

THE ANACONDA STANDARD

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That Eight-Dollar Telegram. WHEN New York city's campaign started, Tammany sent out messages of inquiry, the object being to sound the silver states as to their choice between Van Wyck and George.

Montana's Governor Smith wired back eight dollars' worth of misrepresentation—as far as this state's opinion was concerned. It was misrepresentation; as the Standard promptly proved, the heavy preponderance of sentiment among Montana democrats was for Van Wyck. Governor Smith, who is not a democrat, fired at Tammany eight dollars' worth of alleged Montana preference for George. Of course, the cost of the message was properly a charge on Tammany's committee. Mr. Sheehan made a mistake in assuming that the governor of Montana is a democrat; he seemed to feel, judging by what he said, that the eight-dollar correction came needlessly high, and that the governor could have made it come cheaper.

The time came when Mr. Sheehan could play even. Whether he did this or not, the Standard does not know—he intended to. In the light of last Tuesday night's election returns, these eight dollars, contrasted with Van Wyck's plurality, didn't look very large. Still, Mr. Sheehan evidently had the money in mind—he told the reporters who were at Tammany headquarters that he would have revenge on Governor Smith of Montana and that he proposed to wire to him, marked "collect," eight dollars' worth of news telling about Van Wyck's great triumph. If Governor Smith really did get the New York returns that way, no reporter has had a wink from him about it.

It is a downright pity that Montana was put in a wrong light by word sent to Van Wyck headquarters. From states that have no selfish interest in silver, as Montana has, words of cheer and encouragement went to the New York democrats. A day or two before election Governor Bloxom, of Georgia, an ardent friend of Bryan, sent to the Van Wyck committee these words: "A rousing majority for Van Wyck will strengthen democratic hopes in every town in the lands." Senator Mallory, of Florida, a Bryanite, wrote to the committee: "The election of Judge Van Wyck will be accepted throughout the country as an earnest of victory for the democracy in 1900." "Democratic victory in New York," telegraphed Clark Howell, free-coinage national committee man for Georgia, "will be an inspiration to the party in every state. Every democrat should keep in view the national significance of the result." It is a pity that Van Wyck met the opposition, from official sources, of the state of Montana.

They Like to Fool Themselves.

MORE than once the Standard has called attention to the fact that the bitterest and most bigoted goldbugs are those who find in strong free-coinage constituencies. In Montana or in Colorado, for instance, your goldbug is a more prejudiced man than is the goldbug you meet in the city of New York or in the hotel lobbies at Washington.

The post-election gossip has developed an instance or two in illustration. Last Wednesday or Thursday, discussing the election returns, Chauncey M. Depew, a goldbug oracle, remarked that the falling-off in the republican vote is something alarming and, that the returns show that "Bryanism" is not dead, and that the republican party must take "prompt and emphatic steps" toward the settlement of the currency question. Mr. Depew discerns the truth, and he is frank enough to open his eyes to the situation.

But here is the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, a goldbug organ that aims to be at the head of political opinion in the state of Washington. The Post-Intelligencer is sure that Mr. Depew is all wrong. It corrects him; it assumes that it "may do no harm for the republicans to be on guard against the political ambition of the free-silver leaders," but it is positive that they are losing ground right along. The trouble with the Seattle organ is that

it is in a constituency where free-silver sentiment has strengthened steadily. The state of Washington went for Bryan last year in spite of all the Post-Intelligencer could do to prevent it. The growth of free-coinage sentiment interferes more with the ambition of this newspaper in Seattle than it does with Mr. Depew's.

The news of gains for silver is so distasteful to the lonely goldbugs in free-coinage constituencies, that instinctively, they blind themselves to the truth. Thus the Post-Intelligencer, after reviewing the field in Nebraska and Iowa and Ohio and Massachusetts, where the republican stump is something terrible and where democratic state conventions declared for the Chicago platform—after reviewing these, the Post-Intelligencer consoles itself with the illusion that it all shows silver sentiment on the decline.

They're Always at It.

