

THE ANACONDA STANDARD

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THE STANDARD

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THE STANDARD.

Corner of Main and Third streets, Anaconda, Montana.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1890.

It wears people in this part of the world to read of a parade in Salt Lake City which was postponed on account of rain. Such an occurrence is so rare in Anaconda that the oldest inhabitant didn't recognize last night's little shower when it came.

The Helena Journal industriously quotes the code, line by line and precept by precept, to prove that the courts of Montana cannot do what they never have dreamed of undertaking. The trouble with our contemporary is that it does not keep up with the news procession. The papers told yesterday morning how the disputed election returns are to get into court next Monday, and if the Journal had obtained the facts it could have put the code away and taken up the discussion of the situation as it is.

If it takes seven weeks and eleven hundred men to get a Cronin jury, how long will it take to get a verdict?

The republican conspiracy is not as mighty anxious to get into court as it was.

It did not come within the plans of the plotters to be brought before courts that have borne an unblemished reputation for years, and against which the suggestion of slander was never so much as lisped. Democrats in this territory were willing to take the verdict of the people honestly rendered and faithfully counted at a popular election. They have been dragged into court against their will and they may be compelled to abide the event. They welcome the fact that, in the wise discretion of the supreme court of Montana an early day has been fixed for the hearing of the dispute over Silver Bow returns. Whatever the outcome, it will be admitted that every interest of Montana ought ardently to hope for a speedy removal of the existing barrier which blocks the road to statehood, arrests progress, brings the good name of the territory into disrepute and injures the business as well as the political standing of its people.

Fire Alarm Foraker was taken sick shortly after retracting his statements regarding Mr. Campbell, the democratic candidate in Ohio. It is evident that crow doesn't agree with Foraker.

IN FOUR SENTENCES.

The contest of McHatton against Hamilton is so premature as to give the object of it away. It is simply a shrewd device of the cunning democratic lawyers to keep the mandamus case out of the hands of Judge Hamilton should the state be proclaimed before Judge DeWolfe can hear the case. The plea is made of course that Hamilton being an interested party should not sit in judgment on the case. If that is true, how about Judge DeWolfe? Is not he, too, an interested party?—*Butte Inter Mountain.*

The *Inter Mountain* is evidently very ignorant regarding the situation. As to the second sentence quoted above; it would never be possible under the express provisions of the new constitution for Hamilton to hear the mandamus case even if the state were proclaimed. If Montana does become a state, Judge DeWolfe will still be district judge until the Silver Bow contest is settled by that month or a year hence. The constitutional convention so decreed.

Regarding the third sentence no man not a fool ever made the plea, because the case does not require it to be made. Whether Hamilton is an interested party or not is of no account. He cannot be a judge until the court says he is elected, and Judge DeWolfe is the court until he is declared to be elected.

As to the fourth sentence, the cases of Hamilton and DeWolfe are in no respect parallels. Hamilton is a county candidate whose fate depends on the decision of the district court. Judge DeWolfe was a state candidate confessedly defeated without regard to Silver Bow's returns.

All of which leaves the first sentence of the above quotation exposed to the chilling air of late October; with nothing to rescue from the entire paragraph except the inference in the second sentence that the lawyers in charge of the democratic cases are pretty clever fellows. That's what they are. They know what they are about.

Now that His Royal Nibs, Prince Hatzfeldt, has landed in a tub of butter, we wonder who the next American heir will be to follow in Miss Huntington's footsteps?

THAT CONVENTION.

If each state and territory were represented in the silver convention to be held November 26, in St. Louis, 940 delegates would be present. It would not be easy to dispatch business in so large a body, especially as the question has phases on which the sentiment of so many delegates might not readily be brought into harmony. All the crazy theorists will surely be there and clamor

for a hearing. Probably, however, representation will be lacking from many sections, so that the convention will not be unwieldy by weight of numbers.

