

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 12, 1890.

PROGRESS OF THE COUNT.

According to all accounts the official count for Deer Lodge county will not be completed before Monday next. Elsewhere the STANDARD gives the figures thus far reported, which show that the republicans elect one member of the legislature, a loss which the democrats had not anticipated. In Deer Lodge, Kennedy has a majority of 202 which, it is claimed, is offset by Bennett's majority of 212 in Beaverhead. Meanwhile the democrats make an unexpected gain of one member of the legislature in Missoula. There is no question as to the election of Parberry in Meagher county. He has a majority of 98, and the official returns make Whaley, joint representative for Gallatin and Jefferson, safe by a majority of three on official figures. Protests were filed in Butte yesterday, where the count is still incomplete. Democrats representing Silver Bow county have no doubt that the ticket is safe there.

AN ENEMY IN TEARS.

We have come to that interesting season of the political year when republican newspapers are deeply solicitous lest early frosts nip the hopes which democrats are said to be cherishing. The Butte Inter Mountain lies awake the weary night long in worry over Maginnis, and craves an opportunity to "discuss" him. The Helena Journal cherishes an uncommonly friendly feeling for all prominent democrats, and it weeps for them in advance sheets. Our tender contemporary is sure that Colonel Broadwater will die broken-hearted if Hauser goes to the senate, that Hauser will never be happy with Maginnis, that Clark cannot bear the "elevation of a small-bore barrister," and that Anaconda will never be reconciled to Butte. In all their mournful numbers our afflicted and downcast contemporaries have the satisfaction of feeling that, rising above their tears, they can face a frowning world and say they are innocent, even if all the democratic chieftains whose fate is so dear to them lie dead in a row.

But our friends on the other side of the political alley ought not to fret so profusely. A good deal has happened to grieve them, we know, but they ought not to be wasteful of tears just at this time when the demands of the home circle are so great. A very large stock of tears will be required before republican requiems over Sanders, Power, Mantle and Seligman are finished, and democrats will be sufficiently consoled with what tears are left after lament over these fallen idols has been copious.

Why not let the good old democratic fight go on, if there is a fight? Democrats are good fighters and they are fond of it. It's their quarrel and they might as well have it out. Perhaps the racket will send the whole outfit to the everlasting bow wows—but what of that? There's more democrats where they came from, and our republican neighbors need not fear that the race is dying out. At any rate, it would be nice behavior on their part to take back seats and wait until some stricken democrat lifts up his voice and pleads for hired mourners.

The republican majority in the Senate at Washington gets a generous boost by the admission of the new states of the Northwest. In the last congress the balance of political power in the senate turned on Riddleberger, who was a bad lot always and too fantastic to be trustworthy over night. Six of the new senators will be republicans and the ratio will be 45 republicans to 35 democrats.

THE SILVER CONVENTION.

Montana ought to interest herself in any movement that will help to put the silver question in proper light before the American public. It has already become evident that we have little to expect from international conferences held in European capitals, where discussion is directed by representatives of Great Britain, whose interests are directly hostile to our own, or by German financiers representing an empire that is not now prepared to favor the policy which the best interests of the United States clearly demand.

Our own people are ready scholars, and they are accustomed to the intelligent debate of industrial or financial questions. Enlightened public opinion in the United States is not apt to be unduly prejudiced, and when any question of national importance is honestly presented and clearly understood, popular sentiment is pretty sure to move in the right direction, and it always commands a hearing. Public discussion is the road along which all reforms make headway in this country. The right course, therefore, for the

advocates of silver, as a medium of exchange which ought again to take its place with gold, is to favor the open discussion of the question on all suitable occasions. In view of this fact it is earnestly to be hoped that the constituted authorities in Montana will heed the call for the silver convention announced to be held in the city of St. Louis November 25. Under the call, the governor of each state and territory is requested to name twenty delegates and the same number of alternates, choice to be made of representative men who favor the object to be discussed in the convention.

In all probability the aim of this convention will be to bring to the attention of congress the necessity for making good, in part at least, the world of all debtor classes and the world of trade in general, that followed the demonization of silver. Much would be accomplished in the right direction if congress could be induced to put in full force the act passed in February, 1878, which authorized the secretary of the treasury to coin not less than two millions, nor more than four millions of silver bullion per month. It is notorious that the spirit of this law has been persistently evaded by national ministers of finance, whose policy it has been, almost without exception, to purchase and coin only the minimum amount called for in the law. In the end, of course, there will be a bold demand for the complete restoration of silver to its place in the currency of the country, with absolute free coinage of that metal. While the advocates of the metal may not hope to accomplish this restoration at once, they may at least expect to find recognition in congress in demanding that silver coinage be accorded a fair showing under existing law.

