

Western Montana News

The Western Montana Office of the Standard is at Room 11, Daily block, Missoula. Telephone No. 113. Advertising rates furnished on application.

SPORTS IN MISSOULA

The Fence Around the Athletic Grounds Is Deadbeat Proof.

TRACK FOR THE WHEELMEN

Gun Club Men Hear That Good Scores Are Being Made in Butte and Anaconda - Baseball Boys on the Move.

Missoula, April 26.—There will be a rush at the athletic park for a while now as the baseball boys and the wheelmen get their parts of the work finished. The bicyclists are in earnest in the matter and the completion of the park will not be delayed at all.

The wheelmen are now considering the proposition of making their track a third of a mile instead of a quarter mile as was at first planned. This can easily be done and will greatly add to the convenience of the park as it will give the baseball men more room and will give a track that will be hard to beat anywhere.

The Gun club men are watching the other clubs in the state to see what they are doing but there has been no sign of what kind of shooting these clubs are doing. Rumors reach here that the Anaconda and Butte teams are shooting all around the local men and there is some anxiety as to the success of the home shooters.

The baseball boys are waking up a little and are beginning to realize that they must get to work if they do not wish to lose all of their good men. The engagement of Captain McCormick by the Rockford team of Illinois shows that there are clubs that would be glad to get the men that did such good work here last year.

MISSOULA NEWS. Missoula, April 26.—J. P. Reinhard and family have returned from a month's visit in the East. In Chicago they visited Mrs. J. M. Hamilton and she reports that she is improving in health.

Some important improvements will be made at the fair grounds this week. There will be a plan carried out to secure a better and more convenient water supply. This will be to the advantage of the Fair association and to the horsemen who will train here this spring.

evening. There will be much important business and it will be of interest to all citizens. The meeting will be held at 8:30 o'clock, and it is hoped that every member will be present.

James E. Stevens of the Ravalli Republican spent Sunday in the city.

Mrs. W. V. Tompkins and children have returned from Sand Point, where they have been spending some time. They will remain here for a few weeks.

R. Lee McCulloch of Hamilton spent Sunday in Missoula.

Everybody was away off at the medal shoot of the gun club to-day and the A class trophy was won by the lowest score that has taken it this year, Will Brayton winning it with 18 dead birds to his credit out of a possible 20.

In the Curlew mine a new strike has been made that is richer than any of the previous ore that has been taken from the mine and it occurs in a larger body than the previous veins that have been struck in the work this season.

AT THE HOTELS.

At the Florence—M. J. Daube, M. Goldstein, Chicago; S. A. Brooks, St. Paul; C. F. Woodman, Chicago; James F. McKee, Rochester, N. Y.; F. E. Wheeler, W. W. Wells, Chicago; E. P. Triol, Butte; D. G. Williams, Minneapolis; W. H. Fisk, L. L. Rosenthal, Chicago; G. W. Driver, Omaha.

At the Rankin—Charles E. Dodge, Florence; A. Kuns, Butte; Denis O'Connell, Lo Lo; George C. Steele, Butte; D. J. Hennessy, Butte; Fred J. Mixer, Clearwater.

At the Kennedy—H. D. Moor, St. Paul; Paul Reinhard, city; J. P. Reinhard and wife, city; Louis J. Buenger, St. Paul; Gilbert Reinhard, city; P. B. Clark, Helena; Mrs. Fleming, Arlee; J. Moses and wife, Mrs. W. V. Tompkins and children, Prescott, Ark.; James E. Stevens, Stevensville; A. S. Blake, Victor; R. Lee McCulloch, Hamilton; J. M. Evans, city; B. J. Symonds, Omaha; A. J. Hammond, Tampa, Fla.

A PECULIAR ACCIDENT.

How a Freight Car With a Valuable Cargo Was Lost and Found. From the St. Joseph (Mo.) Herald.

A very peculiar accident happened on the Burlington & Missouri River road yesterday. A freight train en route East had a most valuable cargo, consisting of silk, wine and honey. The train was making special time and had a 60-mile order.

