

GOSSIP IN DEER LODGE

A Poisoning Case in Missoula County Which Will Soon Come to Trial.

One of the Accused Men Was Formerly a Guard at the Deer Lodge Penitentiary - Strychnine Found in the Victim's Stomach.

Special Correspondence of the Standard.

DEER LODGE, Nov. 27.—About two months ago a man by the name of Scryvener, an employe of one Frank Way, living or having a claim near Flathead lake, in Missoula county, came to his death in such a way as to produce the impression that he had been poisoned.

McClelland Winninger came to Deer Lodge two or three years ago, and took a position as guard at the penitentiary, having been recommended to this position by Governor Leslie. He had a good character and maintained it while in Deer Lodge, and the only thing heard against him is that he was one of the most pious men that ever held a position on the penitentiary force.

He was a man of fair education, and was the last man to be taken to be a murderer. A few months ago Winninger purchased a complete outfit for ranching, and in company with a companion named Allen, went to the Flathead lake country to take up some land. They took up two adjoining lots of land and for companionship built a joint cabin of two rooms on the dividing line, the room of each being on his own claim.

One of these tracts of land had been claimed by a man by the name of Frank Way, who had previously built a cabin upon it. This cabin had become dilapidated and Way sent the man Scryvener to repair it. While Scryvener was working at the cabin Winninger and Allen went over to him and after a friendly talk invited him to take dinner with them.

He consented to their invitation and took dinner with them. After dinner Winninger and Allen offered their guest some whiskey. When Scryvener tasted of the whiskey he said that it was bitter and his hosts remarked that it was nothing but a forehand preparation which they had made for a bad cold. Allen then asked Scryvener to go out with him for a deer hunt which he did. When about a half mile from the house Allen asked Scryvener to remain where he was until he went and started up a deer.

Allen had proceeded a short distance when Scryvener became conscious of the fact that he had been poisoned. He immediately started for the nearest cabin which he reached in a few minutes and found the owner with his team already hitched up. He requested to be taken at once to a certain place where he could expect to get an antidote for the poison.

After traveling a while Scryvener was thrown into paroxysms of pain and requested the driver to stop, although they were within a few minutes drive of where an antidote was to be obtained. The convulsions were so frequent that he objected to the driver going for medicines for him, saying that if left alone Winninger and Allen would kill him. He stated what had occurred at both cabins, and gave directions as to his property and died in the arms of the driver.

Scryvener had been buried two or three weeks when his body was exhumed and the presence of strychnine found in his stomach. Winninger was arrested and placed in jail. The body of Scryvener was taken to the cabin and demanded of Allen the bottle containing the whiskey, when Allen denied that there was any whiskey on the place as they were both temperance men. Sheriff stated that he did not care three farthings if Allen would have the whiskey or would arrest Allen—Allen then produced the bottle of whiskey, which upon being analyzed was found to contain strychnine. The stomach of Scryvener was placed in charge of Professor Trapagan of the college of Montana.

Professor Trapagan has just fully completed the analysis, and has included all the tests known to science, and he says a grain of strychnine was found in the stomach. The dinner which Scryvener took with him to the cabin remained in his coat pocket after his death, while his stomach showed that he had eaten a freshly cooked meal.

Very little has been said so far in the paper about this case and why it has received wider publicity is a mystery. Winninger will be defended by ex-Gov. Leslie and his son, Frank Leslie. Some of the guards at the penitentiary may be some serious mistake as to Winninger. A mining meeting will be held to-night to appoint delegates to a mining convention to meet at Helena on the 29th inst.

Leah Hass, one of the editors of the Silver State, is sick and confined to his room. Fashions in Diamonds. From Paris Letter in the Jeweler's Weekly. Diamonds—fine diamonds especially—are as fashionable as ever. Jewels composed of clustered diamonds of different sizes are losing ground in general estimation. They are now considered as ineffective at a distance, pretty as they may appear on close inspection. The new idea is to set the stones in rows so they constitute geometric, or at least conventional designs, which exhibit the diamonds to the best advantage, show off from afar as well as near. The reader need not be told that far more care and careful manipulation is necessary to create a jewel of this description. The stones must be matched in size and color, the slightest variation is immediately noticeable, whereas in the clustered arrangement diamonds of all sorts and shapes may be crowded together with more or less artistic effect. Few designs are more difficult to execute than the Greek pattern, for instance. This style of design is—and will doubtless remain for some time—one of the most fashionable. There is also the diamond chain, made of oval links and a great variety of scroll forms and leaves arranged in conventional fashion, and Renaissance arabesques, in which hollow, heavy, made of are used to set off the beauty of pure white brilliants.

Stars and crescents are no longer in the ascendant, and diamonds are being taken their places as ornaments for the hair. The best combs and pins are set with plain rows of diamonds. Earrings are coveted by the ladies, and the lobe of the ear, jeweled necklaces and collars may be worn with high bodies in the evening, but necklaces are considered either of date, or made of instead of encircling the throat, are used to decorate the drapery of the bodice. The jeweled epaulet is the novelty that carries all before it, as a handsome gem may be worn on one shoulder only, or have seen one or two superb ornaments for the bodice, consisting of two hands of diamond scrolls, meeting at the waist and curving outward to the shoulders.

