

THE ANACONDA STANDARD

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THE STANDARD

is the only daily newspaper with telegraph dispatches in Deer Lodge county. It prints more telegraphic news than any other newspaper in Montana.

Correspondence and business letters should be addressed to

THE STANDARD.

Corner of Main and Third streets, Anaconda, Montana.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1889.

The poor old constitution has evidently been left to count itself. It is clear that the issue with Montana people this year is men, not measures. Our new code took good care of itself during the canvass, and as it has managed to travel alone thus far without stumbling, we presume that, before any of us are aware of the fact, it will pack its own gripsack, skip off to Washington and get itself proclaimed by the President.

It's a pretty active hen that picks its shell and steps out into this world when, in the course of poultry events, its proper time has come. And it's a very foolhardy bird that perches itself at the top of a daily journal to flap its half-developed wings over election returns that do not warrant its presence there. The Helena Journal's fledgling must be the product of one of those steam hens used on poultry farms. They tell us that the creatures are seldom long for this world.

In the convention that framed the Montana constitution, the proposition to adopt a clause providing woman suffrage, reached a tie vote and died there. In Washington territory the question was submitted to the people, and the returns show that it met defeat. The section relating to prohibition likewise perished in Tuesday's election, and Olympia was a strong favorite in the capital fight, contrary to what all of us had been led to anticipate.

At this hour, it is not possible to tell how the vote of the territory runs on the list of candidates for the legislature. The STANDARD hopes for fuller news on that score before the hour comes when it must close its forms. But official information now at hand is quite desultory. With last evening's authentic news, word was received which makes sure the election of Mr. Hennessy, of Butte, to the office of state senator, a victory which is notable because it sends a thoroughly good man to the senate, and for the added reason that the candidate who, in an exciting canvass, can defeat so clever a gentleman as Mr. Goodale is known to be, must be ranked as a first-rate citizen for service in any office the state can offer.

This newspaper and its democratic contemporaries placed the situation before the public yesterday morning on the exact basis furnished by the returns. The man does not live who could then forecast the result of Tuesday's election with any degree of certainty. The meagre returns showed that Toole was undoubtedly elected, that the democrats had more than an even change for a majority in the legislature, and that the race between Maginnis and Carter was clouded with so much doubt as to make all forecast the matter of mere conjecture. The republican newspapers which leaped to conclusions and hastened to claim victory were the ones that, as the event proved, had the most ridiculously misleading dispatches wired across the territory Tuesday night.

THE YEAR OF REVERSALS.

Silver Bow county leads in the list of strange political reversals that mark day before yesterday's work at the polls. The result is so surprising that flippant charges of coercion would doubtless follow the official figures were it not that, confessedly, the republicans had their way at the polls and the secret ballot was put in operation at every precinct.

Mr. Carter carried Silver Bow county last year by a majority of 1,537 votes. His friends have been assuring us that the Australian plan was his sure defense in that county, that Butte's people idolize him, and that, with the presumptuous bosses kept at a safe distance of twenty-five feet from the ballot box, the Carter majority this year would easily match last autumn's figures.

The count already completed must astonish these boastful backers of Carter. At the close of the polls, Tuesday night, they professed themselves satisfied with a majority of 500 in Silver Bow. Their claims had been revised down to 250 before daybreak on Wednesday. By noon of yesterday Mr. Carter was an extremely doubtful proposition in Butte, and at 3 o'clock in the afternoon prominent republicans in Silver Bow were sending dispatches over the range to say to Mr. Carter that he had lost Silver Bow county.

Next to Silver Bow, Deer Lodge county shows how sweeping the change in public sentiment often proves to be. This county gave Mr. Carter more than eleven hundred majority last year. Its record for last Tuesday will be a democratic majority

of 430 for Mr. Toole, and about 200 majority for Major Maginnis. Then there is the record of the complete upturning in Lewis and Clark county, the noteworthy changes in half a dozen east-side counties and the shrinkage of more than fifty per cent. in the republican majority in Missoula—a county whose returns are the more suggestive for the reason that, from first to last, the republican ticket there was openly and ardently supported by men who have always ranked with the leading democrats of Montana.

This territory has no group of managing directors in politics who by dint of effort, never so well directed, could bring about these significant changes. Is it not rather to be regarded as a return of popular sentiment to the political convictions which governed politics in Montana for a quarter of a century, but which turned the popular head last year and made Mr. Carter, for the time, a possible factor in the politics of Montana? However this may be, the year of Montana's maturity will always be remembered as the year of memorable reversals in the political temper of her people.

If it hadn't been for the Butte *Inter Mountain*—but then the *Inter Mountain* was sadly fooled by Seligman, you know.

