

# The Anaconda Standard.

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ANACONDA, MONTANA, FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 26, 1894.

PRICE—FIVE CENTS.

**Lays**  
THE JEWELER.  
Clearing Sale.

All Goods at  
**ACTUAL  
COST**  
FOR THIRTY DAYS!

Money is what we want  
and MUST HAVE.

Make us an offer on any  
piece of Jewelry and we  
knock it down to your own  
price.

(No Goods Reserved)

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**Lays**  
THE JEWELER.  
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**WE WANT MONEY**

And we want it enough to  
Offer our entire stock of

**Watches,**

**Diamonds,**

**Jewelry,**

**Silverware, &c.**

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NOTHING EXEMPT  
EVERYTHING GOES.

Our Watch and Diamond Stock is  
enormous. Not equaled in Mont-  
ana. All lines full; altogether too  
full for existing conditions of trade.  
The excellent quality of the stock  
we carry is well known. Our ne-  
cessity makes your opportunity.

SALE WILL COMMENCE

**Monday,  
January  
29, 1894.**

And will continue each business  
day, at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m.

**HIGHT & FAIRFIELD,**

BUTTE, JEWELERS.

## LIKE A TIGER

Jim Corbett Filled With  
Savage Fury.

CRAFTY AND MERCILESS

The Californian Fights for Blood as  
Well as Gold and Fame.

SPURRED ON BY PASSION

Twice in His Terrible Rage He Was  
Saved From Foully Mitchell  
Only by the Interposition of His  
Seconds—The Englishman a  
Mere Child in the American's  
Hands—Graphic Recital of the  
Three Fierce Rounds—Corbett's  
Last Blow Lays Mitchell as Flat  
as a Pancake for 19 Seconds—  
They Refused to Shake Hands  
as They Entered the Ring, but  
Afterwards They Eury the  
Hatchet—Both Men Now Under  
Arrest.

JACKSONVILLE, Jan. 25.—The great inter-  
national battle has been fought and  
won, and Corbett now stands the acknowl-  
edged champion of the world without a  
flaw in his title, by his slashing defeat of  
Sullivan and Mitchell. Not even the most  
ardent admirers of the great California  
pugilist could have dreamed of a more  
brilliant victory than that of to-day. The  
Englishman was never for a moment in it.  
He was wholly out-classed and so com-  
pletely beaten as to leave no margin for con-  
solation or explanation.

IN THE RING.  
At 2:08 the arrival of the champion in  
the ring was announced. Hats and um-  
brellas went into the air as Corbett, clad  
in a long bath robe, walked through the  
aisle. As Mitchell climbed into the ring  
at 2:12½, Corbett's face was a study. He  
eyed Mitchell with interest and a sardonic  
grin played over his face, which said as  
plainly as words, "I have you now." Mit-  
chell was impassive, neither smiling nor  
saying anything. When Corbett threw  
aside his robe he appeared clad in nothing  
but red, white and black trunks. He  
wore black shoes and dark brown gloves.  
Mitchell wore white gloves, black shoes  
and his trunk and right wrist were band-  
aged. Corbett refused to shake hands,  
and time was called at 2:20.

CORBETT IS SAVAGE.  
It was a short, sharp and decisive fight,  
too brief for any elements of savagery  
in it. It was a foregone conclusion from  
the moment the men stepped to the cen-  
ter of the ring, and Corbett's hatred of the  
Englishman coming to the surface inhibited  
him from shaking hands with the man  
who had so uniformly abused and  
insulted him. There was all but murder in  
Corbett's eyes. They faced each other and  
his intense feeling of hatred almost gave  
Corbett the fight as he cornered the En-  
glishman, and as his long arms shot out  
with the force of a catapult, there was  
vengeance in wind. Mitchell showed  
wonderful cleverness in beginning, crawl-  
ing out of close quarters into which the  
superior size, reach and weight of his op-  
ponent bore him, but there was no faltering  
in Corbett's plan of campaign, and he  
slowly surrounded the Briton, raining in  
upon his head and sides a shower of sav-  
age punches. There was despair in  
Mitchell's face as he tried vainly to elude  
his agile pursuer, and finally, when Cor-  
bett closed with his opponent in an off  
corner, Mitchell realized that it was no  
longer possible for him to escape the bat-  
tery of the American. He pluckily tried  
to spar and feint, sought to clinch, but  
Corbett finally beat him off, and with a  
sharp blow on the side of the jaw, brought  
the Englishman on all fours.

