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LOCAL NOTES

Mr. John Givens left last week for parts unknown.

Mrs. Lucas is in Anaconda this week for mental recreation.

Mr. Jos. Mack, of Anaconda, was in the city this week making calls on friends.

Mr. Lee Bell in company with Mr. Barney Clark were in the mountains this week, prospecting.

Mrs. Simington and her daughter, Miss Berdie, have moved from 1002 to 911 Iowa Avenue.

We will pay five cents a copy for issues of the New Age of June 13th. We want six copies for our file.

Mr. M. Lewis, of Anaconda, was in the city the first of the week, looking up old friends and taking in the sights.

Mrs. W. A. Washington was indisposed for several days this week. We are glad to note that she is greatly improved.

Mrs. S. A. Smith returned last Sunday morning from Spokane, where she has been visiting her mother for several weeks.

Mr. Jas. Mack, of Anaconda, was in Hebe, of Anaconda, were in the city last Sunday, for the dedication of Shaffer's chapel.

Read the New Age and keep posted as to what the colored people are doing in the way of affecting a political organization.

Mr. John D. Gainey, our genial railway mail clerk, who took a few weeks' vacation, is again on his run between Butte and Great Falls.

The New Age can be had at the residence of their correspondent, Mr. C. H. Wagner. Subscriptions taken for three months, six months or a year.

Special services at Bethel Baptist church Sunday morning and evening. Everybody are invited to attend.

Rev. L. G. Clark, general missionary, will preach Sunday evening.

Mrs. Simington received news this week that her father, Mr. H. Carter who for years lived in Leavenworth, Kan., was dead and to make grief more appalling he has been dead for five months before the news reached here. The New Age extends sympathy to her in her sad bereavement.

Picnic at Columbia gardens last Wednesday, the Sunday school children, under the guidance of their superintendent, Mrs. E. Bell, and Rev. Laws, escorted to the gardens for a fine days' outing. They extend their thanks to Manager Wharton for giving them street car rates.

Master Forest Simington with Mr. Brown, of Homestake, was out in Jefferson valley on a hunting expedition this was young Simington's first attempt to hunt large game and the little marksman is to be congratulated upon his success in making so many feathers fly. He brought home several rabbits and a few birds.

There is a petition being carried around this week by some of our energetic citizens, and its purpose is to have the Inter Mountain cease belittling and ridiculing the colored people in a way of using negro dialect—the petition will be acted upon by a body of colored citizens and will later be published. This method we hope will have the desired effect upon our afternoon contemporary and hereafter they will give credit to whom credit is due, and honor to the man or woman who conduct themselves in a manner to demand the respect of a community.

Among the events of interest and worthy of not was an entertainment given by Mrs. J. I. Jacobs in honor of Mrs. Falkerson of Helena, Sunday evening of the 31st of August. There was several guests of a very lively nature present and the evening was spent in an all round pleasant time. Among those present were Mrs. B. J. Falkerson, of Helena; Mrs. W. M. Birtwright, Mrs. Nelson, Mrs. M. E. Davis, Miss Nelson and Messrs. Lair, Dorsey, Smith, Jacobs and Duncan. A few bottles of the sparkling spirits was opened and the reporter failed to notice as to whether anyone failed to take their portion of the beverage ice cream and cake was provided for the repast. This article should have appeared in our last issue, but through an oversight of our printer, it was set aside among the other news that we carried over. Mrs. Falkerson, the guest of honor, left on the following morning for Helena.

THE CARNAHUBA PALM.

It is called the Most Marvelous Tree in the World.

Undoubtedly the most marvelous tree in the world grows in Brazil. It is the carnahuba palm and can be employed for many useful purposes. Its roots produce the same medicinal effect as sarsaparilla. Its stems afford strong, high fibers, which acquire a beautiful luster and serve also for joists, rafters and other building materials as well as for stakes for fences.

