

A MARECHAL NIEL ROSE.

I press thee to my lips, fair flower, And live again the happiest hour...

Now blended with the song and scene A quiescent form that well I see...

And now—oh, joy of joys divine! Again I hold that hand in mine...

Dear golden hearted blossom! Thou art sacred to her memory...

HIS NAME WAS "JIM."

After the toasts at the dinner of the Johnstown correspondents at the Fellowship club on Saturday night...

"It was the night after the flood, and I had arrived on the spot only a short time before, after driving sixty miles over the mountains..."

"I suppose you have lost everything?" "We always made some remark like that to a stranger then; it seemed about the only natural thing to say..."

"Well, he sort of muttered, 'I'm what they call a tramp.'" "Then he seemed to brighten up and said: 'I'll tell you; I ain't done a stroke of work in more'n four years, but I just happened to come along here, an' I tell you it just knocked me out..."

"I sort of took an interest in the fellow at that, and told him who I was, and that if he'd come around to headquarters next day I'd give him some work to do..."

"What's your name?" "Oh, just put me down 'Jim,' he said; 'that'll be the name you want to go by...'"

"Well, I'll tell you," he said, "you know I ain't always been a tramp; I used to have a nice home in Massachusetts and a wife and children, but five years ago I lost some money and my wife and I went away, and—well, I ain't been good for nothing much since..."

"Now, Jim, look here," said I, "what you want to do is to go right back to Massachusetts and see if your wife's alive, and look up your children and live like a man again..."

"General," he said, "that's just what I was comin' to. You see, I ain't been carrying much what became of me since I got to trampin' around, but seein' all these people so miserable an' workin', you know, an' helpin' 'em what I could, it kind of changed me, somehow, an' I want to see if I can't be somebody myself..."

"What will you do when you get there?" "Oh, I'll get work again." "Well, all right; now you go off and get a new suit and I'll take you home with me when I go," I said, and Jim hurried off to the commissary department...

shirt and necktie. He was a big, stalwart fellow, with a waving mustache, and he looked really handsome...

"Jim, I said, 'you've been drinking.'" "Well, general," he said, "you know I tased through my work now, an' I hadn't tased a drop ever since I been here, so I thought I'd just get a quart of whiskey while I was down there, and— I guess I've drank a pint or so of it, but I ain't drunk..."

"Now see here, Jim," said I, "this ain't right; you'll never get back to your wife and children if you start in this way. Quit it right where you are an' don't spoil everything just as you are ready to begin over again..."

"Some time afterward one of my aides came to the tent looking very queer and said: 'General, there's an accident happened to Jim, and I guess you had better come...'"

"I hurried on after him, and away up the railroad track I came to a little group of men, and in the midst of them poor Jim lying on the ground. He had got in the way of the freight train somehow, and both his legs were cut off above the knee. We picked him up and carried him to the hospital. We did what we could for him, but it wasn't much. Two or three of us sat up by his bedside all night, and when he died, we buried him in the cemetery, and the next day we dug his grave in the prettiest spot there was left in the cemetery, and he had the biggest funeral that there had been in Johnstown at all. And the day we left we took a hard and set it up at the head of his grave, and all we put on it was one word, 'Jim.'"

HOW CRIMINALS DIE.

Eminent Frenchmen Say Killing by Electricity is Barbarous.

Those who are in favor of the execution of murderers condemned to death by means of electricity, as being the quickest and least painful method of sending them out of the world, have been led to this conclusion by motives of humanity which do them the utmost credit. Strangely enough, however, it is precisely on humanitarian considerations that M. Beauguesne, the governor, and the Abbe Faure, the chaplain of the Roquette jail, are opposed to such an innovation. It is to the Roquette that prisoners sentenced to death are invariably transferred after their condemnation by a jury sitting in the Seine assize court, and none are more competent than the governor and the chaplain to pronounce an opinion on the subject, perhaps, "Monsieur de Paris," as the chief executioner is called, and even then his views might be regarded as based, in a certain measure, on motives of a personal character...

