

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.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1899.

The democratic majority in the legislative vote remains unshaken by any returns received within twenty-four hours. All the news received yesterday strengthens the estimates made since yesterday morning. Every effort will be made by the republican managers to count the victors out. They are at that business now; and it is enough to say that they will surely fail. The people have recorded their verdict, and the people will stand by it.

Ordinance number two, attached to the new constitution, provides for the official count of the vote polled at Tuesday's election. It is ordered that the vote shall be canvassed by the canvassing boards of the several counties, not later than fifteen days after the election, and sooner, in case returns from all the precincts, have been received. The returns of the election shall then be made to the secretary of the territory, who, with the governor and the chief justice or any two of them shall constitute a board of canvassers. This board must meet on or before the thirtieth day after the election, canvass the vote and declare the result.

Many of the Montana dailies, run for the purpose of taking an active share in the campaign, have already resumed their steady-going pace and taken their former rank as weeklies. Some of them did excellent service. In the way of vaudeville the Billings Gazette says that it has been among the "liveliest and most vigorous" of the campaign dailies, and that it has done its work nobly and well. On another page the Gazette announces five thousand majority for Carter, and it puts Deer Lodge county in the republican column. Let us hope that the Gazette is not misled so sadly in estimating its own services as it is in figuring up an election summary.

A good many republicans, prompted by an unaccountable itching to have the election tried over again, met in Butte last night. The purpose of these gentlemen is to secure by connivance what they could not win in an open fight. They propose to assail several precincts, one of which is the tunnel precinct in Silver Bow. The story of that particular place is easily told and is related on another page this morning. All the patriotism pent up in the effort of the republican managers is there unfolded. Of course, the count already recorded will stand, although the rotten plans of the republicans were not realized and in spite of the fact announced by the Helena Journal that the rascals are at work.

Either the New York republicans yielded to the promptings of a passing craze, or the managers of the party have some hidden purpose not easily guessed when they declare in favor of a federal law regulating the election of members of the national house of representatives. Why the Empire state should wish to bring the election of its own members under the supervision of federal authority is not clear. Were the republican national party to remain long in power, its leaders might hope to profit by interference in the election of congressmen in states far distant from New York, but the Empire state is probably one of the last that would tolerate the interference of federal authority in the choice of congressmen. It cannot be that anything good for the whole country can come out of this scheme.

THE CASE OF DOUGLASS.

Officers of the United States navy draw the color line in a spirit of insubordination that would subject them to the severest punishment under any government on earth, except our own. Frederick Douglass is at the bottom of the trouble. Commissioned to go to Hayti, on a journey which has been too long delayed, the government at length directed that he be taken thither on the steamer Kearsarge, a vessel in the navy. The secretary of the navy was promptly informed by officers of the Kearsarge that they would take Mr. Douglass, but they flatly refused to have him at their table and it became became clear that, at the hands of these officers, Mr. Douglass was not to receive the courtesies which would be accorded the average agent of the government sent out on business of a diplomatic nature.

Personally, Mr. Douglass is not the man to awaken excessive sympathy with the people. He has been handsomely cared for by the government and he lost his rank as the Moses of his race when he married a white woman. But the government of the United States has taken particular pains to say how the negro shall be treated and has made full provision for his civil rights on land or sea, in hotel,

theatre and church. Under the law, the rights of Douglass to have the best the Kearsarge affords cannot be called in question, but it remains to be seen what the Secretary of the Navy will do with officers who make themselves an exception to rules which, everywhere else, federal authority is bound to enforce.

MR. LAW RETIRES.

The Montana Union railroad loses a superintendent it can ill afford to spare in the retirement of Mr. Robert Law, whose successor is W. H. Baldwin, formerly general agent of the Union Pacific at Butte. Mr. Baldwin is to be known as general manager.

Service over the line of the Montana Union was never so good as under the management of Mr. Law. Time salutes have been satisfactory to patrons of the road, the service has been excellent, freight has been handled with expedition, the vast amount of traffic in this city has been well cared for and the entire line put in admirable physical condition from end to end. The truth is that the record of the road under Mr. Law has been in highly gratifying contrast with all that the public experienced under most of the administrations before his time. The people of Anaconda have not forgotten how desperately bad the road and its service were at the time of Mr. Law's appointment. Under the circumstances, the retirement of Mr. Law, brought about by influences that are quite foreign to all the interests of the people of this community, is much to be regretted.