The indications are that the movement will find more friendly help in congress than it is likely to receive at the hands of President Harrison and his cabinet. It is broadly assumed throughout the country that the President is under obligations on this question above which he cannot rise; and the West has lost faith in any professions Mr. Windom may feel disposed to make. But silver has friends in congress and these men should know how much in earnest the Northwest is in this matter.

The country does not get a good grasp on the mission of the congress of the three Americas. We are told that the purpose of the congress is to unite the nations of the new world in all that tends to promote the common welfare. How that is to be brought about or how the three Americas are to relate themselves to industrial questions which will bring them face to face in conflict with what Old World trade demands, does not yet appear. The chief item of interest in the proceedings thus far is that Mr. Blaine fired a speech at the delegates, and it was a good one, too, although some of the newspapers do not like to admit as much.

STANDARD TOPICS.

The New York Tribune observes that seven of the principal offices in the four new states will be occupied by men who were formerly residents of Indiana. The only significance of this is that Indiana is a good place to move away from.

Miss Isabella Cushing, of Atlanta, Ga., had two lovers, John M. North and John C. West. At first she thought of settling down in the North, but finally changed her mind and has gone West. The great Northwest is considerably broken up by her actions.

Sarah Kelley, the poet of Honesdale, Pa., wants congress to appoint an American poet-laureate. "Who," writes Sarah to the wife of President Harrison, "Who but me should be named poet-laureate? I not only sing in English but also in Sanskrit."

It is not always best to aim high in this world. At Deland, Fla., a few days ago Amanda Worthy, colored, fired a coach-whip snake which was chasing one of her chickens, and shot the Methodist preacher, who was sitting at his writing table 300 yards away. The reverend gentleman's wound is serious and painful, but not necessarily fatal. Amanda was fined \$5 and costs.

The Indians of Mexico have been commemorating the 368th anniversary of the torture inflicted on the Emperor Sautemolin by Cortez to induce him to reveal the hiding place of the Montezuma treasures. The meeting to erect a monument and statue of the emperor, and is described as very impressive. After 368 more years the people of New York city may become as civilized as the Mexican Indians, and show it by erecting the monument that all the world is waiting for.

If there is any time when people ought to be accommodating more than another it is when a man has been afflicted by death in his family; but some people and authorities remain mighty mean even then. A native of India residing in London expressed a wish lately to send by parcel post to India the ashes of his cremated brother, to be dropped into the sacred Ganges. He was informed that unless he could limit the weight of the parcel to eleven pounds the postoffice could offer him no facilities, and he sadly withdrew. People have got to get over regarding the ashes of their friends as first-class matter.

The estimable gentleman, who, several centuries ago, went up into the temple and, reminding the Lord of his long and faithful services to the party, notified him that he expected to be remembered accordingly, is somehow suggested by the following letter which Senator Ingalls has written to his friends in Topeka:

It is due me that the legislature should return me to the senate. Who has done more for Kansas than I? Where would Kansas stand in the councils of the nation if I had not represented her in the senate? I have brought her into prominence by my attacks on men and measures. The senate never had a better presiding officer than I have been. I have given the state a

standing at Washington and before the country which entitles me to a re-election, and I propose to have it.

After this demonstration, it would be comforting to see some poor Kansan go up into the legislature and pray: "Lord, the world knows that I am only a plain fool. I confess that I have never risen to be a darn fool. I have not acquired the earth and even the state of Kansas I am bound to admit I do not own in fee simple. I acknowledge that I have never been the presiding officer of the senate and made a national ass of myself. Without me Kansas in all probability would continue to exist, and the world in some way would no doubt manage to revolve upon its axis. Lord, if I get a majority on a joint ballot, protect me from the big head."

CURRENT COMMENT.

It's Slower Than a Coach. From the Philadelphia Enquirer. It is not expected that the postal telegraph, if adopted, will be any great help to the woman who writes her telegrams in her husband's pocket.

It Didn't Happen Long Ago. From the Philadelphia Press. A metropolitan newspaper announces, with a flourish of trumpets, that New York is the most moral city in the world. The world, it may be remarked, has been a long time in finding it out.

Depends on How You Take It. From the Florida Times-Union. Senator Ingalls says: "But for the union soldiers we should have no country." There are many persons who believe that "but for the union soldiers" we should have two countries.

