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**ORGIES IN MARTINIQUE.**  
 Negroes Imagine the Island Theirs  
 and Elect Officers.

Fort Du France, June 7.—Since the greater part of the whites have left Martinique the Negroes imagine that the island is at length their own. They have met and elected a Negro governor and other officers. The "governor" has already distinguished himself by looting and excesses. He is said to have amassed considerable wealth by pillaging houses all over the island. His followers are inflamed by drink and give themselves up to orgies of the most revolting description.  
 It is well known to the Negroes that the two candidates for election as deputies to the French chamber perished in the eruption, and they are certain that the catastrophe has absolved them from all political connection with France. It is not, however, to be imagined that France will long tolerate these conditions. Martinique has partaken of all the political changes that the French republic has undergone. In 1795 the colony was made French national territory and treated as a department. In 1871

Gambetta granted it universal suffrage. The last election in Martinique in 1898 resulted in the return of two republican-progressist deputies, and one socialist senator. The Waldeck-Rousseau government classed the deputies along with its enemies and counted the senator among its supporters, giving him a good share in the patronage of the colony. Poor as the colony is in these days of emigration and disaster, the few better-minded people are looking for the intervention of the strong hand of the law, at the instance of the new French premier, when they hope to hear of the Negro governor getting his deserts.

**LOOKING FOR EXCITEMENT.**

"You can't tell me," said young Mrs. Torkins, "that poker is as good a game as progressive euchre."  
 "Why not?" asked her husband.  
 "There isn't enough excitement. I've known men who have played poker for years without getting angry and not speaking to each other. Such a thing doesn't often happen in progressive euchre."—Washington Star.

**THE TURNING OF THE LANE.**

Robert Gray, in Success.

"Good-by, Walter. Try to come home somebody." These were the last words the tearful mother spoke to her son, who was starting out to face the world. Mrs. Graves had seemed reluctant about letting Walter leave home; but she knew that he had grit and was ambitious, and that he had made up his mind to go.  
 A train carried him to a great city. It was after nightfall when he arrived. In awe he looked at the tall buildings and the busy, crowded streets. He seemed not to know where to go. A policeman surmised that he was a stranger and directed him to a cheap lodging house. Walter entered, and was given a cot in a long room where several men were sleeping. He said his prayers and slid into bed. How his heart ached for home, and how he longed to see his mother, to know that he was near her!

Courage returned, and he said that he would not despair. The morrow would soon come, and he would go forth with a glad heart and find work. "I will never go home," he said to himself with determination, "until I am somebody."  
 The morning dawned and Walter Graves went forth in search of work. Hundreds, aye, thousands of boys had done the same thing before in that big city, and they, too, had failed. The youth called at a dozen stores and was answered by gruff men in tones that approached insolence. But he was always polite. When a man said "No," he thanked him and walked out. During the day he inquired for work at over thirty stores and was refused.

The following day brought no better success. The first week left him penniless and friendless—a waif in a metropolis. He sold his spare clothes to pay for food and lodging. He bought papers to peddle in the streets. He knew that money has a value and tried to save as much as possible. But the profits on the papers were small, and the newsboys seemed to constitute the greater part of the city's population.

**He Was a Wanderer in the Great West**

He left the city and emigrated to the West. It was no easy task, for he had to tramp for many weary days over stony and dusty roads, over long miles of railroad ties, and through villages where he asked for work, only to be refused.

"Is there no luck in this great land?" he asked. "Is there not such a thing as chance or opportunity? Can't a man get work when he wants to?" He found that he could not, except occasional short jobs, and these were not numerous.

Three years after he had left home, though, in the eyes of the world, he was nothing more than a common tramp, he still had faith in himself. One day he picked up an old paper and read in it these words: "If you can't find a way, make one." Through the succeeding years, this and his mother's never forgotten words, "Try to come home somebody," were always in his mind. One was his motto, the other told his destiny.

The speeding months brought no variation to his seemingly hopeless life. Odd bits of work, here and there, were all he could get. At length he awoke to find himself on the threshold of early manhood. But it was a dark outlook for Walter Graves.

