

# DAILY YELLOWSTONE JOURNAL.

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## THE DAILY JOURNAL

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## TELEGRAMS.

Reported Especially for the Daily Yellowstone Journal by the Western Associated Press and the Western Union Telegraph Company.

### GREASERS GONE TO GLORY.

Wholesale Slaughter of Mexicans by Redskin Raiders in Santa Anna's Province.

Railroad Accident in New Brunswick, in Which Three Laborers are Killed.

A Lad in Baked Beans Boston Becomes a Millionaire at the Tender Age of Thirteen.

The Railroad War in the East Continues and the Traveling Public is Happy.

A Trio in the Quaker City Robs a Sucker of \$40,000. A Woman in the Case.

### GENERAL TELEGRAPHS.

A VETERAN GONE.  
BOSTON, Nov. 20.—Isaac R. Butts, the oldest Boston printer and publisher, died last night, aged eighty-six.

FEVER SCOURGE.  
PENSACOLA, Nov. 20.—One death of yellow fever to-day and no new cases. The strong northwest wind gives promise of cold weather to-morrow morning.

WHOLESALE KILLING.  
GALVESTON, Nov. 20.—The News' El Paso special says the report comes in to-night of the killing of twenty Mexicans by Indians near Carlitac, Mexico, two days ago. Troops have been sent after the Indians.

KILLED WHILE DRUNK.  
MORRIS, Minn., Nov. 20.—A man named Jno. Pendegest, while drunk lay on the Manitoba railroad track between Moore Island and Herma, and was run over and killed by the extra freight train. The body was brought here for burial.

1,500 STRIKERS.  
PITTSBURG, Pa., Nov. 20.—The strike of railroad coal miners to-day was not successful, as they had expected. Out of fifty-nine pits, employing over 8,000 men, only fourteen pits, or about 1,500 miners, are idle. The balance are still at work.

A YOUNG MURDERER.  
NIAGARA FALLS, Ont., Nov. 20.—Cloud Lister, an Englishman aged twenty to-day went to the house of his former employer, named Smith, called his son, aged sixteen, out, shot him and immediately afterwards shot himself. Both will probably die.

SUSPENDED.  
ST. LOUIS, Nov. 20.—E. M. Owitza & Co., commission merchants, suspended to-day, but their liabilities are not known. They will make a statement in a few days. The firm was short on November and year corn, and could not meet calls for margins.

ANOTHER GUILTEAU.  
LONDON, Nov. 20.—A man named Sanders was arraigned to-day for sending a letter to Gladstone, threatening to murder him. He was remanded, after disclaiming his intention to murder the prime minister. The man is merely a dangerous lunatic. When searched a knife was found upon him.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.  
ST. JOHNS, N. B., Nov. 20.—At Indian Ford last Saturday, a car containing a large number of laborers was thrown off the track, and John Roche, Frank Barron and Mathew Mercer were killed. John Ryan, William O'Brien, Wm. Medley and John Gernt seriously wounded. Several others were slightly injured.

ROBBERY.  
PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 20.—Edward W. Jacques, his wife and Chas. Smith were arrested at 43 Bell street, West Philadelphia, charged with a number of robberies in the city during the past four months. They were held for robbing Edward McFarley, of Staten Island, New York, of \$40,000 in bonds, several hundred dollars in cash, and some valuable papers.

A BURNING MINE.  
HARRISBURG, Pa., Nov. 20.—Fire broke out last night at the Short Mountain colliery at Lyken. Flames commenced at the fore part and the building containing the shops was out away to save the machinery, etc. One hundred and twenty males were hoisted from the mines. In January, 1877, fire broke out in this mine and involved a loss of over a million dollars. It was subdued by turning Bear creek into it.

IN LUCK.  
BOSTON, Nov. 20.—Thomas Looman, thirteen years of age, cash boy in Jordan, Marsh & Co's establishment, with his sister and brother, have by the death of their uncle, Michael Looman, a broker in Melbourne, Australia, fallen heir to his entire fortune, amounting to two million dollars. The children, who have no parents, will leave for St. Johns, N. B., where they will be educated.