Were he to express a preference for the electric system he might lay himself open to the reproach that he was not quite as skilful as he ought to be. The Abbe Faure, who for the past five years—with one single exception, that of Schumacher, w/o as a Protestant received ghostly counsel and advice from a pastor of his religion—has accompanied to the scaffold all the criminals executed on the square in front of the Roquette, expresses the utmost horror at the idea of such a change. The worthy ecclesiastic says that he has the utmost sympathy for all scientific inventions, but he refuses to believe that French legislators will be so cruel as to prepare by preparations which require a certain amount of time the sufferings of even murderers...

The Abbe Faure has attended during their last moments upward of sixteen criminals, and he says that scarcely two seconds elapse from the time when, after a farewell embrace, he gives up the prisoner to the executioner to that at which the head of the murderer rolls on the ground. He remarks indignantly that he never can admit that men, however debased they may be, ought to be placed like common animals in a glass apparatus and struck dead with an electric spark. This is opposed to every principle of humanity. The chaplain of the Roquette is, after every execution, in the habit of writing notes of the ghastly scene which he has just witnessed, and he declares that no one during the whole of his experience has the condemned man offered the slightest resistance. This he attributes in a great measure to his own presence on the scaffold, and he says that if the electric system were introduced he would be unable to offer the prisoner the consolation of religion up to the last moment...

Of Prado the Abbe relates that although he was generally regarded as a brazen-faced and hardened scoundrel, he spoke earnestly with him during his last minutes, and then his confidence in him was so great that he begged him to save his body from dissection at the School of Medicine. Of Geomay, the murderer of Mme. Roux-Couloumy, he wrote that he had died like a soldier, a Breton and a Christian. A few minutes before he was executed he asked the Abbe to convey his last farewell to his old mother. The Abbe Faure says that at the Roquette everything is done to render the last moments of criminals as easy as possible, and, like M. Beauguesne, he is positive that, far from being a merciful innovation, the offer of executing prisoners through the medium of electricity would really subject them to a decided increase of moral torture...

How Shot Flies.

When standing within a few yards of the gun's muzzle at the time of discharge, a person would be amazingly astonished were he only able to see the shot as they go whizzing by. Experiments in instantaneous photography have proved to us that the shot not only spread out, comet-like, as they fly, but they string out one behind the other to a much greater distance than they spread. Thus, with a cylinder gun, when the first shot of a charge reaches a target that is forty yards away, the last shot is lagging along ten yards behind. Even with the choke-bore gun some of the shot prisoners through the medium of electricity would really subject them to a decided increase of moral torture...

Black Prospect.

From the Chicago Times. "What will the future of our children be?" cried the colored orator. "Very dark!" replied a voice from the audience.

AN ALBINO ABORIGINAL.

What a Search Expedition in Australia Found.

To discover some trace of the lost explorer, Dr. Ludwig Leichardt, has been for forty years the dream of the Australian bushman and latter-day pathfinder, and when Alexander McPhee, manager of the Ninety Mile Beach station, on the western coast of Australia, heard from a tribe of blacks who had traveled far to attend a corroboree at Lagrange bay, that a white man was living with one of the tribes in the interior, he set out on a 250 mile bush ride to find him. The white man turned out to be Jun Gun, an albino aboriginal, and as was fondly hoped, a relic of Leichardt's lost expedition...

Still, Jun Gun was a curiosity, and as such was brought to Melbourne and exhibited. The late Mr. Carr, author of "The Australian Race," in which an effort is made to trace the genealogy of the Australian aboriginal back to the South African black, had declared that an Albino had never been known among the Australian natives, and Jun Gun's appearance was the refutation of that statement. Although his complexion is not darker than that of many a sun-burned bushman, his features are unquestionably those of the better-looking type of aboriginal. His breast and head are covered with the scars of battle, and Jun Gun has clearly held his own as one of the warriors of his tribe. He has long wavy hair of golden yellow, and a full sandy beard. His eyes are unquestionably those of an Albino, and his whole body is covered with white hair nearly half an inch long...