Whether Montana will be represented at all in the convention remains to be seen. The state certainly ought to send a delegation and, if the political cloud now overhanging the territory is soon lifted, the business interests most closely related to the silver question will doubtless take up the question. There comes from the Salt Lake *Tribune* a suggestion which is well worth taking into account. It is to the effect that a preliminary convention be held at a convenient point, with representation from Montana, Idaho, Washington, Nevada, Utah and Colorado. Such a convention might commission a delegation to represent these states at St. Louis, or, if the separate states prefer to send each its own delegation, the topics likely to come before the larger body could be discussed in the local convention and thus the representatives of the Northwest be prepared to act intelligently and in harmony.

In any event, Montana ought to take steps toward effective representation at St. Louis. At best, the delegations from the Northwest are not likely to be formidable in point of numbers, and there is every reason why Montana should assume the lead in trying to make for the Northwest the best possible showing.

IN ROYAL CIRCLES.

There may be nothing more substantial than idle gossip behind the story that the Prince of Wales is an incurable invalid whose days are likely to be numbered within a year. The dispatches have it that the Prince has Bright's disease, that he has been warned of the fact by his physicians, that the entire royal family knows about it and that the Queen, although devoting herself with more than ordinary zeal to affairs of state, "listens to solemn music every night and wishes the succession might ultimately pass over Albert Victor and be settled on his brother George."

We pause at this point in reciting the dispatch to remark that, if the good Queen ardently wishes to have the real heir counted out, she might learn something to her advantage by corresponding with certain parties in Butte City, Silver Bow county, Montana, U. S. A., who are up in that line of business. Mr. Russell Harrison, who is known to be quite an intimate at the royal household could furnish more definite addresses. If the Queen could just get hold of a copy of the *Inter Mountain* with its picturesque editorial sketches of Billy Hall rushing down Main street with a hose line, that would settle it. The Queen herself couldn't ask more.

But if the stories regarding the condition of the Prince of Wales be true, if, indeed, the doctors have correctly allotted his time on earth. The announcement of his fatal illness would awaken profound sympathy throughout this continent, his death would be honestly deplored and then curiosity would be piqued to know the slightest details relating to the succession. Accident, sudden death and suicide have sported among Europe's thrones within a twelve-month, but Great Britain would feel the shock least of all of them in what relates to all her subjects. The crown has its uses in England, but they are purely in a decorative way, for England is governed by a cabinet.

Yet the death of the Prince of Wales, in its relations to politics and policies would be an event of profound significance. The Queen has lived beyond the three-score-years and ten. One day this month the Prince passed his forty-eighth birthday, and the situation loses none of its interest from the current suspicion that the Queen, under no illusion regarding the ability of the heir presumptive, would not grieve were the scepter to pass from Albert Victor.

WHAT WE MAY EXPECT.

The Harrison administration, while more disappointing in many respects than that of Hayes, the Usurper, will prove prolific in furnishing campaign phrases for the next presidential contest. Great things were expected of the Hoosier statesman, and to a certain extent his most sanguine supporters have been surprised.

Shortly after Harrison discovered the presidency, the president discovered the Harrison family, and the country was scoured from Maine to California for members of the tribe who were appointed to office. The motto, "Civil Service Reform," gave place to the more appropriate one, "What is home without the rest of the family."

One of the first acts of this pigmy representative of the G. O. P. was the discharge of every colored servant employed in the White House. The famous battle cry, "We freed the negro," was relegated to oblivion, while the more modern one, "We fired the niggers," reigned in its stead.

Later on the Hoosier statesman and his advisers struck what they thought was pay dirt in Brooklyn. A certain Corporal Tanner, lately lamented, was called to Washington to help devise ways and means of reducing the surplus. Unfortunately for the administration Tanner was first discovered in repose—otherwise, with his mouth shut. This relic of an apple tree had soon made his presence felt, and down came the slogan, "reduce the taxes" to make room for "smash the surplus."

Other incidents could be cited without end, whereby this administration has achieved notoriety. Prince Russell's calves were exhibited before the Queen of England, and we understand were endorsed by his royal gilets, the

Prince of Wales. Baby McKee out a tooth along about this time and shortly afterward the president's father-in-law took up his residence in the White House.

