

Northern Montana News

The Northern Montana office of the Standard is located in the Beach-Cory block, Great Falls, directly opposite the Park Hotel. Advertising rates furnished on application.

IT IS NOT BELIEVED

The Report That John Healy Is Brutal Will Not Hold Water.

WAS SHOT BY A DECK HAND

Northern Montana Was His Home Once—He is Being Treated in Sitka—A Brave Officer and Good Man.

Great Falls, Nov. 28.—A Seattle newspaper of recent date is authority for the statement that John J. Healy, formerly of Northern Montana, was recently shot and wounded by a deck hand on the steamer P. B. Weare, of which Healy is captain and which plies between the mouth and upper points of the Yukon. The story is that Healy knocked a deck hand down and the latter retaliated by sending a bullet into Healy's person, injuring him so that he was removed to Sitka for surgical treatment. Captain Healy is further charged with being extremely brutal to his men at all times. John Healy is known to every old resident of Montana. He was a brave and fearless peace officer in Northern Montana when it required men of iron nerve and resolute courage to enforce the territorial laws. The charge of brutality made against him is simply absurd and will not be believed for a moment by his old-time friends.

During a residence of nearly 20 years in Choteau county, he was always regarded as brave as a lion and as tender-hearted as a child. If he had a mission to perform he always accomplished it under the most trying conditions, but he would let his last cent with a companion or run any risk in the Indian country to serve the whites. His perilous adventures among the Sioux, Gros Ventres, Assinaboine and Blackfoot Indians made him famous throughout the west, and he was one of General Miles' most trusted aids and advisers when the latter captured Sitting Bull and his war party near the Canadian border line. As sheriff of Choteau county he preserved order where Benton was the resort of the toughest of tough men, and when steamboat roustabouts endeavored to run the town with a high hand, regardless of result.

For these reasons alone the charge of brutality against him is denounced by his old-time friends.

A DETERMINED WOMAN.

But She Was Finally Circumvented by a Willy Police Inspector.

From the New York World. As nearly as one could estimate it from 5,000 to 7,000 people were gathered between 50th and 65th streets on the occasion of the marriage of a Vanderbilt wedding. Of these 5,000 were invited. To keep the space in front of the church clear and to hold the crowd within decent bounds, Acting Inspector Cortright had 200 men to help him. And he needed them and could have made advantage of use of 500 more.

Inspector Cortright showed great tact. His was a trying situation. Many of the policemen felt a strong temptation at times to club some of the women, but their commander took pains that the gentlest means possible should be employed.

There was only one incident that ruffled his temper, but his revenge was sublime. At 11 o'clock he gave orders to his men that the sidewalk in front of the church must be kept clear. Beginning in the middle of the block, the police spread out to both corners, each driving the crowd back. The acting inspector was standing beside the awning that covered the entrance to the church and could only see one half the length of the sidewalk.

"Well," he said to the sergeant, who came to report to him, "they didn't give you much trouble?"

"We got them all off but one," answered the sergeant. "I guess we'd better let her alone."

"What?" gasped the acting inspector. "Where is she?"

He followed the sergeant to the other side of the awning, and there he saw a tall, well-dressed woman, upon whose face was written in unmistakable letters "I won't!" She was a woman of 40 or 42, wore jeweled earrings, and looked as if she might have an interesting family at home.

"Madam," said the acting inspector, "you can't stand there."

"Why can't I?" she asked defiantly. "Because no one else can. We can't give you any privileges that the others do not have. So please move on."

"I won't! I've got a perfect right here. You don't own the sidewalks of the city," was the snappy retort.

"I don't claim to own the sidewalks," answered the acting inspector, with perfect courtesy. "But don't you think it would be rather unfair if we allowed you to stand here and drive the others away?"

"I don't care what you do with the others. You can't set me away from here unless you use force." And she stamped her foot.

Then the acting inspector's eyes twinkled.

"Far be it from me, madam," he said with a low bow. "To use force against a lady. You may remain here as long as you like. But in order that the rest of the people may not object to your receiving special privileges I will furnish you with a guard of honor, sergeant!"

The sergeant approached and saluted. "Bring me ten of your tallest men."

Ten giants came up. "Officers," said the inspector, "this lady is not to be disturbed. Form a tight circle around her, all facing the lady, and do not allow any one to see her."

Tears of rage sprang to the woman's eyes.

