

STILL ON THE BENCH

Second Day's Proceedings in the District of Silver Bow County.

Judge McHatten Has but Little Business to Transact, but Will Compel the Attorneys to Get to Work in a Day or Two.

Special to the Standard.

BUTTE, Nov. 13.—Judge McHatten's second day in court was an uneventful one. The expected conflict of authority between the two sheriffs did not arise and no violence has yet been attempted on either side. It was intimated in the STANDARD this morning that republican attorneys, for the purpose of bringing matters between the sheriffs to a crisis, would insist on prisoners being brought into the court room this morning for their pleas. This policy was followed out and the demand was made. Judge McHatten immediately ordered Sheriff Sullivan to bring in the prisoners to-morrow morning, thus postponing the anticipated trouble 24 hours. Sheriff Lloyd stated positively to one of Sullivan's deputies this morning that he would not surrender the keys of his office until it is settled in the courts that he is not sheriff and that he will not bring out the prisoners. In the face of this statement it is difficult to anticipate what may happen in the morning, unless Sheriff Sullivan in the meantime obtains possession of the keys. Lloyd has the advantage of possession, while Sullivan has the advantage of having a democratic board of county commissioners at his back. The salary will go to Sullivan and his men, while Lloyd and his deputies will receive no salary, except the occasional fees that come into the sheriff's office. Sheriff Lloyd will also be unable to collect bond for his prisoners, and will have to feed them and pay his men out of his own pocket.

The adjustment of the losses of the Bonner Mercantile company has been left to a board of arbitration. The arbitrators began their work yesterday.

brood Indian, of attempted rape. The girl is 12 years old. Later she declared that the charge was false and that no attempt had been made. The Indian was discharged for lack of evidence.

William Wolf, who was arrested on a charge of grand larceny in stealing \$50 from Frederick Eide, will be tried at 4 o'clock to-morrow afternoon. W. E. Johnson, for stealing a fur cap, will be arraigned at the same time. Both pleaded not guilty. Thomas Martin, for disturbance in the Eagle saloon last night, will be tried to-morrow afternoon. Joseph A. O'Neil, who went to the sheriff's office last night to have his stomach pumped out, was allowed to go this morning. He seemed to be harmlessly delirious.

The probate court room has suspended all business. Matters which have formerly come to its attention are transferred to the district court.

James B. Haggin and the heirs of John O'Farrell are the locators of the Deadman claim in Summit valley district. The probate court has newly elected Justice of the peace, has opened an office at No. 32 East Granite street.

Charlotte Thompson will appear at the court house this afternoon. The opening play will be "Jane Eyre."

The ball of the Sons of Veterans will be held at Renshaw hall to-morrow night. George H. Kessler received this morning news of the death of his mother at Philadelphia.

The sum of 25 cents is charged for admission to the band concert. The Vienna ladies' orchestra is playing tonight. Checks are given for the 25 cents, good at the bar. The scheme is to keep out the lower element.

LOST HIS GOLD WATCH.

Andy Walker Gets Little Satisfaction in the Police Court at Butte.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE STANDARD. BUTTE, Nov. 13.—Andy Walker to-day complained that a gold watch, valued at \$150, had been stolen from him. He said he came here recently from Minneapolis and a party got him drunk in a plumber's shop in East Broadway, opposite Dan Terry's hotel. When he left he found that his watch had been stolen. He asked for a warrant, but was unable to show sufficient evidence to convict anybody of the crime. Judge Newkirk said he should issue no more warrants of this kind unless the complaining witness pays the costs in case of failure to convict. There have been fifty cases recently where men have arrested parties for larceny and been unable to prove their cases. The result has been greatly to increase expenses. If men will get drunk and go into doubtful places with money or valuable property, they must expect to be robbed. Walker was unwilling to risk \$20 on a trial and withdrew the complaint. The three accused parties left for Helena this afternoon.

Butte Real Estate Record.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE STANDARD. BUTTE, Nov. 13.—The following are the real estate transactions since the last report: Andrew J. Davis to Thomas F. Lee for \$80 lot 5 in block 9, of Transit town site. Charles V. Franzman to D. Barton Sheppard for \$1,250 lots 4 and 5 in block 2, in Davis & Barnard's addition.

TOLD IN A LINE.

Complete line of cartridges at Anaconda Hardware Co's.

Guns and ammunition at the Anaconda Hardware Co's.

Go to D. J. Hennessy Mercantile Co. for flannels and domestics.

For style, good goods and a perfect fit, go to Estes & Connell's for your clothing.

Call and look over D. J. Hennessy Mercantile Co.'s clothing—the finest line in the city, prices the lowest.

Loaded shells at Anaconda Hardware Co's.

