

ANACONDA, MONTANA, FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 10, 1896.

State of Montana.

WAR IN THE KITCHEN

An Altercation Between a Bookkeeper and a Cook at Camp Brady.

THEN THE GRADERS JUMP IN

And the Whole Gang Will Be Fired -Salvation Army Lassies Lost their Sunday Clothes-A Building Scorched.

Special Correspondence of the Standard.

Bozeman, Jan. 8.-The Montana Railroad company has been in a peck of trouble on Sixteen Mile creek the past week, one camp being in care of the sheriff of Meagher county at the present writing. It seems that last Thursday, while Contractor Brady was in Helena, Bookkeeper Dunn had occasion to discharge the cook, but the cook refused to be fired. The cook claims that when he would not get out the bookkeeper entered the camp kitchen with his watch in one hand and a six-shooter in the other and gave him just 10 minutes in which to get out of camp. The cook got out all right, but proceeded at once to White Sulphur Springs where he swore out a warrant for Dunn's arrest.

The sheriff of Meagher county left for the camp on Sixteen Mile and took Dunn to White Sulphur Springs, where he was examined, but the evidence against him was not sufficient to warrant his being held for trial, the cook failing to prove that Dunn had drawn a gun upon him.

Eight or 10 men at Brady's camp, who sympathized with the cook, went on a strike not only refusing to work but declaring that they would remain and board with Mr. Brady until they got good and ready to leave. Mr. Brady had returned from Helena and it is understood that he ordered the men to leave camp, but the fact that they had back pay due them, it was alleged, was ground for their refusing to leave. The sheriff was again called and he is at present keeping order at Camp Brady until the men's warrants arrive from Helena, when they will be paid off. The warrants are expected to arrive on Thursday evening, when with the advent of a new cook and the bouncing of the insubordinate strike will undoubtedly be at an end.

The fire bell rang in Bozeman Tuesday evening at 9 o'clock for the first time in about a year. A little three-room cottage occupied by Captain Woodruff and Lieutenant Ziebrath of the Salvation army was on fire. The ladies were at the army barracks, three blocks away, holding the usual evening service and it is thought the fire caught from the stove, or maybe from a lamp which was left lighted in the kitchen. The loss was not great to the building, but the Salvation lassies lost nearly everything they had.

The building was one of three cottages erected by Capt. J. W. Ponsford just before the Northern Pacific railroad reached Bozeman and, although built as plain and as cheaply as possible, the cost of the cottage was \$700. The house is owned at present by Mrs. Samuel Kennet of Helena and rents for \$5 per month. The damage was confined to the kitchen, which was badly charred, but the promptness with which the fire ladders fell into line, saved not only that building but two more which are very close, there being but three feet of space between them.

THE MOUND OF DEATH.

The Historic Relic of an Early Massacre in Arizona.

From the Philadelphia Times.

Slaughtering in this country like those of Armenia! A Christian village wiped out in a single night, and the people burned and tortured! The idea seems incredible. Yet such a massacre, in which more than 600 people lost their lives, occurred in northeast Arizona in the year 1700. The site of the martyr village is marked by a great heap, which is known to the Indians to-day as the Mound of Death. Up to now, however, nothing has been known definitely about this mound. The old Spanish records spoke of the destruction of the town of Awatobi at the period mentioned by seven other Moqui towns that combined to attack it, but there was no other information save such as could be derived from the aboriginal legends. But an investigation set on foot by the Bureau of Ethnology has brought everything to light, and digging in the mound has revealed plenty of evidence respecting the tragic catastrophe.

Ethnologist J. Walter Fewkes has just returned to Washington from this investigation. During the last summer and autumn he has been engaged in a general examination of ruins in the neighborhood of the present Moqui villages. There are seven modern villages of these Indians, who number about 2,000 souls. Formerly they were much more numerous than at present, occupying perhaps one-fourth of Arizona. All around them are mounds which are the remains of towns deserted and extinct. Of these the most remarkable are the ruins of Awatobi and Sikyatki.

Awatobi signifies "Place of the Bow People." According to the Moqui legend, it was destroyed because wizards lived there. The people of the town welcomed the Spanish priests, and accepted the Christian religion. From this cause arose much trouble. The rain stayed away, and so many annoying things happened that the seven other villages decided to wipe out Awatobi. They combined in a night assault, when most of the men of Awatobi were engaged in religious exercises in a subterranean ceremonial chamber. The invaders, being admitted by treachery through the gates, surrounding the underground chamber, and having cut off all means of escape for the occupants, threw blazing fagots down upon them. They also cast in quantities of red peppers, to add to the tortures of the burning victims. Most of the people in the town were

massacred, though the children and a few of the women were saved.