Mr. Baldwin, who will be welcomed back to Montana by many old friends, assumes charge of the Montana Union road at once.

SOME SOLID TRUTHS.

It is true that "rascals are at work" on the vote polled by the people of Montana last Tuesday, and it is true also that these rascals are not democrats. It is true, as the Helena Journal has said within ten hours that "no one knows to-day by exact and unimpeachable figures what the result of the election is," and it is also true that the Journal made claims as early as Wednesday morning to the election of the republican ticket, in utter disregard of what was indicated by the handful of scattered returns then at its command.

It is true that, unlike any of the trustworthy republican dailies of the territory, the Journal has held, with boyish persistency, to figures which have not been backed by any of the returns received since Wednesday morning, making itself, as newspapers seldom dare to do, the organ of knaves who are bent on perverting the popular will with a recklessness that will avenge itself on the republican plotters if they go too far in their attempts to tamper with the vote.

It is true that the Helena Journal has claimed the election of the republican ticket, and it is also true that it has been more boastful with less reliable figures than any daily newspaper printed in Montana. It is true that the returns from Deer Lodge were slow in coming in, for perfectly good reasons which were given by the STANDARD, Wednesday morning; it is also true that, at any given hour up to Friday morning the total returns for this county were relatively more complete, by a liberal percentage than those of the county in which the Helena Journal is published—yet that paper, animated by the spirit that prompts the sneak thief to cry thief, has had the effrontery to insinuate, coward as it is, that suspicion lurked about the delay in returns from this county.

It is true that the conduct of the Helena Journal in persistently clinging to what it knows to be falsehood—if indeed it knows anything about election returns, and it is credited with knowing mighty little—it is true, we assert, that its plans are those of the political brigand who would apply to Montana politics the methods that used to be operated in Louisiana, but which imported blackguards cannot work in this country. It is also true that there is not a republican newspaper in Montana which in tone or temper has permitted itself with all that the parties have at stake, to be lowered to the level of the Journal, or to wallow with it in the political sewer.

It is true that the Helena Journal started out in the campaign with loud announcements of what its gifted columns were to accomplish for the party; it is also true that, under its conspicuous leadership, the reversal in republican strongholds throughout Montana are so big as to be memorable and that the very county in which the Journal is printed, staunch republican as it is, saved the day for the democrats by utterly repudiating the Helena Journal with its backers and making a democratic legislature safe.

It is true that several staunch republican newspapers—and some of democratic faith, too, will live and flourish when the editorial management of the Helena Journal will have returned to the East to have its copy edited by some decent man who knows how to run a newspaper, who can foot up a column of election returns, who can tell the truth when he sees it, and who is too much a man to be the dirty tool of a designing chairman to whom word was sent from this county, not so many days ago, that he is a liar outright.

Chicago wants to get the world's fair, but that city is discovering that its enemies are those of its own geographical household. Part of the press of the city of St. Paul has pronounced in favor of New York, and the mayor of Omaha has sent a letter to Mayor

Grant, in which he says that business men in the West feel that their interests require them to favor New York City. The relations of Chicago to this question are the result of local enthusiasm developed by the press of that city, and is all excellent enough in its way, although the proposition to place the world's fair on the shore of Lake Michigan will probably never be taken into serious consideration, outside of Chicago. However, the agitation is well enough in its way, if it prompts New York to go at the business with the degree of energy which the undertaking demands.

STANDARD TOPICS.

Tanner has been put out, but Foraker is still burning.

"Pears as if Pierre had drawn the capital prize in South Dakota.

It is no longer "Me too Platt," but "Me Lord Platt, give us a show will ye?"

An enterprising reporter on the Cleveland Plaindealer found that a barrel of beer contains 450 glasses. His next assignment was to find a situation.

It was quite a blow to base ball when Anson, of the Chicagoos, broke his jaw yesterday in attempting to catch a high fly. It was a wonderful jaw, but in using it for a bat Mr. Anson had to take his chances.

A Nebraska girl wrote to her intended as follows: "Dear Jim, cum rite off if you are cummin' at all. Ed. Hilton is insistin' that I shall have him, and he hugs and kisses me so much that I can't hold out much longer.