CORBETT NEARLY FOULS HIM.  
It was then that the crowd broke loose  
in a wild shout of applause. With the  
cheers of his friends ringing in his ears,  
and with the memories of the past crowd-  
ing fast upon him, Corbett lost his head,  
and with the agility of a tiger and the ter-  
rible anger of a lion, sprang toward the  
pitiable Englishman on the rough round  
platform and, describing a semi-circle  
with his right, tried to land a knock-out  
blow. Twice he tried this, but Mitchell's  
weak and wobbling body saved the Amer-  
ican from foolishly sacrificing the honor  
and glory that had come to him from the  
now decisive battle with the Englishman.  
There were cries of foul from the crowd,  
although the sentiment of the vast throng  
was plainly with the American. Cor-  
bett's seconds, with presence of mind,  
shot through the ropes, John Kelly ran to  
the side of the downfallen pugilist and  
Corbett was dragged away. Mitchell was  
conscious and knew that Corbett was  
mending over him, ready to deal without  
mercy the blow that should end the fight.  
When the Englishman finally struggled  
up, Corbett without a tittle of pity poun-  
ded his big gloves into the face of his foe until  
the latter staggered and fell against the  
ropes and there lay almost sprawling on  
the floor, with the blood smeared all over  
his face. When Mitchell was again on  
his feet, the men again closed in Cor-  
bett's corner and there was a savage ex-  
change, and when the gong sounded the  
seconds and referee and half a dozen in  
the corner had to pry the enemies apart.  
It was hard work to bring Mitchell up  
again, but Corbett sprang out when the  
gong sounded. There was hardly a mo-  
ment of sparing. Mitchell tried but once,  
a last desperate play, to tackle, but Cor-  
bett was remarkably foxy and alert, and  
soon crowded the poor beaten Briton to

the ropes again. Then with another of  
his merciless jabs at his rival flat on the  
floor.

MITCHELL IS SUFFERING.  
Mitchell was evidently suffering severely  
and his face was the picture of woe. His  
mouth and nose were bleeding and with  
his big gloves he had smeared blood all  
over his face, until his appearance was  
almost ghastly.  
Again Corbett, losing his presence of  
mind, started toward Mitchell and again  
his hands swung out, and again his sec-  
ond ran forward to save him from a nomi-  
nal defeat. Big John Kelly ran over to  
the ropes where Mitchell was lying and  
Corbett was borne back to his seat. Mit-  
chell hardly cared to rise and Kelly's  
finger went up and down like a pendulum  
of a clock to count the seconds that must  
elapse before the battle was over. It  
seemed an hour before Mitchell finally  
rose to his feet again and was danger-  
ously near the limit of time. But just be-  
fore the gong sounded Mitchell did stand  
up, leaning against the ropes.

THE KNOCK-OUT BLOW.  
Kelly waved his finger to Corbett, who  
was seated in his corner, and the Amer-  
ican champion sprang forward for the last  
time. Striding over to where Mitchell  
stood, a dangerous leer in his eye, and  
with supreme satisfaction of revenge, he  
shot his hand out with the speed of a  
lightning bolt. The big glove landed  
fairly and squarely on Mitchell's face,  
and the Englishman fell prone upon the stage,  
blood oozing from his mouth and staining  
the rough pine boards of the ring. He  
made no attempt to move himself and  
then turned over and lay with his face to  
the floor, utterly and absolutely beaten,  
until his seconds ran over and bore him  
to his corner; and with the cheers of  
thousands of people dimly ringing in his  
ears, he sat in the corner trying to realize  
the suddenness and completeness with  
which all his hopes had been blasted. The  
crowd remained long enough to see  
Mitchell borne to his corner. While the  
fallen gladiator was receiving the con-  
solation of his admirers and the sympathy of  
"Pony" his father-in-law, Corbett was  
being surrounded and crushed by frantic  
friends, all trying to shake hands at once.

AFTER THE FIGHT IS OVER.  
As soon as the fight was over, Corbett  
slipped on his trousers again, drew towels  
about him, and, stepping as lightly as  
when he entered the ring, made his way  
backward to an old kitchen in the yard,  
where he had spent an hour before the  
fight, waiting for Mitchell to come. Mit-  
chell drew his old bathing gown over his  
shoulders, and aided by his seconds and  
friends was led back to his cabin. Prepara-  
tions were then made to get the fighters  
out of the city.