Dr. Fewkes made up his mind to dig into the Mound of Death. If there was any truth in the legend, he ought to find evidence. He persuaded an aged Indian, who seemed to be well acquainted with all the traditions of the tribe, to accompany him to the ruins of Awatobi and point out the approximate location of the "kiva," or ceremonial chamber, referred to in the story. There, with the assistance of a force of natives, digging was begun. To remove the debris and superincumbent sand of the mound was a big job, but the labor was well rewarded, for the excavation at length disclosed the walls of the kiva. It was a room of large size, and at the bottom were found quantities of human bones, evidently representing scores of individuals. Many of the bones had been charred by fire.

In short, it was demonstrated that the legend was no idle tale. Here, caught like so many rats in a trap, perhaps nearly 100 men had met their fate under conditions the most horrible that could well be imagined. Not far away, near the gate of the town, Dr. Fewkes found evidence of another massacre. Immense numbers of human bones forming a ghastly accumulation. In this place, as in the ceremonial chamber, the bones were mixed up higgledy-piggledy in such a manner as to preclude the notion of mere burial. It was a case of promiscuous slaughter, bloodthirsty and ruthless. Among the Moquis the dead are buried ordinarily with the utmost respect and even reverence, being laid in the grave with ceremonies as elaborate as those which prevail among Christians.

Dr. Fewkes obtained a complete story of the massacre from an old woman of the village of Waipi, whose maternal ancestor was one of the few that escaped destruction on that fatal night. She said that Awatobi was quite a large town. In fact, according to the Spanish mission records it had 800 inhabitants. The chief, whose name was Tarpola, was not at peace with his people. Consequently, little rain came. Now, the Awatobi men were sorcerers. Incidentally, they practiced all sorts of wickedness. If they could catch a solitary worker in the fields belonging to one of the other villages, they killed him. If they overtook a woman of another town, they ravished her. Sometimes bands of them waylaid hunting parties and took away their game after beating and killing the hunters.

Finally, the chiefs of all the other seven villages met for consultation at Waipi. Tarpola addressed them and declared that his people had become wizards and hence should all be destroyed. Of course, to be a sorcerer is the worst of crimes. After the people have prayed all night for rain, a wizard may blow away the clouds with a single puff of his breath. Sicknesses are always due to the malice of sorcerers. Consequently, persons suspected of such offenses are commonly made away with in secret, being tortured sometimes until they confess. This is done to the present day among the Moquis and Zunis, though the government has tried to stop it. Thus no hesitation was felt in acting upon the advice of Tarpola, and it was agreed that on the fourth night large bands from all the other villages would assemble at a spring near Awatobi. Tarpola promised to open the east gate of the town and admit them before day-break.

This plan was carried out. The bands of warriors assembled at the spring, each man carrying besides his weapons, a torch and bundle of greasewood. The torches were not lighted. Before dawn they marched silently up the mound and going to the east end of the village entered the gate, which opened as they approached. The warriors of the town—or at all events a large part of them—were in the subterranean kiva, engaged in rites of sorcery. The assailants made for this place and, plucking up the ladder, which is the only means of exit from the underground chamber, shot down arrows among the entrapped occupants. In many places about the town fires were kept up through the night and at these the invaders lighted their torches of cedar bark. These they threw down into the kiva, together with lighted bundles of greasewood, which they had brought with them. Red peppers, for which the village was famous, hung in thick clusters outside of the houses. These the assailants crushed in their hands and flung them in the fire in the kiva, to further torment the burning men.

Meanwhile the remaining inhabitants of the town had either been killed or made captives. After some discussion it was decided that the children should be spared and divided up among the captors. It was also determined that those of the women who knew and were willing to teach the song prayers by which corn is made to grow and rain to fall, should be permitted to survive. All of the rest of the prisoners were tortured and finally dismembered. This last massacre was probably accomplished at the place where Dr. Fewkes found such an accumulation of bones, near the gate of the town. He had some trouble with the digging, because the Indians are afraid of human bones. Every time they open a grave they make an offering of sacred meal to the god of death, to avert evil consequences.

Living Pictures in Shop Windows.