The Turtle Missing. From the Boston Transcript. In the race between the hair and the turtle it was the hair which got into the soup, while the turtle is supposed to have lost his way. He had not made his appearance at latest advices.

Big Enough for All. The earth is scarcely large enough for the victors in the base ball fight, and the losers have the satisfaction of feeling that there is considerable glory in being second in such a contest as that which has closed.

The Field is Large. From the Omaha Bee. The Dakotas offer extraordinary inducements to druggists. Next to Iowa and Kansas there is no richer field on the continent for the vigilant manipulators of juleps and cordials with a Latin brand pasted on the bottle.

And Both Die Hard. From the Baltimore Sun. It will be a great relief for the country when it has heard the last of Robert Ray Hamilton and his detestable spouse. It is difficult to tell which of the two is the more deserving of scorn, but it is certain that the less that is heard of either one of them the better.

It's the Last Resort. From the Seattle Post-Intelligencer. Poor little Nevada, almost depopulated, nearly all of her mines kept going only by assessment, cattle dying by thousands for want of water, nothing to support her but two or three mines on the Comstock and taxation of the Central Pacific railroad, her leading citizens as a last resort are agitating the idea of getting up a big state lottery as the only means of keeping the little commonwealth out of the poor-house.

PEOPLE OF PROMINENCE. Wilkie Collins didn't care a rap what critics said about him, and he rarely read the public reviews of his books. Herr Botel, a wonderful tenor, is fascinating the audiences at the Krall Gardens, Berlin. He was a coachman not long ago.

Grover Cleveland is expected to attend the Pennsylvania state convention of democratic clubs at Philadelphia on October 15. Miss Bruce of New York, has given \$50,000 to the Astronomical Observatory of Harvard, to be devoted to the purchase of a telescope for celestial photography.

Miss Milla F. Tupper, who has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Unitarian church at La Porte, is the only feminine pastor in Indiana. Miss Tupper is a graduate of Cornell University.

The purpose of George Gould's visit to London is said by one correspondent to be to unload his father's elevated railway stock upon the English markets. His holdings are valued at \$30,000,000.

Ralph Tucker, who is now a professor in one of the Virginia colleges, says that he wouldn't go back to public life again if he could write his leisure time to his books on the constitution.

Lester B. Faulkner, who gets seven years for wrecking the National bank at Danville, N. Y., is 50 years of age and a graduate of Yale. He has a fine war record, with the brevet rank of a brigadier-general.

Pope Leo, despite his advanced age, is an unusually early riser. He is rarely in bed after 5:30, and by 6 he may be seen walking in the gardens of the vatican attended by some member of the household. Very often he gives audience to his secretaries before breakfast.

Colonel W. W. Rockhill, formerly of Philadelphia and lately secretary of legation at Peking, China, has just returned to Washington from an exploring tour of 1,500 miles through the eastern part of Tibet. Half of the country traversed had never been seen before by either an American or a European.

Rev. Edward C. Towne, of Washington, with whom Mr. Depew had dealings in connection with his centennial oration, which have led to a suit for \$2,500, is preparing to give in New York two courses of twelve lectures each, on "Great Steps of English Culture" and "Electricity and Life."

Mrs. Lillie D. Blake announced at Thursday night's meeting of the woman's suffrage league in New York, that the society was going to open a school for training women for the legal profession.

For the first time in the history of the Yale law school an Italian is among the students. His name is Sig. Paul Russo, and he has been employed as court interpreter in New Haven for several years.

Where the support comes from. From the Texas sittings. Friend of the star actress (speaking in a professional sense): "Does your husband support you?" Star actress (wearily): "No, I support him, together with several of his relatives."

MONTANA NEWS.

Carl T. Peterson has tendered his resignation as postmaster at this place, to take effect as soon as his successor can be appointed. In view of this action of Mr. Peterson, the friends of Stiles M. Parks have urged his claims to the office and secured the endorsement of Congressman Carter in his favor.—Livingston Enterprise.

Messrs. John L. Hart and Criderman yesterday received returns from one sent to the assay office from the Silver Bow mine in the Fisher creek country. The certificate shows 140 ounces with a fair proportion of lead. The future of the Silver Bow is very promising.—The Missoulian.

Over 15,000 head of sheep have passed over the great iron bridge at this point during the past three or four days. Of these nearly 12,000 were shipped to Chicago. The others were stock sheep for the reservation.—Ricer Press.

