

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.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1889.

The STANDARD is throwing some pretty strong side lights on the methods that were employed by Silver Bow republicans in their effort to steal the state by counting out the tunnel precinct.

While this work is going on the public will keep in mind the grounds on which Mr. Jack and his associates excused their share in the conspiracy. The technicalities which governed the conduct of these gentlemen did not concern the affidavits to which the STANDARD is making daily reference.

The STANDARD has shown how this happened, but the facts are worth repeating. The testimony of the clerk at the tunnel precinct is that, being a laborer, he is not skilled in the use of the pen and, therefore, at his request, one of the judges performed the clerical work with the clerk's knowledge, consent and approval, and constantly under his supervision.

As to the manner in which the count was conducted, testimony has already been given to the public to show that on the evening of election the officers of the precinct were constantly molested by a drunken republican deputy sheriff who was sent to the polls for the express purpose of making trouble, and that with him were a half-dozen drunken louts whose presence became so annoying that, at length, the door of the precinct was locked in order that the count might be made.

But when this whole business was before the Silver Bow canvassing board affidavits were introduced with the intent of showing that, on their face, the returns from the tunnel precinct were wrong. The utter falsity of these affidavits will be shown. The dastardly methods employed by the affidavit-makers will be put in clear light, just as their own characters have been exposed.

The best that can be done by the gang of republican outlaws who are plotting against the people of this territory is to cry out that democrats are seeking to spirit away the men who made the original affidavits. The assertion is a lie foul and false. Ever since the day when the cowardly procurers dared to put their perjured testimony into type the STANDARD has been in quest of the voters whose affidavits were obtained. Some of them, fortunately, have been found. Without exception, those who have thus far been discovered furnish sworn testimony showing the affidavit-procurers to be as rank a group of villains as ever disgraced a community. We firmly believe that these men will hang before the cross-trees of telegraph poles before this business is finished. That's where they belong.

And in every instance where the makers of affidavits have disappeared, their sudden removal can be traced as straight as a gun barrel to the republicans who are behind the conspiracy; if any gentleman wishes this newspaper to name the time, the place and the circumstances, he has only to indicate his slightest wish and he shall be satisfied.

GOING PRETTY FAR.

It is panning out just as might have been expected. The Helena Journal is afraid of the courts and is venturing just as far as it dare go in its efforts to bring the character of the supreme bench of Montana into disrepute. By inference, the Helena organ is raising question regarding the conduct of the judges and it wastes a liberal amount of space that used to be devoted to deadly parallels, in quoting lengthy extracts from the code. Meanwhile every day brings us nearer to Monday of next week, and then the court proceedings for which the Journal was yearning will begin.

Why is it that these republicans are afraid to go into court? What has happened to change their views so radically with reference to court proceedings? Democrats were willing to settle all pending issues days ago on the direct verdict of the people and protested that the issue was one that needed no help from any court, but the republicans insisted, they

had all the machinery in their hands and nothing would do but the whole business must be packed off to the courts.

Then it was that the republican press told us how wise and good and impartial the judges are and how unerringly swift justice would be meted out. Now, if a court room is a pretty wholesome arena for arbitration in November, what's the matter with late October. The average judicial mind is not apt to vary with the change of season from late autumn to early winter, not at this altitude above the sea level. Suppose the republican conspiracy does suffer a little check by not being able to rig up a court for the occasion, what difference does that make to the great body of the people?

As for the democrats, they appear ready to follow the procession and abide the event. They protested against court proceedings in the first place and they do not now relish the arrangement that forces them to fight the same battle twice. They have no expectations and they ask no favors. They are going to court, however, not because they believe they ought to, but for the simple reason that they cannot help it if peace is to be preserved. They stand an even chance of getting badly whipped, but that is a chance they have to take, and they are not picking any quarrels with the judges.

While the supreme court judges were about it they might just as well have fixed the opening of court for this week instead of next. -Butte Inter-Mountain.

It might have been as well, that's true. Still, there's no occasion for undue haste and it is not very long till next Monday and all of us can afford to wait till then. It will be a great relief to the territory not to be kept until the second week of next month in enforced suspense, but the people appear quite willing to wait until Monday. At any rate, the supreme judges fixed the day without consulting the newspapers and we reckon that in court circles everything goes, when they decree it.