Living pictures have made their appearance in the shop windows lately in unprecedented numbers. One of the big stores in Twenty-third street had two girls dressed in fashionable gowns and cloaks sit and drink a cup of tea with a third girl, who acted as hostess. After one cup of tea the girls made their adieux quite as they would have done in real life, only to reappear soon, wearing different dresses and cloaks. A tailor store in upper Broadway has a man dressed in purple velvet and wearing a crown, a wig and a false nose, mending clothes in the window. A florist attracts attention by means of a small boy dressed in a frock coat, a shoe store has a two-headed calf in its window and a monument firm advertises its wares by a white urn displayed against a background of black drapery. It is illuminated at night and is the first reproduction of a living picture in a graveyard. All these exhibits are on a few blocks of upper Broadway.—New York Sun.

ROCKFORD TRAGEDY

Mrs. Denison Fatally Wounded by Her Jealous and Enraged Husband.

SHOT HER IN THE BACK

Fuellade With Pursuers While He Was Driving His Wife Before Him From Church—A Talk With the Prisoner.

Rockford, Wash., Dispatch to the Spokane Spokesman-Review: Rockford was the scene of a tragedy last evening which created intense excitement for a time, and which will be a topic of conversation for days to come. Frank Denison shot his wife and made an unsuccessful attempt to kill others. The shooting grew out of trouble of a domestic nature. Mrs. Denison has for some time refused to live with her husband, on account of his drinking habits.

Last spring she left him and went to live with Pat Hickey and his stepdaughter, Nettie Hall. Denison has several times tried to persuade his wife to return to him, but has been refused. He has at several times threatened her life and that of Hickey, whom he accuses of being the cause of the trouble. Last week he told Mrs. Denison that he would kill her should she not leave the house of Hickey. He was under the influence of liquor at the time, and Mrs. Denison had him arrested for threatening to kill her, but owing to failure to appear against him he was released.

Last evening, while slightly intoxicated, he went to the house and asked for his wife. She was not there, but Hickey was. At the muzzle of a revolver he compelled Hickey to go into the woodshed, and told him to stay there until Mrs. Denison returned, but Hickey, watching his chance, broke and ran.

Denison then went to the church and compelled his wife to leave with him. Justice Gilbert was also at the church, and fearing trouble, deputized Ben Ravenscroft and Stanford Connel to follow Denison, and if he offered any violence to arrest him. While they were on their way home Denison turned and told them to turn back. Ravenscroft did not comply with the demand, and Denison began firing at him.

Ravenscroft returned the fire, and called upon Denison to stop, but Denison then started after the woman, who had started to run. When within 15 or 20 feet of his wife he fired, but she did not stop. He then fired a second time, and she fell. She had received two shots in her back, just below the right shoulder blade, one ball penetrating the lungs and probably lodged in the breast and the other ranging downward to the stomach.

Denison, who had emptied his revolver, was seized by the two men sent to follow him, after having flung his gun into the snow. He was locked up, and said he was only sorry he did not kill his wife and Hickey also. He had a hearing before Justice Gilbert to-day and was held pending the result of the injuries to Mrs. Denison.

Mrs. Denison is resting easily, but the chances for her recovery are slight. Denison received two slight flesh wounds in the shoulder and the other in the calf of the leg.

Denison was brought to Spokane by Constable W. B. Botham on last evening's 5 o'clock train and lodged in the county jail. He is, in the opinion of the officials at the jail, one of the coolest men ever landed in that prison. When he was brought to the jail at 5 o'clock, in speaking of the shooting, Jailor Tompkins said: "All I want to hear is that my wife is dead; then I don't care a—how quick they hang me."

A Spokesman-Review reporter who called to see Denison at the jail found him to be a smooth-shaven young man of light complexion, with a square jaw and bullet-shaped head, who gave his height as five feet two and one-half inches and weight 127 pounds. He seemed perfectly willing to talk in regard to most points connected with the case, and especially those connected with the preliminary hearing before Justice J. B. Gilbert at Rockford yesterday. He said:

"I am 29 years of age and my wife is 27. We have been married four years and have never had any children. In December, 1894, my wife came out from our home in Racine, Wis., to live with her cousin, Nettie Hall, in Rockford. I came out a few days later in the same month and we lived together for awhile, but we haven't been living together since the 2nd of May. For a time I was in California and arrived from that country in Walla Walla on the Fourth of July, going from there to the St. Joe river, where I worked for awhile, returning to Rockford, where I worked in the harvest fields until in the fall. After the harvest was done I was beaten out of my money and was compelled to go to work on a farm near Rockford for a man named Sam Belts for my board, and where I had been working up to the time of the shooting.