A hand of 3,000 head of stock sheep crossed from the south side of the Missouri this morning. The sheep belong to Mr. E. A. Meynard of Ennis, Madison county, and are destined for the Milk River valley, near Chinook, where they will be run on shares by Bowell & Clarkson.—Ricer Press.

A NAIL IN A MAN'S BRAIN. Surprising Result of a Recent Autopsy at Bridgeport, Conn. Probably one of the most wonderful discoveries made by the medical fraternity of this city or any other place, says the Bridgeport (Conn.) News, was that revealed yesterday afternoon at the autopsy on the body of John Stewart, who died at the hospital yesterday morning about 6 o'clock. Stewart, it will be remembered, was arrested May 17, on charges of assault on his wife and breach of the peace. The complaint was made by his son George. The latter at that time gave his father an unmerciful beating that his face was not recognizable. The heartless son, after he got his father down kicked him in the face until the blood flowed in streams from the wounds inflicted, and left him in an almost insensible state, in which condition he was afterward found by the police. The row occurred at Stewart's home, 96 Buckingham avenue. His son then had him arrested and sent to jail. Stewart was locked up only a few days when he began to show signs of being out of his head. It was first thought that he had the delirium tremens. He tried several times to knock his brain out by hammering his head against the walls of his cell and the bars of the door. He finally became so bad that it was found necessary to remove him to the hospital, which was accordingly done June 4. His skull was thought to be fractured, and the surgical operation of trepanning was performed. Stewart afterward seemed to be improving, and got so he was able to grow worse again and all hope of his recovery was given up by the hospital corps.

They knew that he had but a short time to live. Sunday they performed another operation on Stewart's head, but without success. The unfortunate man rapidly sank until death relieved him. He was out of his mind the greater part of the time. The hospital physicians were unable to account for the true cause of his death, and yesterday afternoon held an autopsy on the body. The result was that they discovered a two-inch wire nail driven through the skull and piercing the brain. How it came there will probably always remain a mystery.

WHERE MRS. MAYBRICK IS NOW. Her Daily Routine While Serving Her Life Sentence. From the Fall Mall Gazette.

Mrs. Maybrick—almost forgotten now—is doing her nine months of solitary confinement, and daily does an allotted task of needlework. Those who follow the wretched woman's career, as it may be studied from time to time by the prison bulletins, will learn with interest that there is considerable thought as to dress in this prison, and as befits a lady's establishment. Even in prison, according to F. W. Robinson, a variety of toilets is customary. There is the probation class, in which women for the first nine months wear a lilac cotton skirt in summer, with a blouse bodice, a square of serge for the shoulders, a check blue and white apron, small white linen cap with goffered border, and a plain, untrimmed coarse white straw bonnet of what is termed the "cottage shape," and a very hideous shape, to our masculine mind, it appears to be. On Sundays when the approved gowns are worn. In winter the lilac dress is replaced by a thick blue serge, with a neckerchief of the same material, and a thick fawn-colored circular cape is also allowed for the shoulders.

In the second nine months the prisoner is a woman of the third class, and wears in summer a plain blue cotton skirt with outflaring, and a square of brown serge for the shoulders. The bonnet and linen cap remain the same in style, or distinguished, as it may be, for want of style, and white aprons and neckerchiefs again smarten out the dress. In winter the blue serge, with little, if any, distinction from the second, and this remains till she is within nine months of the expiration of the sentence, when—happy time for the female convict, with liberty so close at hand again—she is dubbed a woman of the special class. The two children of Mrs. Maybrick have, by the consent of their deceased father's brothers and of the Baroness von Roque, their grandmother, been adopted by a lady and gentleman in London, who are in good circumstances and will see to their maintenance and education. The children (boy and girl) will assume the name of their foster parents, and thus it is hoped in future life escape the stain attaching to the name of their mother.

The Coquette. Painted and perfumed, feathered and pink. Here is your ladyship's fan. You gave it to me to hold, I think. While you danced with another man.

Downy and soft like your fluffy hair: The perfume you carry everywhere. Wafted from feather and lace.

Painted and perfumed, dainty and pink. A toy to be handled with care; It is like to your ladyship's self, I think—A trifle as light as air.

For you are a wonderful triumph of art. Like a Dresden statue; But you can not make trouble for my poor heart, And thus must I be forced to respect.

For I understand those enticing ways You practice on every man. You are only a bit of point and lace. Like that delicate toy, your fan.

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.

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DRESS GOODS!

THIS WEEK.

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

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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 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.