

A SULTRY SYMPHONY.

The world is heated seven times. The sky is close above the lava-- An oven when the clouds are drawn. There is no stir of air at all. Only at times an inward breeze Turns back a pale leaf in the trees. Here the sylvan's rich perfume Covers the tulip's red retreat-- A burning pool of scent and heat. The pallid lightning wavers dim Between the trees, then, deep and dense, The darkness settles more intense. A hawk lies panting in the grass, Or plunges upward through the air-- The lightning shows him whirling there. A bird calls madly from the eaves, Then stops, the silence all at once Disturbed, falls dead again and stuns. A redder lightning flits about, But in the north a storm is rolled That splits the gloom with vivid gold. Dead silence, then a little sound, The distance chokes the thunder down, It shudders faintly in the town. A fountain, plashing in the dark, Keeps up a mimic dripping strain, Ah, God! if it were really rain! --Duncan Campbell Scott.

GOT THE MURDERERS.

From the Washington Star. A tall, keen-eyed, square-shouldered, sandy-haired man, with a countenance that bespoke a quiet and reserved nature, strolled out of the Hotel Lawrence this morning, and walked slowly up E street toward Newspaper Row. As he passed the Press club an army officer stepped forward and shook hands with him cordially, and then rejoined his companions. "Do you know who that is?" inquired the military man. "No? Well, that's ex-Special Agent Cooper of the Indian office. Everybody in the far west knows Jim Cooper. He has nerve enough to supply a whole family of mountain lions and have enough left to equip several companies of hard-riding Indian fighters. During the stormy times at Pine Ridge agency several years ago Cooper was a strong factor in settling matters with the Indians, being present there as a civilian representative of the government. His fame had preceded him to Pine Ridge from the Tongue river reservation of the Northern Cheyennes up in Montana, where he followed a career that was full of exciting adventures. "One incident that may give you some idea as to the character of the man occurred up on the Tongue-river reservation in the latter part of the 80's, when Cooper was temporarily acting as the agent there. Two Indian boys, as young unmarried Indians are called, had murdered a white man, Cooper called the Cheyennes together, and they numbered about 400 warriors at that time, and equally as many squaws, who are pretty near as good as warriors when it comes to a ruction, and told them that the boys would have to be brought in and delivered up to answer for their crime. The Indians said they didn't know where the boys were, and Cooper very plainly told them that they were lying. Then they asked him how many ponies he would take to let up in the prosecution of the criminals, and Cooper said that he wouldn't listen to any such talk as that, but that what he wanted was the boys, and that he wanted them brought in without any further palaver or subterfuge or delay. The father of one of the boys grew very indignant at Cooper's determined stand, and said that the boys would come in all right, but that Cooper was too big a coward to meet them. "This was the Indian way of challenging Cooper to a fight. He never winced, but got mad in turn. He told the gathering that the whole Cheyenne tribe couldn't scare him, and that he proposed to get those boys in spite of all of them and see that justice was done, and dared the father to let the murderers know what he said. Then he rammed a few handfuls of ammunition into his pocket and took up his rifle and started out. The Cheyennes ranged themselves round on the bluffs and waited for the fun to begin, ready to take a hand in an instant, if necessary. Cooper knew that if he showed the slightest sign of nervousness or fear, the Indians would make short work of him, burn everything in sight and go cavorting off the reservation. But he grew mighty lonesome, for all the white employees of the reservation had become scared and gone to hiding. He called on the six or seven Indian police that were on duty at the reservation to stand by him, however, and took the precaution to send one of them after a cavalry troop, I think it was Troop A of the First, that was camped down on the Lame Deer. "Pretty soon Cooper saw a couple of Cheyennes in full war paint and regalia riding like mad down the trail toward the agency. They were the boys who had murdered the old man. As they came within range the agent raised his rifle and plucked one of them so good and hard that he rolled off his pony and gave up the ghost without a single kick. The other one began circling around and around for a little while, as Indians do, getting ready for a rush, and Cooper awaited his opportunity to get a good shot at him, when the cavalry troop appeared. Then came the strangest part of the proceeding. That young Indian charged directly at the line of United States soldiers and went right through it, wounding four horses as he did so. But when he had gone through somebody whirled that troop around, and the result was that in less than three wags of a sheep's tail Mr. Indian was as full of holes as any piece of honeycomb you ever saw in your life. "There was no more trouble at the Tongue River reservation, while Cooper was there, and the Cheyennes respected him. You mustn't imagine from this that the Northern Cheyenne is a weak specimen of the Indian. These fellows at Tongue river were the very same who were taken down to the Indian Territory many years ago and escaped and were not overhauled or stopped until they had gone north to within 50 or 60 miles of Pine Ridge, and the government didn't try to get them to go back any more. They are here to a degree and the best fighters that live today, but still they are upright in their dealings, and the character of their lives may be appreciated when the fact is known that there is not a woman among the Northern Cheyennes who is not perfectly virtuous."