WHY THEY WERE SLOW.

The Helena Journal deems it a curious circumstance that the returns from Anaconda were tardy, Tuesday night, yet the occasion for delay was explained in one of the first telegrams, sent out from this city after the polls were closed. In many sections of the state, the head of the ticket was counted first and word was sent out, late Tuesday afternoon, that this arrangement had been agreed upon by the central committees of both parties. Before the information reached this city, the count had started. This newspaper office, anxious to get early returns, joined representatives of both parties in an effort to get the plan in operation here, but the judges, democrats and republicans, asserted that they were bound to count on the plan already started, so that there was no escape from tardy returns from the city precincts.

Our friends in the opposition are unduly worried. The people in this city are not the rascals republicans assume them to be. It is, of course, mortifying to every citizen of Anaconda to be placed under the watch of special deputies; at the same time the town can stand it, and if republicans get comfort out of the proceeding they are welcome to it. When they get all through they will arrive at the conclusion that the head of the democratic ticket carried this city and Carroll by 689 majority—which is handsome enough.

Knowledge is Power and Power is governor. Butte *Inter Mountain*. With several precincts to hear from, it will take more knowledge to make Power governor than the republicans seem to have this year.

THE AUSTRALIAN PLAN.

Testimony comes from the cities of the territory that the machinery incident to running the Australian system ran far smoother in all the precincts than had been anticipated. If there was friction at the polls the fault lay more with judges unskilled in clerical work than with the system itself. At any rate, after the first half hour, the plan worked well enough in this city and, although voters were kept a long time in line, there was little complaint. Every elector who presented himself was taken care of, and in the larger city precincts about ninety per cent. of the registered vote was polled.

Montana enjoys the distinction of being the first of the states to conduct a general election under the Australian system. Hitherto it has been tried in municipal elections, however, and popular sentiment has not been in accord regarding its merits. Louisville, Kentucky, tried the plan and was pleased with it. Minneapolis lately tested it at a special election with results which apparently were quite indifferent. Massachusetts was the first of the states to approve it, and Governor Hill, of New York, has twice vetoed legislative bills providing for its adoption.

In half a dozen states, the system, which passes as a popular reform, will be put to the test within twelve months.

Probably the Helena Journal meant to put that roster over its returns from Washington territory.

STANDARD TOPICS.

An Ohio boy purposely cut his foot to avoid going to school. He must be cut out for a politician.

The wedding procession of the empress of China filled 600 boxes. She will box the emperor himself one of these days.

A young couple were married in the state senate chamber at Springfield, Ill., recently. They made a state occasion of it.

A cigarette has been named after Patti, and the Chicago *Herald* protests that Patti is in no need of puffs. The manufacturers simply want to take the Patti-cake.

Mary Donnelly, the nurse, mixed up in the Robert Ray Hamilton scrape has accepted an engagement in a New York museum as a freak. She can play the baby act.

A Missouri man has discovered that a wet rag of tobacco, followed by an ammonia wash, is a better cure for rattlesnake bite than whisky. These late returns are very depressing to Kansas.

The burning of the Temple of Heaven in China seems to indicate that the old

gentleman who controls and operates the arson ranks down below is seeking to build up a trade in his enemy's own territory.

Henry James in the *New Review* declares that the drama is not on a decline, but that it is dead. If Mr. James would attend certain variety theaters in Montana he would be compelled to admit that it is very lively.

A young lady of Wheeling, W. Va., made a fuss and refused a gentleman's offer of marriage because he admitted having read one of Zola's novels. He is lucky to have escaped for she probably would have kicked in her sleep.

The sultan of Turkey is very anxious to reach his flesh, and the New York *Sun* advises him to call on the czar and take the course of dynamite bonds to which that monarch is subjected. This would be making a heavy tragedian of him.

According to the custom of Chinese society the wife of the Chinese minister to this country will comb her hair up from her forehead to show that she is married. The minister himself has no hair to comb up from the forehead, which shows that he is also married.

Otto Stietz of New York was in the habit of placing a towel slightly wet with chloroform over his face to quiet his nerves and induce sleep. He did so last Thursday night, lying down beside his wife containing the chloroform into which he had dipped the towel. One end of the towel dropped into the bowl, and capillary action took enough of the drug up into Mr. Stietz's face to quiet his nerves forever.

Conscience makes cowards of us all. Amy Boggs, a young colored girl of Goochland, Va., got religion at a church revival one night last week, and whipping out a razor, said she had taken a vow to cut the throat of the devil. She had been told, she said, that the devil was in certain members of the congregation, and she proposed to cut them open to get at him, whereupon the minister and all the congregation rushed pell mell for the door.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Room for the Heavenly Feet.