For some distance down the river the railroad follows its meandering, and at one point there is a succession of sharp curves. In passing around one of these on a down grade the train broke in two. The engineer did not at once discover the danger, but as soon as he became aware of the fact that the detached section of the train was liable to run into the main portion, he put on steam and pulled out, thinking to get around the bend and slack up and catch the rear end as it came along.

There was in the middle of this train an old-fashioned box car of the Wabash, which contained the valuable freight above mentioned, and it appears that the coupling pin, having broken in two, the top flew out and the lower end of the pin fell down on the track. In making the curve the car was thrown off like the tassel of a carriage whip, and the next one behind it came up and the bumpers fitted so nicely that no one could have told a car was missing. When the train reached the St. Joseph yard and was checked up, this particular car was gone, and there was no accounting for it. A message was at once sent to the division headquarters next west of here, and a reply received that the car had left there all right. The question then was, what had become of it?

Chalking the Ceilings. In the south of Ireland there still survives the old custom of "chalking" the young men and women who remain unmarried after Shrove-tide, the usual time for weddings being between Christmas and Ash Wednesday.

Hard Luck Story from the North. "Mamma," asked the little Eskimau boy, as Dr. Nansen and his party shouldered their packs and trudged painfully on toward the frozen North, "what brings those poor white people all the way up here?"

There should be a good attendance at the board of trade meeting Monday

ODD FELLOWS ORDER

The 77th Anniversary Will Be Celebrated To-Morrow.

OPERA HOUSE PROGRAMME

Addresses and Music—A Brief History of the Organization—Cares for the Moral and Physical Welfare of Mankind.

Missoula, April 26.—On Tuesday evening, April 28, the Odd Fellows of this city will hold in the opera house the annual anniversary exercises of their order. The programme will be an interesting one, and it is hoped that all will avail themselves of the opportunity of learning something of the order and its work.

Address of welcome... J. M. Hamilton Anniversary services... I. O. O. F. lodge Selection... "Odd Fellowship" club Address... "Odd Fellowship" club Song... Miss Stephens Banjo duet... F. G. and G. C. Higgins Address—"The Degree of Rebekah" Rev. R. H. Sawyer Zither solo... Karl Greenhood Recitation... Miss Messenger Selection... Ladies' Quartet... Conkrite and Misses Bolles... Harding and Morton

This is the 77th anniversary of the order and will be observed in a similar manner by the local lodges all over the world wherever Odd Fellowship exists. The anniversary has a peculiar significance to all members of the order, and they are anxious that the public learn more of the order of which they are so proud. The order is essentially an American one, as the present order was founded in this country and has had its phenomenal growth in this side of the world.

The American order, the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, as it is generally known, was founded in Baltimore April 26, 1819. Before that, the order had existed in England in a somewhat similar form, as the Manchester Trinity, and there are now in that country some lodges of the old form. The independent order is entirely distinct from the English order, and is essentially American. The first lodge was known as Washington lodge, No. 1. For several years the progress of the order was slow, and for nearly 10 years there was not much advancement, but in 1830 the order began to grow, and the order now numbers 840,000 members. Odd Fellowship exists in Germany, Switzerland, Sweden, Norway, and the islands of Australasia. Its extent is increasing every year, and it is becoming one of the most important orders of the world.

The purposes of the order are fraternal and the main object is mutual relief. The order cares for the physical and moral welfare of its members and looks out for the widows and orphans of members. Its charity is not confined to its membership, but is administered wherever it is thought that it is deserved. Many a man who had no claim upon the order had occasion to bless it for the ministrations of true charity by its members. It is an exemplification of true charity and is a model order in this respect. Its charity is ministered in an unostentatious manner and there is nothing about the receipt of such charity that is humiliating. No man need ever fear that he is compromising himself by accepting it. It is freely and quietly given and is so done that it is the carrying out of the Scriptural injunction to care for our neighbors.

