

LOCAL NEWS.

GRAND LODGE OF ODD FELLOWS.

Synopsis of the Proceedings of the Third Day.

The Grand Lodge I. O. O. F. met at 8:30 o'clock yesterday morning and devoted the first part of the sitting to the consideration of the reports of committees. A resolution authorizing the incorporation of the Grand Lodge was adopted.

Deer Lodge was selected as the place for holding the next annual session of the Grand Lodge.

The following is a full list of officers installed for the ensuing year:

Grand Master—Massena Bullard.  
Deputy Grand Master—A. H. Mitchell.

Grand Warden—J. T. Williams.  
Grand Secretary—Jacob Loeb.  
Grand Treasurer—C. M. Jeffries.  
Grand Marshal—J. C. Metlin.  
Grand Conductor—W. A. Meana.  
Grand Guard—Charles Rouless.  
Grand Herald—William Ramsey.

At 12:30 o'clock the Grand Lodge adjourned sine die, having had a pleasant, harmonious and successful session.

At half-past two o'clock in the afternoon the members of the Grand Lodge united with the members of Fidelity Lodge, No. 8, in a grand parade.

The procession passed through the principal streets of the city and made a splendid impression. The turn-out was an unusually large one and was witnessed by crowds along the entire line of march.

The members appeared well in their new uniforms, the elegant regalia of the Encampment members being the subject of special remark. At Renshaw Hall the membership and numerous spectators gathered to witness the imposing ceremonies in honor of the sixty-third anniversary of American Odd Fellowship.

The anniversary ceremonies were conducted in an interesting manner by the N. G. and V. G. of the subordinate lodge. Special features of the occasion being an address of welcome by A. C. Witter, N. G., of the subordinate lodge, the response by Massena Bullard, grand master and orator of the day by Past Grand Tyler. The addresses were well timed and happy efforts and were frequently interrupted by the applause of the large audience.

The officers and members of the Grand Lodge speak in high terms of their reception and entertainment in Butte, and return to their homes with the kindest feelings towards brethren in the Silver City.

A HAPPY DEPARTURE.

Dissolution of the Minstrel Troupe.

The last act of the minstrels as such was generous and in a certain degree noble, and deserves to throw a veil of forbearance over many of their shortcomings. The Butte Amateur Minstrel Troupe, as such, closed its official life yesterday. It is dead, and the place thereof will probably know it no more forever. Its last act was the donation of the net proceeds of the two performances given some weeks ago to a member of the troupe, who had recently met with a severe pecuniary loss, and who being a married man and the father of a family, was in a position to appreciate the consideration of his fellow minstrels. Lorenzo, in the Merchant of Venice, was a sort of minstrel himself, but he says with much force and beauty: "How far that little candle throws its beam, So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

May this their good deed throw a halo not unkind around the memories of the merry jesters who are now as dead as their own jokes.

The Beautiful Snow.

Everybody agrees the less said on this subject the better, but the MINER having out a reward of long standing for an original poem on this breezy topic, it is only fair that its readers should know that the prize has been carried off by the following:

THE BEAUTIFUL'S NO.

'Twas the night of the double benefit,  
And not a sound was heard  
Save the whirring of the computers.  
And not a glimmer of the gleaming  
Was too too siter, you know,  
But how he felt when she answered:  
In a firm but gentle "No."

Then he wildly gazed around him,  
As though to seek the door  
But regained his falling senses  
And joined in the encore  
Which was tendered to one of the songsters  
From ceiling to floor below  
But he has not yet recovered  
From the fall of that beautiful's "No!"

In the Moulton.

The west drift on the fourth level yesterday penetrated a rich ore body at out sixty feet from the station, showing a streak about twelve inches wide rich in blue sulphurets, as well as native and wire silver, and an additional ore breadth of about two feet.

The Moulton mill is shut down for the purpose of cleaning flues, etc. It will be started up again to-morrow.

THE EVENING OF THE SHARPS.

At Renshaw Hall Saturday May Sixth.