JOY IN JACKSONVILLE.  
The streets of the city were thronged  
with people, strangers and residents  
alike, all cheering the triumph of America  
over England. Patriotism had broken  
loose in this old Florida town, as rigs and  
phatons and tallies and hanks raced  
back after the fight to the city two miles  
away. Ladies and children put their  
heads out of the windows and came out  
on the porches of pretty residences and  
waved their handkerchiefs in happiness  
over the result. The hotels were jammed  
with people. Brass bands on the streets  
were loudly blowing for the victory of  
Billy Brady's boy. The sports are all ar-  
ranging to follow the fighters out of the  
state, and the trains to-morrow will carry  
the greater portion of the men who have  
come from all parts of the country, risk-  
ing their money and spending their time  
to see the fight.

THE FIGHT BY ROUNDS.  
Corbett, at the call of time, sprang to  
the center of the ring, with his man just  
emerging from his corner. Corbett fought  
with the same style of guard employed so  
successfully in his combat with Sullivan.  
Mitchell's guard was low with his left  
hand leading downward, and the right went  
over the heart. The Englishman was forced  
to the south ropes by feints and for a full  
minute the men stood or pranced, feint-  
ing and fiddling about. Mitchell finally  
shot out a left for the body, falling short  
in the effort, Corbett endeavoring to  
counter unsuccessfully. They came to-  
gether in a clinch, Corbett at once anti-  
cipating his opponent's move by putting the  
heel of his opened glove up against Mit-  
chell's nose. Mitchell then, after a couple  
of efforts, got in with his left on the stom-  
ach of the American, Corbett countering  
with his right on the ear and bringing the  
color to the Briton's face. Mitchell twice  
led for Corbett's ribs, landing both times,  
but short in each instance. Cor-  
bett continued nursing his man  
around the sides of the ring, as Schaefer  
used to do. Corbett landed lightly with his  
left, Mitchell making it good with two  
blows, one to the short ribs and the other  
higher, both light, and landing without  
leaving any superficial traces. Mitchell  
again sent out his left, falling short and  
doing no harm. On another lead from  
Mitchell, who was being penned against  
the ropes and thus forced to lead, Corbett  
planted a light left over the heart of the  
Englishman. Mitchell once more tried to  
fight his man off by leading with his left,  
the American countering with his right  
for the head. Mitchell avoided it by his  
clever and famous duck. Just before time  
was called, he led for Corbett's face, land-  
ing lightly as his man was going away  
from it, and then, following it up, he re-  
peated the blow. When Corbett went to  
the corner, a smile of self-confidence lit  
up his features as if to say, "He's weighed  
and found wanting."

ROUND SECOND.  
Corbett, as in the first round, got the  
stage corner and kept Mitchell up against  
the ropes throughout the round, Mitchell  
once reaching the center by taking to his  
feet and getting out of a tight corner in  
which Corbett had hemmed him. Corbett  
led with his left, reaching the face with a  
jolt which shook the man from her mar-  
casty's domain. Mitchell led with his  
right, Corbett getting out of reach and  
then retreating in like manner. Corbett  
forced the foreigner to the southeast cor-  
ner with his right and, on Mitchell duck-  
ing, uppercut the latter with a short-arm  
left. Mitchell ran in on Corbett after this,

the American driving him off with a left  
hand blow in the region of the kidneys.  
Corbett shot out his left "hook" to Mit-  
chell's face, and, drawing back quick for a  
repeater, found the Birmingham lad with  
his left arm about his own neck in a  
clinch. Corbett brushed Mitchell off and,  
getting him in close quarters a second  
later, sent in a right hand uppercut to the  
heart of the alien. Mitchell cleverly got  
away from the left hand swing.