**He "Made" an Opportunity.**

He strolled down the tracks into a little village. He did not know its name or on what part of the map it claimed recognition. It was Headstone, Nebraska, a new town just beginning to be populated. Graves, penniless, hungry and more dejected than he had ever been in all his previous life, walked along to the railway station. In the hope of finding some one from whom he could—alas!—beg money or food.

The whole town was in consternation. Men, he noticed, were standing around in groups, talking excitedly. Others were rushing hither and yon. Graves learned that a strike was in progress. The men who had contracted to erect a schoolhouse and a hotel had had differences with the men they employed to carry the lumber from the cars to the site.

"If you can't find an opportunity, make it!" Walter Graves accosted one of the contractors.

"Do you want that lumber carried today?" he asked.

"Do I?" roared the man. "Do I want to lose money paying the carpenters to stand around idle?"

"I'll carry it for you," said Walter Graves.

"What! you do the work of ten men?"—and the contractor laughed.

"Yes, I am willing to do that to get work."

"Then go ahead," said the contractor.  
 Graves was shown his duties. He started to work with a will, though his hunger was making him faint. As he took off his coat to begin, the strikers gathered around him. They called

him threatening names, and cursed him.

Graves looked at them and asked: "Are you men members of a union?"

"No," shouted one, "but—"  
 Graves shut him off. "Then I have as much right to this work as you," he said, as he turned to his labors.

**The Heroism of Desperation.**  
 "Kill him! Kill him!" shouted several of the men, as they approached threateningly. Graves picked up a coupling pin that was lying near a car, and dared the crowd to advance.

He carried the timber in the midst of the wildest confusion and threats against his life. But he said: "I am making my opportunity. It is hard, but the chance is here; I will not let it pass."

"You'll be driven out of town tonight," said one of the men, angrily, and at the same time he shook his fist at Graves, who was passing them with a plank on his shoulder.

The toiler made no reply.  
 That night, when the contractor paid him, he was surprised to hear Graves ask him if he would recommend him at the bank.

"Bank!" exclaimed the startled contractor. "What do you want with a bank? Have I been hiring a millionaire in disguise?"

"It's best to save a little. I do not know when I may need this more than I do now."

The contractor told the toiler to call at his office on the following morning, when the bank would be open.

Graves did so. He was asked if he would like to grow up with the town, and to take a position as overseer of a number of men engaged in building a road.

**What Came of That First Chance.**

He said that he would. His new life was dawning. He began to take an interest in the progressive town, attended all the meetings, where his voice was heard, and was asked to take a place on committees. He was appointed the road supervisor, and introduced many ideas in regard to improving the highways. He met a good young woman who had gone to Headstone as a school teacher, and asked her to become his wife. She agreed, and they started a home.

When the first year had passed, Graves was one of the foremost citizens of Headstone. The town was holding its first general election, and some one said that he would be a good candidate for mayor, for he was an honest, fearless man. Graves learned that the man who made the remark was the one who had threatened him first when he started to carry the timber.

After he was elected, he sat down and wrote to his mother: "I find that I cannot go home somebody, because it will take up too much of my time. That is the only reason. But I want you to come here and live with us. We have a very pleasant home. If I live a true life I shall never fail. It took me just fifteen years to find a way. It took me only a few minutes to make one when the chance came, and I made it."

**MAKES LEATHER FROM HUMAN SKIN.**

Foreman in Fond Du Lac Tannery Tries Strange Experiment.

Fond Du Lac, Wis., Saturday.—The Reuping Leather company, of this city, has just completed the tanning of a human skin. The discovery was made through one of the employees of the company.

The skin is in two pieces—one about 12 by 20 inches in size, taken from the back, and one 12 inches square, taken from the breast. It was brought to this city about three weeks ago by a student of a Chicago medical college.

The president of the tanning company refused to have anything to do with it, but when one of the foremen was approached he agreed to run it through, as he said he was curious to know how it would come out. The foreman had tanned almost every other kind of skin, including frog, toad, lizard, rat and cat.

