

THE NEW AGE

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SAURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1902.

The New Age, a neat six-column folio, published at Butte, Montana, is the "political organ of the colored people of the state."

The New Age contains in this issue in our Great Falls department an appeal to the colored voter of this state.

The Citizens' Coal company, dealers in Kemmerer, Rock Springs, Rocky Fork and Trail Creek coal.

At the Grand. The Grand Opera house will commence a season of continuous attractions next Sunday, October 5th.

Following "A Broken Heart" comes Bob Fitzsimmons, in his successful play, "The Honest Blacksmith."

Eleven Bells at the Broadway on Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

NOTICE. The New Age, the political organ of the colored people of this state.

Sensitive Gems. The discoloration of precious stones when they have been exposed to the air for a long time is considered one of the most frequent maladies.

The influence of light makes itself felt more plainly on topazes and garnets. The garnet turns much paler in a short time.

The most sensitive stone in this respect is the opal. This stone draws its marvelous rainbow reflections from numerous little clefts.

Pearls deteriorate very easily. In the fire they are transformed into a piece of lime.

They Hang Out a Pincushion. In some of the cities of Holland, such as Haarlem, the birth of a child is announced to the neighbors.

A Purse For the Bride. Some brides may be inclined to regret that the old marriage custom of the dowry has fallen into disuse.

M-nufacturing "Old Masters." The pictures in America alleged to have been painted by Corot number several thousands.

When Snow is Smoke. When Professor James Dewar inserted a small jet of flaming hydrogen into a vessel of liquid oxygen.

Touching. "Are you a married man?" inquired the inquisitive stranger.

Touching describes it beautifully. murmured the other. "It is hard to pay \$15 a week alimony."

UNMASKING DARRO

By Ewan Macpherson

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When Buxton, the English correspondent, called that evening on Miss Blanche Kershaw, for the fifth time in four days, he found Darro sitting with her.

The two men were introduced, and almost the first thing Buxton said was, "I suppose you spell your name like the Derreus at home—the daunness Derreus, they're called in my country—D-e-r-r-e-u."

"I was rather in hopes you might turn out to be a cousin of the Derreus of Derreuly Manor. I was born in that neighborhood myself; name's pronounced exactly like yours.

"Brand nor halbert, lance nor arrow. Checketh charge of dauntless Derreus." "Then I'm quite sure I can't be of kin," Darro persisted.

"By Jove, how odd!" said Buxton. "I was rather in hopes you might turn out to be a cousin of the Derreus of Derreuly Manor."

"That was where you met our fore-friend Wickley," said Darro. "To whom I owe the delightful privilege of Miss Kershaw's acquaintance."

"You have every reason to be grateful to Wickley; but, for all that, I consider him an American of an objectionable type."

"That's a most interesting double enigma," said Buxton, "an American and a Darro, you know."

"I don't know. Brave men are so common with us, and you know, I rather like exotics."

Buxton's sojourn in the place was uncertain. A wire from his chief in London might any day send him on to San Francisco or back to New York.

This was easy enough, for they occupied rooms in the same hotel, but hard on Wickley, who had just fallen asleep when the Englishman's knock caused him to dream that the place was on fire.

"Say, Darro, you want to let up on that timid poppycock of yours. All very well to give home folks that old song, but don't try it on an English newspaper correspondent."

"I suppose you mean Buxton. Has he already told you of our conversation last night?" "Told me! He may have told it to all the English newspapers by this time. He woke me up at midnight to ask me if it were true."

"Did he tell you where we met?" "I suppose it was at Blanche Kershaw's. He seems smitten in that quarter, and I know he was going there last night."

Darro managed to recover his meek pose. "You know, Wickley, I don't think much of physical courage."

Heed it when he entered the office and demanded the cause. "There's an Englishman here"—

"Oh, here you are!" said Buxton. "You'll pardon my coming here during business hours, won't you? I've got to start for California this evening—wire from London just reached me—but before I go I want you to tell me (we English newspaper men like to be accurate and full) where you were during the Spanish war."

"I was in the law school of a western university when the war began," said Darro. "Michigan, eh? Thanks. Enlisted in the Michigan volunteers under the name of Dobbs. Remember the day you sneaked out from under cover and brought in that wounded boy when the sharpshooters were swarming in the mango trees?"

Judge Mason was by this time an attentive listener to the conversation. The office boy also listened and gaped. "My name is Darro, Mr. Buxton," said the pattern of peacefulness, struggling with himself.

"But it used to be Dobbs in 1898, just for a few weeks. It will make an awfully pretty story for my paper. Odd I didn't begin to think of the resemblance until"—

"You're not going to put my name in the paper?" "Story won't be any good without it. 'Brand nor halbert'!"

"For you, I dare say," said Blanche. "For me there was nothing to settle." "You never believed all that talk of his?"

"Of course not. Still I, all of us, ought to be very grateful to you for unmasking him." "And what do I get?" the Englishman asked.

"My sincere thanks. Sorry I have nothing better to offer." "The exposed impostor gets the higher reward? Is that justice?" "I don't know. Bon voyage!"

Scott Enjoyed Being Lionized. Sir Walter Scott is an example of a great man who, so far as we can judge, enjoyed paying the penalties of his greatness even in his hour of death.

Though history and story are alike silent as to the cultivation of the strawberry in early times, we know that the fruit was well known in England in the fifteenth century.

The strawberry grows underneath the nettle and wholesome berries thrive and ripen best neighbored by fruit of baser quality.

Queer Food. The hedgehog figures frequently in sylvan repasts, though he is hardly big enough to be sent to table as a piece of resistance.

Shakespeare's British hedgehog, like its cousin, the porcupine, is shrouded in a plastic tunic of clay.

People who fish for compliments do not need long lines. They will get their best bites in shallow water.

MORRIS & CO. Palace of Sweets. The best place to buy Loaf, Layer and Fruit Cakes, Nut Cookies, Macaroons, Lady Fingers, Cream Puffs and all the other kinds of delicious pastry goods.

Wear Clothes That Fit. A man can save money and feel more comfortable by wearing clothes that fit. The Connell Clothes are all made expressly for us. They fit well, look well and wear well.

TUTTLE JEWELRY CO. A New House of Our Day and Time, with the only New and Desirable Lines of Diamonds a Specialty. Watches, Jewelry, Cut Glass, Bric-a-brac.

Crescent Creamery. Milk, Cream and Ice Cream. Butter and Ranch Eggs. Wholesale and Retail.

Lord Kelvin's Dream a Reality. "I hope to live to see the day when a dream I have had will come true," said Lord Kelvin, the eminent British electrician.

"THE SCOTCH RESULT." Seeing the Point of the Joke in a Flat Story. William Inglis was a visitor at a Scotch yacht club, and one night he was called on for a story.

The Bay Counties company in California is now supplying current for power purposes at 40,000 volts at a distance of 224 miles from the generator.

The Reason. "Then, when you have finished your lecture," said the professor of education and deportment to young Doolittle.