If the discovery of Jun Gun does nothing more it promises to stimulate effort to discover some trace of the intrepid and long-lost Leichardt. At different times it has been stated that the iron cart tires of the wagons of the lost explorer had been seen or reminiscences of the party discovered in hieroglyphics upon the tree trunks. Mr. McPhee, in his search for Jun Gun, heard rumors which have further excited public curiosity and the end will probably be a search expedition fitted out under the auspices of the Geographical society. No one but an Australian can understand the reverence in which we hold the memory of these old-time explorers. They are our heroes of the Victoria Cross.

How to Buy Strawberries.

From the Detroit Free Press. "Strawberries, mum?" he asked, as she came out with a bowl. "I guess so. Got 'em by measure?" "Yes'm. How many?" "One quart." "All right, ma'am—here you are—great big strawberries—a full quart." "Stop, sir!" "What is it?" "Take your thumb out of that measure!" "Thum? Oh, certainly." "S'pose, add about a dozen berries to fill up that space!" "Space? I see." "Now, shake the measure and put in a few more!" "Shake. Exactly, ma'am. Here you are, and if it will console you any I will state that I lose just two cents on that quart. Make it up at the next house, however, by measuring my thumb and two fingers. Thanks, ma'am—strawberries, great big strawberries! Who takes the next quart?"

THE LOCAL MARKET.

These Quotations Are Revised and Corrected Every Day. Sugar—Granulated, per 100, 87¢; light brown, 85¢; pulverized, 82¢. New York, 83¢; loaf, 81¢; maple per pound, 20¢. Coffee—Market strong; green Rio, 19¢; Costa Rica, 18¢; Java Mandailing, 40¢; Mocha, 37¢; roasted Rio and Costa Rica, 26¢; 30¢; roasted Caraba, 32¢; roasted Mocha and Java, 38¢; Arbuckle's, 35¢. Tea—Japan, 65¢; English Breakfast, 40¢; 1.00; Gumpowder, 45¢; extra Union Hyson, 75¢; 81¢. Pickles—Eastern—3 gal., \$2.50; 5 gal., \$3.50; 10 gal., \$6.00. Potatoes—\$1.75 per cwt. Cabbage—Per cwt, \$3.00. Eggs—Per dozen, \$1.00. Butter—Per lb, 35¢; 40¢. Cheese—Per lb, 20¢; 25¢. Fruits—Dried apples, per 5-lb packages, 75¢; 1.00; ditto sliced, 50-lb boxes, 1.40 per box. Salt Lake, 16¢; apricots, 20¢; evaporated ditto, 25¢; blackberries, 15¢; raspberries, 35¢. California fruits, 85¢; 90¢ per case. 2-lb Standard, 83¢. 2-lb Standard peas, 83¢; seconds, 82.75. 2-lb Navy, 82.50; English, 82.75. Dried Beans—Navy, 86.00 per 100 lb; Lima, 77.00; Bayos, 86.25. Wheat—No. 1, per 100 lb, \$2.00. Corn—Cracked, per 100 lb, \$1.25. Bran—Per 100 lb, \$1.50; bran and shorts per 100 lb, \$1.50. Flour—Per 100 lb, Pillsbury's best, \$4.50; Ogden, \$3.50; Straine, \$3.50. Corn meal—Per 100 lb, \$2.50. Lard—100 lb, \$2.00. Fresh Meats—Pork, 15¢; beef, 82¢; lamb, quarters, 75¢; mutton, 70¢. Salt Meats—Ham, 106¢; bacon, 15¢; corned beef, 10¢; sausage, 12¢; 15¢. Coal—Per ton, hard, \$19.00; soft, \$9.50. Wood—Per cord, \$4.50. Hay—Per ton, \$2.50. Straw—Per ton, \$12.00. Cuts—Per cwt, \$2.00.

MONTANA UNIVERSITY.

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Advertisements will be inserted under this head three times free of charge. Copy for the advertisements must be left at either the Butte or Anaconda offices of the "Standard." 2

WANTED—Situation—By single young man, German; willing to do any kind of work. Address P. O. Box 1002, Butte. 2

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Insurable cases will not be taken, and they will be told the facts of their case, so as to avoid further expense.

DR. STODDART will be here during the visit of the Liebig Company's staff this time, and will give free examination on the above dates.

Call early, as the Doctor's office will be crowded during the afternoon and evening.

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