IT has come to pass that the world receives as a matter of course the news of uproar of one sort or another in the republics of South America. The bulk of the news from that quarter of the globe deals with uprisings and revolutions, upstart dictators, bloodshed and political confusion.

The echoes of the great Brazilian rebellion, which had its center for a time in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, had not died away when, early in the year 1894, the news was received of the election of Dr. Prudente de Moraes to the presidency of the republic. He succeeded President Peixoto—at that time the public was hearing constantly about Admiral Mello, the rebel, Admiral da Gama and the rest of the momentary heroes.

President de Moraes came peacefully into power, but he has had his share of stormy times. Rebellion in Brazil is constantly breaking out in a new place, like a persistent boil, and any pretext serves the purpose of conviving adventurers. Recently Brazil has managed to suppress an uprising which is alleged to have been promoted by the monarchial contingent. While President Moraes was reviewing his conquering soldiers, an attempt was made on his life. He escaped, but a cabinet member was murdered, and a brother of the president was dangerously wounded.

If it was well for Brazil to overturn the monarchy and drive out Dom Pedro, the Brazilians have yet to prove it. During Dom Pedro's reign, the monarchial yoke was easy, the times orderly, the state prosperous. You don't run across people every day who, in their government, are fit for republican forms; few of the fighting powers in South America are fitted for it. Brazil manages to get along better than most of her neighbors, yet the fact is that, since the emperor was driven out, the principal industry in Rio de Janeiro has been the hatching-out of political constructs.

The Testimony of Others.

WESTERDAY morning the Standard referred to the comment of foreign newspapers and to the talk of certain Americans who are abroad touching the results of last Tuesday in Greater New York. Quite in harmony with what was said in the Standard are the remarks of the New Haven Register, which says: "The vote may be analyzed and this or that explanation or regret may be expressed, but the great impressive fact is that the people of New York have recorded themselves as in favor of government under Tammany Hall, and the will of the people must be respected and obeyed accordingly. It is manifestly ridiculous to pretend a newly-elected administration, which the people themselves have selected. It is equivalent to saying that the people are not fit to govern themselves, which is to intrude. They frequently make what later transpires to be a misdirected use of their power and decide without a due respect for the facts, but the truth is that they are all the time honestly striving to better their condition, and usually to do so within the lines of either one of the two great party organizations. Sometimes it is one and sometimes the other—at all times the mighty voice of the people prevails, and if one looks deep enough into the situation finally created it is seen that another step has been taken towards the kind of government the American people want."

On this subject the Chicago Chronicle writes vigorously. It remarks that "bias and ignorance characterize the comments of the English as well as continental journals concerning the outcome of the municipal election in New York." The Chronicle also pays its respects to Parkhurst who is in Paris and who has been very loud in denunciation of Tammany. The Chronicle pitches into Parkhurst in this style: "The people of New York have spoken for themselves in the government of their own affairs and it is believed by democrats have spoken well and wisely. Whether or not, the event will show. But the prediction of a refugee in Paris that the next four years will be those of jobbery and vandalism is the prediction of a dyspeptic, disgruntled, disingenuous, un-Christian, pretentious busybody, claiming the halo of an old prophet and living as no old prophet ever did in luxury upon the boulevards of the gayest capital in Europe."

ONE of the state assembly districts in Central New York had an unusual experience last Tuesday. It was the First district in the county of Onondaga. The district is republican, but it had been the scene of a lively contest over the legislative ticket. A man named Belen was the republican candidate. He had not been in robust health, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of election day, at his home, he suddenly died. The managers of the campaign deemed it best to throw the majority at the polls to the democrat who was Mr. Belen's rival—his idea was that, as no partisan matters of serious import are likely to be considered by the next legislature, a special election would not be worth while. It was found impossible, how-

ever, to reach some of the country precincts with the news of Belen's death and when the votes were counted he was ascertained to have a majority of thirty-five—the district had elected a dead man.

It is Rather Odd.

SINCE the announcement of that message from Victoria to Grover Cleveland, on the birth of his boy, the newspapers have been wondering why the queen happened to send it. Grover is no longer "a great and good friend," he is in the seclusion which New Jersey's famous university town affords. But there's no record of the fact, even on the occasion of the birth of a Cleveland girl in the white house, that congratulations came from her majesty.