CORBETT WAXES FURIOUS.  
Corbett, who evidently saw he had the  
battle won, followed in and at close quar-  
ters brought his right in over Mitchell's  
head. The blow was a powerful one and  
had much to do with the speedy success  
that came to the champion. It was at this  
junction that Mitchell first got to the cen-  
ter of the ring. The crowd saw him wheel  
about after the heart blow, and huzzed at  
him as he ran away from Corbett, some  
spectators crying out, loud above the din  
of cheers and hisses, "Chantilly." Cor-  
bett kept up his pace. He was bent on  
finishing the battle as soon as possible.  
He sent in his left and right by turns,  
another Mitchell and shaking him up to  
a point where most men will lose a  
fight. Corbett lead again with his left,  
coming up full against Mitchell's  
wind and doubling to the neck back of  
the ear. Another instant in  
trying to avoid a left feint, Mitchell ran  
up against an admirably aimed right,  
which crashed into his heart just above  
where the former one had found lodg-  
ment. Corbett once more uppercut his  
man with his right, and was handling  
him now as he might a novice. Mitchell  
swung a left short and then the native be-  
gan to mow down his antagonist. He led  
with his left and again timing himself for  
the recoil caught Mitchell on a cross-  
counter to the side of the jaw. He did  
not reach the vital part aimed at, but the  
force of the blow was sufficient to send  
Mitchell to the ground and under the  
lower rope.

CRIES OF "FOUL."  
Corbett crouched over his prostrate,  
though conscious foe, who was looking  
at him through his half-open left eye.  
The seconds from both sides bounced in-  
side of the roped enclosure and the con-  
fusion was of the most exciting kind.  
Referee Kelly tried to force Corbett away  
from his man, but he was bent on  
maintaining his position. From Mit-  
chell's corner, shouting "foul!"  
as he ran, came "Pony" Moore,  
Jim Hall and Tom Allen. The house was  
in an uproar. Dempsey, Delaney and  
Donaldson rushed to the side of their  
principal and begged him not to hazard  
his chances of sure victory by losing on a  
foul. Kelly stood over Mitchell, his time  
expiring in about equal parts in counting  
the seconds and pawing off Corbett. Fully  
eight seconds had elapsed from the time  
when Mitchell went to the ground until  
he regained his feet in a stooping posture.  
Corbett was still struggling with his  
seconds to get at him. He fell over on his  
side and sat on the boards. It looked  
like a deliberate invitation for Corbett  
to commit a foul, and proved irresistible for  
the champion. He jumped at his foe and  
swinging his right struck Mitchell  
while the latter was still in a sitting pos-  
ture. He had evidently regretted sending  
the blow, for as it landed he had so veered  
his course that instead of being planted  
firmly it grazed Mitchell's head on top.  
Again the Mitchell corner sent in a cry of  
"foul," but the referee disallowed it,  
claiming that Corbett had done no harm.

MITCHELL FOULS CORBETT.  
Mitchell fell in on Corbett as he got to  
his feet, to escape another swing, and  
then "Snapper" Garrison pounded the  
big gong for time. Corbett heard it and  
turned and went to his corner. Instead of  
going to his corner, the Englishman  
bounced for Corbett, catching the latter  
just as he was getting into his chair. It  
was a right hand swing and the warn-  
ings of Corbett's second did not stay it. It  
landed on Corbett's well-rounded head  
and glanced off harmlessly to the shoul-  
ders. "Foul!" cried Brady, but Corbett  
shook his head and Mitchell was carried  
to his corner groggy and worn out with  
the work of the round.

THIRD AND LAST ROUND.  
Mitchell came up with his nostrils dil-  
ating and his teeth set on a mass of co-  
agulated blood, which must have found  
its way upwards from the fearful crashes  
that had been sent into his heart. Cor-  
bett was unscathed. Not a scratch was  
visible on his face. Mitchell was slow in  
coming up, Corbett going straight for him.  
Mitchell led his left in an attempt to keep  
Corbett at arm's length. It was the last  
lead of Mitchell made. Getting inside  
of the lead the men clinched, Corbett  
brushing the alleged stroking man off as if  
he were a boy. Swift as a flash crashed  
in the deadly right of the American  
clear to the jaw. Mitchell went  
down under the force of the blow.  
In the fall he swung across the  
lower rope. He poised there an instant  
and then slipped off to the roped floor.  
Corbett turned about, after delivering the  
blow, and nonchalantly walked to his  
corner, sat down and watched the writ-  
ing form of his adversary as Kelly called  
off the fateful seconds. Mitchell had not  
fallen, nor did he remain down to escape  
punishment this time. The idea that Cor-  
bett had no punching power, if not al-  
ready dissipated, vanished six seconds  
afterward. Mitchell writhed about under  
the ropes and finally labored to an up-  
right position. Corbett thought the fight  
had already been won. The referee stood  
between the recumbent form of Mitchell  
and Corbett, and when the former strug-  
gled dizzily to his feet, Kelly stepped aside  
so as not to obstruct the champion's view,  
calling attention to the fact that the En-  
glishman was in a fighting attitude. Cor-  
bett leaped from his seat and with a  
bound flew at Mitchell. The latter was  
15 feet away, dizzily leaping up  
against the ropes. Corbett came at  
him as if out of a catapult. It was  
a right-hand swing that was delivered  
while at full speed. The added weight of  
Corbett's own running weight was lent to  
the blow, and when it landed it fell  
squarely on the point of the jaw.