"You won't dare—" she began; then she seemed to choke with indignation. The men formed in a tight, grinning circle around her, and all gazed at her. She begged them to go away, she threatened them, she coaxed, but not one of them said a word. Her face, which had become as red as fire, now grew white, and in sheer desperation she attempted to break through the circle. She might as well have tried to break through a stone wall.

"I want to speak to the captain,"

she said, fiercely. Acting Inspector Cortright approached her. With eyes that blazed with fury the woman hissed:

"I'll go away! Let me out and I'll go away! But you haven't heard the last of this."

They allowed her to go, and, shamed and humiliated, she ran into the crowd and was lost to view.

ALKALI IKE'S PERIL.

A Towering Mountain Above, a Bottomless Abyss Below, a Gristly Behind.

From Puck.

"Adventures?" modestly replied Alkali Ike, to the question of the inquiring young tourist from the East. "Eh-yah, I've had a few little scrapes of one kind an' another in my time, but nuthin' that you could really call adventures. Nacher! enough, bein' a madder, I've been shot by Indians four or five times, an' stabbed an' the like a time or two by personal friends, an' lost in a few blizzards, an' mixed up in an occasional fight, an' narrowly escaped lynchin' twice for bein' a nigger, an' I've been branded by a gang of drunken cowboys, an' ripped an' torn an' sech like by several kinds of varmints; but, after all, that nain't nuthin' happened to me really worth callin' an adventure."

"My goodness!" ejaculated the tourist. "If you do not call those adventures, I should like to know what you do call them?"

"Aw!" returned the modest Isaac; "I reckon 'episodes' is about the proper word. But, come to think about it, that was one little circumstance that happened to me that mebbe you might call an adventure. I was traipsin' around in the mountains, the time I'm speaking of, with a huntin' party, an' one day I sets out up the canon alone, but he would I found a grizzly bear hidder after a spell. I'm crawlin' along on a narrow shelf of rock, whur the side of the canon towered up quite a piece in the air above me an' fell off on the other side in a sheer precipice to the bottom of the gulch, about a thousand feet below. Wime-by, comes a bear whur the shelf ends against the blank wall, an' I'm sorter figgerin' on turnin' an' crabbin' back over the trail, when, all of a sudden, yere comes the grizzly I'm lookin' for, rumblin' around an' elbowin' the bear behind me, lookin' as big as a load of hay an' as savage as a buzz-saw."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the listener; "how did you feel?"

"Sorber streaked, thank yer! That I was, heh-heh! In like a cat, I was, an' that thar narrows shelf, with the snow-capped mountain above me an' the roarin' cataract beneath me, as they say in stories; with a solid wall of rock beneath me an' a rampin' ragin' grizzly bear lookin' at me, gnashin' his teeth a whole lot an' showin' his fangs, an' wharmit utters a hidjus roar an' comes at me, a-faunchoin'. I throws up my rifle like an' pumps a slug into him, whloh same he don't mind no more than a sugar-coated pill. With one sweep of his mighty paw he knocks my gun spinnin' into the abyss below, an' nacher! enough, I begins for to plok at the coverlid an' grow blue around the mouth. An' then—Har? What's that? Hark? Why, shore, yee! I reckon you'll have to excuse me now, Mr. Eastman; Hank Bitters is knockin' for me to come over to the Red Light an' take a little suthin' with him. So long! See you later."

"But, heavens, man! Tell me how you escaped. There you were, completely at the mercy of the monster who was on the point of devouring you. What did you do?"

AFRAID OF A GUN.

Justice Johnson's Dog Was Not a Good Hunter at Last Accounts.

From the Rochester, Ind., Sentinel.

Justice Os Johnson of Hoovers station recently purchased a hound at a supposed great bargain. He was a likely looking hunter and from the looks of his master it was not surprising that he was so highly prized. Mr. Eastman; Hank Bitters is knockin' for me to come over to the Red Light an' take a little suthin' with him. So long! See you later."

"This is rather a one-horse town."

"Dear me, you ought not to use so antiquated an expression. Say one-voit, for example."—Indianapolis Journal.

your child

You note the difference in children. Some have nearly every ailment, even with the best of care. Others far more exposed pass through unharmed. Weak children will have continuous colds in winter, poor digestion in summer. They are without power to resist disease, they have no reserve strength. **Scott's Emulsion** of cod-liver oil, with hypophosphites, is cod-liver oil partly digested and adapted to the weaker digestions of children.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York. See and Buy

SYMPATHY FOR GAY

The Condemned Man Has a Son and Daughter in Butte.