The following communication was received yesterday and captioned thus:

To Messrs. John A. Gordon and Fredrick Ritchie:

GENTLEMEN: Wishing to give some substantial token of the appreciation in which we hold your services in the handsome benefit tendered by you to the Miners' Union of this city, I hereby suggest that it will give the members of the Union great pleasure to offer you both a joint benefit at Renshaw Hall, at a time to be fixed upon by yourselves. Assuring you of our grateful esteem, I am, very respectfully yours,

THEO. E. MAY,  
President Miners' Union.

BUTTE, April 27, 1902.

To this courteous letter Messrs. Gordon & Ritchie make through the columns of the MINER the following response:

MR. THEO. E. MAY and Members of the Miners' Union:

GENTLEMEN—We acknowledge the receipt of your kind letter of this date, and with grateful appreciation of the honor you wish to confer on us, accept with pleasure your invitation that we have a benefit at Renshaw Hall, and suggest Saturday, May 6, as the time. We promise that the entire Comique Company with the addition of seven new stars now on the road shall appear on this occasion, and that the performance shall be the greatest musical and dramatic event of the season.

Very cordially yours,  
JOHN A. GORDON,  
FRED'K RITCHIE.

Police News.

The man charged with a despicable and loathsome offense committed night before last on Upper Main street is still in jail, not having had a hearing.

Two cases, involving the charges of assault and grand larceny, were yesterday disposed of before Judge Willcox. The defendant in each was the prosecuting witness in the other. No other witnesses were present at the time of the alleged commission of either offense so that no conviction was had. The costs of each case were taxed against the complaining witness.

John Doe is in jail on the charge of stealing clothing, said to be a repetition of the offense. He will have a hearing to-day.

About one o'clock yesterday morning shrieks, groans and yells of pain were heard in front of a Main street saloon from a badly bruised man who was lying in a gutter, where he had been thrown by his assailant. Both parties were arrested, one got away and the other is in jail.

Before Judge C. E. Irvine yesterday a warrant was sworn out by Under Sheriff Chester A. Small, charging Mark W. Muugrove with committing the crime of assault and battery by wilfully and maliciously striking, wounding, and ill treating Joseph Olds, a minor child temporarily under his charge. The accused was arrested and afterwards released on his own recognizance.

The case appears on the Probate Court docket as No. 134, the Territory of Montana against Mark Muugrove.

The child is now under the care of Mr. Small, whose statement would indicate that the boy had been severely used. It is only proper that public opinion should be suspended until the defendant has a hearing. The little boy is not more than twelve years old or so much, and small for his age. He was severely bruised and wounded and in a pitiable condition when his back and sides were dressed by Mr. Small. The facts will be stated as they come out in evidence on the examination.

John H. Norton was examined yesterday before Justice O'Meara on the charge of committing malicious mischief, and an assault on his divorced wife with intent to commit murder. The evidence was strong against him, and he was bound over to appear before the grand jury, his bonds being fixed at \$1,000 for the first offense and \$3,000 for the second. He was registered last night at the jail.

New Lodge of Odd Fellows.

A petition was presented yesterday to the Grand Lodge I. O. O. F. by a large number of Past Grands, praying that another lodge of Odd Fellows be instituted in Butte. The petition it is supposed will be granted and the new lodge will be organized at once. This step is an evidence of the prosperity of the I. O. O. F. in Butte, and will doubtless be conducive to the advancement of the order here. The present lodge is fast becoming too large for convenient working, and a new lodge will afford many advantages for the advancement of the fraternity's interest in the city.

The Shakespeare Concentrator.

Although its construction was only begun the latter part of last month this concentrator is already working large quantities of ore. The figures are giving satisfaction, and Mr. Tarbet expects shortly to work off fifty tons each in two daily shifts.

GRAND LODGE OF ODD FELLOWS.

Synopsis of the Proceedings of the Second Day.

The Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows resumed business at nine o'clock yesterday morning, and devoted the greater part of the day to the consideration of reports of standing and special committees. The reports showed that the duties of the various officers during the past year were performed in a manner entirely satisfactory to the membership. An important feature of yesterday's business was the final adoption of a revised constitution for the Grand Lodge involving several changes either allowed or made necessary by legislation in the Sovereign Grand Lodge. Among these changes is one providing that the regular term of officers in subordinate lodges shall be one year instead of six months as at present. The new term system will go into effect January 1, 1903, if approved by the Sovereign Grand Lodge. The time of holding the annual sessions of the Grand Lodge was changed from the fourth Wednesday in April to the fourth Wednesday in August of each year.

At half-past ten o'clock the special order, "election of officers," was taken up and the following officers were chosen for the ensuing term:

Grand Master—Massena Bullard, of Helena.

Deputy Grand Master—Armistead H. Mitchell, of Deer Lodge.

Grand Warden—John T. Williams, of Virginia City.

Grand Secretary—Jacob Loeb, of Helena.

Grand Treasurer—Charles M. Jeffries, of Helena.

Representative to Sovereign Grand Lodge—Jacob Loeb.

The place for holding the next session of the Grand Lodge will be selected at ten o'clock this morning, and the installation of officers will take place at 10:30 o'clock. It is expected that the Grand Lodge will finish its labors so as to adjourn at an early hour this afternoon, and if the weather permits will unite with the fraternity in Butte in a grand parade.

Thursday Evening Gossp.

Two souls with but a single thought,  
Two hearts that beat a streak of greened lightning to Silver Bow.

The great magician of the Williams & Bailey combination Tuesday night couldn't get his magic cards shuffled by any body in the audience until he struck a colporteur, who handled the pasteboards with great ease and freedom.

That the electric light plant will be in operation in about sixty days.

That the regular boarders at Butte's hot's rejoice when distinguished visitors, such as the I. O. O. F. reach town.

That the peculiar style of a Western encore consists in the showering of silver at the favorite, and that the favorites seem to like it pretty well.

That the man who gets the maddest at a newspaper joke on himself, is the same party who goes round showing the paper to everybody he meets, when the joke is on some other fellow.

A newspaper which never contained anything disagreeable to anybody would be read by nobody.

The young patriot who so early in life took a pronounced position night before last at the school exhibition in favor of William Owsley for Mayor will yet be a Patrick Henry.

A BAD ACCIDENT.

Robbie Aspling, a Deer Lodge Boy, Shoots Himself.

A telegram received yesterday morning brought the intelligence of the death of Robbie Aspling, at or near Deer Lodge. The message was from S. E. Larabee to Henry Jacobs, and simply stated that Robbie had shot himself with a needle-gun, and that death was instantaneous, one half of his head being blown away. Robbie was about 15 years of age, a bright intelligent lad, the pride of his companions, admired by his elders for his many manly qualities, and the idol of his parents. To Mr. and Mrs. Aspling the MINER offers that word of consolation which is all that can be said to those whom death has robbed of that which they most prize. Their loss is irreparable, and their many friends throughout Montana will learn of it with profound sorrow.

Council Meeting.

At a meeting of the council held last night it was resolved and ordered that a reward of fifty dollars be offered for the detection of any case of illegal voting next Monday.

It was also declared that Mr. Joseph Belmore, of Belmore & Mahoney, should act as judge of elections in the Third Ward instead of Henry McMurphy.

It was also resolved and ordered that copies of the law fixing the qualifications of voters at the municipal election next Monday should be printed and published.

Among the latest arrivals at the Centennial are: A. Smith, Valley; Ed. Elver, Pipestone; H. Stanislavsky, Camp Wenona; S. P. Hauschild, Ter. Frisco; Wm. Mitchell, Denver, Col.; D. D. Budd and Theo. Smith, Park.

THE DUAL DUEL A SUCCESS.