"On Sunday night I was drinking around town and drank 12 or 15 drinks of whiskey. I went up to the Methodist church, where my wife and cousin, Nettie Hall, were, and sat down on the opposite side of the church from where my wife sat. Next I went over and told her I would like to have a talk with her and asked them to go outside, which they started to do. Ben Ravenscroft, who was near by, told Nettie not to go out; that she had better sit down again. I had started out. They didn't come and I turned around and started back and asked her if she was coming. She asked if I would wait until church was out. I told her 'No.' Ravenscroft and Donald McConnell sat near by, and I was so full I didn't know whether they were in the same seat or not. Justice Gilbert had deputized these men to watch me. When the ladies went out I went out ahead of them. We started down street, the three fellows following, and I didn't know at the time that the judge had deputized them to watch me. Nettie again asked me if I would do anything until in the fall. After I had a gun in my pocket and turned around and told the fellows they had followed me far enough.

"When I pointed my gun at them Ravenscroft fired at me. The woman ran screaming down the road. My gun

missed fire the first time but our first shots were fired at about the same time. He shot first, I believe. I shot twice and I don't know how many times he shot at me. He shot me three times, once above the knee on the inside of the left leg, a flesh wound; one bullet went through under my right arm, passing through the clothing near the armpit and striking the edge of the shoulder blade; the other shot went through my cap, grazing the top of my head and coming out at the back, making a slight flesh wound on the top of the head.

"I don't remember whether I shot three times at him or three times at the woman. I hit her twice. I don't know what made me turn and shoot her when she ran screaming down the street, and when she fell I didn't know whether I had hit her or not.

"When my pistol was emptied the men seized me and disarmed me, beating me over the head with the pistol, and I guess hurting my hand. I don't know what I said when I was put in jail; I was drunk.

"Since my wife came west in 1894 she has been living with her cousin. When the case was tried this afternoon the judge asked me if I wanted a lawyer. I told him no, not for the preliminary trial."

"Had you ever threatened your wife's life?" he was asked.

"That will be answered at the trial. I don't propose to talk now."

"What was the trouble between you and your wife?"

"Some people are trying to mind other people's business."

"Who were those people?"

"I am not going to talk now. The trial will show that."

"Did you get drunk with the intention of doing your wife harm?"

"No."

Constable W. B. Botham, who brought Denison to the jail, told the officials at the court house yesterday afternoon that he struck Ravenscroft before the firing began and it was also manifest to the officer that he would have to do something to protect his own life, Denison having his gun in his hand and pointing at the officer.

Before going to the church Denison went to the home of Pat Hickey, where his wife was stopping, and made Pat go into the woodshed and stay there, first having tried to effect an entrance to the house, without success. He and the women were headed straight home from the church, and, in the opinion of the people of Rockford, his intentions were to kill Hickey and both of the women. The people of Rockford are all agreed that Denison had planned to kill all three of his relatives. At present public sentiment in that town is very severe in condemning Denison.

Constable Botham said that when he left Rockford Mrs. Denison was considered at the point of death.

Kentucky is so mortified over the recent lynching in that state that if the perpetrators are caught they are likely to be strung up to the nearest limb.—Kansas City Journal.

AROUND THE WORLD

A Cleveland Electric Car Goes Through a High Bridge.

ANOTHER BOILER EXPLODES

An Editor of Paris Arrested for Blackmail—Portugal is Neutral in the Transvaal Trouble—Prominent Men Dead.

Cleveland, Jan. 9.—On the Akron, Bedford & Cleveland electric railway, near Bedford, shortly after 7 o'clock this morning, a heavy motor car and another car plunged through the bridge over Thinker's creek, sending a large number of passengers 75 feet into the chasm beneath. Two men were instantly killed and a number seriously injured. Men from the Bedford power house hurried to the assistance of the injured and extricated the mass rapidly as possible.

The killed are: William Young, Cuyahoga Falls, O., body terribly mangled; H. Haymaker, Galion, O. The injured are: Charles Gibbs, legs and arms broken, injured internally. It is generally believed the cars jumped the track and the jerking caused the iron girders of the bridge to snap.