FOREIGN.  
LONDON, Nov. 20.—The queen will to-morrow decorate the officers and soldiers who distinguished themselves in the war in Egypt. Gen. Wolsley and ninety officers go to Windsor in the morning. An affidavit by Minat, formerly under Arabi Pasha, he advised published. Its strongly in favor of Arabi Pasha, who, Minat declares, endeavored to prevent incendiaries and protected christians.

AN UNTRUE REPORT.  
CHATANOOGA, Tenn., Nov. 20.—Rumors of a disaster at Chatanooga are unfounded. They are from an attempt of the city authorities to place a pest house on the United States reservation attached to the National cemetery. The superintendent ordered the city authorities from the grounds and at once stationed armed guards around the grounds. No further trouble is apprehended, as the authorities will not act without permission from Washington.

ONE DOLLAR TO CHICAGO.  
SIOUX CITY, Iowa, Nov. 20.—Supt. Spencer, of the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha railroad at latter point to-night received notices of a cut by his company to one dollar, on tickets from Minneapolis and St. Paul to Chicago or Milwaukee. The cut is extended to competitive points in Iowa and Minnesota. Thus a five dollar rate made from Sioux Falls, Sheldon, Heron Lake and other points, and three thirty rate from Mankato, Sioux City rates to far maintained.

SHOOTING AFFRAY.  
WORTHINGTON, Minn., Wm. Gallagher was shot Saturday afternoon in Leota township, Nobles county. He was son-in-law of George A. Beirns, and went to Beirns' place to get some chains. Mrs. Beirns refused to let him have them, when Gallagher became violent. Mrs. Beirns went to the field and called Enning, a hired man. The latter went to the house and Gallagher left. Enning loaded a shotgun, and when Gallagher returned ordered him in German to hal. Gallagher did not stop and Enning fired, wounding Gallagher so badly that he died in a short time. Enning is now under arrest at Adrian.

THE RAILROAD WAR.  
CHICAGO, Nov. 20.—The passenger rate war from the northwest continues unabated, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad selling tickets to-day to Council Bluffs over the counter at regular rates, \$14.30. But the scalpers are doing a large business, and state that they were able to get all the tickets they wanted at \$9.30. The west bound freight and passenger pool from St. Paul terminates to-night, and it is understood that the rates begins this week, with probabilities of shaving rates beyond here and St. Paul still further.

LATER.—The Chicago, Milwaukee, & St. Paul company are to-day selling tickets from Sioux City to St. Paul for twenty-five cents, and from here to Chicago or Milwaukee, for one dollar and twenty-five cents, to meet the cut on the St. Paul & Omaha, announced on Sunday morning.

### THE OWL CLUB.

A Few of the Boys Meet and Form a Club—Its Aim and Objects.

Some of the young men of the city met in one of the parlors of the Inter-Ocean on Sunday evening and laid the foundation of what promises to be a very successful organization. All the towns of any importance throughout the Union have their "Owl Clubs," and the young men of this city determined to fall into line and organize such a club as would rival any in the land. At about 7:30 p. m. Mr. A. H. Bell, by request, took his place at the secretary's desk and acted as secretary pro tem. The following gave in their names, H. W. Filbert, F. W. Loring, W. B. Andrews, Virgil Verge, A. C. Logan, Westley Morris, Mr. Tingley, Mr. Ellison, Charley Deane, Mr. Morton, of Keogh, Dr. Linn, Judge Cotter and half a dozen others. After all the names had been enrolled by Mr. Bell, the first thing in order was the election of a president, into whose hands would be entrusted the management of the club. Mr. H. W. Filbert was signalled out, and his name was received with cheers given so heartily that all the boarders in the house rushed for their weapons, thinking the Indians had swooped down upon our quiet little city. Mr. Filbert arose and said: "Gentlemen, I highly appreciate the honor you have done my profession by taking me from the patois of obscurity, as it were, and placing me at the head of this organization. Speaking about my profession reminds me of the new back action repeater the Western Union folks have placed on the line for the sending of news to the DAILY

