BUTTE NEWS.

A CHARGE OF SLEEPING

A Serious Accusation Against Two Policemen.

ASKED TO INVESTIGATE

Murphy and Little Accuse Officers Shea and McGlynn of Persecuting Them and Trying to Injure Business of Complainants.

At a meeting of the police committee was called for last evening to investigate charges preferred against Police Officers Shea and McGlynn by Charles Murphy and Thomas Little, proprietors of a saloon in South Main street, who accuse the officers of persecuting and annoying them and injuring their business by unnecessarily arresting persons who go into their place of business. The fact that Officer Shea was caught asleep in a hack while on duty, is also taken advantage of by the complainants, who charge both officers with having been guilty of the same dereliction. The committee got together, but decided to postpone the investigation till the matter had first been presented to the council.

The committee met at 7:30 in the police court chamber with Aldermen Ferns, Noyes, Kelly, Britt, Cannon, Rowan and Siebenaler present. Mayor Harrington was not able to be present and Alderman Ferns took the chair and read the charges, which, after reciting that the complainants were taxpayers and paid a license for doing a saloon business, read as follows:

"That we are much annoyed with the conduct which we think very improper on the part of the officers, Shea and McGlynn, in front and rear of our place of business; that the said officers will not allow a woman to come into our saloon for a bucket of beer; that if any young man and woman desire to go into our wine rooms to have a glass of beer privately they will follow them in and arrest; that the said officers have been in the habit of sleeping in hacks in Reed's stable when on duty.

"We desire these charges be investigated by the proper commission.

"(Signed) CHARLES MURPHY,
"THOMAS LITTLE."

After the reading of the charges, Charles Murphy, one of the complainants, stated that he had addressed the charges to the council, and he thought they should be presented to that body before taken up by the committee. Several members concurred in this view and the investigation was postponed, pending presentation to the council and reference by that body.

The committee, before adjourning, took up the offer of the Anaconda company's hardware department, made at the last council meeting, to furnish the city with electric flash lights for the use of the police and fire departments. Dave Porter, representing the company, was present to exhibit the light, which is an affair about the shape and size of a policeman's club, though not so long, with a lense at one end and a "dry battery" in the other. By pressing a button a brilliant light is made. The light was thoroughly tested and found to work admirably, and as it was highly recommended by Chiefs Mulholland of the police and Flannery of the fire department, the committee decided to recommend the purchase of 30 lights for the two departments. The cost is $5 each. The light is vastly superior to the old dark lantern, and is something that has been badly needed by the police department for a long time.

A FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT.

Crushed Out of All Semblance to Human Shape.

Two fatal mine accidents in one day was the record for yesterday after an unusually long respite from fatalities in the mines. Following the death of William Pascoe in the Stevens mine early in the evening, came the second fatal accident, which cost Neil Tobin, a pipeman at the St. Lawrence mine, his life. Tobin fell from the 700 foot level into the sump and was crushed almost beyond semblance of human shape. How the accident occured there is no possible means of ascertaining.

Tobin had long been employed in the mine, and had formerly been a pipeman, but for a long time had been working only in the capacity of a laborer, till within a few days ago, when he was put back on the pipes. Between 10 and 11 o'clock last night a leak in a pipe was reported, and Tobin was sent to look for it as its location was not known. He was seen on the four, five and six hundred levels during the search, and at last he reported finding the leak and making repairs.

It was about midnight that some of the miners saw Tobin come out of the pump shaft at the 700 level, and go around on the station to ring for the cage. These men spoke to him and asked him to wait a moment while they went for some tools, and said they would go up with him. They left, and returning very shortly did not find Tobin. They knew the cage had not been there, and accordingly looked around for Tobin. When they did not find him they reported to Shift Boss Alderman Page, who rang for the cage and descended slowly to look for the missing pipeman. He kept going till the sump, which is a few feet below the 1,500 level, was reached, and there the mangled body of Tobin was found. The head was terribly crushed, all the limos were broken several times, and it seemed as though every bone in the body had been crushed.

The body was removed to the surface and Coroner Jullien and Deputy Mine Inspector Hunter notified. The investigation made failed to reveal how the unfortunate man came to fall into the shaft, as no one had seen him, and no satisfactory theory could be arrived at. After being viewed by the coroner, the body was taken to Sherman's undertaking rooms, where an inquest will be held to-morrow.

Not much could be learned at the mine last night relative to the dead man's antecedents, but it was said he had a wife and child and a brother who was at one time a member of the fire department.

It was a singular coincidence that another man named Tobin had an accident at the St. Lawrence yesterday. It was not fatal, however, and he was no relative of the deceased, as far as known.