From the Minneapolis Journal. The young ladies of Burnett, Wis., have formed the "Heavenly Foot" society, the object of which is to do away with the practice of wearing a No. 2 shoe on a No. 5 foot.

Chicago's New Freak.

From the Minneapolis Tribune. A Chicago man has sent \$200 conscience money to the United States treasury. His fortune is made; a Chicago man with a \$200 conscience will draw well in any dime museum.

Should Go Into the Show Business.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal. If Private Dalzel and Corporal Tanner were to form a lecturing partnership, after the manner of Bill Nye and Jim Riley, they would draw big crowds. There might not be much honor in their show, but there would be barrels of pathos.

Where Foraker Got His Voice.

From the New York Sun. It seems that even the Hon. Joseph Benson Foraker has moods and moods of sanity. He likes base ball. We know where he got the voice that brings out all the Buckeye fire engines, makes all split and gives the Ohio aurists their main source of income.

Taffy for the Bankers.

From the Minneapolis Tribune. The Kansas city papers are still administering taffy to the bankers who recently held a convention in that city. The bankers have money and the proprietors of one or two of those papers have outside real estate with which they loaded themselves during the soda water boom a few years ago.

Be Just as Well as Generous.

From the Springfield Republican. The plain duty of the nation is, as it has been, to see that no faithful soldier or sailor, who received an honorable discharge, shall suffer from want resulting from wounds or from disease contracted in the service. All such should receive pensions proportioned to their disabilities; but no veteran who is as able as his fellow citizens to maintain himself should demand to be supported by his fellow citizens.

A Pretty Good Country, After All.

From the Omaha Bee. There are periods of depression in this country when the employment and remuneration of labor are unsatisfactory. There are classes of labor whose condition it is desirable to improve. But as a whole nowhere else is labor so well rewarded as in the United States, nowhere else is it so generally prosperous, nowhere else has it so great opportunities, and nowhere else has it less reasons for complaint.

A Mean Advantage.

From the Boston Courier. "Why are you so bitter towards her, Carrie?"

"Well, you see, she heard that Harry was going to propose to me and she spoke to me about it and asked if I thought he intended to do so."

"Yes."

"I wanted to make her think that I didn't care anything about a proposal, so I said that if he did propose he would find himself in the soup."

"Yes."

"She went and told him what I said, and he proposed to her and she accepted him on the spot."

"So it's you that's in the soup, then?"

"I guess so."

The Lady of the Tiger?

From the Rocky Mountain News. The clock struck 9, and Pontifex was sadying what to do. Five dollars was his worthy wife's marriage set for 2.

"Which shall it be?" he asked, as with the "The girl against" luck at cards—the tiger or the maid?"

"Five dollars pays the parson, but when the knot is tied, there's nothing left to give the new-made bride."

"But with a glorious winning, called from the tiger's lair, No presents were too handsome to give my lady fair."

PEOPLE OF PROMINENCE.

Congressman Roswell P. Flower, of New York, has sent a check for \$25,000 as a gift to the society for fair committees.

The wife of George Francis Train has sued her husband for divorce and it is understood that the case will be quietly settled.

Willie Collins was a pessimist, and often discoursed in ringing sentences on the frailties and foibles of men and women.

George Francis Train says he has been in 14 prisons, but the Boston jail is the best. He says he will make no effort to get out, and is there for life.

The pope has written to Cardinal Manning, congratulating him on the successful outcome of his efforts to effect a settlement of the dock troubles in London.

General Mahone reads his political speeches from printed copies. He speaks slowly and his enunciation is wonderfully clear. Though a small man physically he is quite impressive as an orator.

The wonderful luck of the duke of Portland in racing this season, with his great horse Donovan as a topic of interest among turfmen. Since the beginning of last season Donovan has won his owner no less than \$250,000.

The officers of the United States ship Enterprise have been hospitably entertained by the Duke of Argyle at his castle at Inverary, Scotland. The Enterprise is the first foreign war-ship that ever sailed up the waters of Loch Tyne.

Elias Dooley, the greenback candidate for governor of Iowa, calls the democratic party a "putrid reminiscence of the stone age," and the leaders of that political organization are afraid to call him to time through fear that he possesses the proofs of his assertions.

Ex-Governor Abbott, the democratic candidate for governor of New Jersey, is a widower. So is General Grubb, the candidate of the republican party. General Grubb has a pretty daughter, who is fond of society and well known in Philadelphia. So has ex-Governor Abbott. Abbott is short and stout and phlegmatic. Grubb is tall, slender, as dark as a Spaniard and one of the most sanguine of men.

