

DEER LODGE TOPICS

Some of the Horses Wintering at the Race Track.

A NUMBER OF FINE ANIMALS

Some of Them Will Reach the Wire at the Proper Time—A Horse-Man Who Always Treats His Mare.

Special to the Standard.

DEER LODGE, Feb. 8.—Among the horses that will be ready for the next meeting here are the following, now wintering in the stables on the race track. That some of them will reach the wire at the proper time there can be no doubt. One of the finest animals in Sam Hanley's stables is Gold Bar, a 4-year-old sorrel stallion, sired by Onondaga, dammed by King Bar. He is as playful as a kitten and in magnificent form. Allie M is a 5-year-old bay stallion by Fieldmont, first dam Orphan Girl, grand-dam Widow McKeekin. Bud L is a 2-year-old black stallion by Don L, out of a Maxim mare. Bud L belongs to the Evans' estate.

Sam Hanley also has in his charge a roan stallion, six years old next spring, whose pedigree are all eminent horses. It is an inbred Hambletonian, sired by Blackwalnut, by Administrator, by Hambletonian. First dam Blackwalnut, Madura, by Sentinel; second dam Constance, by Hamlet; third dam Long Island's Black Hawk. The dam of Robbins is Lady Lightfoot, by General Lightfoot, by General Knox, by Vermont Hero. The dam of Lady Lightfoot is Lady Lang by Seth Warren, by Ethan Allen. The dam of Lady Lang is by Rysdyk's Hambletonian.

In conversation with the STANDARD reporter Sam Hanley said: "I suppose you have often heard of races being lost through the riders indulging too often in whiskey, an instance of which is found in Ouida's 'Under Two Flags'; but have you ever heard of a race being lost through an overdose on the part of the horse? If you have not I can tell you of one. At the last meeting at Miles City there was a well-known veterinary surgeon who was the owner of a fine mare with a very good record. He was very fond of the animal and was in the habit of treating her whenever he took a drink himself. At Miles City, however, he fell in with a pretty hard combination and soon became hilarious; and as he continued to treat his mare at every drink, she, too, fell under the influence of the seductive fluid. At the third heat she was unable to stand and was sent back to her stall."

A legislative committee, consisting of Messrs. Power, Redd, Buford, Beach, Hardenbrook and Franks, came over to Deer Lodge Saturday evening for the purpose of examining the condition of the state penitentiary.

IT IS AN ILL WIND, ETC.

Winter Storms Bring Sunshine Into Editorial Sanctuaries.

From the Christiania Dagblad. The northern waters are frozen; the Sound and the Belt are sheets of ice; the lightships in the Kattegat have been dragged ashore, the sailing vessels are all ashore and even the strong steamers have left off running in the north of Scandinavia.

One fair day the Christiania postoffice sent out notices that on account of the severe weather no foreign mails have come in.

"What's the news?" asks the editor, as usual, when he gets into his newspaper office.

"No foreign mails," the staff replies in a chorus.

"That's capital," the editor replies, and rubs his hands gleefully as he thinks of the enormous number of MSS. he has had in his pigeon-holes for ever so long.

"Oh, is it?" groans the foreign editor; "but I was waiting for news from England about the strikes."

"That may be; but think of all our contributors in our pigeon-holes; there are scores of yards of manuscript."

While the staff are sorting and sticking the newly arrived telegrams an old friend of the editor's looks in with a rueful face.

"Good morning," he says wearily.

"Good morning," whatever is the matter with you? You look as if you came from a funeral."

"I've heard that the foreign mails have not arrived to-day and I came to console. I suppose you are not going to publish to-day?"

The editor cast a compassionate look at his simple-minded friend. "Come in," he says to the sorrowful one. "I will show you our stock." They go into the inner sanctum, and there the wealth of the contributions is displayed.

"Look here," the editor says triumphantly; "all this has been reposing there for some time. Now it will be looked at, for there are, no doubt, useful things among the heap. Now can you believe that, we can fill the paper with original matter?"

The friend, reassured, takes his departure; the editor begins to read, and the contributors rejoice when they see the evening paper of that eventful day. There are no less than eight columns of complaints against the local board; a paper measuring a yard in length on the desirability of building a railway line to the part "where I live;" new and wonderful philosophic theories are expounded; the whole world is set right, and as for poetry, why, a whole generation of Skalds have sprung up in a single night. There are five novelettes with morphine bottles at the end, and the odes to Bjornstjerne Bjornson alone fill a whole paper basket, over and above those that are selected for immediate use.