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KILLED A WITCH BY ACCIDENT.

Crime for Which Two Negroes Have Been Executed in South Carolina.

A special dispatch to the New York Sun from Yorkville, S. C., says: The prevalence of the belief in witchcraft among negroes hereabouts is illustrated by the execution of Amzi Dunavant, a mulatto, and Frank Castles, a negro. They were hanged here last week. Their crime was the murder of Ben Gore, an aged negro, whom they accused of casting spells. They killed him by tying a rope around his neck and twisting it tight with a stick, and they threw the body down a well. This story of the murder was by Angless Castles, aged 17 years, Ben Gore's stepson, at the trial:

"We were all afraid of Uncle Ben, because he fixed roots for us, and Uncle Amzi had told me two or three times that he was going to fix him. Aunt Ibby (his mother, Eliza Gore, Ben Gore's wife) was also afraid of Uncle Ben, but she did not know how to do anything, and kept after Uncle Amzi to do it. That night (June 13) Aunt Ibby went over to Uncle Frank's, and I went over to Uncle Amzi's, leaving Uncle Ben at home by himself. About 11 o'clock Uncle Frank came over to Uncle Amzi's and had a long talk with him. Then Uncle Amzi took the rope out of the bed and told me to come on with them. When we got close to Uncle Ben's house they told me to go in front and get Uncle Ben to open the door. As soon as Uncle Ben opened the door both Uncle Amzi and Uncle Frank pushed in behind me. They caught Uncle Ben, put a rope around his neck, ran a stick through it and twisted the rope until Uncle Ben fell to the floor. Then they told me to hold the stick while they searched for his roots and conjure bottle. They found the conjure bottle in his trunk and the roots in the pockets of his Sunday clothes. When they got through searching and came back to me Uncle Ben was dead and Uncle Amzi said: 'I am sorry he has been killed, but we will arrange that all right.'" So they cast the body into the well.

Amzi Dunavant admitted about all that Angless Castles said, but declared that Angless did as much to instigate and carry out the deed as any of the others. He said that some time before the murder his child was very ill and the regular doctor, after the treatment, said it did not respond to the medicine. Then he went to see Aunt Nassie Bratten, a voodoo doctor. Aunt Nassie examined some coffee grounds and told him that the child had been tricked. The trick, she said, was intended for him, but had missed him and gone into the child. Then she rubbed a horseshoe on the bottom of a copper kettle and told him to look and he would see the man who worked the trick on him. He looked and saw Uncle Ben Gore ploughing in the field by his house. The vision was as plain as if the scene itself was right before his eyes. Aunt Nassie then told him that the only hope for his child was to take away from Uncle Ben his roots and conjure bottle, tie them in a guano sack and hang them over the child's bed. He went back home, but did not believe what Aunt Nassie told him, and made no effort to carry out her instructions. Three days afterward the child died.

About two weeks afterward Frank Castles' cow, which at the time had a young calf, went dry. Frank consulted Aunt Nassie, and when he looked in the copper kettle he saw Uncle Ben sitting by the fire in his own house smoking his pipe. It was shortly after this that they agreed to go to Uncle Ben's house and take his roots away from him. They had no idea of killing the old man, but only wanted to get possession of his charms, after which they intended to make him leave the country. Their plans failed. Angless, in his eagerness, drew the rope too tight, and to hide the crime it was decided to put old Ben's body in the well and keep quiet.

Frank Castles' story was about the same in all essential particulars. Old Lizzie Gore, the murdered man's widow, said she knew nothing whatever about the matter. The case against Angless Castles was not pressed, because he gave evidence for the state. The two men were sentenced to be hanged, and the woman was sent to prison for life.

While in prison awaiting execution, the two men were attentive to their religious duties. On the gallows Frank Castles said:

"In this room there are two angels. One of them has told me that as soon as the sheriff cuts the rope that holds the plank on which I stand, and the breath has left my body, they are going to carry me to the throne of God."

Neither of the men made a confession. Both insisted all along that they told the whole truth at the trial, and neither considered that it was worth while to refer to the matter again on the gallows. After they concluded their statements they shook hands with all the witnesses one by one and bade them good-bye. They displayed warm feeling but no fear or agitation.

AMONG SOME

BEAUTIFUL RINGS

We have just bought are some in a new shape, called the

DEWEY

They are combinations of pearls and diamonds and sapphires and diamonds. Are

Beautiful, Artistic and Showy

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Hight & Fairfield
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SIX MONTHS FOR OLSON

He Was Charged With Receiving Stolen Property.

