartz locations were filed:

Michael McNulty to claim to the Gusset Fraction lode; Charles M. Edwards to the Silver Queen lode; J. C. Dolon to the Adgar R. claim.

The Election Case.

Special Correspondence of the Standard.

BUTTE, Oct. 17.—McBride & Haldorn, who represent the repubblican candidates whose election depends on the counting of the Tunnel precinct, to-day called on County Clerk Booth and notified him to issue certificates of election to the republican candidates. This Mr. Booth declined to do. The lawyers then asked him to give them a certified copy of the returns of the canvassing board. Mr. Booth said he would consult his lawyer before he consented to do this. Later, acting under the advice of Judge Dixen, he refused to give a copy. It is hinted that contests will be begun in the disputed cases in a few days.

William Jack's Election Wagers.

Special to the Standard.

BUTTE, Oct. 17.—A telegram was received in this city to-day from the New York *Herald* asking if William M. Jack had any money bet on the recent election. William Neenan of Walkerville went to the *Mining Journal* office this evening and wished it stated over his name that Mr. Jack on the day the tunnel was made a precinct bet $150 that the precinct would go republican. Mr. Jack also had a bet of $100 with F. V. Carey that Silver Bow county would go republican by 500, but that bet had been paid.

A Senatorial Poker Game.

Years ago Senators Jones, Vest, Stewart and Cameron were playing a game of poker one evening, says the San Francisco *Examiner*, and although the stakes were not high the company was good and it ran until midnight. A few days afterwards Vest remarked to Jones: "I say, Jones wasn't that a nice game the other evening? Everything went along so well and no one at the game had to watch the other three. I like a gentleman's game like that, where you don't even have to cut the cards for a square deal."

Jones, who is an incorrigible wag, suddenly conceived the idea of having some fun with Vest, so he manufactured a story to fit the occasion.

"I'm glad you think so," he said, "but Bill Stewart doesn't have that idea of it."

"What!" said Vest, quite seriously, "do you mean to tell me that Stewart thinks there was cheating in that game?"

"That's the idea he conveyed to his wife when he reached home. She spoke to me about it yesterday."

"I'm really sorry to hear that," said Vest. "I feel hurt to hear he felt that he hadn't lost his money on the square."

"I feel the same way," replied Jones. "I felt as if a thunderclap had struck me."

"What did he really say about it?" asked Vest.

"Well, he came home about 3 o'clock and his wife noticed that his beard was all covered with tobacco juice—a very unusual thing for him—and she took him to task for it. He said he had been in a senatorial poker game.

"'Were there no cuspidores in the room?'

"'Yes, plenty of 'em.'

"'Couldn't you turn from the cards long enough to use them?'

"'No, dear; not in that game.'"

Blaine's Unmarried Son.

Washington Letter to Philadelphia Star.

The marriage of Mr. Blaine's second son, Emmons, to Miss McCormick, and the prospective marriage of his youngest daughter to Mr. Damrosch, will leave the Blaine household to himself and wife. Walker, the eldest son, is a bachelor, but being a thorough club man the Blaine household sees but little of him. The mothers with marriageable daughters who make Washington their rendezvous during the society season—and the town is full of them—have had Walker Blaine on their list for a long while, but they find him a hard fish to catch. Walker is not more than thirty-five and from the way the married men who belong to the club talk he is led to feel that a man at his period of life is better off single than married. He thinks he can see ahead of him ten or fifteen years of a good time before he begins to look around for a wife.

Understood It Perfectly.

From the Critic.

Lawyer: "Do you understand the nature of an oath, madam?" Witness: "Well, I should say I did. My husband took off the screens yesterday, and is putting up the stovepipes to-day."

SAVED BY A MATCH.

Experience of Two Prospectors in the Mountains of Colorado.

From the Leadville Herald-Democrat.