The hide was received in a bad condition, but it was labelled as a "pig skin" and placed in the vat and soaked for several days, when it was taken out and scraped and afterward put through the chrome process of tanning. The job turned out well, and the skin came out thin and pliable.

The tanned skin has much the appearance of a dog skin, and the foreman said it would take an expert to tell the difference. Close inspection, however, reveals the pores and lines peculiar to the human epidermis.

**BLESSING HIS DIGNITY.**

"You must recollect," said the Billville justice to the friend of his boyhood, "that I'm on the bench now, an' it's a-lowerin' of my dignity fer you to call me 'Bill'; but, ef you must be to call me 'William' durin' court hours, an' 'Bill' durin' recess!"—Atlanta Constitution.

**PUGILISM.**

Young Corbett Wisely Dodged Match With Attell.

(Special to New Age.)

According to recent announcements, Attell and Corbett were to have battled last Friday night for championship honors. With the facility that truly stamps him as a champion, Corbett evaded the match, and the young boxer who fought his way into the admiration of local followers of the game will have to wait until after the meeting between Corbett and McGovern for a chance at the title. There is some talk of bringing the match to St. Louis; but there has only been talk. St. Louis promoters would be very chary of posting a guarantee that the fight could take place. That match, however, would be an extremely interesting one. When here with his theatrical company last winter, Corbett expressed the greatest contempt for Attell as a fighter. "He is simply a boxer," said the champion. "I put him in the business and taught him all he knows. Why should I meet him? Let him whip Harry Forbes before he talks of breaking into the feather-weight championship lists." Attell, however, has proved that he is something more than a boxer. He certainly whipped Kid Broad here, and Corbett could do nothing with the tough little man from Cleveland when last they met. On the form of these two fights, Attell has certainly more than a fighting chance with Corbett. Indeed, in a ten-round bout it is by no means certain that Corbett could get to him at all, and that he would not lose the decision on points. Since Corbett "put Attell in the business" the lad has broadened out wonderfully and grown heavier and stronger, so that he is no mean antagonist for the roughest and sturdiest fighter. His fight with Yanger proves that. So, on the whole, Corbett was perhaps not unwise in postponing the battle until after he has drawn the big money from his encounter with McGovern. On their recent performances, McGovern looks like a much easier mark than Attell.

From the coast comes steady reports of the training being done by Jeffries and Fitzsimmons. It is noticeable that both men are doing most of their work in the open air. They are taking long runs and hunting and fishing, rather than punching the bag or boxing in the confines of a gymnasium. The old idea of training has been pretty well supplanted. When Dan Creedon fought Fitzsimmons, for instance, he toughened his muscles by hammering away at a bag filled with sand, and suspended from the ceiling. In the old days it is said that the fighters used to take long runs in heavy boots and go through the most exhausting exercises, with the idea of gaining strength and hardness. Now, the paramount thing is agility and condition. Normal bodily health and the freshness gained by outdoor exercise is the end sought by training. At present the big boxers, getting ready for the struggle of their lives, are leading the life of a country boy. They are indulging in no freaks of training. Nature and not wooden gymnastic appliances is putting them into shape. Had Jim Corbett taken this sort of care of himself before the fight at Carson City, instead of wearing himself out with a daily routine of boxing and handball and weight lifting, he would have whipped Fitz, in all probability. Later, when he met Jeffries, he changed his mode of training, and, although he was much below his youthful form, he put up a fight that astonished every one. Gymnasium training means nothing to a fighter. He is strong and scientific already, or he should not be in the ring at all. After that it is merely a question of condition, of the proper working of all the organs. The rude, primitive health of savages that enables them to suffer the most terrible wounds without endangering life—wounds that would kill a civilized man—is what they must try to attain. This can only be derived from nature—at first hand, so to speak. Pulleys and weights and punching bags will never give it. Only rough outdoor life, simple food, hardy living, will give his nerves the tonic that is required. And fighting is more a question of nerves than it is of muscle.

Big Bob Armstrong, the colored heavy weight, will sail June 11 for England, where he is scheduled to box Denver Ed Martin during coronation week.