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

Go to D. J. Hennessy Mercantile Co. corner Oak and First streets, for ladies' and children's underwear.

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 good suit of underwear or any goods' furnishings go to D. J. Hennessy Mercantile Co., corner Oak and First streets.

If you want a suit of clothes made to order call at Estes & Connell. They have over 300 samples to select from, and guarantee a perfect fit.

Game at the south.

From the Washington Post.

A kind friend tells us that a recent paragraph in this column relating to the Harlan county feud in Kentucky recalled to his mind a story which is now so old as to be new again. A stranger had gone into one of the southern states to have a little sport with his gun, but after hunting nearly all day was well nigh disgusted at having found nothing to shoot at. He was about to give up, when he chanced to meet a native, with whom he fell into conversation.

"I thought this was a great country for game," said the stranger.

"Waal, so it war a bit ago. Ther war a right smart o' game roon' byar afo' the boys got to gunnin' fur it, but I reckon it's all shot up now."

"I should say it had been. Why, I've been tramping through these woods since early this morning and I haven't seen a blessed thing to shoot at."

The native, whose heart was full of that beautiful hospitality for which the south was so famous in ante-bellum times, stopped and stood in deep meditation for some seconds.

"Dogged if I don't hate to see you go 'way disappointed, stranger, but—"

An idea struck him—a good idea. His face lighted up.

"What time is it, stranger?" he asked.

"Quarter past 4."

"Waal, now," said the native with spirit, "you go over and stand behind the big tree at the fork of the road just beyond the knoll. Scholl 'll be out in just fifteen minutes and 'twill get right good 'shot at the damned Yankee schoolmaster."

Her Test.

From Epoch.

Woman (at the door): "Who's there?" Voice: "I am—John—your husband." Woman: "I don't believe you. It doesn't sound like John's voice. Blow your breath through the key-hole."

Little bit Plucky.

From the New York Times.

The Japanese proprietor of a little store in the shopping district, where all sorts of puzzling oriental goods, useful, ornamental, ugly, and positively frightful, are sold, had an experience the other day with that terror of shopkeepers, the professional "stealer down." He didn't actually enjoy the encounter, but he came out victorious.

The Japanese store is small and pretty nearly choked up with the wares displayed. On the occasion in question several customers were looking in and pricing various articles, and the proprietor was busy and happy. The moment the woman with the haggling propensities came in her presence was felt. She contemptuously threw down, after a close examination of each, a number of valuable pieces of bric-a-brac, plainly showing by her manner that she wanted to manage her disgust at all shopkeepers in general and the Japanese shopkeeper and his shop and wares in particular. The smile on the proprietor's face faded somewhat, but he kept bravely and tried conscientiously to show the woman as much courtesy as possible under the circumstances.

After at least 20 minutes, during which time the Japanese continued to act as a model salesman, the woman started out, not having bought anything. Almost at the door she stopped at a box of little straw baskets, labeled "3 cents each."

"How much are these?" asked the shopkeeper.

"Three cents each," replied the shopkeeper.

"Too much!" from the woman.

"No response from the Jap."

"They ain't worth more than a cent apiece," continued the woman.

Still no reply from the wearied Jap.

At this point the woman took charge of affairs. She opened her pocketbook, fumbled about until she found two cents, picked up a basket, and said curtly to the man, "do this up, please."

"Madam," replied the Japanese firmly, "those baskets are 3 cents each, and you can't have one for any less."

"Well, if you won't do it up I can't make you," I suppose," returned the woman, as she threw down the two cents and turned to rush from the store. The proprietor's ire was roused. He seized the two cents and then ran after the fleeing woman, but she was shot and he was left with the two cents.

The man was short. With a leap he threw one arm about her neck, grabbed the basket, dropped it, and released his hold on the woman, and walked calmly back to ask another customer if the puzzle-box she was looking at pleased her.

One of the customers in the little shop was rude enough to applaud the Japanese shopkeeper's pluck, but not very polite, behavior. The woman picked up her pennies and walked away.

How a Congressman Got Caught Twice.

"Let me tell you one on Congressman Clinie," said Statesman Bill English, as he looked a piece of lemon from the bottom of a glass with his index finger.

"You know up at the club the Bohemian club—in a room recently decorated with much care and at considerable expense, a devilish clever artist painted a hole in the wall. He arranged a step-ladder, knocked a picture and an easel askew, threw a lot of plastering on the floor, and awaited the arrival of his index finger, as if some careless servant in endeavoring to hang a picture or wipe the globes on the chandelier had lost his balance and allowed the ladder to crash against the wall."