LETTERS TO THE "STANDARD"

One Man Writes to Say That the Prisoner's Sentence Should at Least Be Commuted—His Idea of the Testimony.

An unusual amount of interest is taken in Butte in the fate of Bill Gay, who has been convicted of murder in the first degree, and it is certain that if he is refused a new trial an effort will be made in this city to secure a commutation of sentence. The sentiment aroused in Butte in the case is due probably to the fact that Gay has a young son and a daughter living in this city who are well thought of and for whom a great deal of sympathy is expressed. The Standard has from time to time received a number of communications on the subject of Gay's case. Of course little or nothing is known in Butte of the facts on which Gay was convicted and the talk in his favor seems to be entirely through sympathy for his family.

The following communication was received yesterday from a well-known Butte citizen with a request for its publication:

"Being interested in the question of law in general and its present status in relation to the law as interpreted in other states, I take the liberty of writing you in regard to the celebrated Gay murder case. From extended observation I believe that the statements herein expressed voice the sentiments of a large proportion of the people who have disinterestedly followed the case. Would you therefore give this space in your valuable paper?"

"The account of the evidence given and the incongruous result reached has raised the question in my mind as to whether that criminal base for criminal law, the command, 'thou shalt not kill,' and the assumption, based on the best experience of ages and found necessary to the proper preservation of the liberty of the individual and directly in line with the spirit of the constitution 'that a man is considered innocent until he is proved guilty,' are to be retained in Montana as elsewhere in these United States. The Durrant case shows a crime so atrocious as to be incomparable with the one of which Gay has been convicted. Yet in the former, from what we read in the papers, the entire burden of proof rested upon the prosecution. Indeed, it seemed likely that unless the chain of evidence was entirely complete the prisoner, Durrant, would be given the benefit of the doubt and acquitted. Fortunately the evidence in his case was complete and decisive. Yet that crime was infinitely worse than the killing of James Macke, but in the latter case Gay is convicted on evidence that is not only incomplete, but in many points untrustworthy and, with the exception of the statement of the dying man, wholly circumstantial. The penalty is the same in both cases—death."

"The history of criminal law shows so many instances of erroneous conviction on circumstantial evidence that it is right that accused persons, especially for crimes punishable with death, should be surrounded by every safeguard possible in order to avert the saddest of all casualties, the execution of an innocent person for a crime that they never committed. The matter does not concern me personally and I view it entirely disinterestedly, but knowing from my own experience in school days what it is to bear the blame of deeds of which one is innocent, I wish to raise my voice in protest against the carrying out of a sentence so manifestly unjust. In this view all fair-minded men will surely agree with me."

"In order that you may understand the ground upon which this conclusion is based, let me review a few of the very many weak points in the chain of evidence brought out at the trial. The general acceptance of the term 'murder in the first degree' is that malice and premeditation aggravates the offense. Nothing in all the evidence goes to show that such a case as this is a murder in the first degree. The evidence made by nearly all of the members of the posse's witnesses show that even if guilty of the crimes accused of that they were given no chance to surrender such as the law governing arrests clearly indicate. Deputy Sheriff Lewis practically admits that he was not present at the killing of the Gross ranch. Peter Westbrook, who was the posse fired first where Rader was killed. The men, hunted like a couple of wild animals without the due process of law guaranteed to every citizen by the constitution, at last turned like the proverbial man shot first at the battle of the Musselshell, as it is called, by one of the men did the killing, evidently. Which one can only be determined by the testimony of the dying man and George Williams. The latter was sure it was Gay principally because he had 'terribly sharp eyes.' It could very readily be proved that the man who became 'sharp' when under the influence of a sense mental excitement. Gross' eyes would undoubtedly have looked as sharp as Gay's under the circumstances. He also saw a dark beard. What with two or three days' dirt, the powder smoke, and the fact that the man who was shot may have been in the shadows all of which would describe the one as the other's great point is made of the dying man's statement that it was Gay. It seems very extraordinary that the the wounded man lived two days, and after all the thought that was made about it, that no one thought of having an ante-mortem statement taken, if every one expected him to die, as it is now claimed. The very evident presumption is that very considerable hopes were entertained of his recovery. The man himself, if sure that he was going to die, would certainly have said so. The man in similar circumstances would want to write his statement down that it might live after him. The feeling of having that nearest approach to one's living self there is so natural that it is almost universal in such cases. A dying man will almost invariably write down."