From parts of the tree wines and vinegar are made. It yields also a saccharine substance as well as a starch resembling sago. Its fruit is used for feeding cattle. The pulp has an agreeable taste, and the nut, which is oleaginous and emulsive, is sometimes used as a substitute for coffee. Of the wood of the stem musical instruments, water tubes and pumps are made. The pith is an excellent substitute for cork. From the stem a white liquid similar to the milk of the cocoon and a flour resembling maizena may be extracted.

Of the straw, hats, baskets, brooms and mats are made. A considerable quantity of this straw is shipped to Europe, and a part of it returns to Brazil manufactured into hats. The straw is also used for thatching houses. Moreover, salt is extracted from it and likewise an alkali used in the manufacture of common soap.

Rings and Rheumatism.

Sufferers from rheumatism who believe that they will be cured of their aches through wearing a certain kind of metal ring would be surprised perhaps to hear that they are keeping alive an old superstition that owed its origin to one of the ceremonies performed on Good Friday. The ceremony was called the blessing of the cramp rings and was carried out by the king himself, who went into his private chapel, accompanied only by his great almoner, crawled on his knees to the crucifix and there blessed a silver bowl full of gold and silver rings. These rings were afterward distributed to people who were afflicted with rheumatism or epilepsy. The idea is supposed to have originated in a certain ring given by a pilgrim to Edward the Confessor, which was kept in Westminster abbey and used as a cure for such ills.—London Chronicle.

The Hairspring.

The hairspring of a watch is a strip of the finest steel about 3/4 inches long and .01 inch wide and .0027 inch thick. It is coiled up in spiral form and finely tempered. The process of tempering these springs was long held as a secret by the few fortunate ones possessing it, and even now it is not generally known. Their manufacture requires great skill and care. The strip is gauged to the .020 of an inch, but no measuring instrument has yet been devised capable of fine enough gauging to determine beforehand by the size of the strip what the strength of the finished spring will be. A twenty-thousandth part of an inch difference in the thickness of the strip makes a difference in the running of a watch of about six minutes per hour.

Miniature Holland.

The striking thing about Holland is that everything except the old parish churches, the town halls, the dikes and the trees is in miniature. The cities are not wide, and one can go from the most northern point in the country to the most southern or from the extreme west to the extreme east in a single day and, if it be a summer day, in daylight, while from the top of the tower of the cathedral at Utrecht one can look over a large part of the country. The Hague and Rotterdam are only sixteen miles apart and The Hague and Amsterdam only forty miles. Arnhem and The Hague are the two most cosmopolitan cities in the kingdom, and one meets in the streets all sorts and conditions of Netherlanders.—Boston Transcript.

Brass and Bronze.

Brass and bronze are two alloys of copper. The first is composed of copper and zinc, the latter of copper and tin. Both historically and scientifically these two compound metals are of greater interest than almost any others. Copper was one of the first metals discovered, extracted and utilized in the earliest periods of our history, and antiquaries are accustomed to speak of a "bronze age" to express that interval of time during which this metal formed many of the implements used for industrial purposes and in warfare.

Advice.

"Advice," said Uncle Eben, "is like mos' ev'rything else. If it's any good, you doesn' have to give it away. You kin giner'ly sell it."—Washington Star.

Corsey's "Initiation"
By HENRY WINTHROP

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"Here y'are, gents, only 10 cents apiece! The art of the world, gentlemen, for 10 cents apiece. Genuine pictures by the most famous French masters for the small sum of one dime, 10 cents. Step right up now before the limited supply is exhausted."

Priscilla Gardner, driving down Tremont street in her private hansom, poked her umbrella through the trap in the roof. "James," she called, "drive slowly past that man who is selling photographs. Drive as slowly as you can, and drive close to the crowd."

In a moment the hansom had wheeled and was retracing its route past the street corner, where a muscular looking young fellow was handing out unmounted photographs as rapidly as he could make change. Miss Gardner leaned over the apron of the hansom and eagerly scrutinized the face as the cab slowly passed, but there was no interruption in the patter that helped dispose of his wares.