The pigeon holes are clean and empty, the poets and scribes of the North rejoice, and all because the cold and the ice have delayed the foreign mails.

He Turned Into a Mule.

I distinctly remember the first hanging I ever saw in a Nevada mining camp, and as I put in ten years out there, and as hanging came to be a weekly occurrence, I rather pride myself upon this feat of memory. A lazy, quarrelsome miner named Rattobone struck a man with a pick one day and killed him, and after a fair trial was found guilty and condemned to hang. On the night preceding the execution he sent for me. I had once given him a pipe, and had also written two or three letters for him, and he reasoned that I was his friend. When I entered his presence he held out his hand and said: "Say, now, you don't believe I'm afraid to hang?"

"Oh, no."

"Hain't no idea I'll weaken?"

"None, whatever."

"Cause I propose to hang with a grin upon my face—if I have to hang. There is just one reason why I don't want to,

however, and I want you to do me a favor. "Go to the boys and state the case. There is an old fellow down the creek named Champlin. A month ago I got into a fuss with him, and he said I would be hung inside of three months. This thing will tickle him almost to death. He will say, 'I told you so!' and he'll go on about the wicked being cut short in their career, and all that, and I want to disappear him."

"But you are to hang in the morning." "Yes, I know, but I don't want to, you see. Just go and talk to the boys and tell them about old Champ, and get me off." "I didn't do anything, of course, and next morning when he was led out he pleaded his own cause, but without avail. Just before he was swung off he saw the old man in the crowd, and he called him up and said: "Champ, you piebald, knock-kneed old cuss, you'll go around bragging that you predicted this, and you'll wear your hat on your ear and step high. Durn your old hide, but it's on your account I hate to go! I've got to go, however, but I'll get even with you. Hang me if I don't turn into a mule and kick you to death before the year is out!"

Five months later a speculator came into our camp on a mule. The animal stood tied to a tree, and when old Champ lounced up to pick up a frying pan the brute shot out and hit him in the temple and keeled him over stone dead.

THE RESULT AT GETTYSBURG.

What Might Have Changed It to a Confederate Victory. Gen. Abner Doubleday in the North American Review. Toward the close of the contest on the first day's battle at Gettysburg, Hancock rode up and told me that he had been sent to assume command of the field. He was our good genius, for he at once brought order out of confusion, and made such admirable dispositions that he secured the ridge and held it. As he was injured in rank to General Howard, he had no right, technically speaking, to supersede the latter. Meade had assigned him to that duty, it is true, but under the law only the president himself could place a junior general over a senior. Howard did not recognize him as his superior, and I think Hancock, as he rode over to me, was in some doubt as to whether I, as commander of the First corps, would acknowledge him as Howard's superior. Had I refused to do so, the battle of Gettysburg, in all probability, would have had a different termination. As Hancock ranked me, however, the question did not concern me personally, and I saw plainly enough that if I refused to acknowledge his delegated authority, both the First and Eleventh corps would be surrounded and captured. I had no desire to see the men of my command sent to adorn the prisons of the confederacy, and I therefore did not insist on any technicality which would be certain to produce that result.

SHE JUST LET OUT GOOD.

How a Young Lady Allowed Herself to Lapse From Proper Language.

From the New York Sun.

A complaint commonly made against our fashionable girls is that they use slang bordering on actual profanity. A maiden, with brown eyes and rosy mouth crept close to a bashful young man at a reception and said: "If you'll never let on I'll tell you something."

The young man blushed and promised never to break the confidence reposed in him.

"Well, it's just this," said the girl.

"When anything goes very wrong with me I swear."

The young man attempted to observe that swearing in a pretty young lady was naughty, but he made a failure of it, and his companion went on talking.

"More girls swear than you think. I just know any quantity of them that are poking fun at you when they get provoked. My chum Mignon is really terrible sometimes. I told her the other day that I would have to stop going with her if she didn't refrain from saying bad words. She couldn't miss a car, stub her toe or burst a button off her glove or she expressed herself most frightfully before everybody. Now, it isn't nice, is it, for a girl to use swear words? And it will really get to be a regular thing with us if we don't stop. I am already addicted to the habit. Why, I broke the point of my thumb nail to-day, and when I did I just let out good."