"According to the testimony given the man who shot was behind an entrance and it would have been as hard for Macke to see who it was as for Williams. The latter said that the former 'wilted down' when shot and certainly could not see from the ground who did the shooting. The smoke and flash would prevent it before he sank. He certainly did not see him before the shot or some cry or sudden move would have revealed that to his companions. Therefore that evidence cannot be called conclusive at all. Without particularizing each instance it can be readily seen by a review of the entire evidence that it is wholly circumstantial and all over the chain is full of serious breaks, any one of which should have caused sufficient doubt to make an honest man hesitate before condemning a fellow creature to ignominious death. The fact that only one hour and a half were taken to consider the verdict,

stamps it, as I unhesitatingly characterize it, as unjustifiable, as well as hasty. "In conclusion let me say that I feel very strongly on the subject of sacrificing a perhaps innocent life upon such evidence as that produced. The whole story reads like some incident of a less enlightened nation than this, the grandest government, in theory, the world has ever seen. Has the practice of the law fallen from its high theory? It seems so, and if this man is executed without greater proofs being brought against him than has been, it will simply go down to history as another instance of the crumbling away of our grand republic from the old bulwarks of individual liberty. God grant that Montana has an executive in whom the sense of justice is not dead and then if Gay does not receive a new trial his sentence will at least be commuted to life imprisonment.

"Disinterested."

A WIFE'S RUSE.

How Louise Murphy Succeeded in Regaining Her Husband's Affections.

From the Brooklyn Times. Louise Murphy, a plump, pleasant-faced woman who was married a few months ago, was in a sore plight last night and caused considerable distress to the army of friends at a North Fourth street address. It seems that P. J. Murphy, the husband of Louise, two weeks ago had a quarrel with her. No one knew what it was all about, but that it was not a serious case, the neighbors are all willing to testify. With a black and foreshadowing of a young Irish girl, pretty Louise left P. J.'s home and board. She went away and no one knew to what place she had gone. Mr. Murphy remained at his home and said not a word.

Last night a feeling of loneliness stole over Mrs. Murphy and she wended her way to her former home. Mr. Murphy was at home. Louise knocked at the door and awaited to be taken to the bosom of her husband. But P. J. had a heavy fit of sulks. He saw Louise, but outside of welcoming her he said: "You went away of your own accord, and now you can stay away."

The young wife cried aloud and begged to be restored to her place at the fireside, but the husband was obstinate. Bang went the door and off started Louise. "If I can't live with you my dear husband, I won't live at all. I'll go off and kill myself," she said.

Away went the discarded wife. An hour later she returned. She had a vessel in her hand that is sometimes termed a "growler." Knocking once more at the door of the Murphy domicile, she said: "Come down, dear Patrick, at once or I'll kill myself."

The husband opened a window upstairs and looked out. "Go away, Louise," he said. "You left me, now keep away."

"My dear husband," shrieked the woman, "I have beer in this can and poison in a package. It is Paris green. If you do not take me back I'll drink the poison."

The husband remained unmoved. "You won't take me back? Well, then here she goes."

Louise emptied the contents of the package into the beer, drank a good quantity and then dropped to the sidewalk. In two minutes a score of neighbors gathered about her and several of the women in the crowd began to cry. "She's dying; she's dying!" exclaimed one of the women.

An ambulance was summoned, but before he arrived Mr. Murphy had the sufferer in his arms. "You are forgiven; you are forgiven!" exclaimed the distracted man.

"Oh," sighed the young wife, "and do you really love me?"

"Let it do," exclaimed P. J. "Well, then let us be happy," said Louise, as she settled down as though ready to die.

Surgeon Mohr separated the couple for a few minutes and applied the stomach pump. "It is safe," said the physician, coolly, and aside he said: "She is perfectly safe; there was nothing in her stomach but beer; that don't usually poison any one."

The physician's announcement caused a sensation. All hands thought that the young couple would be separated again. But not so. Louise and P. J. entered their abode and prepared tea. Louise has not as yet said what it was she took in her beer.

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Special Excursion Rates. Effective Oct. 5, special steamship excursion rates to Scandinavian, English, German and French points have been authorized; also an additional reduction in the through rates to Cape Town and Johannesburg, effective Oct. 10, via the Great Northern railway. J. E. Dawson, general agent, 41 N. Main street, Butte.