HE WAS TOO GOOD.

From the Brooklyn Eagle. A man about six feet tall and with Chauncey M. Depew whiskers has been a figure on Fulton street for some years past. His generosity to newboys and people in apparent want has been noticed by pedestrians on the city's leading thoroughfare. His name is John J. Drake, and he has an office at No. 379 Fulton street, where he carries on a real estate business. Mr. Drake lives at No. 94 Monroe street, and is the father of a happy family. Although now in his 70th year, he is as supple as a man much younger. He generally leaves his office about 5 o'clock in the evening, and at the doorway is invariably approached by newboys, all of whom hold out their hands for the pennies they have been taught to expect. At times Mr. Drake hesitates, and then the boys tumble over one another like a lot of clowns in a circus ring. The antics of the boys seem to give a great deal of pleasure to Mr. Drake, for he tosses the pennies in the air. Like as not, he will then take these youngsters into a near-by restaurant and see that they get a substantial meal. A few doors away from his office a horse generally stands every day, and he has often been seen making his way to a fruit stand and purchasing an apple or two, give it to the animal. Mr. Drake, through his generosity some time ago, fell into the hands of one of the most notorious bunco steers and confidence men in the country. This was no less a personage than Peter Lane, alias Grand Central Pete. Mr. Drake was strolling leisurely along Bedford avenue one morning, when he was approached by Lane, who called him by name. Mr. Drake stopped and Lane, taking him by the hand, began to talk of the pleasant times during their schoolboy days and when they played together as children. He said that he had just come from Montana with the corpse of an old friend, and that his expenses were so heavy that he was financially embarrassed. "You see," he said, "I am just \$11.50 short, and, as I must have the money immediately, you will oblige me very much if you will advance me it." At the same time Lane took a watch, apparently gold, out of his pocket, and slipping it into Mr. Drake's hand, said: "Now you take that as security." Mr.

PREVENTED A WEDDING.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer. The East End, in the vicinity of Third and Parsons streets, is all agog over a proposed wedding which was prevented by the angry mother and brother of the bride. The young lady in the case was Miss Lily May Kiefer, a handsome brun-

nette of 21 summers, and her accepted lover is Charles W. Ort, 24 years old, a pressman in the employ of the Elmstreet Printing works. The girl is the daughter of Mr. Kiefer, the well known brick-laying contractor, and she resides with her parents and brother and sister at No. 476 East Third street, near Parsons. Ort lives with his mother, sister and brother at Front and Parsons streets. Miss Kiefer was a friend of Ort's sister, Dollie, and he got acquainted with her through his sister. An attachment sprang up between the couple, but this did not meet with the favor of Miss Kiefer's folks; in fact, they were so strongly opposed to the match that they forbade Ort to call at the house and ordered him away several times, and Mrs. Kiefer ordered her daughter to have nothing to do with him. His mother says that the only objection Mrs. Kiefer has to her son, in her opinion, is that he is poor. "Notwithstanding the objections of her parents, Miss Kiefer arranged with her lover to be married to him on Tuesday night at the home of a friend on Parsons street. He secured the necessary marriage license and she sent her white wait to the friend's house, intending to come with a black skirt over her white skirt and to put on the waist to be married in. About a score of friends were invited to be present at the wedding; they were on hand. Though they were all cautioned to keep the matter a secret, a rumor of the affair reached the ears of the girl's mother in some way during the day, and she kept a vigilant watch over her daughter all evening. About 7 o'clock, when Lily started to leave the house, her mother stopped her and asked her about the rumor, and she says her daughter denied it and said that she was merely going to church to attend a rehearsal of the choir. When Lily went out Mrs. Kiefer told her married son, Frank, to watch her. They tracked her across the street to the grocery and followed her in. Her mother finally insisted on Lily going home with her and, with the assistance of Frank, led her out of the store. On the outside the young lady broke away and started to run down toward Parsons street, with her mother and brother in hot pursuit. She was caught at the corner and dragged back to her home, where she claims that she was made a prisoner. In the meantime the anxious bridegroom, the wedding guests and the minister, who is said to have been the Rev. Eisenlohr, were waiting with impatience the arrival of the bride. Shortly after 8 o'clock Frank Ort, the brother of the lover, was dispatched to the Kiefer residence to ascertain what was detaining the bride. When Mrs. Kiefer opened the door and saw who it was, he says she slammed it in his face and ordered him away, and shouted after him that Lily was in the house and could not be seen. When he reported this to the groom he sent the officer of the beat to the girl's house, it is said, telling him that she was being deprived of her freedom against her will. Mrs. Kiefer says that when the officer called she let him in and showed him Lily sitting at the table, and thus convinced him that she was not locked in a room, as was claimed. When it was found that the bride was not coming the minister went home and the guests sat down to the wedding feast and feasted anyhow, although the groom felt so sad that he did not join in the festivities. During the banquet the girl's brother called after her waist, but it happened to be in the house of a friend, and therefore could not be given up. The brother, however, was not satisfied, and sent a policeman to the place after the waist, but he did not get it. Yesterday morning, Mrs. Kiefer called on Mrs. Ort for the waist and she took her to where it was and gave it to her. Lily visited the house of Mrs. Lynn, a friend on Parsons street, yesterday, and her mother came in right after and made her go home with her. The affair is the talk of the neighborhood, and although Mrs. Kiefer says that her daughter has consented to give up her lover, the friends of the couple say that they are more determined than ever to get married and that they have made up their minds to do so at the first opportunity. Mrs. Kiefer says that she wants her daughter at home with her a few years yet, and besides, she doesn't like Ort, but she could give no reason for not liking him, as she admitted that he was a man of good habits. She denied the rumor that she wanted her daughter to marry a rich business man on Walnut hills.