The green color of the ocean is attributed by scientists to minute animals called medusae. There are 221,184 medusae in a cubic foot of water, rendering the population so dense that they are continually saying to each other me'dyou see?

Miss Chauncey, of Columbus, O., used for her complexion a mixture of arsenic and nitrate of silver. Then she went to the White Sulphur Springs and took the baths. The sulphur decomposed the silver salts in her skin and turned her so black that she has gone into retirement and will not be seen again for a year. The chemicals took a shine to her, as it were.

Don't believe everything you see in books. A Chicago firm saw they were insolvent and applied for a receiver. Next day they were rejoiced to learn that the whole trouble was due to a clerical error of their bookkeeper, who meanwhile had left town. Now they discover that the clerical error on the books was a fraud, and that the bookkeeper is a \$39,000 embezzler.

"Czar Alexander has just performed the most popular act of his reign by granting a full pardon to the famous poet and author, Tchernischewski, whose name is a watchword among the people throughout the length and breadth of Russia," says a St. Petersburg cable to the San Francisco Chronicle. The people are to be congratulated that Mr. Tchernischewski's name isn't a bye-word in the land.

Harry Schoenfeldt, a carpenter of Black Rock, N. Y., carried the other day, leaving a letter in which he said: "I have been engaged for the last forty-five years successfully in the carpenter trade, I have decided to do something higher and better. The Bible says: 'In my Father's house are many mansions,' and being as there is so many they must need some repairs. I've been a good carpenter on earth and I guess I can be in heaven." St. Peter should have Mr. Schoenfeldt fix the pickets and reset the hinges on the front gate so as to have everything in good running order when Brother Harrison arrives with the new administration.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Case for Thanksgiving.
From the Spokane Falls Review.
The agony is over. The Lord be praised!

A British Production.
From the New York Tribune.
Americans don't coin all the verbal monstrosities that appear. It is the St. James Gazette, of London, which brings out the word "husbandicide."

Sometimes Both in Virginia.
From the Chicago Herald.
Virginia has just been visited by a singular shower of stones. A shower of mud is the thing usually to be looked for during a political campaign.

They Ought to Do.
From the Omaha Republican.
Why not take the Cronin suspects as jurors in the Chicago trial? They have all made affidavit that they don't know anything about the affair.

They Have Tried It.
From the Minneapolis Journal.
Chicago people are discussing whether or not there is such a being as a personal devil. Personal devils are said to be the majority of them to think there is.

Not as Bad as He Is Painted.
From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.
The crushing defeat of Boulanger may be due to the mean trick of an unscrupulous enemy flooding France with American newspaper portraits of the exile.

Many Tried It Before Brodie's Time.
From the Pittsburg Dispatch.
Mr. Brodie's example is not wholly without its utility. Politicians who are trying to attract attention to themselves might find it useful to go over the falls.

A Warning to the Czar.
From the Chicago Tribune.
The Czar of Russia will please take notice that if anything happens to George Kennan his imperial majesty will be expected to prove an alibi, or he will not be on borrowing terms with this country.

It's the Prevailing Craze.
From the Buffalo Express.
A juror recently called in Recorder Smyth's court in New York asked to be excused on the ground that he had lost all faith in the jury system. So have millions of his fellows who have seen it worked in New York and Chicago.

It Is All Right Now.
From the St. Paul Globe.
The talk about repealing the civil service law is growing fainter and we hear more about the determination of Harrison to enforce it. Therefore it must be that

the federal offices are pretty nearly all filled now with republicans and that an attempt will be made to fasten them in with an improved civil service burglar proof lock.

Crime But No Punishment.
From the Omaha Bee.
The slouts of the Chicago press display remarkable ability in running down criminals. It would not be surprising if they succeeded in adding the Snell murder to the list of crimes charged up to the Cronin suspects. Let no innocent man escape.

They Meant to Try It.
From the Clermont (Ohio) Sun.
Foraker cannot live always. Ohio cannot get along without a governor. Now is as good a time as any to see if we cannot get along without him. He is yet a young man, and if it is found that the people are not capable of self-government the scepter can be returned to him two years hence.

Burglars of Taste.
From the New York World.
The burglar who robbed the postoffice at Stapleton, S. L., Saturday night, took away everything of value excepting a two-cent stamp. It was doubtless a stamp of the prevailing green variety. Aestheticism is not often a characteristic of criminals, but since two burglars entered a house in Omaha and took nothing but a bath, nobody is surprised at the peculiar freaks of their brotherhood.