Why didn't the queen wire General Harrison? After he retired from the white house he married and by and by there was a Harrison baby, but nobody ever heard of a royal congratulation over the arrival. Yet the Harrisons merited it more than the Cleverlands. During his term Harrison was as nice and polite as six bits to the queen's government, while Cleveland fired his Monroe-doctrine message at Premier Salisbury and pretended that he wanted to fight with the Britishers about Venezuela.

In 1888, through the agency of President Cleveland, Sir Lionel West, British minister to the United States, received his curt dismissal—that act was described by the Washington Post, which is in the diplomatic swim, as the greatest humiliation ever inflicted by this country upon England since the days of George Washington and Andrew Jackson. Yet the Cleveland baby got the queen's message; maybe that's because it's a boy. Let us hope that it won't make a fool of the little goldbug when he grows up.

How They Express It.

IT would be an easy matter to fill an edition of the Standard with the comment of the most influential goldbug newspapers in the land, all of it agreeing that the recent election, and especially the Greater New York election, greatly strengthened the cause for which William J. Bryan stood in 1896. Here are samples. The New York Sun, bitterly goldbug and the most enthusiastic champion the Tracy ticket had among newspapers said, Wednesday morning:

"The very fact of division in the republican army that was so solid a year ago was an inspiration and an incentive to the Bryanite cause, and they have taken full advantage of their opportunity. The news now goes forth to the world that the capital of 'the enemy's country,' the citadel of the forces arrayed in 1896 against the regulators and the revolutionists, has been captured by a plurality reversing McKinley's plurality of 12 months ago. The traitors and their goons may protest till their throats are sore that this result has no national significance. The reply will come back from every point of the compass, 'We have carried you in 1896; you shall elect a Bryanite congress in 1898, and then proceed to elect Bryan or some other wild hurrulee that go up this morning from every hamlet in the United States.' Bryanite democrats or populists can be found, are a sufficient answer to the misguided or the treacherous republicans who have pretended to believe that municipal issues only were involved in yesterday's voting in the Greater New York.

Less in anger, but in a calmer survey of the result, the Philadelphia Times, independent but earnestly goldbug, said last Wednesday:

"The triumph of Tammany in New York city has great and far-reaching political significance. It means the control of New York state in every closely contested battle; it means that the republican party are in any sort of shape to make a hopeful fight for the presidency in 1900, the electoral vote of that state will be cast for Bryan; it means that Tammany has been in the past, with Greater New York and its 60,000 votes, nearly one-half of the entire vote of the state, under its domination, the state can be expected to elect its next governor, New York whenever an extreme emergency arises demanding extraordinary political effort.

A staunch foe of free coinage, the Chicago Journal, summing up the situation, remarks that "looking over the country, we shall find plenty of signs that the cause of silverism which rose to the height of six and a half million votes last year has by no means receded. Maryland, Kentucky, and the imperial state of New York, whose votes were absolutely essential to prevent the election of Bryan, have returned to the democratic ranks, and thus temporarily, at least, cast in their political fortunes with the cause which was defeated largely by Mr. Hanna's efforts last November. Tammany supported Bryan loyally and energetically." And the Journal adds:

"These are not events upon which the friend of the gold standard can congratulate themselves. Of course, they do not mean that the country has abandoned over to Bryanism, silver, and all the other peculiar principles of the Chicago platform; but they do mean that the battle of the standards, which was fought with so much vigor last fall, may have to be fought again, even more desperately than before, and that the friends of solid money must regard themselves or their cause as safely entrenched in power until the second battle shall have been fought and won.

The cause of free coinage has no foe more uncompromising than the republican Philadelphia Press, a partisan newspaper, which says, in an editorial entitled "Pennsylvania's Warning":

"Pennsylvania remains republican but sounds a warning. The republican majority is big enough, but it is less than half that of last year. This is due partly to a light vote and partly to defection, and both of these explanations may be traced largely to the same anterior cause. That original underlying cause is which proved dissatisfaction with the management and fruits of the republican machine. The result is a republican success, but it is the foundation of misfortune, issues and times took their later form. It is all the more marked since there is no democratic party in the state worth the name. Had there been a decent and vigorous opposition, the republican majority would have been much narrowed.