And so it goes. In 1892 we may expect to see transparencies such as these: "Who discovered the White House? The Harrisons?" "Who smashed the surplus? a republican?" "The Harrison England" endorsed by the Queen of England"; "Who freed the slaves? the G. O. P.," "Who fired the niggers? we did," "The red man's friend: the republican party" and others quite as startling.

Meanwhile the noble Indian will take his fire-water without any ruffles, drop his ballot in the slot, enjoy the right of franchise to which many of them are no more entitled than a jack ass doing duty on the tow-path, and—between gurgles of course—give vent to his feelings in something like this: "Me heap republican. Have free whisky, Ugh!"

THE ATTEMPTED STEAL.

The deliberate attempt of the republican national committee's agents to reverse the result of the Montana election and nullify the will of the majority as expressed in an election which nobody pretends was otherwise than honest is a shocking manifestation of political depravity, but it ought not to be surprising. The politicians who have tried to do this thing have accustomed their minds to regard the success of their party as a sure thing so supremely desirable as to justify the use of any means for its accomplishment, and by repeatedly consenting to accept the results of fraudulent practices many men in that party to whom such things were once repulsive have come to think of them with a chuckle of amused gratification. In such circumstances the Montana incident ought to excite no surprise. The people of that state, in reckless disregard of republican necessities, elected a majority of democrats to the legislature, which must have resulted in the choice of two democratic senators when two republicans are badly wanted. Something had to be done, and as there was no pretense that the election was otherwise than honest it was necessary to throw out the vote of a democratic precinct upon a hair-splitting technicality. It was a rascally piece of business, of course, and an outrageous wrong to which the people of Montana are not going to submit.—*New York World.*

There should be an amendment to the constitution of Montana: "Thou shalt not steal."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Hypocrisy can go no further than in the announcement by the Albany *Express* that Montana has been "saved to the Union by the just action of the board of canvassers" which essayed to reverse the vote of a whole county on a flimsy technicality. The *Express* is a slavish organ of a party which parades a profession that its chief concern is to strive for honest elections and a fair and free ballot.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

It will not do to have Montana come into the Union with a blot upon its political honor. Neither party can afford to achieve success at such a price. It seems as if the president would be fully justified in withholding his proclamation of admission into the Union in the case of Montana until the facts are brought to light and justice is done.—*Monticopolis Journal.*

The Louisiana count of 1876 seems to have located in Montana.—*Kansas City Times.*

STANDARD TOPICS.

Centerville, N. J., is afflicted with a ghost. It is described by the *Sun* as a most attenuated spectre, with a hatchet face and uttering sepulchral groans as it walks, Poor Lemuel Eli! How he has taken it to heart.

The earthquake shock which was reported to have been felt in some eastern states last Friday night has been explained. Madame Janitschek was thrown from her carriage while going to the theater at Jamestown, N. Y.

The wife of Walter S. Sanford, the playwright who wrote "Under the Lash," has procured a warrant for his arrest on the ground of cruelty. It's a pity if a modern playwright's wife can't be made to contribute points on realism for her husband's benefit.

John Rosenau of Tremont took a pet dog with him on the train on his way to Bronville, N. Y. As the train neared Bronville the dog ran out on the platform of the car, and Rosenau, fearing it would be hurt, tried to lay hold of it. He fell between the cars and lost only both of his legs, which he considers dog-cheap.

The point of an umbrella which a tailor was carrying under his arm, inserted itself into the eye of a bookseller who was walking behind the tailor as they journeyed across the Brooklyn bridge the other day, and now the bookseller sees the tailor for \$5,000 damages. As Solomon saith, it is easier for an umbrella to pass through the eye of a pedestrian than for a rich man to brace up and return the one he hath borrowed.

If a man'sketh for bread and his mother giveth him a hunk that resembleth a Rocky Mountain rock, the man generally kicketh. At least so did William Carroll of New York, who desired his mother to bring forth some fresh bread instead of the old loaf she had set before him. She said she none, whereupon the dutiful young man went out and fired three shots at her through the window. He will now take such bread and water as he can get, for some time to come.