THE WORST YET.

Learn the news away from home. The Omaha World-Herald has information from Helena that a combination has been made in Montana politics, looking to the election of Martin Maginnis and W. F. Sanders as United States senators. From end to end the dispatch printed in the Omaha paper is as much a mix as anything the campaign has produced. For instance, it bases democratic obligation to Maginnis on the gallant fight he lately "made against Clarke for the lower house!"

With all the rest the World-Herald's dispatch assumes that the democrats will have a majority on joint ballot, but, all the same, the compromise is to be made on federal senators, as "three democrats have been found who will vote for Sanders." Evidently our aspiring neighbor in Helena has been sending out more red peppers.

The World-Herald need not be assured that Montana democrats are not working the compromise racket this year. They are legally entitled to the legislative majority on joint ballot and they are entirely satisfied that they will get it, because they have every confidence that right will prevail. If conspiracy can win, however, in this territory, that settles it. Montana's democrats will make no compromise with evil under any circumstances. The dispatch to which our Omaha contemporary gives unmerited space is a veritable campaign curiosity.

WINDOM'S MOTIVE.

In all probability Mr. Windom is trying to curry favor with Mexico by this ruling and to make the Mexican delegates to the international conference pleased with the action of the administration as represented by him; but as a matter of fact the ruling does not benefit Mexico, but only helps a lot of smelting and reducing corporations this side of the frontier, in New Mexico, at the expense of the revenue which should go into the United States treasury. Lead ore pays duty, silver ore does not; so Windom's ruling admits quantities of lead ore duty free under the pretense of being silver ore.

The administration might to advantage make a change in the secretaryship of the treasury. Windom is a small caliber man at best, and his rulings upon Chinese in transit and upon the classification of mixed ore show that he is not suited to the position which he occupies. He will do the administration no more harm than good. As he is of no particular use to the people at large, so a vacancy in the office held by him would seem eminently desirable. -San Francisco Chronicle.

JUST AS IT IS.

The pretended grounds for the grand larceny of the suffrage in Montana are of a purely technical nature. They do not at all relate to the intention of the voters of the locality, and they would be entirely disregarded by any impartial court as an element controlling the choice even of a county clerk. It appears that this fraudulent and corrupt action of the canvassers is of such consequence that, if successful, it would reverse the political control of the legislature and give to the republicans two seats in the United States senate. It is because of

the importance of the prize that the republican managers have ventured to brave public sentiment by essaying to seize it from those by whom it has been lawfully won. The situation is a very serious one. The people of Montana must maintain their rights. No one can now directly interfere between them and the election robbers. But the hands of the local authorities and of the law-abiding citizens of the new state must be strengthened by a demonstration of the opinions of fair men all over the country that will deter the criminals from a consummation of the wrong. It would be intolerable if the control of the congress of the United States were to depend upon such outrages as disgraced the country during the carpet-bag era. The people of Montana are open to no charge of disloyalty or inferiority in patriotism. Their new state has deliberately chosen to carry the democratic banner into the highest conclaves of the country. They must be protected in their right by every agency at the command of public opinion and of the law. -New York Star.

STANDARD TOPICS.

Shame Fun is the name of the new Chinese consul at New York city. Fun ought to be ashamed of himself if he isn't.

Susan B. Anthony has sued the American Glucose company, of Buffalo, for \$125,000, claiming that she has that much stock in the concern. If there is anything else that Susan wants, let her ask for it.

Three boys, attending gymnasia or high schools in Berlin, have shown themselves within the past few days on account of disappointment in not being promoted into higher classes. They were bound to pass up some way.

A sixteen-year-old girl has been arrested in New York for the atrocious crime of stealing her father's trousers while he slept and pawing them. Notwithstanding she was young and pretty she was sentenced to four months' imprisonment.

A New York paper, in commenting upon the departure of the scientific expedition which lately sailed to view the sun's eclipse on December 22, says that, as a rule, the scientists of the party are well-built, medium stout men and will present an attractive appearance before the cannibals.

The Paris beauty show has begun with thirty candidates, including two English, one Irish, two South Americans, two from the United States, two Russians, two Hungarians, two Italians, two Roumanians, five French, and four Orientals. The absence of candidates from Ethiopia is to be deplored.