THE OWNER OF THE CABIN

His Partners in Crime Got a Year in the Penitentiary—Papers in the Fairfield Divorce From Deer Lodge County.

Charles Olson, the last of the trio to be tried under the same information for receiving stolen property, was convicted in Judge Clancy's court yesterday and the jury fixed his punishment at six months in the county jail. His partners and co-defendants, Sillary and Searle, got a year in the penitentiary. The testimony at Olson's trial showed that he was the owner of the cabin where the stolen goods had been secreted. It also showed that Olson earned a living by sawing wood, and when Judge Clancy passed sentence on Olson he observed:

"One of your partners served in the navy and the other sang in a choir, and they got one year each. You sawed wood and the jury let you off with six months in the county jail. Such are the ways of juries."

Colonel Emmet Callahan defended Olson.

The papers on a change of venue from Deer Lodge county, in a divorce suit of Frank Fairfield against May Fairfield, were received and filed yesterday. Mrs. Fairfield also filed an answer and cross-complaint in the case, admitting their marriage in Butte on August 31, 1896, but denying that she ever bit, beat or abused her husband, or that she associated with persons who drink, or that she abused and neglected her children. In her cross-complaint she alleges that after their marriage they lived in Anaconda until May 27, 1897, at which date he left her without money and without making any provision for the support of herself and child. On the 20th of June, 1897, she came to Butte and lived with her husband until some time inOctober, when they returned to Anaconda, but came back to Butte in August of last year, living together as husband and wife until the 29th of December, when the plaintiff again left her and the children and neglected to provide for them. She alleges that at various time since May 27, 1897, the plaintiff struck and beat her without provocation and has failed to provide for her. On December 29, as well as at various other times, he struck her and choked her and threatened to kill her. Mrs. Fairfield says she has always conducted herself as faithful, "chaste" and obedient wife. She further alleges that the plaintiff is an able-bodied man and capable of carping a good living and supporting his family, but that he has disregarded his duties in that respect and lost his money at gambling. He failed to pay bills contracted "for the scanty living which he has provided for his family," and when he left them no provision had been made for their maintenance and they received notice to vacate the house in which they were living. Mrs. Fairfield says she is a proper person to have the care and custody of the children, while her husband has failed to provide for them and loses his money at gambling and uses profane language. She asks for a divorce, the custody of the children and $50 a month as alimony.

Judge Clancy yesterday heard the plaintiff's proofs in the divorce case of Adolph Fisher against Lena F. Fisher, and granted her a decree on the ground of desertion.

Rosaline Keppler, widow of Antone Keppler, deceased, yesterday petitioned the court to set aside the property of the estate for the use of the family.

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The Guileless Filipino.

"I tell you," remarked the lieutenant, who had just returned from the Philippines, stretching his legs out in an easy, luxurious fashion before the club fire, "there may be disadvantages about a climate like this, where a man has to wear furs five months of the year and linens the rest of the time, but it isn't a patch on the sort of thing we have in Manila. I understand some of the folks at home here sent the boys mosquito netting for Christmas. So far as I know, they couldn't have sent anything more necessary to the comfort of the private soldier. Of course the officer needs netting as well as the private, but then he has resources that the private has not, and is, therefore, entitled to less sympathy. Why," and the young officer sat bolt upright as he warmed to the subject, "I suppose some of you fellows will cock your eyes at me when I tell you of it, but I'll be drawn and quartered if there aren't mosquitoes in old Manila as big as grasshoppers. I've seen 'em and I know what they're like. Talk about misery: why, our fellows simply couldn't sleep for the confounded things, and, of course, mosquito nets are among the unconsidered trifles not supplied by a generous government. Upon my word I've seen men brought into hospital from Cavite with their faces swelled up like smallpox patients. It seems that white men suffer infinitely more from these pests than natives do, and it is a fact that all the Englishmen who are regular residents of the islands look fleabitten—not at all the ruddy, healthy-looking subjects you find them on their native heaths. A native brought me some mosquitoes one day that were two inches long—fully that, I swear. They were still kicking when he brought them in. You never dreamed even of such insects."

"What was that?" inquired the sad-eyed naturalist, setting down his glass of mineral water with startled suddenness: "mosquitos two inches long. Why, my dear sir—really—"

"Fact, I assure you," pursued the lieutenant, calmly. "I knew they were immense, but never realized their gigantic proportions thoroughly until my Filipino secured those specimens. Seems to me they're indigenous to the country, eh?"