Butte's last audience appeared last night at Renshaw Hall at the performance so long talked of. The Philharmonic Society strengthened its claims on the public esteem and admiration.

and Mr. McMillan's violin solo, "Home and Sweet Home," was enthusiastically received. Miss Leonore Pearson sang Millard's "Waiting" as it deserved to be sung, and with much sweetness. That she was not more enthusiastically applauded was certainly surprising, as she was in a certain sense a guest in Butte, having already won much admiration. Mr. Duffie's "An Priests" was warmly received and heartily encored. Mr. Pearson was greeted with a repetition of the gratifying welcome which he has already in a short time so often met with from Butte audiences. The favorite of the evening apparently was Miss Fannie McIntyre, whose appearance was the signal for a burst of applause, which ripened quickly into a double encore, a compliment as unusual as it was deserved, and a testimonial of which the young lady in question may well feel proud. Miss Pearson's second appearance was appreciated more warmly and loudly encored. Altogether the benefit was a success financially as in other respects, and both the beneficiaries have reason to bear it in happy remembrance.

A Single Day's Freight.

The estimate of the freight business of the Utah & Northern railway may be formed from the freights passing north and south, on two trains only, last Tuesday. The greater part of the south bound freight was shipped from the Butte depot, and as will be seen much of the north bound freight had that destination.

South—From Butte, two cars of ore, consigned to Clark, Dodge & Co., New York; two cars of ore, consigned to the Boston and Colorado Smelting Company, Argo, Col.; and two cars of matte, consigned to Pope, Cole & Co., Baltimore.

From Logan, two cars of wheat for Denver, Col.

From Smithfield, four cars of wheat for Denver, and two cars of flour for Evanston.

North—One car of grain, one of fire brick and three of merchandise to Butte; one car of grain and three of merchandise to Silver Bow; six of merchandise to Dillon; one of merchandise to Blackfoot; two of wagons to Logan; seven cars rails for the Silver Bow extension of the Utah & Northern and ten cars of coal for company use.

MARRIED AND SETTLED.

And Off on a Bridal Tour.

A telegram received in this city yesterday from Mrs. Rabjohn, mother of Fanny Davis, whose elopement with young Mr. Porter was mentioned in yesterday's MINER, stated that Mrs. Rabjohn would return to Butte this morning. The telegram also went on to say that Mr. Porter and Miss Davis were married yesterday at Glendale. Their friends here say that the young couple will go to live in Kansas City, where Mr. Porter has business prospects. Thus ends a brief spring romance. The carriage which bore the loving pair in fiery haste to Silver Bow was returned to Valton's stable yesterday morning. It is probable that they drove from Silver Bow to Glendale, and were on their arrival married by the genial H. H. Avery, a justice of the peace whose happy lot it is to make many diminutions in the population of Montana by making a number of couples one.

Mrs. Rabjohn drove to Silver Bow at a late hour night-before last where she took the 11:10 p. m. train for Dillon, whence the telegram was dated.

The Latest.

If you have a smooth gold ring with a small diamond deep set in it, so that the stone does not protrude, you can turn the ring until the stone is concealed between two fingers and then carefully ask some man with a handsome ring to take a drink with you. He will generally do so, and as you tap your glass in a nonchalant manner and ask him what his ring is worth, he will as a rule give you an opportunity to bet that your ring is worth more than his. After having put up a sawbuck each you will call your friend's attention to the stone, which you will slide around into sight, and pocketing the cash register one more victim. This is the way they do it.

A Solemn Vow.

An earnest Republican worker has become so much absorbed in the campaign that he has sworn off from whiskey till after Monday, and has been actually sober for two days, thereby seriously impairing the efficiency of the city street cleaning force. His cleared-headed friends admire his zeal, but expect him to die of grief at the result of Monday's election and a long course of alcoholic stimulants. We suggest as an epitaph: Here rests his head upon the lap of earth, a youth to fortune and to fame unknown. Too much benzine crept underneath his girth and played the mischief with his temperate zone.

POLICE NEWS.

A Typical Trial in the City Court.

Present—Judge Wilcox, City Attorney Talent, and several unofficial bystanders. Mr. Cody gives certain information to the prosecutor who enters a complaint in accordance therewith. Four rather voluble fellows are sitting on the bench to the Judge's left and next to the wall. One, on a chair, is drunk, and every now and then he reels over and joins in the conversation. "What's your name?" said Mr. Talent, pointing to one of them. "Who's the defendant?"