Last year the democratic Chicago Chronicle stoutly opposed the Bryan ticket, although it has more recently

been less harsh in its talk. But it is a goldbug organ, and it says:

"The majority of McKinley over Bryan in New York last year was 28,500. This phenomenal figure has not only been reversed, but there is 39,000 on the other side. The change from 1896 to 1897 was from 21,000 on one side to 19,000 on the other side—a total of 40,000 votes. The change from 1896 to 1897 is from 208,500 on one side to 169,000 on the other side—a total of 38,500 votes. This is a revolution indeed! It was expected that the democrats would carry the 'greater' city of New York, a foregone conclusion. The democrats were inevitably destined to come into their own. But the victory in the state—especially a victory of such vast magnitude—was thought to be without the shadow of probability. It was expected by only the most sanguine democrats. What the revolution in New York in 1897 presaged—the national democratic victory in the election of 1898, the passage for the national election in 1900, a democratic president will be elected by an overwhelming vote. Revolutions do not go backward.

And in this vein the comment runs in scores of well-known goldbug newspapers that might be quoted.

Current Humor.

William Woodpatch—Business is picking up. I kin notice improvements right across the country. Cleveland's a success. Wilkins Whittlestick—That's a fact. Old Grinkum says he kin report three loss trades for his' lak' as against one for the correspondin' period las' year.—Truth.

"Oh, Jack, I am so terrified when there is lightning." "No, under the bed and it will never touch you." "But we have folding beds." "Very thing. Chance for you to shut up."—Truth.

Mamma—Ethel, I see that one of the leading dry goods dealers advertises bicycle skirts very low. "Ethel, what he don't sell 'em. None of the girls is wearing 'em below the knees.—Judge.

Hummer—You claim that your circulation has materially increased since last year. Rural Editor—We do, and the public is welcome to examine our books and see how much more vegetables have come in this year.—Puck.

After they had scraped an acquaintance on a train and had discussed various topics for a while, the drummer suddenly said:

"How about the yellow fever down South, doctor? Do you think it will—?" "Excuse me, remarked the man in black, "but you've made a mistake; I am not a physician."

"Beg pardon," said the man with the samples, "but I must have misunderstood you. You are a doctor, are you not?" "You followed the medical profession?" "Yes—but I'm an undertaker."—Chicago Times-Herald.

"Hurry and clear up before dinner, Henry," urged Mrs. Wheeler. "Now, 20 years ago a husband so addressed would have washed his face and brushed his hair, and then he'd have rushed out into the twilight and cleaned his wheel."

"How old would you guess her to be?" "Oh, about 25 would be a safe guess." "She's surely older than that." "I said 25 would be a safe guess. It's always back to under a woman's age, she may hear of it."—Indianapolis Journal.

Papa—Why did that young fellow stay so long after the fire had gone out last night? "The brother—I guess he was afraid he would get cold if he left her alone."—Life.

Scientist—The work of our Christian ministry in Africa is sure to be of incalculable benefit. Think what a country it will be when opened up to civilization. Mr. Suburb reflectively—it will be a nice place to raise chickens.—New York Weekly.

WIFE IN THE PULPIT.

California Woman Preaches to Her Husband's Congregation. Rev. J. A. Cruzan of North Berkeley Congregational church, San Francisco, Cal., is at present under charge of heresy, which he will be called upon to formally face at an early date. The preparation of this defense is occupying much of his time, and Sunday before last his wife appeared in his pulpit. Mrs. Cruzan is well known to nearly every member of the congregation, and when it was learned that she intended to preach of course the attendance was unusually large. Her subject was "God's Foolish Things," and direct reference was made to the attack on her husband's orthodoxy. Mrs. Cruzan's opening remarks were taken as an argument in the pastor's behalf. Mrs. Cruzan said:

"Whether we are fools or foolish, depends on the standard of measurement. Let us define our terms. Many misunderstandings arise among people because of want of accuracy in the use of words. Bitter and heated arguments occur between men because of this lack of definiteness. Half the disputes and quarrels and dissensions between man and man might be avoided by a correct understanding of the terms used in the discussion. One person means one thing and another person, in using the same word, means something entirely different. Take, for instance, the word 'rich.' One man says: 'I had an assured income of \$10 a week. I would consider myself rich.' Another man grumbles and is as objectively poor on \$10,000 a year."