"Everybody was fooled, even the other artists. As each man dropped into the room after lunch the first thing his eye fell upon was the hole in the wall. The first thing his mind prompted his tongue to do was to berate the servants. Then he was quietly led up to the damaged spot, shown his error, and told that he was to be treated the crowd. Of course, he at once sought out another victim."

"Clinie was one of the last to get caught. He treated his index finger to revenge himself on some poor innocent. He asked man after man: "Have you seen the frightful hole in the wall up in the red room?" But each had been there before. Finally he tackled Amadee Joulin.

"Joulin, have you seen that hole in the wall?" he inquired seriously.

"What hole?" "Where?" asked Joulin, a look of angelic innocence upon his face.

"Why, up in the bed room. It's really too bad. The wall is ruined."

"No, you don't. Well, that is too bad. How did it happen?"

"Oh, a careless servant, I suppose, let a step-ladder fall. Come up and see it."

"Joulin led the way, but he carefully kept the servants, and Joulin plodded along, adding his voice now and then as the denunciation seemed to flag. When the room was reached he carefully showed the door. "There," he said, pointing to the supposititious scar, "did you ever see anything as bad as that before?"

"Yes, I've painted it myself," replied Joulin, quietly.

"Clinie is treating yet."

Commenced with a Small Capital.

From the Hartford Post.

"Oh, aren't your chrysanthems just too lovely for anything! How come you by so many varieties?" inquired the neighbor as she gazed over the garden fence.

"A little system of exchange which I have had that. I give plants of my varieties for plants of other varieties, you see."

"How many varieties did you have to start with?" "One, and a very poor one."

Life at the Pennsylvania Mines.

From the New York Weekly.

Pennsylvania citizen (breathlessly): "Come down to Shantytown. The Hungarians are killing each other and the gutters are running with blood." Pennsylvania constable: "My! my! What is it—a wedding or a christening?"

Depressing Quiet.

From Harper's Bazar.

"Isn't it lonely here, George? Did you ever know anything so still?" "Oh, yes. Once." "When was that?" "I hired a plumber once to do a day's work for me and he never moved from morning to night."

A True Bill.

From the Boston Courier.

Smith—There goes Brown, Jones—Yes; self-made man, isn't he? Smith—Who told you? Jones—Himself. When a man is self-made few people are left in ignorance of the fact.

Greek Currents.

The phylloxera has attacked the Grecian currant, Greece's great staple. The export duty on this article is one of the chief items in the national revenue, and a deficiency is probable.

Brussels carpet 50c at Estes & Connell's. Winsor & Newton's tube paints 10 cents at Cresser's drug store. Get Losee & Maxwell's prices in men's fine clothing before buying elsewhere. All-wool ladies' cloth 35c. at Estes & Connell's.

He Assaulted the Drug Clerk.

From the New York World.

He had been arrested for assaulting the drug clerk, and when the court asked him if he had anything to say in his own defense he replied:

"You see, your honor, the trouble was like this: I went into the drug store and asked this youngster if he had anything that would kill mice. He hauled down something from a shelf that he said he could recommend, and I bought it. He asked if there was anything else he could show me and I said I thought not. He remarked that they had some excellent stuff for ants and roaches, and remembering that I had seen a roach or two about the house I bought a package of it."

"As I was preparing to leave the store, your honor, he said, with a sort of sickly smile, that he had a new brand of bedbug powder that had over anything of the kind he had ever seen. He knew it would knock 'em silly every time."

"There was something in the young fellow's manner, your honor, that I didn't like. I thought I was crowding the mourners a trifle in assuming that I was in need of all these exterminators, and it nettled me. I saw he was young and glib, and I also made the allowance for a peddler's zeal in pushing his business. While I didn't need the bedbug powder any more than the man in the moon is a porous plaster, I thought it was a good thing to have in the house, and bought some of it."

"I turned to go, and the young fellow said: 'Say, partner, we've got an A. No. 1 exterminator for fleas and other vermin. Sprinkle a spoonful of it in your socks in the morning; it permeates all your under-clothing and makes existence to the mite-like creature a matter of utter impossibility. When they get a sniff of this exterminator they've just got to croak, and that's all there is to it.'"

"I cut him off mighty short, your honor, and he then I thanked the high and all-blessed heaven that I had no use for the blamed stuff. I was going out of his shop when he called to me, leaned over the counter, scratched his head in a significant manner, and asked how I would like to stand five cents for a fine-tooth comb, one that—"

"I just made one spring, grabbed him by the scruff of the neck, hauled him over the counter, and was amoppin' up the floor with him around the soda water counter when the officer came in."

The court scratched his head for a moment, discharged the defendant, and sent the drug clerk up for ten days for provoking a breach of the peace.

He Saw an Explosion.