The fight between Senator Quay and Prince Russell as to which shall get the office of Old Man Harrison in the matter of the appointment of the surveyor of the

port of Philadelphia, indicates that the Prince, flushed over his signal success in making a mess of it at Helena, is going to go right into Washington this winter, grab the American eagle by the tail and jerk the screaming bird all over the old man's barn yard. If good Mother Harrison should gently glide into his room some night just after he has retired, take the lad across her knee in the good old way, remove her slipper and apply it to the proper place with all the energy and rapidity of which she is capable, the entire country would look on with the heartiest admiration.

The right of an American citizen to juggle in whatsoever manner may please his fancy is about to be tested in the courts. Charles Jamison, a colored man, living near Belleville, N. J., was recently an interested listener to some stories about the marvelous performances of Hindoo jugglers. A few nights ago he determined to try to imitate some of them, and disguising himself according to his ideas of an East Indian, he soon collected a number of men and boys and attempted to entertain them with some tricks. He was not very successful, for the crowd recognized him, and playfully hustled him into the icy water of Second river. He was half frozen, and now he threatens to have several of his assailants arrested, claiming that he was privileged to juggle under any character he saw fit to assume. If he had confined his juggling to the returns from a few election precincts, the Republican press would have fumed at any man who dared question his prerogative.

Along comes a man with an idea for a tower for the world's fair of 1893 which will knock the Eiffel tower into a cocked hat. This is a description of the proposed tower of towers:

It is an immense swinging tower 1,000 feet long which will describe a complete semi-circle, passing from the horizontal to a vertical position and continuing its course until it again assumes a horizontal position. At the extreme end of the tower will be a platform of a car capable of accommodating one thousand people and so constructed that it will adjust itself to the motion of the tower and always retain a horizontal position. Thus in its course the tower will describe a semi-circle, the diameter of which will be two thousand feet, constituting what may be termed "a thrilling aerial flight." When the tower is in a vertical position the passengers on the self-adjusting platform will be something more than 1,000 feet from the ground which is a greater height than they can see by means of the Eiffel tower. The swinging tower will serve the purpose of transporting people from one part of the grounds to another. It may be feasible to have two such towers, one ranging from east to west and another from north to south. T. B. Powers, a mechanic, is designer of the proposed tower. It consists in the application of a colossal scale of the leverage system. The swinging arm rests on a heavy cast-iron base in the center of the base or truss-work pedestal. At the shorter end of the arm is a huge cylinder to counter balance the weight of the longer arm, at the end of which is attached the self-adjusting platform. The motive power for working the tower will be furnished by a steam engine connected by a heavy cable running over a large wheel which is attached to the tower and revolves it.

Talk about the leaning tower of Pisa, and the mausoleum of Artemisia, and the Colossus of Rhodes, and the statue of Olympian Jove, and the hanging gardens of Babylon, and the Cronin jury, and the Homestake tunnel, and Leo Mante's aspirations to the senatorship, and all the rest of the several wonders of the world—this Mr. Powers' double-back, reflex, cylindrical acting, self-elongating and internal supplementary adjusting, horizontal esoteric swinging, and altogether perpendicular whoop-her-up of a tower, is entitled to the respectful regard of the world as the great horn spoon and veritable jaw-broody of them all. Powers may come and towers may go, but Mr. Powers' tower will keep coming and going across a segment of the world's circumference two thousand feet long forever. And the exhilaration of the passengers—the peculiar sensations of going way up in the world and coming down again; the dreamy music of the band; the vast expansion of the mind; the unfolding and presently folding itself up again as your body like a spirit floats through the balmy air, while your brain reels in delicious delirium, and the soothing wind sighs gently through your whiskers, and the low, passionate wail of the girl from Hoboken breaks upon your slumbrous ear: "O, ma, tell them to stop!"

Such was the cry of Marier. But the more she said "Whoa!" the more they let go.