Drake's heart was touched. He put his hand in his pocket, and, drawing out \$12, handed the money over to Lane, who said that he would never forget his kindness, and left, after promising to return again the next day with the money. The thought occurred to Mr. Drake soon after the fellow had taken his departure, that he had been fooled, and he lost no time in making his way to a nearby jewelry store. Pulling out the time-piece he handed it over to the jeweler and asked him to examine it. The jeweler did as directed, and he fairly took Mr. Drake's breath away when he told him that the time-piece was only worth 50 cents. Mr. Drake went to the police and notified them of the swindle, and Grand-Central Pete's arrest followed. He escaped, however, with a slight sentence. Since that time Mr. Drake has been careful to avoid hand-shakers.

HEAVY COST OF SALVAGE AT SEA.

Enormous Sums Paid to Recusers of Ocean Steamers. From the Home and Country. Enormous sums have to be paid as salvage money to the rescuers of ocean steamers when they are disabled at sea, and probably this is a more fruitful source of expense to the large companies than any other. On her first voyage the City of New York (as she was then called) ran ashore off Sandy Hook, and it cost the company \$100,000 to float her off. In 1890 her sister ship, the City of Paris, broke her engines off the Irish coast, and was towed into port at an expense of \$30,000 as salvage money. The City of Boston broke her shaft in 1892, and it cost the company \$45,000 to get her into port, and the Venezuela of the Red D line stuck on the Brigantine shoals off New Jersey in 1893, so that the company had to spend \$60,000 to get her off. The City of Richmond was towed into Halifax harbor in 1893 at an expense of \$35,000. The list could be largely extended, showing that the amount of salvage money paid for rendering services to disabled steamers at sea is so enormous that it almost equals the loss entailed by injuries to our wooden vessels. The loss of life is less. It is quite rare that an ocean steamer is submerged beneath the waves so that the crew and passengers are lost, but when such an accident does transpire the destruction is appalling.

After J. T. Headley.

From Fack. The Lady--Nothing to-day. The Tramp--Madame, I'm not asking charity. I'm soliciting subscriptions for a work to be entitled "Coney and His Generals."

BAD YOUNGSTERS.

English Courts Have to Deal With a Very Dangerous Race. From the London Daily News. At the Derby county police court yesterday a lad of 15, named Samuel Station, was charged with sending a threatening letter to Miss Margaret Newton, daughter of C. E. Newton, a banker and ex-high sheriff of Derbyshire. He is also charged with sending a similar letter to Mr. Newton, and with placing a canister containing gunpowder upon a window sill at that gentleman's residence, Mickelover Manor, near Derby. It was stated by the solicitor for the prosecution that the Newton family had for some time past been in receipt of offensive letters, and on May 1st Miss Margaret Newton received the following epistle: "Miss: Your father having refused me money, I shall now proceed to take my revenge. I came on Monday night and placed the can of powder against your window. That is but a sample of what is going to follow, as I shall use dynamite in large quantities, which will shake the manor to its foundations. I will give you one word of advice. Get another dog, as the one you have now passed within a few feet of me and could not see me. It is no use calling in the police, as I defy them. I saw the Mickelover sergeant and Superintendent Daybell. You cannot escape my vengeance by going to Jaffa, as your father has done. No more this time. "JAY HAWK. "P. S.--A false friend is more to be feared than an open face. Show this letter to those thief-catchers. Catch me if you can. Beware! J. H." The prisoner had been observed to post a letter on the previous evening, and for some time past he had been in possession of a six-chambered revolver. Evidence as to similarity between the hand writing of the prisoner and that of the letter was given. The canister, it was stated, contained half a pound of sporting powder, and the only reason this did not explode was that the fuse, being of common make, had expired after burning only two inches. A similar letter to the above was sent to Mr. Hodson, the writer threatening to take revenge upon that gentleman and his daughter if money was not deposited in a certain place mentioned in the letter. The signature appended was invisible Jack. The prisoner was committed for trial on both charges, bail being refused.