"Here you are," he said as he passed over a photograph and pocketed a ten cent piece; "Diana for a dime, and cheap at the price. No extra charge for Venuses or Psyches; one dime, 10 cents. Step up, gentlemen, and take your pick."

The cab had passed out of hearing now, and Miss Gardner sank back on her cushions. There was a vexed expression on her pretty face as she murmured, "How can grown up men be so silly!"

That evening at 7 Gerald Corsey, immaculate in evening dress, presented himself at the Gardner residence, where he was received by Priscilla and her father, the Hon. John Alden Gardner. "The girl's eyes were dappled as she gave him her hand, but her 'good evening' was in the demurest of voices. Perhaps she was in awe of the Honorable John. Gerald stood rather in awe of the gentleman himself.

The latter was more polite than cordial. "I am very sorry that an important business engagement prevents my making one of the opera party tonight, but my sister, Miss Gardner, will take good care of Priscilla, and I will probably drop in later and see you all safely home."

Gerald wondered in what capacity he was going, since Miss Gardner was considered so woefully in need of a protector.

Half an hour later the Gardner carriage drew up before the opera house.



"TO BE PERFECTLY FRANK WITH YOU, I NEEDED THE MONEY."

It had been a most uncomfortable ride for Corsey. The older Miss Gardner had a bad cold and was afraid to talk. Priscilla was in a maddening mood—so superior and dignified, with a new touch of condescension in her voice. Could she have heard anything? A hot flush rose to the man's forehead. And what was she humming now—"Oh, What a Difference in the Morning?" Decidedly she had heard. He could not see how her eyes were still dancing, and he leaned back in his corner savage and miserable.

At the opera the ladies, like true Bostonians, devoted themselves strictly to the performance. Gerald tried to follow their example, but his eyes wandered back to the study of Priscilla's pure, clear cut profile. She was radiantly beautiful tonight, with yet that new touch of superiority that seemed to place her far beyond his reach. Why had he ever dreamed that she was different from most girls and cared nothing for mere appearances? He had been mistaken—she, too, set up money for a god.

Priscilla's half laughing, half ironical sallies died away under the influence of his moodiness. It was a relief to them both when Mr. Gardner appeared on the scene. He insisted on Corsey's going home to supper with them.

At the table the two men talked Harvard. Priscilla listened quietly. As she noted how strange and constrained Corsey's manner was she came to a sudden determination. The conversation had drifted to the subject of club initiations, when she broke in eagerly. "I think," she said, "that I saw a novice undergoing his ordeal this morning. There was a man selling photographs on Tremont street in front of the Common, and he didn't look a bit like the ordinary street peddler."

Corsey stared at her in amazement. So this was what she had thought!

But what would she think when she knew the truth? His voice was very grave as he said, "So you saw me?"

"Yes, and I have begun to think that you did not like my seeing you."

Corsey flushed slightly. The Honorable John was looking interested. "What society did you join, Mr. Corsey?"

The younger man squared his shoulders. "To be perfectly frank with you, it was not an initiation; it was just that I needed the money."

Priscilla gave a little exclamation and stared down at the bunch of violets that he had sent her that afternoon. They must have cost—oh, so much! And he had needed the money! The look that she turned on Corsey was different from any that she had vouchsafed him that evening. Perhaps it gave him courage to face the Honorable John.

"You did not give me to understand that you were trying to work your way through college when—when we had our little talk," Mr. Gardner said coldly.

The flush on Corsey's cheek deepened. "When I induced dad," he said, "to let me come to Harvard, where he had graduated, instead of going to some western college, he objected because he said he couldn't keep an eye on me. In the end he withdrew his objection on my promising that during the four years I would neither borrow money nor get anything on credit. You see, his college chum committed suicide in his senior year because his father had failed in business and he could not pay back large sums of money he had borrowed."

"Having made the promise, I was bound to live up to it. My remittance, which was due the day before yesterday, did not come. When you so kindly invited me to join your party this evening, I telegraphed for money and was notified that all the wires were down in that section of the country. I simply had to have the money, and to resort to a pawnshop would have seemed like evading my promise."