"What did you say?" the bashful young man managed to ask.

"I said 'Oh, devil!'"

The young man blushed a livelier red and asked the poor, forsaken girl if he might get a cup of chocolate for her.

THOUGHT BETTER OF IT.

A Society Woman Has Good Grounds for Not Getting a Divorce.

From the St. Louis Republic.

A well-known St. Louis lawyer was called on one day during the past week by a lady whose name is not unfamiliar to the readers of the society columns of the newspapers, and consulted on the subject of divorce. She was not quite clear in her own mind as to whether she wanted a divorce or not, and even after she had been told just what steps were necessary in the ordinary case, she seemed to be in a puzzled frame of mind.

With a delicacy characteristic of ladies of the law whose practice takes them into the divorce court, the legal light undertook to find out what it was she was holding back, and finally said to her: "You will have to tell me all the facts if you want me to take your case. I can't proceed in the dark, and I can plainly see something is on your mind that you have not yet told me."

"Yes, there is," she said, "and, in fact, I am not sure that I want you to take my case, or, in fact, that I will have a case. You see, my case, if I apply for a divorce, will be just twice as bad as the ordinary case, for the very simple reason that Henry and I were married twice—once privately and with only the necessary witnesses, and the second time four months afterward in a church and with a big reception, and of course there will have to be two divorces to set me entirely free."

The lawyer laughed. In fact, he laughed so long and hearty that the lady got mad and blurted out of the office, vowing she would not have a divorce; that she had rather fight it out with her twice-married husband than be laughed at by a lawyer.

THE PATHOS OF LONELINESS.

A Suicide's Wife Is Comforted by the Money of Her Dead Husband.

From the Boston Post.

I heard lately of a pathetic case of the loneliness which comes to a stranger in a strange land, when suddenly deprived of a life-long companion, under the most painful circumstances of doubt and mystery. The wife of a Frenchman employed as a designer in one of our great textile manufactures missed her husband, upon whom she depended for support. Weeks passed away, and as he was known to have money on his person it was feared that he had met with foul play. At last his body was found floating near one of the bridges on Charles river. Upon it was discovered \$2,500

which the Frenchman had secreted in his clothing as a safer place than a savings bank or a deposit vault, and suspicions that he was murdered for his money were abated by the discovery. As for the widow, she was a victim of conflicting emotions—of grief for the loss of her husband, and of joy that he had not left her penniless. She had resolved to remain in this country till he was found, dead or alive, but now she means to go back to France and open a little shop in Paris, where she has friends. I could not help but think on hearing of her story how many foreigners there must be in this country, and doubtless not a few in this city who are left stranded by the loss of work, or of other means of support, to whom such a sum as the French woman has received would be a fortune.

HE ESCAPED THE DOCTORS.

A Rich Man Eludes the Vigilance of His Consulting Physicians.

From the Chicago Times.

There were six of them, all at the head of their profession, and each with his hobby, and they consulted together over the case of the great man in the next room.

Said Dr. Pompon: "He should be trephined."

Said Dr. Quackquack: "And the diseased brain replaced with the brain of a guinea pig."

Said Dr. Oldenough: "His blood is vitiated and should be let and the blood of a jack rabbit injected in his veins."

Said Dr. Newfound: "He has a microbe in his liver; it should be looked into."

Said Dr. Dubious: "Let us diagnose his case with Dr. Chowchow's imperial extract. If he dies we shall know."

"Gentlemen," said the nurse, poking her head into the door, "your patient is dead."

"And we not there!" exclaimed one.

"Ah!" said Dr. Pompon, "what a chance for a beautiful operation is lost!"

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STATE OF MONTANA, COUNTY OF DEER LODGE, January 8, 1903.

To Patrick McDonald:

You are hereby notified that I have expended \$100 in each of the years 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, in labor and improvements upon the Katie Mack Quartz Lode mine in no organized mining district on Blue-Eyed Nellie hill, Deer Lodge county, Montana, in order to hold said premises under the provisions of section 2324 revised statutes of the United States, being the amount required to hold the same for ten years ending December 31, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, and if within 90 days from the first publication of this notice you fail or refuse to contribute your portion of such expenditure as co-owner, your interest in said claim will become the property of the subscriber under said section 2324.

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