MITCHELL KNOCKED OUT.  
Mitchell's head fell forward on his  
breast, his lower jaw dropped, his left  
hand fell limply to his side, his right fall-  
ing under his body. In the descent the  
body reached the floor face downward and  
lay lifeless as one dead. There could be  
no further doubts. There was not one

chance in a thousand that he could re-  
cover in the prescribed 10 seconds. The  
face was turned slightly to the right and  
from the mouth and nostrils cooed blood  
in tiny streams. Kelly had counted 10  
seconds slowly enough, and in his delib-  
eration about the matter there was much  
of mercy. When the time had finally run  
Kelly, with a wave of his hand towards  
Corbett's corner, shouted "Corbett wins,"  
at the same time beckoning the seconds  
of Mitchell to their man.

"YOU'RE OUT," SAYS PONY MOORE.  
"Pony" Moore, Jim Hall and Steve  
O'Donnell stooped down over Mitchell,  
O'Donnell applying a bottle of ammonia  
to the nostrils of the Englishman. He lay  
there despite this and the three picked up  
the limp body and slowly carried it to his  
corner. Here a bottle was again put to  
Mitchell. Nineteen seconds after the last  
blow had been sent in, his eyes opened  
dreadfully. "You're out," said "Pony"  
Moore. Mitchell made no response ver-  
bally, but shrugged his shoulders as if he  
was thinking of the spilled-milk story.  
His long English bathing gown was forced  
over his arms and he was slowly led from  
the ring to his dressing room.

CORBETT KISSES HIS MANAGER.  
Corbett, in the meantime, was being be-  
signed by a crowd of friends. They fairly  
wrung off his arms. His first act, after  
the fight had been won, was to throw his  
still gloved hands about the waist of his  
little manager and backer and the two in-  
dulged in what sounded very much like a  
kiss. Kelly shook Corbett by the hand,  
flourished the \$3,000 roll of bank bills and  
told him it belonged to him on demand,  
and the international battle, which has  
kept the political world, as well as the  
fistic world, agog for nearly a year was over.

BOTH PUGILISTS ARRESTED.  
After the close of the fight, just as Cor-  
bett's carriage was ready to drive off, a  
deputy sheriff got on top with the driver  
and the startling announcement was  
made that the American champion was  
under arrest. Mitchell did not escape.  
Sheriff Broadard walked over to the En-  
glishman's carriage just before it was  
ready to start and Mitchell was notified  
that he must again face the law. The two  
men were only technically under arrest.  
They submitted without resistance and  
their friends immediately came to their  
assistance and proved security for their  
release. Mitchell, after being taken to the  
Everett house by Sheriff Broadard,  
where he was given a bath and a slight  
rub down, was taken to the court house  
with him were Billy Thompson and Colo-  
nel Cockrell. The party went to the  
sheriff's private office and a messenger  
was sent to hunt up Judge Call, before  
whom habeas corpus proceedings were to  
be brought in behalf of both pugilists.  
Mitchell looked none the worse for the  
hard punching. The Englishman sat  
down in the sheriff's office to await the  
arrival of Judge Call. The arrest was  
caused by Attorney General Lamar on a  
charge of fighting by previous appoint-  
ment.