And the tower went a little bit higher. It is hoped that Mr. Powers will make that platform work all right, for if with a thousand passengers on board the thing should get stuck and refuse to perform its functions, by the time the tower began to go down grade all the ladies and gentlemen on board would discover that they were descending very rapidly without the use of the machine and with all their feet pointing towards the sun, a position which would give rise to considerable embarrassment and confusion.

CURRENT COMMENT.

The Argument of the Morgue. From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The morgue furnishes the strongest possible argument for putting the death dealing electric wires underground.

'Twas Uncle Jerry Did It. From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

It was not until Uncle Jerry Rusk took hold of the agricultural department that a squash in New Hampshire grew to weigh 100 pounds.

Rough on Riddleberger. From the Chicago Herald.

When Washington barkeepers sell whisky which is three-quarters water, as they did at the masonic convale, Riddleberger must think that it is high time to retire from politics.

Got What He Asked For. From the Kansas City Times.

Senator Manderson, writing to Secretary Noble, said that he "wished the strictest construction of law, rule and precedent" applied to the retiring case. And Secretary Noble accommodated him.

The Flag and the Anarchists. From the Chicago Tribune.

If the American flag is not good enough for an anarchist let him go out from under it. The world is still roomy, and there are several good sized places yet where the natives are not so sensitive on the subject of flags as they are in this country.

The British K. C. W's. From the Philadelphia Record.

Another British war-ship has gone aground—this time in the harbor of Kiel. Great Britain's naval officers would save that country much expense if, taking the advice of Sir John Porter, they would stick close to their desks and never go to sea.

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Our stock of Fall and Winter Goods was never so complete as now and prices will be found as low or lower than can be found elsewhere.

BARGAINS IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.

DRESS GOODS!

In this department we are excelled by none. We invite inspection and take pleasure in showing the Latest Novelties.

SPECIAL THIS WEEK.

- 54-inch all-wool Ladies' Cloth at 65c per yard. This cloth is cheap at 90 cents.
- 38-inch wool Tricot at 40c per yard, well worth 75c per yard.
- The newest styles in Dress Flannels at 49c per yard.
- Extra Heavy Twilled Flannels at 50c a yard, worth 75c.
- 40-inch all-wool Tricots, new line of shades at 48c per yard.

HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR.

- Ladies' Heavy Wool Hose at 25c per pair, worth 40c.
- Misses' Fine Cashmere Hose, all sizes, at 25c per pair, black and colored.
- Misses' English Ribbed Wool Hose, all sizes, 5 pairs for \$1.00.
- Five-Hook Kid Gloves, extra good, all sizes, at \$1 per pair.
- Ladies' White Merino Vests and Pants at 45c and 75c, former price 75c and \$1.25.
- Ladies' Scarlet All-Wool Vests and Pants at 90c per pair.
- Misses' Scarlet Vests and Pants, all sizes at 35c per pair, former price 50c.
- Five-Button Kid Gloves for 50c per pair, former price \$1.00.

Cloaks and Jackets.

NEW WRAPS ARRIVING DAILY

For this week we will offer

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—AT—

\$5.00.

These Wraps are sold elsewhere at \$8.00 to \$12.00. Come early and secure a bargain.

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Our stock is large and well selected. Our price as low as the lowest.

SPECIAL FOR THE WEEK:

Extra Tapestry Brussels at.....50 cents per yard.

Blankets and Comfortables.

- 50 pairs 10-4 Brown Blankets at \$2.10 per pair.
- 50 pairs 10-4 Blue Kersey Blankets at \$3.00 per pair.
- 50 pairs Extra Fine Gray Blankets at \$5.00 per pair.
- 50 White Wool Blankets at \$4.50 per pair.
- 500 Comfortables from \$1.00 up to \$3.00.
- 50 White Bed Spreads at 70c each. A great bargain.
- 50 extra heavy Bed Spreads at \$1 each, former price \$1.50.
- 50 Fine Marseilles Bed Spreads at \$1.50 each, worth \$2.25.

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