YACHTING-CAP CASE.

From the New York Sun. The yachting cap has triumphed over hostile criticism. It has come to stay and it does not care a rap for the company it happens to be in. The yachting cap was originally designed to be worn on yachts, with yachting suits, and so strongly have yachtsmen felt on the question of the general abuse to which it has been put, that many have made it a point to replace their caps by dorys when going ashore from their yachts for an hour or two at such yachting stations as Larchmont and at important harbors such as New London and Newport. But while a handful of yachtsmen stand up for the proprieties, as far as the yachting cap is concerned, the world at large has embraced that article of headgear completely, and apparently forever. Actors who strolled down Broadway attired in long broadcloth frock coats and topped by yachting caps were made fun of by caricaturists. So were the baseball umpires, who wore the caps even on the diamond, in defiance of the regulation uniform hat. Bicyclists, who certainly cannot claim that their sport has any affiliation whatever with yachting, have taken the yachting cap entirely to themselves. No amount of derision or protest has any effect upon the men who have taken the cap for good. Yesterday it was noticed that several engineers on the Pennsylvania railroad wore yachting caps, and on the way up town they were seen upon the heads of bootblacks, truckmen, newsboys and actors.

WILLIAM WATSON, ONE OF THE WHEELMEN WHO TOOK PART IN THE RECENT RACE ACROSS OHIO FROM SANDUSKY TO PORTSMOUTH, A DISTANCE OF 214 MILES, RELATES A REMARKABLE ADVENTURE THAT BEFELL HIM.

Fiction is a narrative, and, were it not for the gentleman's high reputation for truthfulness and the confidence shown in him by those who know him best, there might be a chance for the incredulous to scoff. As it is, many persons are inclined to believe that another thrilling incident has been added to the strictly truthful and vouched for records of contemporary snake history. Mr. Watson says that while going at a lively gait he reached the top of a long slope, which gradually dropped to the bed of a stream. When near the bottom of the hill, he declares, his speed must have been nearly a 25-mile gait, when he saw what he thought was a limb lying across the road. When it was too late he found it to be a snake about 10 feet long, and just beyond it was a second reptile of nearly equal length. His wheel struck the nearer snake and went over it easily,

IT TOOK AN OHIO SERPENT, 10 FEET LONG, TO PERFORM THE FEAT.

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THE SNAKE RODE A BICYCLE.

The snake in some way gave warning to its companion, which raised its head and struck savagely at the shining spokes of the wheel. The snake's head passed between the spokes near the hub and it fastened its fangs on the spokes at the opposite side. The rider was almost thrown from his wheel by the sudden shock, but he maintained his seat and made a successful effort to force his machine forward. The shining body of the serpent came in contact with the frame of the bicycle and, the fangs still being attached to the further spokes, the long body of the snake was drawn within the wheel. The centrifugal force threw it out close to the tire, where it lay curled around the circumference of the wheel and held firmly in place by the centrifugal force. The rider dared not stop for fear of being bitten, and was afraid of increasing his speed lest the snake should slip from the wheel and, becoming entangled, throw him to the ground. He noticed, turning to see the cause he was horrified to see that the second and larger snake was fastened to his bicycle and was holding on by its tail. The plucky wheelman at once saw that he must increase his speed to keep away from his second enemy, and he strained every muscle to attain higher speed, but the long length of the snake dragging in the dust was proving too much for his already tired muscles. As Mr. Walton had still two miles to go before he met the next relay, he was becoming desperate. Glancing back again he saw that the snake had fastened its tail around the step by which a person mounts a bicycle. The step had sharp teeth on the upper side. The wheelman, taking in the situation, reached back with his foot and brought the heel of his shoe down forcibly upon the snake's tail, completely severing it and detaching the reptile from the bicycle. The snake hissed and started in pursuit, but the bicycle was easily kept in the lead. Meeting a farmer with a team, the snake at once attacked them and was killed. The bicyclist then had but a short distance to go, and he finished his run. Waiting till the fresh relay got a good start he jumped from his wheel, allowing it to spin along up the road. Arming himself with a club he followed his wheel, but the snake did not emerge. An examination showed that it was dead and, in addition, was literally cut into small bits. The centrifugal force had been so great that it had forced the body of the snake deeper and deeper into the apex of the spokes and the snake was cut into chunks, and had to be removed almost bit by bit.