Beyond this Mrs. Cruzan did not go, but stuck to her subject with an easy and attractive delivery.

Weak, Tired, Nervous

Liver and Kidney Troubles and Palpitation of the Heart—Appetite Poor and Could Not Sleep.

"For nearly 10 years I have been troubled with my liver and kidneys and palpitation of the heart, and was under the doctor's care most of the time. I could not lie on my left side. My appetite was poor and I could not sleep. In January the grip confined me to the house. I was very low and was attended by the very best physicians I could get. It seemed as though nothing would help me. In March I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. In less than a week I could get a good night's sleep. I continued taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and I am now able to lie on my left side which I had not been able to do for years. My appetite is good and I have gained in flesh and strength." Mrs. NICHOLAS MAAS, Independence, Iowa. Remember Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Best—In fact the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, \$1.50 for \$5. Get Hood's Hood's Pills

are purely vegetable, reliable and beneficial.

Throughout the whole proceeding nobody seems to have cared to go sponsor for it or particularly to acknowledge it as such gifts to the city usually are acknowledged, even when they are also tributes to local character and fame.

Perhaps the peculiar history of the erection of this sequestered testimonial finds its explanation in the fact that a considerable fuss has been made about the propriety of us honoring Esch Hopkins. The fuss has been made outside the state, certain Massachusetts anti-slavery being particularly vigorous in denouncing Hopkins and the lack of judgment displayed in honoring his memory by a monument. And the old sailor seems to have had no champion within Rhode Island, the soldiers standing in the breach for his defense and maintain the integrity of his character and his right to be honored in Rhode Island.

A NAPOLEON OF THE STREETS.

How He Got From Duane Street Into Broadway by a Clever Stratagem.

From the New York Sun. It was 10 o'clock in the morning. The Broadway streams of traffic were grinding along like two ice floes moving in opposite directions. At Duane street there was almost a jam. Two or three trucks stood at the junction. Their drivers swore volubly, and occasionally started their horses, only to pull them up again when the Broadway streams took no notice and slid by unheeding.

Just then a man rushed across Duane street, coming from the west. He waved his arms excitedly at the truck drivers at the crossing. They glanced behind them and the horses coming from the south pulled their horses back upon their haunches. The advance guard shouted to the oncoming hosts from the north, and that cable car, as it were, in its tracks.

With an imperious gesture he raised his warning arms to right and left. The cable car stopped with a jerk which almost gave the passengers some-saults. The truck drivers went by, from the south pulled their horses back upon their haunches. The advance guard shouted to the oncoming hosts from the north, and that cable car, as it were, in its tracks.

By this time the plunging horses, driven by an excited-looking man, had reached the crossing. Another truck driver, coming from the north, either had not seen or had not heeded the warning given. He and his horses were stolidly advancing to the street intersection. The driver of the truck from Duane street had climbed to the interludic, but evidently of tragic import, to the heedless one, who forthwith drew back and left a clear passage.

People were in a state of great excitement. Were the horses running away? Was there an injured man back there among the boxes? Had the truck some terrible errand on hand? With eager eyes the stationary crowd scanned the truck as it glided by. No injured man! No signs of a terrible errand! Nothing but a load of boxes! Then the horses must be running away. But they were not. As soon as the truck had crossed the Rubicon represented in the middle of the street, it turned north on Broadway, the driver waved his horses into a walk, the advance guard ran and climbed to the seat, and the whole outfit moved away at the ordinary pace.