MR. BOWSER'S WRATH.

He Has His House Painted.

Mrs. Bowser's version in The Detroit Free Press. One day I saw Mr. Bowser stop in front of the house and give it a careful looking over, and when he came in I asked:

"You are not thinking of making any repairs, are you?"

"Well, not exactly repairs, but I was just thinking that I could make a great improvement."

"How?"

"The paint hasn't held its color, and I think I shall have the house gone over again—just a light coat, you know."

"Mr. Bowser, this house was painted only six months ago. At that time we had half a dozen men around here for nearly a month."

"Yes, but the color has faded."

"Didn't I warn you at the time that it wouldn't fade? I didn't everybody laugh at the idea of you putting pea green on a brick house?"

"No, ma'am, they didn't! Everybody complimented my taste. I've had a dozen people of cultivation and taste tell me that it was perfect harmony, and that there was nothing in town so matchy. It. But it is just like you. Whenever I desire to make an improvement you are the drag on me."

"But let it go until spring, anyhow."

"Mrs. Bowser, did you ever hear the word 'economy'?"

"Yes, sir."

"But you evidently do not understand what it means. It means, in a broad sense, to sell where you can sell the highest and buy where you can buy the cheapest. The painting season is about closed, lots of men are out of work, and I can get this house painted now \$40 cheaper than next spring. Isn't \$40 worth saving?"

"Yes, but the house doesn't need it."

"Not in your judgment, perhaps. People who were brought up in log houses in the country have tastes peculiarly their own. The house will be painted."

He crossed his hands under his coat-tails, paced up and down the sitting-room, and, of course, I sunk into insignificance and dropped the subject. Two days later four or five hard-looking fellows with paint on their clothes came up and looked the outside of the house over. At brief intervals they consulted together and made figures on the back gate. At other intervals they measured the width and length of the house with a tape line. After three hours' hard work they came to a conclusion of some sort and then went out to the barn to rest their tired brains and wait for Mr. Bowser to appear. When he came home he confabbed with them for half an hour, made more figures on the back gate and finally told them to go ahead.

"They won't make the least muss around," he said as he came in. "They'll skin right over in about two days, and you'll hardly know they have been here."

It was useless to say anything after the bargain had been made, and so I held my tongue. Next morning a wagon came with three long ladders, two short ones, and several buckets, and so many cans and brushes that I got tired of counting them. I expected to see fifty painters come with the outfit, but 10 must have got lost on their way up. The five were enough, however, to take possession of the barn, the kitchen and the basement.

"Looks as if they wouldn't be over a day and a half," said Mr. Bowser as he started off down town.

It looked to me as if they meant to take a whole week for it, and I went out to interview the boss on the subject. He did some more measuring with a tape-line, put down some more figures on the back gate, counted his long and short ladders over, and finally replied:

"I did say two weeks at first, ma'am, but if the weather holds good I think twelve days will see the last of it."

"Twelve days?"

"Not over thirteen, anyhow!"

"Are you doing this by the job?"

"Oh, no, ma'am. Some of the scrubs take jobs and rush 'em through and cheat folks in the most horrible manner, but we don't work by the day and do our work well."

Then began a circus which lasted just seventeen days without a change of program. Every painter worked down into the basement to inspect the walls of the house. They were gone just half an hour. When they reappeared they inspected the interior of the barn, and were invisible for a long hour. Then they came out and managed to raise a ladder against the side of the house. They might possibly have raised another during the forenoon, but one of them unfortunately observed that the first ladder was a little shaky. This brought about a consultation, and the ladder was taken down and inspected. By a vote of three to two it was decided that one of the rungs was loose. Then the five put in just an hour and a half hunting for hammer and nails, gluing pots, wedges, bars, jacks, screws, pile-drivers and other articles deemed necessary to make repairs. When Mr. Bowser came home to dinner not a thing had been done in the way of painting. I complained of this, but he replied:

"Oh, give them a show. They have got to get ready. When once they start they will move like eye-balls."

"Why did you hire them by the day?"

"To get good work."

"During the afternoon the painters raised a second ladder, mixed about a gallon of color, drank four pints of Mr. Bowser's bottled beer, and carefully inspected and gave each other their individual opinions on the age and nationality of the kitchen floor."

"Half an hour before Mr. Bowser came home one of them carefully and cautiously ascended a ladder, painted a portion of a bracket and came down and went over on the back street to see how it looked. The others went over to help him and none of them were seen again that afternoon."

"The second day was but a slight improvement on the first, and it was four days before one could see that any work had been done. Then Mr. Bowser concluded that he didn't like the color, and he had it changed. He was earnestly advised to do this by the painters, who said the color they had been putting on was rather out of date and did not harmonize with the color of the front door."