Both Jeffries and Fitzsimmons made offers to Armstrong to come to the coast and assist them in training. On account of his British engagement Armstrong was obliged to decline in each instance. He says that had he been able to accept he would have gone to the camp that offered the best inducements, as Jeffries and Fitz were both good friends of his, and he had no personal feeling in the matter. Armstrong trained Young Corbett for his recent battle with Kid Broad, and has a very high opinion of the

Denverite's abilities. Speaking of Attell's chances with Corbett, Armstrong said:

"He'll beat Attell surely, and any of the rest of the feather weights. If he fights Penny Yanger, he'll beat him, too. Corbett can fight strong at 127 pounds, and is just as good as ever he was."

The colored pugilist, who weights about 210 pounds when in fighting trim, is already in pretty fair condition, having done a good deal of work with Corbett during his two months' stay in Denver.

Since he conquered Austin Rice, Benny Yanger thinks the feather weight field is cleared of all opponents except Young Corbett and Terry McGovern, and says he will either fight one or both of these men or rest on his oars. Even before he defeated Rice, Yanger was conceded to rank with the top notchers of the feather weight class. His battle with Rice really won him nothing. Had the mon fought at 122 pounds the winner could have reasonably laid claim to the honors at that weight, but their bout last Monday night was at catch weights.

Yanger is in the peculiar position of wanting something he does not seem able to get. There is no doubt that the Italian would like a try at McGovern or Corbett, but he hesitates at giving away the weight that seems necessary in order to get a bout. It is true that when Yanger fights either McGovern or Corbett he will have to make some concessions and handicap himself to a certain extent. The lengthening of the feather weight limit has not been to his liking, as it places him at a slight disadvantage in his efforts to land at the top in his class.

If the English promoters can make their patrons think they are seeing championship fights there certainly can be no objection over here, says Malachy Hogan. Aside from the Walcott-West go, the only good fight on the English card is that between Tom Sharkey and Gus Ruhlin, which is set for June 25. This pair may put up quite a battle. They are both second-raters in the heavy weight class, although both have at times aspired for championship honors.

**KING OF DAHOMEY MARTINIQUE PRISONER.**

Exiled Monarch, on Island Since 1898, Is Now Anxious to Leave.

Fort De France, Island of Martinique, W. I., May 31, via the United States Steamship Dixie to New York, Friday.—There has been no one on the island of Martinique more anxious to leave than the King of Dahomey. A prisoner there since 1898, he had been living a more peaceful and contented life than he ever dreamed of in his African kingdom until Pele's eruption aroused him from his lethargy.

When I saw him a few days ago at his little house not far from Fore De France, on the road to Schoelcher, the first question he asked me, through his interpreter, was whether there was any way of his getting away from Martinique.

"I want them to send me back to Dahomey," he said. "They don't have such awful things there." The French officials, however, declare that the old King is merely making an excuse to get back to his little kingdom, if he can, and appear to have little sympathy with his fears.

King Benhanzen is not living in what could be called luxury, but he is probably more comfortable than he ever was in his life before he was transported to Martinique. He has three wives to look after his comfort, two daughters and a son, the latter of whom has been well educated in the Lycee of St. Pierre.

Ouanilo, the son, is a good looking Negro, about 25 years old, with a good presence, and apparently considerably above the remainder of his family in intelligence. The daughters are In-tassy and Mecouyon.

When the King and his family were first brought to Martinique they were confined in the Tertanson fort, but later were given the little place they now occupy. The old man used to talk a good deal about some day returning to his kingdom, but of late had said nothing about it until the eruptions threw him into a state of terror, as they did the other residents of the island.

**Reward for Arkansas Murderer.**

Little Rock, Ark., June 13.—Governor Davis offered a reward of \$100 for the arrest and conviction of Jessie Moore, colored, who killed Eugene Tuck, colored, in Craighead county, May 5, and is now at large.

**MAN—HIS SPHERE.**

Shun lofty thoughts, and wisely fear  
 To be sublimely crazy;  
 Scan, if you will, the starry sphere,  
 But learn to love the daisy.  
 —From the Daybook of John Stuart Blackie.