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The snake in some way gave warning to its companion, which raised its head and struck savagely at the shining spokes of the wheel. The snake's head passed between the spokes near the hub and it fastened its fangs on the spokes at the opposite side. The rider was almost thrown from his wheel by the sudden shock, but he maintained his seat and made a successful effort to force his machine forward. The shining body of the serpent came in contact with the frame of the bicycle and, the fangs still being attached to the further spokes, the long body of the snake was drawn within the wheel. The centrifugal force threw it out close to the tire, where it lay curled around the circumference of the wheel and held firmly in place by the centrifugal force. The rider dared not stop for fear of being bitten, and was afraid of increasing his speed lest the snake should slip from the wheel and, becoming entangled, throw him to the ground. He noticed, turning to see the cause he was horrified to see that the second and larger snake was fastened to his bicycle and was holding on by its tail. The plucky wheelman at once saw that he must increase his speed to keep away from his second enemy, and he strained every muscle to attain higher speed, but the long length of the snake dragging in the dust was proving too much for his already tired muscles. As Mr. Walton had still two miles to go before he met the next relay, he was becoming desperate. Glancing back again he saw that the snake had fastened its tail around the step by which a person mounts a bicycle. The step had sharp teeth on the upper side. The wheelman, taking in the situation, reached back with his foot and brought the heel of his shoe down forcibly upon the snake's tail, completely severing it and detaching the reptile from the bicycle. The snake hissed and started in pursuit, but the bicycle was easily kept in the lead. Meeting a farmer with a team, the snake at once attacked them and was killed. The bicyclist then had but a short distance to go, and he finished his run. Waiting till the fresh relay got a good start he jumped from his wheel, allowing it to spin along up the road. Arming himself with a club he followed his wheel, but the snake did not emerge. An examination showed that it was dead and, in addition, was literally cut into small bits. The centrifugal force had been so great that it had forced the body of the snake deeper and deeper into the apex of the spokes and the snake was cut into chunks, and had to be removed almost bit by bit.

"CIRCULATION IS THE ESSENCE OF ADVERTISING VALUE."

SWORN CIRCULATION STATEMENT

THE ANACONDA STANDARD

FOR THE MONTH OF JUNE, 1894.

LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED BETWEEN ST. PAUL AND PORTLAND.

To The Public:

We take pleasure in handing you a sworn itemized statement of the net bona fide circulation of the Standard during the month of June. The management is using every legitimate means to place The Standard in the front rank of western newspapers, and its phenomenal success shows our efforts are appreciated. The Standard will issue a quarterly circulation statement hereafter for the benefit of advertisers; no advertiser should buy newspaper circulation "in the dark," any more than he would buy clothing. Our circulation books are open to you.

Table with 2 columns: Number of copies and Circulation value. Rows include numbers 1 through 20, with values ranging from 9,095 to 9,644. Total for 20 days is 209,190.

Daily average for 20 days..... 9,282

STATE OF MONTANA, COUNTY OF DEER LODGE.

Personally appeared before me, Hannibal H. Mayhew, a Notary Public in and for the County of Deer Lodge, State of Montana, W. E. Bond, Manager, and T. E. Butler, Circulator, of The Anaconda Standard, who being sworn, depose and say: That the above is a true, accurate and correct itemized account of the circulation of The Anaconda Standard for the month of June, 1894.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, in the City of Anaconda, this 7th day of July, 1894.

HANNIBAL H. MAYHEW, Notary Public.

[SEAL]

Will any other daily newspaper in Montana give you a sworn statement of net bona fide circulation for one-third as much?

Personally appeared before me, Hannibal H. Mayhew, a Notary Public in and for the County of Deer Lodge, State of Montana, W. E. Bond, Manager, and T. E. Butler, Circulator, of The Anaconda Standard, who being sworn, depose and say: That the above is a true, accurate and correct itemized account of the circulation of The Anaconda Standard for the month of June, 1894.

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W. E. BOND, Manager. T. E. BUTLER, Circulator.