We were talking about racing and steamboat accidents in the olden days, says the New York Sun, when the martyr of the cataract in his left eye interrupted one of the speakers with:

"Gentlemen, I have been intimately connected with about a dozen steamboat explosions in my life, though I never saw but one. Do you want the particulars?"

"We said we did, and he got his breath and continued: "It was four miles above Natchez, and 25 years ago. I stood on the bank just at noon, and just as the Occochee boat rose twenty feet into the air, and then shattered into a million pieces. One of my aunts and two of my children went to their death. She was fairly in front of me, and I saw her on her knees and so saw every detail. My grandfather was coming down on a visit, but he went to his doom. The first warning of the awful tragedy was—"

"Any more relatives of yours aboard?" interrupted one of the group.

"A few."

"Then I move we adjourn. I want some of them to live through it."

And we walked away and left the old liar looking sad and disconsolate.

"Two Children."

It is a curious though common habit of parents to regard their offspring as children long after the latter have come to the full discretion, says the Pittsburg Dispatch.

A city hotel clerk told me of an odd instance of this which happened not long ago. A gentleman no longer young came up to the desk and registered in a hurry as "Mr. Blank, wife and two children." The clerk supposed naturally enough from this that he had a couple of children of tender years to provide for. The hotel was rather full, and the clerk found that to give these guests rooms with communicating doors he had to go to the top of the house. He reasoned that the parents would insist on having their little ones near them, so he gave them reluctantly the rooms near the top of the house. The moral to parents is: Register your grown-up daughters' names in full when you go to a hotel.

"They got frightened," said the guest with a grim smile. "I wish I knew what would scare them. Why, one has been all over the world, and the other has been three seasons at the seashore. You can put them anywhere, only bring me down stairs!"

When the clerk went into supper that night he saw the two children of his imagination. Both were as tall as he and neither of them would ever see 20 again. The moral to parents is: Register your grown-up daughters' names in full when you go to a hotel.

In a Nutshell.

People would not die so fast if they didn't live so fast. The moral to parents is: Register your grown-up daughters' names in full when you go to a hotel.

The corset is a paradox. It comes to stay, and yet goes to waist.

How to be happy when married—Let your wife do all the talking.

The husband who smiles too often will never have a smiling wife.

Figures that won't lie—Those that are seen in modern bathing suits.

Judging from the many attractions in the dime museums, it is easy to believe this is a free country.

It has been observed that the man with the fewest failings is the man most tolerant of those of his neighbors.

Man wants but little here below, but what he does want he wants badly, and when he can't get it, realizes what want is.

Every young man in town should buy a season gymnasium ticket. For sale at Crockett & King's.

The Fortunate One.

W H O ?



An Elegant Silver Tea Set given away. A Handsome Silver Cake Basket, gold lined given away. A Beautiful Silver Individual Caster given away.

These Presents will be made every Saturday night, beginning Nov. 9th.

The Grandest Present of All.

A Solid Gold Howard Watch or a Fine Diamond Ring or a Fine Pin will be given to the fortunate holder of the ticket January 1st, 1890.

Now is your chance. Come in and find out particulars. The goods are now on exhibition. If you cannot come write for circular explaining all, and our new price list, SWEEPING REDUCTIONS in Silverware and Jewelry. ANOTHER REDUCTION in WATCHES. A genuine Waltham Watch and Chronometer Balance, only \$6.25; stem wind. Send for price list. Every boy can have a Waltham Watch.

These presents are given to show our appreciation of the liberal patronage bestowed on us for years, and also to make us better known by advertising our house. It is so much of the legitimate expense of advertising, and in no way affects the price of the goods we sell. We want to induce you to show us what we have and how low we sell. Just come and look; you will not be importuned to buy. We lead the entire West in low prices. You run no risk and have the largest stock in Montana to select from if you want to buy. The largest stock in the State and the oldest house in the city.

LEYSON & TURCK, City Timekeepers and Licensed Watchmakers to the U. P. R. R., 221 Main-st., Butte, Mont.

SPORTING GOODS.

Just to Advertise This Department in Our Store we will Raffle Four Guns.

- 1 Parker Hammerless Safety Shotgun. 1 Winchester Repeating Shotgun. 1 J. N. Scott Breech-loading Shotgun. 1 Winchester Repeating Rifle, Model 1886.

This comprises the best 4 Guns we are carrying in stock. The prizes will be the Two Highest and the Two Lowest Taking the Prizes, as they may select.

TICKETS WILL BE \$2.00.

For sale at our store. Time and place of raffle will be announced in these columns as soon as tickets are all disposed of. We will positively sell only 100 chances. Those desiring chances will do well to call early, as we have been assured that the tickets will all go the first week of sale.

ANACONDA HARDWARE CO. HEADQUARTERS FOR HARDWARE.

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

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

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