JOURNAL—The wires which this instrument feeds passes through Glendive, and of late has been working poorly. Yesterday I determined to ascertain, if possible, the cause of the trouble, and mounting my mammoth bicycle I started out. After riding fully half an hour I reached a point near Glendive and found the wire had been taken from its main course and was passing through the editorial sanctuaries of both the Glendive papers, and news was being split off by the chunk. In examining the wire closely I found a large knot in it. This explained the matter to my satisfaction. The accounts of the recent democratic business had overloaded the wire and became tangled up in the knot. Calling to my aid half a dozen Hibernian track layers, with muscles of steel, we succeeded in forcing some of the heaviest lies from the tangle. I returned to the city with a light heart and unsteady hand, conscious that I had done my whole duty, and saved the nation from a calamity—not the one on Graveyard Bottom. Liquid refreshments in the shape of plain soda was here passed around, after which Dr. Linn was nominated and elected vice-president, everyone present voting in the affirmative but one, who was summarily fired out. On taking his position at the side of the dignified president, he said: "Friends, I stand before you to-night, and would be pleased to address you in words of eloquence and wisdom, but the fact of the matter is, I have a severe cold. I was out hunting on Friday and took a severe chill. Hunting by the way, reminds me of my dog. He is a young dog only three months old, and under the guiding care of Porter Jim, he now weighs 188 lbs. This caused some of the members to smile a smole of disapprobation. President Filbert cracked the table with his fist in his efforts to preserve order, while Manager Deane drew from his pocket a book and jotted down something about "To breaking one table six dollars." The doctor proceeded:—As I was saying, this dog of mine is a setter. I have seen him set half a day at a time. Last Friday he tackled a wolf, and strange to say, gentlemen; this wolf still lives. Some person moved that Mr. Bell be declared the permanent secretary, and that bashful youth said, while he was not a public speaker, yet, inasmuch as the society had honored him, he would recite a poem that he was taught in the sabbath schools of the New England village from which he came, when but a mere child.

Oh! the flies, the flies, the horrible flies,  
Creeping o'er your nose and tickling your eyes,  
Gliding up your neck to crawl on your head,  
The flies, Oh! the flies, I wish they were dead!

Great applause greeted the thrilling rendition of this verse, which brought Bridget, the house keeper, and Porter Jim to the door of "34," to find out where the fire was. Business was interrupted for a second by Mr. Westley Morris passing around plain soda with water on the side. The office of treasurer was unanimously awarded the rising young druggist, Mr. W. B. Andrews who, on taking charge of the box of money and chips said: "Very many years ago on my way to this vast and wealthy cattle center, I would frequently fall in with bad and wicked men—men who would play cards, smoke, drink and chew plug tobacco. They would tell wonderful stories of life in Miles City, the great city of virtue and morality and from them I was led to think I was coming to a wild and desolate place, of which one feature was the war-painted-red-handed-savage, with tomahawk in hand, from which was dripping the fresh blood of his pale faced victims. Imagine my surprise, gentlemen, on coming among you to find a place rivalling the far famed Brooklyn, in the number and grandeur of its churches and the notable absence of crime and wickedness. This brought Mr. Virgil Verge, an inventive genius who the blood curdling reminiscences of Mr. Andrews had stirred up to a high pitch. He desired to correct one assertion of the previous speaker, but would first say that his recently constructed incubator had demonstrated that in accordance with immutable and triangular laws heat applied to an egg would—"cook it," suggested Mr. Logan, who had heard some of his scholars talking about the merits and demerits of the Verge incubator. Mr. Verge attempted to proceed, declaring there would be some frozen mercury in the vicinity whenever he got left. It was no use; he was squelched, and Mr. Logan had it all his own way in telling of the ranchman up Tongue river, who last spring had planted some onions—"Onions or watermelons," shouted Charley Deane. Onions, and in the fall, when harvesting his crops, he attempted to pull the sweet scented fruit, when, behold! they were so deeply rooted that by the aid of four yoke of oxen, one was finally taken from the ground, water filled up the vacuum and to-day, gentlemen, a line of pipes is being laid to that sheet of water to supply the city with the fluid in all its purity, and from the root of a simple onion we have something heretofore unparalleled in the history of modern agriculture. Mr. Logan's remarks were listened to very attentively, and after a few brief words by Charley Deane and Messrs. Tinsley Loring and others, the club adjourned to meet at the call of the president in the spacious hall of Col. Gould, who has kindly placed it at the disposal of the new organization."

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