A trip from Montana to the East can be made a pleasure instead of a burden by traveling a route rich in resources, and lined with prosperous cities. Time and service via the Union Pacific system are unsurpassed; only two changes from Butte to New York city, and no vexatious delays at desolate junction points. All trains are lighted with gas and fitted with modern appliances.

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The reduced rates to the eastern points go into effect on the 10th via the Great Northern railway. Second class rate to St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth, 50¢. Rates to points East, correspondingly reduced. City ticket office 41 North Main street.

Excursion tickets to California points are on sale daily, via the Union Pacific railway. This is the only direct line, the time being 53 hours from Butte to San Francisco. For further information apply to your nearest Union Pacific agent, or E. V. Maze, General Agent, Butte, Montana.

Safety Speed and Comfort. Can be had by using the Northern Pacific. Their train handles the fact it does not leave Butte until 10:30 p. m., four hours and 30 minutes later than trains on any other line.

Reduced rates to Austria, Germany, Sweden, and all points in Europe. Tickets to Chicago, New York, Boston, Philadelphia and all eastern and Canadian points. Call at Butte, Anaconda & Pacific passenger depot for rates, maps, etc.

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Wanted—Man for every county in the United States to sell Farm Record, work steady, good pay. Address C. J. BOWEN, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Wanted—Woman cook at B. A. & P. section house, Anaconda.

People's Employment Bureau, second floor Owsley block, Butte. Tel. 306. Oldest agency, best rustlers. Family girls, dining girls, hotel help, etc. Come to the People's office.

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For Experienced Nurse, call at 302 West Fourth street, Anaconda.

For Sale—The Cheapest Ranch on earth. Owing to my inability to successfully conduct my store and ranch at the same time, I have concluded to offer my ranch for sale at a great sacrifice. It is located five miles east of Anaconda and one mile north of Warm Springs, contains 520 acres under fence, water rights, residence and sufficient outbuildings. I will sell with implements for \$4,500; \$3,000 cash, balance on time. It is just the place for the dairy business, good markets being near at hand. The price asked is a trifle less than \$8 per acre and less than I paid for it. Title unquestionable. Apply or address Peter Lansing, Deer Lodge, Mont.

For Sale—Elk Chalmers; heavy gold and blue enamel; for sale; \$10. Room 51, New Owsley, Butte.

For Sale—\$2,000 Stock of Groceries, established trade, good location, low rent, Simons & Lawlor, Butte.

For Sale or Rent—Second-Handing machinery. Inquire of George S. Lewis, 35 South Main St., Butte.

For Rent—Furnished Rooms for housekeeping, 17 West Granite, Butte.

Handsome Furnished Suite of Rooms, modern improvements, for two gentlemen, 306 West Broadway, near Idaho, Butte.

For Rent—A Furnished Room; very reasonable, 125 N. Idaho street, Butte.

For Rent—Furnished Rooms for light housekeeping, 19 South Washington street, Butte.

For Rent—The Boulder Hot Springs Hotel for a term of years. Address A. C. Quaintance, Boulder, Mont.

For Rent—The House at No. 160 West Galena street. Apply at No. 160 West Quartz street, Butte.

For Rent—Eight Rooms, furnished or unfurnished, James R. Campbell, corner Sixth and Spruce streets, Anaconda.

For Rent—Turner Hall (formerly French hall), for balls, parties and society meetings. For particulars, apply to B. Radefeldt, 5 Main street, Anaconda.

For Rent—One Office and One furnished room in Petritz building, Anaconda.

For Rent—Nicely furnished rooms with first-class table board, Sherman House, 107½ West Quartz, Butte.

Found—Certificates of deposit belonging to a Mr. Duffy. Can have same by proving ownership. Call at Standard office, Anaconda.

Mrs. J. Held, reliable clairvoyant. Circle Wednesday and Friday evenings; 25 cents. 221 South Arizona street, Butte.

Furnished Rooms for light housekeeping or with board, 413 W. Quartz, Butte.

Wanted—Office safe state size, make and price. Address Box, R., Great Falls, Mont.

Wanted—A small furnished house or a few furnished rooms for light housekeeping. Apply at the Oxford, Anaconda.

A permanent corn and bunion cure—Other cures may give relief for a time, but we guarantee to give a permanent cure for any corn or bunion. Our cure will be sent to any address postage paid on receipt of \$1. A. Zucker, Horr, Park County, Montana.

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