In Missoula, the order is a strong one and owns the valuable property known as Odd Fellows' hall. The Rebekah lodge is a valuable auxiliary in the charitable work of the order and co-operates with the senior body in its assistance that is rendered to the needy. The order is poorly understood in many places and it is hoped that there will be a good attendance at the exercises, where much of the work and purposes of the order will be explained.

JOHN WAS A HERO.

Reminiscence of an Allegheny River Raftman Who Died Recently.

From the New York Sun. "John Jeffers, or Indian John, as he was called, who died near Tionesta, Pa., the other day," said C. P. McDermott, a Western Pennsylvania lumber operator, "was one of the greatest all-time Allegheny river pilots, the men who guided the immense pine rafts from the headwaters to Pittsburgh in the days before the big steam mills and the railroads came into the wilderness and made rafting a thing of the past. He was an Indian of the Cornplanter family and must have been well on toward 100 years old. They tell hundreds of tales of Indian John's exploits as a raftman, a calling that was attended with constant danger and great hardship. I remember well one act of his that showed the coolness and bravery of the man.

"It was in the days when the lower Pennsylvania oil districts were supplied with nitro-glycerine from the isolated factories in the woods of Warren and McKean counties. The explosive wasn't manufactured elsewhere in the region then to any extent. The nitro-glycerine was run down the Allegheny in stiletto-shaped boats 50 feet long and four feet wide. Each boat carried about 10,000 pounds of the stuff, and each boat was manned by two men. They ran swiftly in the current, and the weight of their cargo was so great that in case of a collision between one of these boats and another craft in the river the chances were 10 to 1 that it would be followed by horrible consequences, and everything else on the river gave them a wide berth.

"The men who ran these nitro-glycerine boats had strict orders to tie up wherever night overtook them, and not to run a minute after dark. These men, as may well be imagined, were absolutely without fear, and in fact, a death-bearing craft with a nonchalance and independence that was a source of perpetual terror to the crews of ordinary boats, to raftsmen and to citizens of the towns past which they ran, or near which they tied up.

"On one occasion the crew of a nitro-glycerine boat were overtaken by darkness at a lonely spot where there was nothing but deep woods on either side. The night was cold, and it is

presumed that the men were hungry. The men were Jake Barry and Dick Spooner, better known as Devil Dick, from his recklessness in handling nitro-glycerine while hauling it in wagons to the mills or in unloading it. It is known that these were the men, because they had started down the river with a boatload of nitro-glycerine, which they never delivered at its destination, and they were not seen in the oil regions again. It is supposed that, after being overtaken by darkness, they decided to keep on until they got near to Brady's Bend village before they tied up. Of this I am positive, anyhow—it was a dark night. I know this, because I was a passenger on one of my rafts, and Indian John was piloting, and we were making for Brady's Bend ourselves for the night. We were nearing the place, and the raft was being gradually pulled ashore, when we heard someone shout out of the darkness, not far astern: "Look out there, you fellows! Jump!"

"Then we heard two splashes in the water; we didn't know what it meant. We couldn't see anything behind us, and the men on the raft kept pulling for shore. Then out of the darkness an object bore down upon us dimly, scraped the hind end of the raft and came gently on down gliding noiselessly along the side of the raft. Then one of our men yelled: "A torpedo boat!"

"For a moment we were all terror-stricken, but quickly saw that the danger to us from the boat was past. It was all plain to us now. The boat had been abandoned by its crew when they discovered us ahead in the darkness, and expected the collision that would have rent us to atoms. But Indian John thought quicker and further ahead than we did. Like a flash he thought it out that if that boat went on down the river with its cargo of destruction it could surely come in contact with something afloat or ashore with consequences horrible to contemplate. He no sooner thought than he acted. The boat had gone on past us, or rather, our raft, drifting shoreward, had parted from the boat. It was no longer visible, at least to me. Indian John jumped overboard and likewise disappeared. It could not have been more than 10 seconds when the old Indian's voice shouted to us from somewhere out in the river: "Me got him! Me run it him in and tie!"