On September 30 a man was executed at Ossuna, in Andalusia, for murder, who up to the last moment was in full expectation of a reprieve from Queen Christina. The reprieve was actually signed, and orders were sent to carry it out, but it arrived just after the execution was over. Hang such luck anyway.

In a village in the canton of Lucerne, Switzerland, there is a society of old maids. It numbers 80 members, and, queer enough, it is under the patronage of the St. Catherine matrimonial agency. The municipal council recently presented them with a banner, on which there is the following startling inscription: "Women are an evil, but they are also a blessing. They remind us of the onions that make us weep, but that we love all the same."

The courts of Missouri have ruled that a man is privileged to get drunk once in six years. Jack Doyle was defendant in the case wherein the doctrine was promulgated, and set up in defence that while it was true that he had somewhat disturbed the peace, he was drunk at the time, but had not been drunk before in six years. Judge Boland's eyes beamed indulgently on the offender, and Jack was discharged.

James Welch, aged 16 years, was fined \$5 in Kansas City the other day for disorderly conduct. Young Welch has been in the habit of attending the services in the M. E. mission. He amused himself by throwing paper wads and peanut shells at the heads of the members of the congregation while they were upon their knees. One venerable deacon, in giving his testimony, said: "Your honor, the prisoner's conduct was outrageous. He annoyed us so much that we were finally compelled to pray with our eyes open."

There are some points of law which even Blackstone failed to provide for. At St. Louis while a group of friends were sitting about the coffin of Jeremiah McCarthy they were surprised to see the corpse put shells at the heads of the members of the congregation while they were upon their knees. One venerable deacon, in giving his testimony, said: "Your honor, the prisoner's conduct was outrageous. He annoyed us so much that we were finally compelled to pray with our eyes open."

The New York Sun is surprised that although the Morocco sultan's "travelling contingent of wives alone amounts to 75, yet he is up and in the saddle by 4 o'clock in the morning, while he shocks the nervous system of foreign ministers by appointing 7 o'clock in the morning for his official reception." If the Sun will stop to reflect that statistics show that three out of every 10 women are hopelessly addicted to snoring, it will marvel not that the sultan gets up at 4, but rather will be amazed that he goes to bed at all.

Oh, the fleeing tribe of Big Heads! Scattered were they o'er the mountains. They had met the valiant Get Theres— Long and fiercely ragged the battle, Strewed was all ground with their bones. Kicked, indeed, was many a bucket. Vainly did their chieftains rally, Shouting to the hard-pressed Big Heads: "Brace yourselves with fire water! Tap ye all the kegs of lager! Help yourselves unto the bottle! Whoop her up again, ye warriors! Up and at the pesky rascals, Let us seek it up at 4, but rather will be amazed that he goes to bed at all.

Smashed were all their whiskey bottles; Run to waste was all their bottle, Turn'd a scene of desolation!

In the darkness of the midnight summoned was a hasty council (Of the chiefs who yet were living, Summoned was this secret council— All the warriors were invited, Came the brilliant Big Head, Sanders.

Oh, the high and mighty Sanders! Oh, the shrewd and crafty Sanders! What a grand imposing body Rests on those tremendous big feet! As he stalks throughout the forest How the ground, reverberating, Seems to thrill beneath their impact! All the forest seems excited, All the mountains rudge each other, All the rivers seem to gurgle "See the biggest of the Big Heads," Oh, the majesty of Sanders! Oh, his cheek sublime and awful! Oh, the vigor of his jaw-bone! Samson would have prized it highly.

Came the noble chump, Lee Mantle! Came he with his bag and baggage.

Sing, ye muses, of Lee Mantle! (Sing ye not those notes of red paint— Please omit those jugs nocturnal.) Sing ye of this wondrous Big Head! Of his lofty aspirations To be senator or nothing; Of his thunder, of his lightning— Jerked by Johnny Reed to order! Oh, beware when in a passion Mantle stamps his foot and cries out: "Some one sass me—I won't stand it— Get your gun, O Johnny! Johnny!"

Came the man with stacks of bottle— Seligman, the wampum lender.

Oh, the cries that rose at all times: "Seligman, thou son of Isaac! May thy seed increase forever! Blessed be thy stock and coupons! How we love thee like a brother! Give us of thy stores of bottle— Shell out quickly we beseech thee, For we want the stuff most sorely— Else we in the soup fall quickly."