St. Paul, Jan. 9.—Ex-Governor W. R. Marshall of Minnesota died last night at Pasadena, Cal., where he went about two years ago for his health. A private telegram announcing his death was received by relatives to-day.

Milan, Italy, Jan. 9.—The boiler of a torpedo boat on Lake Maggiore exploded to-day, sinking the vessel and drowning 12 people.

London, Jan. 9.—Lord Blackburn is dead.

Washington, Jan. 9.—E. B. Wight, Washington correspondent of the Chicago Inter Ocean, died to-day of heart failure.

St. Petersburg, via Yokohama, Jan. 9.—The correspondent of the Novos Vremya cables that Japan has offered free and unlimited anchorage to Russian warships in all Japanese harbors, with a view of diverting Russia from her intention of acquiring a harbor in Korea.

Omaha, Jan. 9.—A special to the Bee from Fort Robinson says Lieutenant Swift of the Ninth cavalry, U. S. A., committed suicide to-day by shooting himself through the heart. He has been post exchange officer and acting commissary officer. An investigation of his books was in progress.

Paris, Jan. 9.—Visconte El Rio De Civry, editor of the Echo Del Armeo, has been arrested on the charge of hav-

ing blackmailed the late Max Lebaudy, who inherited about \$9,000,000 from his father, a sugar refiner, three years ago, and up to the date of his death, a few weeks ago, had lived the life of a profligate. Jan. 7 Count Costi was arrested here on the charge of having obtained 1,000,000 francs by fraud from Lebaudy and a warrant was issued for the arrest of M. Balensi, a banker. Balensi has absconded. His liabilities amount to 6,000,000 francs. Of this sum 2,000,000 francs are said to have belonged to the estate of Lebaudy.

New York, Jan. 9.—United States District Attorney McFarland filed a bill of complaint in the United States circuit court to-day against the 32 railroad companies forming the joint traffic association. McFarland also gave notice that Jan. 17 he would move for an injunction restraining the association from operating under the agreement.

Berlin, Jan. 9.—A dispatch to the Frankfurter Zeitung from St. Petersburg says the crew of the first class Russian steel cruiser Rurik, 10,923 tons, mutinied recently in the harbor of Algiers. The mutiny was suppressed by the French authorities and 300 leaders of the outbreak are said to be on the way to Comstadt, where they will be executed.

London, Jan. 9.—A special dispatch from Berlin this afternoon says Russia's cooperation with Germany in the Transvaal matter has been assured, and France will act with Russia. This, apparently tends to confirm the report of an anti-British alliance, and that the action of Emperor William towards the Boer republic was a thoroughly weighed step.

Lisbon, Jan. 9.—Portugal, it is announced, will remain neutral in the dispute between Great Britain and Germany regarding the Transvaal, and will not permit Germans or British to land troops at Delagoa bay, or traverse Portuguese territory in South Africa.

Berlin, Jan. 9.—The reichstag assembled to-day and proceeded to discuss the boarse reform bill. Count Von Kautz, agrarian leader, in his remarks on the subject, referred to the Transvaal dispute, saying the recent energetic attitude of the imperial government in defense of the interests of the German people and the German empire abroad, met with universal approval. This remark was greeted with loud applause.

London, Jan. 9.—The colonial office this evening published a denial of the report which reached here from Caracas, Venezuela, via New York, that British troops with a cannon from Demarara had arrived at Cuyuni, a station at the extreme limit of the British claims on the disputed territory and the scene of the Uruan incident.

Controls an Empire. The South-African company, controlled by Cecil Rhodes and his associates, owns a territory larger than France, Germany, Austria and Italy combined, or five times the area of California.

You notice the difference...

when once in a great while you fail to receive your usual copy of the Standard. Is it not a fact, that something seems wrong with the day, when the train which brings you the daily paper is delayed for any cause? Then why is it that you hesitate about paying a full year for it in advance? You can't be without the Standard if you live in Montana and want the news. The paper has an army of writers who are stationed in all sections and the subscriber each day gets every item of news in the northwest. The full associated press reports, the specials from all points—all these prove to you that the "Standard occupies a field by itself." The Standard's "Sights and Scenes of the World" is just as far superior to all other art books published because its subjects are right, it's printed right, and bound and embossed better than any \$8.00 book on the market. We present one complete volume to each subscriber who pays \$10.00 in advance for the daily for one year. It's splendid interest on your money.

The Anaconda Standard.

Anaconda

Butte

Great Falls

Missoula