"At the end of the twenty-second day Mr. Bowser came home to find that four-fifths of the work had been finished. He got mad and discharged the boss pitifully out of hand, although the boss pitifully protested:

"Never drove a gang of men so hard in my life, and I did want to do a job here to which I could point with pride."

"Mrs. Bowser, do you know what your foolish husband has done in cold cash?"

"My foolish wim? What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say! I had this house painted to please you, and those infernal daubers have made a cost me out \$50."

"Didn't I protest about having it painted?"

"Protest! No, ma'am, you encouraged me!"

"Mr. Bowser!"

"There you go! Lay everything to me as usual! Any husband who honors his whines of his wife will come out just as I have. Mrs. Bowser, don't fool with me any more! I've borne and borne, but there is a limit. The worm will turn at last. I'm ready to turn."

VAGARIES OF WESTERN JUSTICE.

Rough-and-Ready Methods Giving Way to Superior Formality.

From the New York Tribune. Several lawyers were chatting over a good bottle of wine in an up-town restaurant the other night, and as one of them was from Montana and another of them had spent some years of his younger days in Nevada, the conversation naturally drifted into a reminiscence of the "I suppose your judges out west are a different class of men from what they used to be years ago, when the country was more uncivilized," said one. "I remember once we had great difficulty in securing a jury in a newly laid out town in Nevada. Nobody seemed willing to serve that counsel on one side or other had not serious objections to. Finally a desirable looking stranger was called."

"Your honor," said he, "I am not qualified to serve. I am not a freeholder."

"Where do you live?" said the judge.

"In my tent out on Washington Boulevard," was the reply.

"Married?"

"No."

"Living all alone?"

"For how long?"

"Six weeks."

"You'll do," said the judge decisively. "I never knew a tenderfoot yet to keep bachelor's hall in a tent for six weeks but he had accumulated enough dirt to be a freeholder." So the man served.

"That's a pretty fair sample," said the westerner, "of the rough-and-ready style of old-time justice, and it has not all died out yet by any means. Not long ago a judge, who had experienced a kind of fortune from the hardest upstruck it very rich in his old age, married a young wife and started on a prolonged spree which ended in his death. A will executed a few hours before he died left all his property to his wife. His relatives in the east began suit on the ground that the testator was out of his mind when he made the will. The case came up before a judge who is known as a good liver and a gallant man. Certainly some remarkable freaks were proved to have been performed by the old man in the last few weeks of his life, and the widow was put on the stand."

"What were your husband's last words?" said her counsel.

"I'd rather not tell," said she, blushing prettily and hesitating.

"Why not?" said her counsel. "You must tell. I must know what you are afraid it will damage your case."

"Still blushing the pretty widow declined to tell. Finally the judge himself argued with her and told her that she persisted in refusing, he would regard her confirming his suspicions that the man was insane."

"Well," said the widow reluctantly, "he said: 'kiss me, and open another bottle of champagne.'"

"Sensible to the very last," blurted out the judge. And so he decided, and would hear no more evidence."

"The most severe rebuke I ever got from the bench," said the first speaker, "was from one of those typical western judges who had determined that it was time to introduce a little more of the formality of the east in his court anyway. I had gone out there about as green as you made them and had purchased a half interest in the practice of a sharp lawyer, who immediately retired from practice in that town and made me a present of the remainder of his business, when he felt my money safe in his pocket. So I was thrown on my own resources and was soon floundering so deep in legal quagmires that the judge felt called on to interrupt me before I could utter a single word, probably have poured out some choice abuse on my head, and would have offered to fight me if I did not like it. But now he was standing on formality."

"Young man," he said impressively, "the best thing you can do for yourself and for your client would be to hire a lawyer. I did so."

"That reminds me," said the other, "of a rebuke administered by one of our old justices to a fly young lawyer who came out there from the east with a determination to show everybody that things should be done. He was well connected and well introduced, but soon got into debt, and was an inveterate borrower from his friends and even from chance acquaintances. One day three justices were sitting on the bench together, and had also united in sitting on our young friend, who forthwith tried to get off the old gag about content of contempt."

"I wish your honors to fine me \$5 for contempt of court," said he.

"Why so, Mr. Smith?" said one of the justices who had fined him for the same point; "you have not displayed any contempt."

"But I cherish a decided contempt for this court," said he. "By a vote of three to two it was decided that one of the rungs was loose. Then the five put in just an hour and a half hunting for hammer and nails, gluing pots, wedges, bars, jacks, screws, pile-drivers and other articles deemed necessary to make repairs. When Mr. Bowser came home to dinner not a thing had been done in the way of painting. I complained of this, but he replied:

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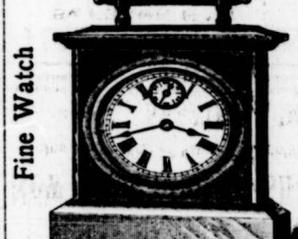
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