The most trivial circumstance sometimes changes the entire current of a man's life, and often the lives of men are saved by the merest chance. Two gentlemen in this city know how true this is, as one of them was saved from a horrible death by a match. The circumstance, as related by themselves, happened in the following manner: One summer they concluded to devote the whole of their attention to prospecting, and started with pack animals for a section of country in Garfield county, that was at the time creating considerable comment among mining men. They left the city at the beginning of summer, well equipped with all the necessaries required by prospectors. The scene of action was reached without incident worthy of any special mention, except, perhaps, the loss of one of their pack animals, which was drowned in the Grand river while fording. They had the usual experience that all prospectors have and also the usual amount of trouble with their pack animals. After the first week they got used to all the petty annoyances and took them in a matter of fact manner. After spending six weeks in the new country they left, as they found nothing to suit them, and like a great many new countries it proved to be a fizzle, and the mineral that was reported to be in large quantities has, as yet, never been discovered. The two prospectors on learning of the new fields went in a westerly direction, and thoroughly looked the country over. Several good prospects were struck and the work done on them. It was now the middle of October and they concluded that it was time to return home. The jacks were packed and they started across country for home. The route they laid out took them over the flat-tops, as it was the nearest road to Leadville. The third day out they saw that a storm was brewing, and not wishing to be caught on the flat-tops, they rushed their animals through, but night came before they reached a valley, and they were obliged to camp on the high ground. Everything was made snug for the night, and wishing that the storm would blow over, they wrapped themselves in their blankets and laid down to rest. About midnight they were awakened from their sleep by the howling of the wind, which whistled through the trees under which they were camped. The heavens were black and the two men knew that the storm would soon descend. They had not long to wait before the first flake of snow fell, and the storm broke with terrific force. No one who has never spent a night on the flat tops during a snow storm can form any idea of the fearful velocity at which the wind travels, and how dreary and lonesome the surrounding country becomes. The two men were by this time thoroughly aroused to the danger of their position and longed for daylight to appear. By this time the snow was falling thickly, and was being whirled hither and thither by the ever changing wind. Morning at last dawned and they started out in search of their animals in the face of the awful blizzard, determined to leave the country at all hazzards. The progress was slow, as the snow had drifted heavily, and when they came to where they had turned their horses loose the previous evening the animals had left. When the storm started the stock started before it, and by the time the prospectors reached where they should have been, the animals were some miles away. The men kept on trailing them and when evening was approaching they were nearly played out and made up their minds to camp. It was a long and weary tramp, and when half the distance was traveled they had to give it up and make camp for the night under a sheltering pine tree. One of the men was completely played out and could not go a step further, and, although it was bitterly cold, when the spot to camp was selected he stretched himself out on the ground thoroughly exhausted and cared not whether he lived or died. His companion being stronger started to get some wood together and encouraged his companion with cheering words. He knew that if he did not get a fire started pretty soon that his partner would freeze to death. It did not take long to collect the firewood, cut some shavings and have everything in readiness to start the fire. He put his hand in his pocket, when to his horror the match safe was gone. Every pocket was searched, but not a match could be find. He rifled the pockets of his friend with the same result. The realization of the awful position he was placed in struck him and he knew that without a fire certain death stared his companion in the face, if not himself. Once more he searched, and to his joy found one solitary match in his vest pocket. The wind was still blowing and the snow drifting. Would he succeed in kindling the fire? was the question he asked himself. Under a fallen log he found some dry, withered grass and twigs which he carefully put in his hat; he whittled some more shavings, procured more small limbs, and with a prayer on his lips, knelt down, lit the match, applied it to the grass, saw it suddenly blaze up and as suddenly go out; but before it did one of the shavings had ignited, the flame extended to the rest and to the twigs. When they blazed up he knew that they were saved. Logs were piled on and the hardy prospector turned his attention to his friend, whom he lifted up and carried to the fire. The warmth soon revived him, and all that dreary night the two sat before the fire, every now and again throwing a fresh log on, afraid to sleep for fear of being frozen. When morning came the storm had passed and they started out after their stock which, fortunately for them, they found not far from their improvised camp. On returning to their first camp they enjoyed a substantial meal, and after bucking snow a whole afternoon they succeeded in getting off the flat-tops.

Their awful experience they never will forget, and they are firmly convinced that a match saved their lives.

FORTY-TWO YEARS AS A MAN.

Remarkable Story of a Woman who Wore Male Attire.

From the Dundee Weekly News.