Then the Judge asks, "Is that drunk man a witness? If so, take him away. His testimony would be good for nothing now." So off goes the drunken man to jail, with officer Cody.

Then the four men on the bench make more row. One of them grumbles that he is a laboring man and can't afford to be fooling around here. He has had two or three warrants and subpoenas served on him, and wants to know what it means, anyhow.

The Judge, sharply—"Why weren't you here this morning at ten o'clock?" "I don't know how this is, Judge, I've lost my job now. I can't afford."

"Well, I'll fine you ten dollars, and next time perhaps you will obey a subpoena."

"Well, I'll have to go to jail."

Then the three others began to nod-dole with him, and when reprimanded, said: "We didn't know court was in session."

The Court—"If you don't keep quiet here I'll put you where you will, and then you'll find out after a while that this is a court room."

The space outside the bar is thickly crowded with men, most of them bloated and idle, but all quiet.

The case is entitled the City of Butte against Joseph S. Wilson, the charge, a felonious assault on the complaining witness, Arthur McConville, a heavily-built, whiskered man in overalls and with horny hands. He swears to the complaint. Wilson is a slight man, and bar-keeper in the saloon two doors below the corner on Main street. His counsel, Mr. Duffy, comes in with his overcoat buttoned around his throat and collar turned up. He takes up the paper just prepared, looks over it, consults the statutes, and says: "We demur to this complaint on the ground that it is entitled in the name of the city of Butte while the statutes require all criminal prosecutions to be entitled in the name of the Territory." The Judge overrules the demurrer, and the prisoner enters a plea of not guilty.

In the meantime the prosecuting witness and the four men on the bench are sworn. The prosecuting witness takes the stand, in a chair, and says, "That's the defendant, I know him, but I'm not personally acquainted with him. I never had no difficulty with any man in Butte. Yesterday morning about six o'clock I was sleeping on a chair in the second saloon from the corner. That man picked up a stool and struck me on the left temple."

Mr. Duffy cross examines, and the witness says, "I've resided here six or eight months. I am quite positive this is Silver Bow county. I am a laborer and labored for Joe Kuhworth day before yesterday. I don't remember hitting this man, I only remember he hit me. Just before that there had been two or three men monkeying with me, and I had hit them. The four men on the bench saw him hit me."

The next witness is one of the men on the bench, a sharp looking youth with a smooth face and a shock head. He says he was leaning up against the bar table when "this gentleman hit that gentleman with a stool." He and the counsel have a long wrangle over the question as to whether witness was "inside or outside the arch at the time of the assault."

The next man on the bench takes the chair. He is a wit. He is asked by the prosecuting attorney to state what he saw. "I don't propose to give away every thing I know in the country; you ask your questions and I'll answer them." In a few minutes he says to the prosecutor "now don't you go too fast, but wait till I catch up with you." Then he rambles on until the Judge says "Tell what did he do," whereupon the wit replies, "well, he took the other man by the collar and struck him with the stool."

"How many times did he hit him?" "Well, I can't say, if you let me how many barrels there are in a gun I'll tell you how many times I'll fire, but a stool is a different thing. All these fellows that hold down a stool late to give it up, I know I did." "Well, never mind what you did, go on."

Thus it goes, and such scenes are to be found in all city police courts. In the meantime three Chinamen on the outside got to wrangling about how much they would get to vote for Freyschlag, and one of them finally said, "He publican, hee Chinee friend, all good publicans, mee votee hee."

After a good deal of talk from witnesses, and a good many suggestions from the attorneys, the testimony was concluded and the case submitted. Short arguments were made and in less than an hour you could wind the court proceedings up and the defendant was acquitted way and the defendant was acquitted, the time of the court and all its officers having thus been donated for the public good.

MARRIED.

WESSON—MONROE. At the Mountain View Parsonage, April 24th, 1902, Miss Mary Ann Wesson, of Glendon, Mont., to Geo. Edward Monroe, by Rev. J. J. Garvin.

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