CORBETT AND MITCHELL WERE PLACED UNDER  
\$5,000 BONDS AND THE REMAINDER OF THE  
PARTY UNDER \$2,500 BONDS TO APPEAR TO-  
MORROW IN THE CRIMINAL COURT BEFORE  
JUDGE PHILIPS.  
A RECONCILIATION.  
The fighters were in the court room to-  
gether this evening, and through the efforts  
of Joe Vendig, the long-cherished animosity  
of the two men toward each other was  
buried. Though they had not exchanged  
the usual hand-shakes in the ring, either  
before or after the battle, they cordially  
shook hands in the court room. Mitchell  
made a little speech, in which he acknowl-  
edged having uttered bitter sayings against  
Corbett, but said he regretted them and  
was glad he had been whipped by a man  
worthy in every way to wear the cham-  
pion's honor. There was general applause  
in the room over the reconciliation.  
It is not thought here that the court pro-  
ceedings will be more than formal.

ALL ENGLAND EXCITED.  
LONDON, Jan. 25.—The greatest interest  
was manifested here in the Corbett-Mit-  
chell fight. In the hotels and at the sporting  
resorts crowds are gathered, and though  
there is much speculation as to the result  
there is very little betting. Frank Slavin  
was the center of a group of sporting men  
in his saloon during the afternoon, when  
he was heard to declare that Mitchell does  
not mean to fight and that he is simply  
trying to get money from Abingdon's will.

JACKSONVILLE PRAISES MITCHELL.  
PITTSBURG, Jan. 25.—Peter Jackson,  
when asked his opinion of the big fight,  
replied: "I don't want to say too much  
about the battle, but let me say emphat-  
ically that Charles Mitchell has proved  
himself to be one of the most courageous  
men that ever entered the ring. After to-  
day nobody can say that Mitchell is a  
coward. Why, he is as game a little man  
as ever stepped. I have to fight Corbett  
next June and sincerely hope I will beat  
him. He was the better man to-day. It  
was not a question of rounds, but simply  
a case of the better man winning."

JOHN L. HEARD FROM.  
WILMINGTON, Del., Jan. 25.—John L.  
Sullivan said to-night that he expected  
Corbett to win, but did not think Mitchell  
would be whipped in less than 10 rounds.  
It was a case of a good little man against  
a good big man, and the big man always  
wins in such a case. When asked if he  
intended to challenge the winner, Sullivan  
said he had not yet made up his mind, as  
Corbett already had a match on with Jack-  
son. He would wait until that was over  
before deciding about a challenge to Cor-  
bett.

SLAVIN WANTS A GO AT SULLIVAN.  
LONDON, Jan. 25.—Frank Slavin, inter-  
viewed about the result of the Corbett-  
Mitchell fight, said that although he an-  
ticipated the result, he was sorry Mitchell  
was beaten. Slavin said the National  
Sporting club was ready to back him to  
fight Sullivan for \$10,000. Slavin said he  
thought Mitchell would have been able to  
hold out 20 rounds, but he supposed  
Mitchell's vindictiveness got the upper  
hand of him and laid him at the mercy of  
a cool opponent. "If Sullivan declines to  
fight me," said Slavin, "I shall challenge  
Corbett on my own account for the cham-  
pionship of the world."

Colorado's Legislature.  
DENVER, Jan. 25.—An attempt on the  
part of Bonage to get the house to set Sat-  
urday at midnight as the date for a sine  
die adjournment was defeated because it  
failed of a two-thirds majority. The res-  
olution will come up to-morrow.

## EXPECT A REPLY TO-DAY

Northern Pacific Engineers Are Feeling  
Very Hopful.

A PETITION TO THE COURT

It Is Certain That the Receivers  
Have Approved Some of the  
Changes in the Schedule  
Suggested by the Men.

Special Dispatch to the Standard.  
ST. PAUL, Jan. 25.—The Northern Pa-  
cific engineers have not yet received their  
answers from the receivers, but expect it  
to-morrow and feel assured that it will be  
of a favorable nature. They have good  
cause to rejoice in the mere knowledge of  
the fact that the receivers are preparing a  
petition to the court asking authority to  
modify the existing schedules in order to  
insert a few changes suggested by the  
men and approved by the receivers. This  
petition will be presented as soon as the  
judge is at liberty to hear it. This infor-  
mation was furnished the STANDARD cor-  
respondent by General Manager Kendrick  
to-day.  
That the engineers have accomplished a  
great deal through their conferences  
with the officials is well known, but just  
to what extent they have been successful  
will be ascertained only when the re-  
ceivers' answer is submitted. If the  
answer arrives to-day, Kendrick will  
notify the men and another conference  
will be arranged immediately for the re-  
ception and consideration of the same.