The truck drivers who had been swearing because they couldn't get across Broadway, and who were successful driver, and their jaws dropped with wonder and chagrin. The cable car brakes came off with a whirl and the cars bounded forward with a suddenness conducive to more somersaults. The sheepish drivers who had pulled their horses back onto their haunches looked dazed and started along as if in a dream. The passenger turned with a little grin at the man who had been the former aspect of things was restored. It had not taken two minutes for the whole performance. Al- ready, however, the truck was a block away, and the driver's smile, as he turned to look back at his outwitted enemies, could hardly be detected.

NAVAL HERO HONORED.

Status of Capt. Esch Hopkins Placed Without Any Ceremony. From the Providence, R. I. News. Who knows that the city is adorned with a new and beautiful statue and monument—a tribute to Esch Hopkins of Providence, distinguished as the first commander-in-chief of the American navy.

And yet the statue stands, a heroic figure of Rhode Island's chief naval representative, mounted on a superb pedestal, to be seen of all who choose to make the journey to its site, a splendid tribute that for some mysterious reason has had professedly little or no credit, and in fact seems to have been ignored. Indeed, it has been intimated that public ignorance as to the statue has been purposely encouraged.

In a word, never was a testimonial to a public man carried out with so little ostentation. No fuss has been made about it at all. The newspapers were not asked to exhibit it, nor were any of them awakened to the fact that such a project as the Hopkins statue was on foot, much less completed. Public information was confined to a paragraph in the reported proceedings of the city council to the effect that the city had appropriated a sum of money and nobody seems to have paid any attention to that or become curious as to what the statue was like, when and where it was to be located, or, in fact, anything at all about it. And parties whose position gave them knowledge of the proposition seem not to have been at pains to let the public into the secret.

That perhaps they had a reason for this may appear later on in this story of a most peculiarly conducted enterprise. It appears that the late Mrs. Harriet Hopkins, a grandchild of Esch Hopkins, left by her will a sum of money to be devoted to the erection of a statue to Hopkins upon the condition that the city of Providence provide a pedestal. The production of the statue was given into the hands of Mrs. H. H. Kitson, the talented wife of Sculptor Kitson, who created the Doyle monument. Mrs. Kitson completed the work in a most beautiful manner, and an appropriation for the pedestal, the South Granite company built the pedestal, and to-day the whole production stands on its site, the foundation of masonry and rough stone in the old Hopkins burying ground, which is located at the junction of Charles street and Branch avenue, where the bones of the sailor also lie.

The statue has never been unveiled nor dedicated. Indeed, it has never been veiled. It was just set up in the burying ground and, to be looked at, a horse was chained to pass by without any further ceremony.

M. J. CONNELL CO. BUTTE, MONTANA. A Magnificent Determined Bargain Sale. A Stupendous Silk Sale. Marvelously Wonderful Bargains in This Season's Newest, Richest, Choicest Silk Fabrics. 9,763 Yards Novelty Silks. One-Fourth to One-Half Their Actual Value. Not a single yard of this mighty offering has ever been shown over these counters before. Exquisite Novelties in Fancy Silks. High-Class French Novelty Silks. A Bargain That Will Create a Sensation. A Mammoth Purchase Direct From the Manufacturers. 28,526 YARDS. Outing Flannels. 15 yards for \$1.00, or 7c yard. TWO INTENSELY INTERESTING GLOVE BARGAINS. FOR FULLER PARTICULARS of this Great Sale throughout the city.

PIPESTONE HOT SPRINGS. OPEN ALL THE YEAR. Natural Vapor Baths; Small Plunge Baths; Large Plunge Baths; Private Baths. RAILROAD RATES FROM BUTTE. Round trip tickets, good for 30 days, \$2.30. Round trip tickets, good for 10 days, 1.60. C. R. BURKET, Proprietor.

PROSPERITY DEMANDS THE BEST. THE BEST ARE Saskatchewan and Montana Belle. Made From Strictly First-Class Old Wheat. BY NELSON STOTY & CO., BOZEMAN, MONT.

The Great Mark-Down Sale. THE CHICAGO BARGAIN STORE. Is a Whooper. And Everybody Should Attend Without Delay. It Is a Cash-Pinched Sale. J. SABLITZKY. 21 South Main Street Butte, Montana.

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