Selliboy on Butte's Fire.
From the Omaha Bee.
The destructive fire in Butte, following close on the heels of Spokane Falls, Seattle and Ellensburg, furnishes a costly chain of evidence of municipal incompetence. These cities are among the most progressive in the northwest, rapidly growing in population and commerce, yet the men chosen to guard their interests squandered the public money in trifles and utterly failed to provide adequate fire protection. There are scores of western cities and towns inviting destruction by similar means. The water supply and appliances for combating fire should keep pace with the growth of a community. It strengthens confidence, reduces insurance rates and is a strong inducement to investors.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.
Secretary Windom is a great believer in pedestrian exercise.

Henry Irving has grown much stouter and has placed himself on anti-fat diet.

Prince Lottis de Rohan, one of the foremost of Austrian sportsmen, shot his 12,000th buck on September 12 at Chaus-trick.

Mr. Cockerle of "anti-billious pill" fame, in England, has written a grand opera, and will produce it in London in a few days.

Henry Watterson, the great Louisville editor, is nearly blind. And so is Joseph Pulitzer, the magnate of the New York World.

The Cardinal Maria Parocchi, vicar general of the holy see, and after the pope the highest prelate of the Roman church, is threatened with bankruptcy proceedings.

"In a few years," says Mr. Edison, "the world will be just like one big ear, it will be unsafe to speak in a house until one has examined the walls and furniture for concealed phonographs.

Calvin Fairbank, the veteran Abolitionist, will lecture this week in New York on "Experiences with Slavery." Few living men have had more thrilling experiences with that sum of all iniquities and its "chivalrous" upholders than he.

Minister A. Loudon Snowden does not think he will acquire either the Serbian or the language of modern Greece during his term, but he hopes to give his new son-in-law, Stuyvesant Wainwright, a rousing welcome next spring to the ancient city of Athens.

Count Hatzfeldt, German ambassador in London, has just been remarried to his former wife. Although the divorce was only pronounced, the count has been for many years on friendly terms with the lady in question, and she brought up their children at one of his country seats. Queen Victoria has taken a prominent part in the negotiations which led to this happy arrangement. Count Hatzfeldt is a near relative of the Prince Hatzfeldt engagement is reported to Miss Huntington.

Archduchess Stephanie, the widow of Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria, is living in strict retirement at Ischl. Her suite consists of a lady in waiting, a lady's maid, a courier and two footmen. Her carriages are simple and without crests, and drawn by two horses. The only ornament which the young widow wears is a locket on a tin gold chain holding the portrait of her little daughter to whom she writes regularly every day, and who is said to bear a striking resemblance to Crown Prince Rudolph.

Ira Paine, the famous American marksman, who died recently in Paris, was a victim of iced beer. After performing at Folies Bergere he went to the bar of the establishment one evening and drank two glasses of cold malt liquor. Shortly afterwards he complained of a suffocating feeling in the chest, and he died in a few minutes. He went home, despite the efforts of his doctors, and died in great agony. Mr. Paine was a robust man, only 53 years of age, and his death is a striking illustration of the danger which lurks in iced drinks.

Thomas H. Looker is one of the oldest living graduates of the naval academy at Annapolis. He is the chief pay inspector of the navy and has traveled all over the world. He is a bright-eyed man, with full gray beard and bushy hair, and though he has seen 60 years he looks not older than 45. He went to the naval academy in 1848, the year after Historian George Bancroft, the secretary of the navy, had established the school. Mr. Looker was a midshipman at the bombardment of Vera Cruz. He is visiting the pay stations on the Atlantic coast at present.

Sultan, says London Truth, is much alarmed by his increasing obesity, and he has just summoned Dr. Schwennenger to Constantinople from Berlin, for whose accommodation a palace on the Bosphorus, at Therapia, has been prepared, where he is to stay for a week. Dr. Schwennenger's treatment has immensely benefited Prince Bismarck, and the Czar was much the better for it, but he soon gave it up, as he is an inveterate gourmandizer, and careful and very plain feeding was as impossible to him as the prescription of one tumbler of weak whiskey and Apollinaris at each meal instead of the magnum of champagne which he usually consumes.

ESTES AND CONNELL,

MERCANTILE COMPANY.

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

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

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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 is 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.