"But," protested the professor, while the others waited patiently for signs of uneasiness from the lieutenant; "but, my dear sir, we have modern works on the insect life of the islands, and no mention is made whatever of any such extraordinary creatures as those you have referred to. Now, it may be that—"

"Look here," said the lieutenant, somewhat warmly, "I anticipated just this difficulty with scientific gentlemen like yourself when I left Manila. That being the case, I took the precaution to bring those mosquitoes with me—I've got 'em right there," and the young officer pulled a small bottle of alcohol from his pocket, in which there floated two long-legged insects of the skeeter pattern. "There you are—now, what have you to say?" he queried in a tone of triumph, handing the bottle to his scientific neighbor.

The naturalist examined those insects closely, while the half-dozen interested auditors crowded round to get a look at them. Then the naturalist set the bottle down, took out his spectacles, polished them carefully, adjusted them at the proper angle on the bridge of his nose, and once more took up the bottle. Meanwhile, the lieutenant, calmly confident of his position, leaned back in his easy leather chair, puffing a perfecto and drumming a tattoo with his bronzed fingers on the little mahogany table. Suddenly the professor set the bottle down, smilingly removed his glasses, replaced them in their case and put them in his pocket.

"Well?" queried the soldier.

"Well," remarked the scientist, "you were right—they're quite as large as grasshoppers—quite. What sort of a chap was your Filipino servant, by the way?"

"Eh?" said the lieutenant—"Oh, devilish nice boy—full of fun, and the very spirit of good nature—never saw him out of sorts for an instant—always playing pranks on people."

"That accounts for it," said the scientist—"great joke."

"What—what's a great joke?" inquired the officer.

"Why, you see, those things are not mosquitos at all—they're just ordinary brown grasshoppers—billions of 'em to be found right here in the summer within a mile of town. Your Filipino played it on you, that's all."

The lieutenant looked sternly at the scientist for a moment, took up the bottle, gazed intently at its contents, and then tossed it into the blaze. "Waiter," he ejeculated, "fill these glasses."—Minneapolis Journel.

SHOULDER TO SHOULDER.

The Messenger Boy Turns Loose to Help Out the Boy With the Hand Cart.

From the New York Sun.

Coming along a cross street leading into Broadway was a small boy with one of those long, slatted hand carts, made to carry big loads, on which were four big sacks of waste paper—paper clippings. It would have been a pretty big load for a man to handle in any but the very best of going, and just now the small boy had run into a very bad spot, where he had simply got stalled. A pile of snow that had been shacked up by the sidewalk had been dug up and thrown out into the street and scattered so that it would melt, and there was snow and slush there across the street for a little distance six inches to a foot deep, and the small boy with the hand cart had run into this and couldn't get through.

He was inside the crossbar of the handle, breasting it. He bent down over it and tugged and tugged and did his level best, but he couldn't budge it. There was a man coming along right back of him with a one-horse delivery wagon. It seemed as though he might have run one of his front wheels up against the back end of the handcart, gently, and then started his horse up and helped the boy through that bad spot without the slightest difficulty; but apparently he never thought of it. Certainly he didn't do it, but turned out and went around the small boy, who was still bending down over the crossbar and working at it as hard as he could, but never starting the heavily loaded cart a hair.

Meanwhile there had been standing on the sidewalk at the corner a district messenger boy of about the same size and age of the boy with the hand cart; maybe 14. This messenger boy had on a brand-new uniform, just as trim and smooth and slick as could be, high cap and all, and when he saw that the boy with the hand cart was really stuck and couldn't get any further he stopped looking on and went out and turned loose to help him. He never said a word, but he just laid hold of the crossbar outside, the other boy being still inside, breasting it, and then they settled down on it together. They made a very slick team of youngsters, the two boys; not heavyweights, but they pulled for all they knew how, and it seemed as though something would have to come; and it did.

When they had got the cart through that heavy spot to where the pavement was clear and the boy could handle it, the messenger turned off and went on his way, which was south; while from the north corner, whence the messenger boy had originally started, a small girl, who was on her way home from the shop, and who had halted to look on at all this, turned and once more started on her way northward.

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But it is a fact. You can purchase two suits now of the same fine finished suits in camel's hair or derby ribs for the same price that one suit cost last month.

Or If You Prefer...

Non-Shrinking Shirts and Drawers

Or a finer make of camel's hair. They have been going at $4.00 a suit. Going fast now at..... $3.00

You Can See Them in Our Window.

Even Our Best...

Underwear comes under the cutting process

And those handsome garments at $5, $7 and $8.50 a suit are reduced from 20 to 33⅓ per cent. Selling now in fact for

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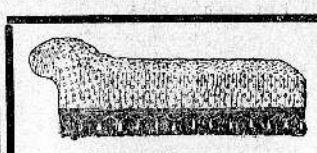

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