Bishop H. Pinckney Northrop of Charleston, South Carolina, is one of the few genuine Americans who have been raised to the purple in the Catholic church in this country. He is a member of an old Charlestown family, and is connected with the Pickneys, Bellingers and other South Carolina families. He is 45 years old, tall, straight as an Indian, with a distinguished air. He is a splendid talker a fine horseman, and manages his see with great ability.

Hippolyte, as provisional president of Hayti, is said to have granted certain important rights and privileges to an American syndicate, which act, it is understood, will be immediately confirmed after his election to the presidency. This syndicate proposes to furnish a capital of \$18,000,000, and the government of Hayti agrees to concede to it, exclusively, all rights pertaining to the construction of railways, telegraphs, mining, building of bridges, establishment of banks and institutions of credit.

OLD CROCKETT'S GHOST.

A Wierd Tale of the Supernatural Told by an Old Settler.

From the Atlanta Journal. It was a merry party of young folks who were chatting and laughing on old Farmer Brown's wide veranda out south of Atlanta a few night's since. Gay exchanges of wit and many a good story went the rounds.

While the merriment was at its height, across the shadowy fields near a dense skirt of woods appeared a strange, fitful light. It moved over the tops of the dark trees, disappearing and returning as suddenly, and soon it had the attention of the entire party.

"I don't suppose," said old man Brown, "you folks have ever seen the stone down near whar you see that light, that marks the spot whar Crockett was murdered in."

"Well, it's mighty nigh covered up in the leaves now, but it's thar, just as it was the day we set it up after he was killed. You can't see it, but it's there, either, do you?" Well, I've seen 'that' so much, said he (pointing to the flickering light), till I'm used to it, though it does kinder make my hair raise to hear it. Old Crockett was a good friend of mine in the long days gone, before you young folks were thought of, and many's the time he's set on this same porch and talked with me just as you are talkin'.

I went down thar to follow that light one dark night and the pale, shiverin' thing would come toward me a bit and stand still and tremble; then it would dodge back and away up it would go and dance among the tops of the big oak trees. I kept it in sight, with my mind made up to see what it was, come what might. So, after crossing and recrossing the road, it took me down to the stone we set up for my murdered friend, and settling on top of it, blazed and burned till the woods around were as light as day, and suddenly a shriek rang through the woods, and I stood alone in the darkness for the rock; "You can't see it, but it's there, either, do you?" Well, I've seen 'that' so much, said he (pointing to the flickering light), till I'm used to it, though it does kinder make my hair raise to hear it. Old Crockett was a good friend of mine in the long days gone, before you young folks were thought of, and many's the time he's set on this same porch and talked with me just as you are talkin'.

Bishop Huntington on "Society."

Bishop F. D. Huntington, in the October Forum, describes fashionable society "as a something too formal for an institution, too irregular for an organization, too vital for a machine, too heartless for a fraternity, too decent for a masquerade, with too much lying for a parent, and too many passions for a parent. There are the competitions, matches, risks, calculations of a perilous game, the interchanges of an imponderable, immaterial commerce, musical voices from inharmonious breasts, spiteful courtesies, magnificent meannesses. There are songs of peace, flying arrows of malice and revenge, bonds and fragments of friendships, mourning veils over hidden laughter rippling over dark depths of silent agony. One has only to reflect a moment how considerably a section of the lives of many men and more women these activities occupy, what capacities they include, what forces they engage, the interplay between the life, the issues and stability of character, the august responsibility to comprehend that 'society,' even in this limited sense, is a study for the wisest minds."

He Survived a Great Deal.

From the New York Sun. "I'd like to be Robinson Crusoe," remarked a civil engineer to a friend.

"Why?"

"Because it would be nice to be monarch of all I survey."

ESTES AND CONNELL,

MERCANTILE COMPANY.

SPECIAL

THIS WEEK.

Dry Goods Department.

We Must Have Room! Therefore All Summer Goods Must Go.

THIS IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY TO BUY GOODS AT YOUR OWN PRICE.

TWO GREAT BARGAINS

-IN-

DRESS GOODS!

THIS WEEK.

No. 1—40 Inch all wool Tricot at 48c per yrd.

No. 2. 26-inch Cotton and Wool Mixed Novelties Think of it! 13 yards for \$1.

Clothing Department.

Great reductions in all Summer weight goods. New Goods are beginning to arrive and we must have space. So if you would look to your own interest see our great drives this week and take advantage of them, for the time is limited.

Grocery Department.

We make a special point to keep everything that's only first class in this department, as our past reputation will show. Our stock of Staple and Fancy Groceries, Queensware and Glassware is without an equal in Montana.

Latest Designs in Wall Paper. See Them.

Respectfully,

Estes & Connell Mercantile Company