"And so he did. He glided the nitro-glycerine boat through the darkness that was by this time utterly impenetrable and brought it to shore at a place of safety. When it is known that a slight miscalculation of distance or locality might have brought that deadly craft into forcible collision with a rock on the shore or bottom, and its pilot would have been scattered to the winds, the nerve and skill it required for that old river-man voluntarily to take the risk to avert possibly greater loss of life and destruction may be imagined.

"Whether Jake Barry and Devil Dick succeeded in getting ashore or whether they were drowned no one ever knew. If they did get ashore, they didn't show themselves in Brady's Bend. If they had, after the news got around, they might just as well have been drowned or stayed on their boat and been blown up, for they never would have seen daylight again."

THE ALLURING SODA FOUNTAIN

Tipple That Reaches the Public Through the Fizzing Water.

From the New York World.

"Beware the snow upon the mount, beware the pesky soda fount," said a gold cure graduate yesterday, as he put down a taste of something strong preparatory to going north for a bit of "supplementary treatment." "I tell you what it is, boys," he said, "talking of relapses from the gold cure, it isn't whiskey that is responsible for most of them. It's the druggists and their new-fangled tonics and pills—ups and nerves and the like, every one of which, curse 'em, is some form of alcohol in disguise. The ignorant graduate, feeling a little down in the mouth, or overworked or worried, takes a brazer at the soda fountain, and presto! before he knows it he is on his back again, and then straight to the box-walk or goes back to put another \$100 in the tills of the wealthy gold nut cure magnates.

"The kola nut is the latest trap of the devil. You will find it in some form in every drug store in the city. Oh, it is a wonder, if you will believe in the druggists! All the great athletes in the world win their victories by using it—nit. It 'always' hunger, prevents fatigue, increases muscular power, stimulates the vital forces, multiplies the capacity for labor and enjoyment. Oh, yes; tra, la, la, la! And it leads the cured drunkard straight back into the paths of drink.

"The great thing about kola," said a Fifth Avenue druggist to me, "is that it stimulates without depressing. There is no reaction, no bad after-effects, as in the case of coca and other nerve forces."

"Oh, yes, of course; I took his word for it, and well it ta! I'm off for a few more pennyweights of gold in my bumper left biceps."

ONE HONEST MAN.

Dear Editor: Please inform your readers that if written to confidentially I will send a sealed letter the plan pursued by which I was permanently restored to health and manly vigor after years of suffering from Nervous Weakness, night losses and weak, shrunken parts. I have no scheme to extort money from any one who may, however, as I was robbed and swindled by the quacks until I nearly lost faith in mankind, but thank Heaven, I am now well, vigorous and strong, and anxious to make this certain means of cure known to all. Having nothing to sell and C. O. D., I want no money. Address JAMES A. HARRIS, Box 372, Delray, Mich.

For Humanity's Sake.

DEAR EDITOR: Kindly allow me space to tell your readers that one who suffered from both seminal weakness and Syphilis will inform any one who may desire to know of the means by which he was cured of these two loathsome diseases and restored to vigorous manhood. He has nothing whatever to sell and would not make one cent of the unfortunate, having for years paid all his hard earnings to doctors and for patent medicines only to experience total disappointment and ruin. He will only be too happy to inform sufferers of a plan by which they can be certainly and permanently cured. Write, describing case and name, to Lock Box 191, Villa Park Postoffice, Colorado.

HIGHEST HONORS AT World's Columbian Exposition, 1893

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If going to Omaha, trains leave Minneapolis 1:20 p. m., St. Paul 7:35 p. m., and arrive Omaha 8:10 a. m., St. Joseph 1:40 p. m., Kansas City 3:50 p. m.

Be sure and ask your agent for tickets via THE NORTHWESTERN LINE and you will get the cheapest rates for the best service. For Map Folder and any information you cannot get from your home agent, address either of the following: M. M. WHEELER, Traveling Agent, Miles City, Mont. T. W. TEASDALE, Gen. Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

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