

MONTANA HORSES WIN.

Premium and Jocko Get Away With Pacific Coast Racers on the Bay District Course in California.

November 19th the *Morning Call* of San Francisco had an account of the races run on the Bay District course the preceding day, from which article the following is clipped:

THE FIRST RACE

Yesterday was a dash of seven-eighths of a mile, with seventeen entries, seven of which came to the post. These were Jim Douglas, Joe Howell, Premium, Ella Doan, May D., Boullis and Bob. At the first opening of the pool soled on the ground, Jim Douglas was a great favorite, selling for \$50, Joe Howell \$25, and the others, grouped as a field for \$20. There were changes before the start for the race, Jim Douglas, Joe Howell and "the field" selling for the same amount. Bob was as crazy as in the race of a week ago. He did his best to unseat his rider, and after a false start, in which he ran 200 yards it took some time to get him back to the score. It was a very difficult lot to handle and the official who held the flag was unable to bring them into subjection. They danced around for some time, and when the signal was given it was about as had a send off as is ever seen. The two favorites were left away behind, so that there was a long gap between them and the leaders and the race was virtually ended so far as they were concerned. At the outset, Premium was away with the first division, and she increased the lead to quite a gap as they passed the half mile pole. When she went by the three quarter mark Boullis and May D. were the nearest, and Jim Douglas had closed a large portion of the immense gap, but he was still too far behind to have any hope of victory. From that point home Premium had comparatively an easy task, winning with something to spare; May D. was second; Jim Douglas, notwithstanding the ground that he lost on the start, third. The rider of Joe Howell wisely did not make a run for a victory, which was as nearly impossible as could be beyond his reach, and Bob, the horse which had made most of the trouble, reached the post last. There was no official time, though outsiders made it 1:29.

THE SECOND RACE.

The race which followed was entirely different. It was a handicap for three-year-olds, and there were six starters, viz., Maria F., 106 pounds; Garfield, Forest King, Atlanta and Jocko, each with 100 pounds, and Lizzie P., 95 pounds. The distance was 1/4 miles, and a better start never was given to that number of horses. There was scarcely half a length difference when the flag fell and all were moving finely. It was a beautiful race. The six were in a bunch when they passed the stand, saving that Forest King had a lead of a length, though soon after he had pulled back and Lizzie P. was first at the quarter-pole, the half-mile having been run in fifty-four seconds. She still lead when the half-mile mark was reached, and at that point Jocko was second, the others so close together that it was difficult to separate them. About midway of the upper turn Jocko came up, and on entering the home stretch it was evident that there would be a merry run home. Garfield was on the other side of the course, Jocko in the center, and behind them Forest King was coming, and the three had an exciting tussle as to which would reach the wire first. Neither of the others, however, could get to the Montana-bred colt, and he finished first, Forest King, second, Garfield third, with the others not far behind; the time 2:11.

Forest King had been a pronounced favorite in the pools, selling for \$100, Maria F. \$70, and the field \$30, at which rates a large amount of money was staked. The winner was bred in Helena, Montana, and is a very promising colt. He is finely bred, being by Caraboo, a son of Lexington, his dam Reply by Enquirer, from Colleen Bawn by Endorser.

LIGHTNING TICKS.

CHICAGO, Nov. 27.—Snow was quite general yesterday in the northwest, four to six inches falling. It is cool and threatening a further fall to-day. Trains are not much delayed on any roads.

HAMILTON, O., Nov. 27.—Lewis D. Campbell, prominent in state politics for many years, and chairman of the Ways and Means committee of congress, but lately retired from public life, died yesterday.

DUBLIN, Nov. 26.—The police maintain that they are on the track of the murderers of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Under Secretary Burke, and appear sanguine of effecting their arrest. It is stated that one detective, who was fired at last night in the middle of Abbey street, was previously warned that if he left the police office he would be shot.

CHICAGO, Nov. 26.—A Gretna Green, Ind., special says: Last night Mr. Smalls,

a merchant, was awakened by the ringing of the telephone connecting the house and store, and rose and went to the store where he found burglars at work. He exchanged shots and drove them off. He found that they had blown open the safe. The detonation caused the telephone to ring.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., Nov. 26.—A riot occurred here last night among horse traders in attendance on the Scotch fair. Over thirty men were hurt, two mortally. Harvey Underwood was shot by a woman and killed. The authorities are helpless and the citizens are in a state of terror. The county authorities have made numerous arrests. Over one hundred people were engaged in the riot.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 26.—Judge Folger has offered and the president has accepted his resignation as secretary of the treasury, to take effect the 16th of December. It is understood that Folger, after his withdrawal, will take up his residence in New York city as counsel of the New York Mutual life insurance company. All speculation as to his probable successor would be premature. This statement is denied by Folger's private secretary, and the former refused to be interviewed.

A DREADEFUL HUSBAND.

Playing 233 Degrees of Masonry on a Wife.

A middle-aged lady, with a black alpaca dress, worn shiny at the elbows, and cheap shawl, and a cheap bonnet, and her hands puckered up and blue, as though she had just got her washing out went into the office of a prominent Mason a few mornings ago and took a chair. She wiped her nose and the perspiration from her face on a blue-checked apron, and when the Mason looked at her, with an interested, brotherly look as though she were in trouble, she said:

"Are you the boss Mason?" He blushed, told her he was a Mason, but not the highest in the land. She hesitated one moment, fingered the corner of her apron, and curled it up like a boy speaking a piece in school, and asked:

"Have you taken the whole 233 degrees of Masonry?"

The man laughed and told her there were only thirty-three degrees and he had only taken thirty-two. The other degree could only be taken by a very few who were recommended by the Grand Lodge, and they have to go to New York to get the thirty-third degree.