KEPT HIS GUN HANDY.  
Belunak Thought the Salvation Army  
and the Populists Pursued Him.

Special Dispatch to the Standard.  
HELENA, Jan. 25.—Judge DuBois laid  
down a new rule in the Belunak murder  
trial to-day. There is no law in this state  
allowing a juror to ask questions of a wit-  
ness, neither is there any law to prevent  
it. Several times during this trial jurors  
have undertaken to cross-examine with-  
out protest from either the state or the  
defense. This morning, however, Juror  
McDonald requested permission to ask a  
question of one of the witnesses. The  
judge said that there was no law on the  
subject, but that a juror might ask a ques-  
tion which was altogether illegal and yet  
none of the lawyers would care to in-  
terpose an objection, as it might  
prejudice the juror against their side of  
the case. In this instance the judge would  
not allow the question to be asked and he  
will adhere to this in the future, unless  
there is good reason to change his mind.

The prosecution completed their in-  
troduction of direct evidence this morning.  
The most important testimony, had it all  
been allowed to go in, would have been  
that of Chris Matheson, at whose saloon  
Belunak was staying while another man  
was occupying his cabin. It was the in-  
tention of the state to prove that Belunak  
went there after his shotgun, which stood  
near his bunk, and that while there he as-  
saulted and robbed Matheson of a watch  
and chain and a pocket book containing  
a sum of money. The court would not  
allow the evidence of the assault and  
robbery to go in, but permitted Matheson  
to testify to the ownership of the articles  
in question and to the fact that the shot-  
gun was kept in the room Belunak occu-  
pied.

The other evidence of the state was  
that of the doctors, as to Daniels having  
died of peritonitis, caused by the intestines  
being perforated by shot; and the  
production of a number of shot taken from  
him at the post mortem.  
At the afternoon session the defense  
called Dr. James J. Macdonald to testify to  
a conversation he had with Daniels while  
attending him after the shooting. There  
was quite a legal struggle over the admis-  
sion of what Daniels said and did. The  
defense scored a victory so far as getting  
in evidence of what Daniels said, but the  
state was successful in keeping out  
what the wounded man did. Dr. Mac-  
donald said Daniels told him there had  
been trouble that evening with Belunak,  
and that the latter had made threats to  
kill somebody. Daniels did not know  
how much importance to attach to  
these threats, but some of the men  
at the dance being in doubt as to  
whether he was in earnest, had gone out  
to find Belunak and soothe him, and that  
they failed to find Belunak. Daniels told  
the doctor that, hearing a shot fired, he  
concluded that Belunak had carried out  
his threat, and taking his revolver started  
toward the house, that on the way there  
he saw the figure of a man, and directly  
afterwards was shot and fell; and that  
while on the ground he drew his pistol  
and fired.

"Did he say anything about killing Bel-  
unak?" was asked the witness.  
"His language was to this effect," was  
the answer. "He gave me the impression  
that he started out with no definite in-  
tentions, but that if Belunak had shot any-  
body, he (Daniels) meant to kill Bel-  
unak."  
The defense then tried to get the wit-  
ness to tell that Daniels attempted to get  
out of bed to go after Belunak when the  
latter returned to the house. The state  
succeeded in keeping this evidence out.  
C. C. Albright testified as to Belunak's  
saying. He said Belunak was overcome  
by gas at the Frohner mine in 1887, and  
had acted strangely since. Arthur Benoit  
testified to working with Belunak, who  
always kept his shotgun near him when  
sleeping, saying the people's party and the  
Salvation Army were after him. There  
was no night session of court. The case  
will probably be finished to-morrow.

INTERNAL REV NUS DEPUTIES.  
E. R. Largent for the First Division and  
Henry S. Clark for the Third.  
Special Dispatch to the Standard.  
HELENA, Mont., Jan. 25.—A. W. Lyman,  
collector of internal revenue, has ap-  
pointed E. R. Largent of Great Falls de-  
puty for the first division, consisting of  
Valley, Fergus, Chouteau, Teton, Meagher  
and Flathead counties; Henry S. Clark of  
Butte deputy for the third division, con-  
sisting of Silver Bow, Deer Lodge, Gran-  
ite, Missoula and Ravalli; and Richard  
H. Cabell of Salt Lake, stamp deputy for  
Utah.