On the arrival of a passenger steamer from St. Briene the commander informed the police that a woman, attired as a man, was on board. She had, it appeared, taken passage for St. Briene, but the captain, having noticed certain peculiarities about the passenger, on reaching that port summoned a medical man, and he declared that the pseudo man was really a woman. He further certified that she was suffering from slight concussion of the brain, and the French authorities, in view of her mysterious conduct, refused to allow her to land. On the steamer entering the harbor of St. Heller the woman took a cab and proceeded to a boarding house, where she had previously lodged for some time under the name of Louis Hermann. She had every appearance of manhood, and from her easy deportment it is evident that male attire was no novelty to her. She wore a fur waistcoat, a long overcoat, a hat and a turned down collar. She smokes a long pipe or a cigar with the air of one accustomed to the habit. Left an orphan at the age of 13, she then resolved to adopt male attire. She has now reached the air of 55, so that 42 years she has been traveling the world, and has been known as a man. Her calling has been that of a courier, and in that capacity she has traveled widely. She has a knowledge of several continental languages and is otherwise well informed. The name by which she was generally known was Louis Hermann Tobosh, but in some cases she has dropped the last name and simply called herself Louis Herrman. During the last year she had a balance of upward of £160 to her credit in a banking firm, but it is not known whether this has been drawn upon. When arrested by the Jersey police at the boarding house she had only 1s. 6d. in her possession, and she is indebted to the host to the extent of £3 10s. A number of papers found at her lodgings have been taken possession of by the police.

"PAPA, PAPA, WAKE UP!"

A Dead Fireman's Child Tries to Rouse Him in His Coffin.

From the San Francisco Examiner.

"What is the matter with my papa?"

Steve Neall's 5-year-old daughter had caught sight of her dead father in his coffin last Friday evening and asked the question of those who had gathered about the bier.

"Papa is asleep," they told her.

"Why is papa in that ugly box?" she persisted.

"He can sleep better there."

"Good night, papa."

She passed into the adjoining room and was soon asleep.

The mourners sat about the coffin of the dead fireman all night.

Shortly before 1 o'clock in the morning the gong on the wall that had so often summoned him to his duty clang an alarm for the Polk street fire. It had sounded once and was repeating the alarm when the little girl came flying into the room in her long, white nightdress.

She looked at the silent watchers and then ran to the side of the dead man. Climbing on a chair, she reached into the coffin and shook her father by the shoulder.

"Papa, papa, wake up!" she cried. "There's a fire! Wake up!"

The looks of the people in the room and the strange stillness of her father frightened her.

"Wake up, please, papa," she pleaded, her voice beginning to quiver. "Can't you hear the bell? You'll miss the fire."

The father still not opening his eyes she looked around wonderingly, and then added what she thought could not fail to bring him to his feet:

"Wake up, papa. You'll miss the fire and be *fined!*"

When he did not stir, she knew that something was wrong and turned her tearful, puzzled face to the older people.

"Never mind the bell, darling," some one answered, "papa won't go to the fire to-night."

"But," persisted the baby, "he always got up before when the bell rung—why wouldn't he wake up? What's mamma crying for? What's everybody crying for?"

And the troubled little child burst into tears, and crying piteously at what she did not know, was gently carried back to her cot to cry herself to sleep again.

There have been few sadder deaths than that of Stephen F. Neall. Born 28 years ago with the brightest prospects, the godson of Judge Stephen J. Field, after whom he was named, there seemed no reason why his career should not have been fair and prosperous. It did not prove so, and whatever possibilities there might yet have remained were swept into nothingness by his sudden death.

The funeral took place early yesterday morning from 652 Howard street, where the deceased and his wife and little children have lived for some time in the direst poverty. The services were attended by many members of the fire company of which Neal was a member, and numbers of the friends who had known him in brighter days. From the house the body was conveyed to St. Patrick's church, where a solemn requiem mass was celebrated, the interment afterward taking place in Calvary cemetery.

"Little Phil."