The lady studied a moment, unpinned the safety-pin that held her shawl together, but it in her mouth, took a long breath and then said:

"Where does my husband get the other 200 degrees, then?"

The prominent Mason said he guessed her husband never got 200 degrees, unless he had a degree factory. He said he didn't understand the lady.

"Does my husband have to set up with a corpse three nights a week?" she asked her eyes flashing fire. "And do they keep a lot of sick Masons on tap for my husband to sit up with the other three nights?"

The prominent Mason said he was thankful that few Masons died, and only occasionally was one sick enough to call for Masonic assistance.

"But why do you ask the questions, madam?" said the prominent Mason.

The woman picked up the fringe of her shawl, hung her head down, and said:

"Well, my husband began to join the Masons about two years ago, and he has been taking degrees or sitting up with people every night since. He has come home twice with the wrong pair of drawers on, and when I asked him how it was, he said it was a secret he could not reveal under the penalty of being shot with a cannon. All he would say was he took a degree. I have kept a little track of it and I figure that he has taken 233 degrees, including the grand Sky Fugle degree, which he took the night he came home with his lip cut and his ear hanging by a piece of skin."

"Oh, madam," said the prominent Mason, "there is no Sky Fugle degree in Masonry. Your husband has deceived you."

"That's what I think," she said, as a baleful light appeared in her eye. "He said he was taking the Sky Fugle degree and fell through the skylight. I had him sewed up and he was ready for more degrees. After he had taken about 150 degrees I told him I should think he would let up on it and put some potatoes in the cellar for winter, but he said that when a man once got started on the degrees he had to take them all or he didn't amount to anything. Sometimes a brother Mason comes home along with him in the morning and they talk about a 'full flush' and about their 'pat hands' and 'raising them out.' One night when he was asleep I heard him whisper, 'I raise you ten dollars,' and when I asked him what he meant, he said they had been raising a purse for a poor widow. Another time he raised up in bed, after

he had been asleep, and shouted, 'I stand pat,' and when I asked him what he meant, he said he was ruined if I told it. He said he had spoken the password and if the brethren heard of it they would put him out of the way, even as Morgan was put out of the way. Mister, is 'stand pat' your password?"

The Mason told her it was not; that the words she had spoken were an expression used by men when playing draw poker, and he added that he didn't believe her husband was a Mason at all, but that he had been lying to her all these years.

She sighed and said: "That's what I thought when he came home with a lot of ivory chips in his pocket. He said they used them at the lodge to vote on candidates, and that a white chip elects and a blue chip rejects a candidate. If you will look the matter up and see if he has joined the Masons I will be obliged to you. He says he has taken all the 233 degrees, and now the boys want him to join the Knights of Pythias and I want to get out an injunction to prevent him from joining anything else until we get some clothes for the winter. I'll tell you what I will do. The next time he says anything about the Sky Fugle degrees, I'll take the wash board and make him think there is one degree in Masonry he has skipped, and now good bye. You have comforted me greatly, and I will lay awake to-night till my husband comes from the lodge with his pat hands, and I will make him think he has forgotten his ante."

The lady went out to the grocery to buy some bar soap, and the prominent Mason resumed his business with a feeling that we are not all truly good, and that there is cheating going on all around.

One Editor and a Hundred Fools.

The late Hon. John D. Defrees was editing a paper at South Bend, Ind., at the time of the Black Hawk war, and when 300 Hoosier volunteers went to the scene of action, only to find that the war had come to an end, he saw the comical side of their experience, and published a sketch of what they didn't do, calling them the "Bloody Three Hundred." The fun fitted exquisitely, but a large number of the men lacked either the sense or spirit to appreciate it, and became very angry. They went to the young editor's home, a hundred strong, and called him out, intending to duck him in a mill pond. He came; but instead of apologizing or begging for mercy, he stoutly defied them, ridiculed them without stint and taunted them with cowardice in coming a hundred against one, until in shame and in admiration of his pluck, they apologized for disturbing him and beat a crestfallen retreat.

A New Story Needed Now.

Since Frank James has surrendered himself the number of train robberies may not be lessened, but there will be fewer persons returning from the West with depleted pocketbooks and telling that they met Frank James, who shoved a pistol in their face and made them give up everything. They will have to concoct some other story, or admit that they didn't understand poker.—*Oil City Derrick.*

Was Glad of it.

"I have come in to kill you," said a man entering an Arkansas newspaper office, drawing a pistol and confronting the editor. "You published an article derogatory to my character, and it is my duty as husband and a father to kill you?"

"I am glad of it," the poor editor replied. "I was just thinking of committing suicide."

"Well, if that's the case let's go down and take something."

"Now you move me to emotion," and the two deadly enemies went out together. And yet some people are in favor of prohibition.

Diphtheria Cure.

In all cases when used Dr. E. B. Halliday's Blood Purifier has proved a certain specific for that dread disease diphtheria. It must be taken at once and in double doses, gargling the throat when swallowing it. It is not only a cure but preventative as well. So get a bottle of it at once, use it and it will do you good as it is the most wonderful blood medicine now in existence.

W. J. Minar, wholesale and retail agent, Fort Benton, Montana. S. Blachford, proprietor, 274 East Seventh street, St. Paul, Minn.

How it Was Done.

"How do you manage," said a lady to her friend, "to appear so happy and good natured all the time?" "I always have Parker's Ginger Tonic handy," was the reply, "and thus easily keep myself and family in good health. When I am well I always feel good natured."

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If you are using heavy doses of opium, or any other narcotic, or if you are suffering with any other ailment, it will invigorate and build up from the first dose, but will never intoxicate, it is a safe and reliable medicine, it will save you.