Came the rest of the great Big Heads, Came old Knowles, the man of heap talk, He who puts the tribe to slumber If the smallest chance they give him. Came old Jack, the Precinct Killer; Brought he with him Hall, the booby, He whom one drink paralyzes. Came with ink and paste and scissors Quigg, the little chump from Gotham. Came the famous slayer, Bernard. He who butchers men so deftly That he beats the London ripper. Came they all unto the council, Summoned in the darksome forest.

Spake the mighty chieftain Sanders: "Well, we know that we are done up; Licked are we out of our boot-legs. (Yet let us get out as farther Let us take the chump from Gotham, He with ink and paste and scissors, He who cannot tell a Big Head From a hole deep in the ground dug. He who runs this business, But who cannot run a hog-pen, Let us take him by the breeches, Let us fire him back to Gotham.) Now, my braves, this is my project: Sleeping are the tired Get Theres, Thinking they have won the battle. We will steal up to their camp-fire We will lie in ambush for them, Sending in ahead three warriors, Even Jack, the Precinct Killer, Taking with him Hall the booby, Also Hank, the famous slayer, He who butchers men so deftly That he beats the London ripper. They will steal upon the Get Theres Sleeping there so still and quiet; They will cut them so quickly They will never know what hurt them. Then we all will enter boldly, Swipe unto ourselves the prizes, All the land between the mountains. All the land between the mountains. All the stuff within the wigwags, Everything shall ours at last be, And I'll reign o'er all this country."

So the three scouts started forward, Jack and Hank and Hank, the slayer, To do just as Sanders bade them. Stole they up unto the camp-fire, Straight began their work of cutting. But the Get Theres woke up quickly. Fell again upon the Big Heads; Long and fiercely waged the battle, And again the noble tribe of Get Theres got there all the same.

Advantages of a Well-Spent Youth. From the Norristown Herald. There are hundreds of rhymerists in this country who could have written Tennyson's last poem, "The Thornie," but they couldn't have got nearly so much for it.

Stick to the Mash. From the Louisville Courier-Journal. The boarders in a Philadelphia boarding-house have been poisoned by eating oysters. The American boarder who ventures beyond plain hash is always more or less in peril.

Criminal Red-Tapism. From the New York World. Nearly 400 cases of typhoid fever are reported at Johnstown, Pa. People there are shivering in miserable shanties, and thousands of dollars contributed by a generous public are still in the hands of red-tape commissionmen.

How Did the Editor Know? From the New York Herald. It is not always the telephone girl with the sweetest voice who has the prettiest face, as many fifty men have found out to their sorrow. When you strike one of the honey-dew variety look out of the window for a cross-eyed white horse.

A Linguistic Desideratum. From the San Francisco Alta. The proposition to substitute the English "lift" for American "elevator" will not help matters. The elevator also brings things down from an elevation, and the lift that lifts things up also brings them down. What is wanted is a word that works both ways.

Pulverize the Sugar Trust. From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Influences which the sugar trust would gladly frustrate if it could and dared are compelling the "combine" to "let up" a little in its exactions. Just now the trust has lost some of its old-time swagger, but the purpose of the people to crush it by legislation should not be relaxed.

Voices From the Dim Past. From the Buffalo Commercial. Among the articles deposited in the box of relics placed in the corner-stone of the new Pulitzer building in New York are two phonographic cylinders and one graphophone cylinder containing words spoken by members of the World's staff. There is cleverness in the selection of a relic like that. Fancy the interest with which the talk of men dead two hundred years will be heard by the fellows who come across that box in the ruins of the World building some day.

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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.

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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.
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' English Ribbed Wool Hose, all sizes, 5 pairs for \$1.00.
Misses' Scarlet Vests and Pants, all sizes at 35c per pair, former price 50c.
Five-Hook Kid Gloves, extra good, all sizes, at \$1 per pair.
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

50-NEWMARKETS-50

-AT-

\$5.00.

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

CARPETS AND OILCLOTHS.

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.
500 Comfortables from \$1.00 up to \$3.00.
50 pairs 10-4 Blue Kersey Blankets at \$3.00 per pair.
50 White Bed Spreads at 70c each. A great bargain.
50 pairs Extra Fine Gray Blankets at \$5.00 per pair.
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