Gen. Sheridan, in his latter days, says the Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, was rather peppery, and oftentimes it required considerable diplomacy to deal with him. When in his moods his language was frequently of a sulphurous nature. The "boys" around the office were in the habit of discovering, if possible, in advance the temperature of the general's private office before doing business with him unless the exigencies of the case demanded it. One day a certain well-known correspondent chanced to be in the office when Sheridan was delivering in his breezy way a criticism on a chromo which some proud publisher had sent to him, representing the general riding down the line after the disaster at Ceder Creek, with a regimental flag in his right hand and followed by an enormous staff.

"Now, just look," said Sheridan, "and see how blank ridiculous that man has made me appear. Here I am represented as riding down the line with a flag in my hand and a whole regiment of cavalry as my escort. Why, blank, blank, blank, I am made to appear like a blank fool. Now, the truth is I rode down the line with 'Tony' Forsyth; that was all there was to it. No flag, no escort except Forsyth."

The next day a verbatim account of Sheridan's conversation, adjectives and all, appeared in print. He was furious.

"I wouldn't have cared so much about it except that ——— makes me swear so. People will thing I am in the habit of swearing. Why, blank, blank, blank, you know that isn't so!"

In a Bad Way.

From Fliegende Blaetter.

Fanny (who is engaged to Charles): "Charles, don't you remember you said that you would buy me the first real handsome ring you saw? Here in this window is a regular beauty." Charlie: "Y-es. I haven't got my pocket-book in these pants, and they are the only pair I've got."

Self-Respect.

From the New York Weekly.

Mistress (from the parlor): "Bridget, the front door-bell has rung three times. Why don't you answer it?" Bridget (from the kitchen): "Sure, mum, if Oi opened it the furst ring paple wud say Oi did nothing but tind the dure, an' Oi wudn't have any wan think me that lazy."

A Chance for Mixicologists.

From the Omaha Bee.

The Dakotas offer extraordidary inducements to druggists. Next to Iowa and Kansas there is no richer field on the continent for the vigilant manipulator of juleps and cordials with a latin brand pasted on the bottle.

At a First-Class Restaurant.

From the New York Sun.

Detrow: "Can you give me oysters on the half-shell to-night?" Waiter: "Yes sir; but you will have to wait a few minutes. All our half-shells is in use at present, sir."

LOST.

A white buggy robe lined with red, between Anaconda and the lower works. Return to the Standard office and receive reward.

M. S. ASCHHEIM.

· 1889—GRAND OPENING—1889 ·

—OF—

FALL STYLES OF DRY GOODS

This and next week will be devoted to

OUR ANNUAL FALL OPENING

And we respectfully ask all who are interested in the Latest Fashions to visit our

MAMMOTH DRY GOODS EMPORIUM.

Each department displays the latest, the most select, the most exquisite and exclusive novelties in its particular line, all offered at

MARVELOUSLY LOW PRICES.

In our Dress Goods Department we are now exhibiting

—THE HIGHEST NOVELTIES—

In Combination Suits, Embroidered Robes, Cashmeres, Serges, Suitings, Satin Melanges, Ladies' Cloths, etc., etc, Above in all the most popular, newest and staple shades.

OUR SILK AND VELVET DEPARTMENT

Can boast of the Largest Assortment and Choicest Selection ever brought to this city.

Full lines in everything pertaining to our Domestic Department. In fact, all departments are constantly receiving new goods.

We received this week by express an elegant line of Ladies' Seal Plush Newmarkets, Sacques, Jackets with elegant satin linings, also an elegant assortment of Children's Plush Coats, in a variety of the very latest colors, in sizes to fit ages from 1 to 4 years.

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

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 10 and 12 gauge, too cheap to talk about. Shot Guns, Rifles and Revolvers, Gun Cases, Cartridge Belts and the Celebrated Shultze Powder, Call and see us. OPEN TILL TEN AT NIGHT.

THE ANACONDA HARDWARE COMPANY.

HAWES

FINE PHOTOGRAPHS.

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

PALACE STUDIO

Over Peters' Store, Anaconda.

NOW IS YOUR TIME TO BUY.

MACCALLUM & CLOUTIER

HAVE JUST RECEIVED A CAR LOAD OF CHOICE CALIFORNIA CANNED GOODS WHICH WILL BE SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES.

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES

—AND—

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

Many Important Additions have been made, which will be Sold at Lowest Prices.