"A cousin of mine who is traveling in Europe had just sent me 150 photographs of the sort popularly thought to be most in demand in a student's room. I kept twenty-five or thirty of the best and sold out the rest at 10 cents apiece. I made \$12.50, and that is why Miss Priscilla had her violets as usual. I might have passed it off as an initiation, but I don't want to sail under false colors."

He ended almost defiantly and was surprised when the Honorable John reached across the table and shook him heartily by the hand.

"Well, done, my boy!" he cried. "I wish I had a son like you."

And Priscilla—why, Priscilla's eyes were shining with what looked suspiciously like tears.

When she had said "good night" and Corsey had held her hand for one long, delicious moment, the two men sat smoking quietly in the freight. The Honorable John at length broke the silence.

Brave Mariner.

One afternoon in October, 1880, a Norwegian ship in a fearful tempest was drifting upon Contrary head, on the west coast of the Isle of Man, a perilous place for ships. All Peel was down at the beach watching her. The lifeboat was got out, and there were so many volunteers that the harbor master had no difficulty in selecting a crew.

The Norwegian had lost her masts, and the spars were floating around so that she was dangerous to approach, but the lifeboat reached her.

"How many of you?" cried the cockswain to the Norwegian captain.

"Twenty-two."

The cockswain counted them as they hung on the ship's side and said: "I only see twenty-one. Not a man shall leave the ship until you bring the odd one on deck."

The odd one, a disabled man, had been left below to his fate. He was brought up, and all were taken aboard the lifeboat and safely landed on the beach. The Norwegian government struck medals for the lifeboat men and sent them to the governor of the island for distribution.

The English and French Oration.

With us bearing orations is a serious, dreary business; to the Frenchman it is an artistic pleasure and a holiday function, even though it be at the graveside or in the throes of a revolution. Fine language, whether in a speech or book, he welcomes as an aesthetic luxury and emotional stimulant, the fitness being of course proportioned to his degree of cultivation, for academicians have been found to own that some phrases, highly effective in their day, are only vulgar fustian. He views the eloquence of the rostrum much as we do that of the stage—as a professional art, whereof he is a sharp and enthusiastic critic. Truth, cold veracity, naked fact, prosaic reason, are not what he seeks, but inspiring themes clothed in grand words.—London Academy.

Accustomed to Being Waylaid.

There was a Bavarian prince who was so entirely accustomed to being continually waylaid and followed about by his admirers that once, on coming out of the Frauenkirche (Church of Our Lady), feeling himself held back by the cloak, he turned abruptly round and angrily exclaimed, "This is really not the place!" before he saw, to his relief, that it was only his cloak which had hitched in passing on a nail.

Female Jesters.

Nothing better illustrates the dullness of society in the middle ages than the custom used by all high placed and wealthy persons of keeping a professional jester, nor was it confined to Christendom, for we read that Cortes found an individual of this profession at the court of Montezuma. Our modern clowns, though very different from the licensed jesters of old, owe to them, of course, their origin; but, so far as I know, the female jester, who was in vogue before the male, has no present representative.

We are told by Erasmus that in all the great inns on the continent there was in his time a female official of this description who entertained the company as she waited at table by witticisms and repartee. It should be added, however, that she was generally young and pretty. So late as 1858 we read in Mrs. Hornby's "Travels" that she found a female jester at Constantinople who was exceedingly amusing.

Animals That Do Not Drink.

Darwin states in his "Voyage of a Naturalist" that unless the guanacos, or wild llamas, of Patagonia drink salt water in many localities they must drink none at all. The large and interesting group of sloths are alike in never drinking. A parrot is said to have lived in the zoological gardens, Regent park, for fifty-two years without a drop of water.

Geology and Biology.

Geology is the complement of biology. As soon as one has mastered the rudiments of botany and zoology and of the distribution of life forms in space the range of his thoughts should be extended to take in the orderly succession of life in past ages and the evolution of modern specialized plants and animals from the earlier generalised types.

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