

THE ANACONDA STANDARD

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THE STANDARD

is the only daily newspaper with telegraph facilities 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.

Care of Main and Third streets, Anaconda, Montana.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1889.

AS PLAIN AS POSSIBLE.

Now comes Chairman Seligman with a letter which was discussed days ago in the territorial press but which did not get into the columns of the Butte *Inter Mountain* until yesterday. This letter was addressed to the *New York Tribune*. It is so grossly a misstatement of the case that the *Helena Independent* promptly pronounced the letter a forgery, although that sterling newspaper knew that for weeks Seligman had been associated in political operations with an ex-convict and a murderer.

Circumstances force the STANDARD to have a pretty low opinion of Mr. Seligman. His conduct during the campaign was not of a type that entitles him to the respect of men who have any admiration for truth and respectability in politics. We do not share the suspicion which our *Helena* contemporary appears to entertain regarding the *Tribune* letter. It is just such a lot of political rot as the public might expect from a man of Seligman's calibre. As the letter has been several days before the public and Seligman has not denied its authorship, we assume that he is the writer of the screed.

If, indeed, he wrote what the *Tribune* printed we desire to say to Mr. Seligman's face that he is a dirty liar. This town is sick of being libeled by a political scrub; and if this hook-nosed coward in *Helena* desires to take any exceptions to the assertion that he is a liar, all he needs to do is to press the button just once.

Thompson Campbell yesterday told the reporters just what he would do if they dared to say anything about him. It was in the mind of the STANDARD to remark that the democrats must have an awfully poor case if Campbell can down them; but now that notice has been served on the reporters, we assume that the warning extends to editorial pages and therefore this column is silent regarding Campbell.

LET 'EM GO IT.

For the past four years or more scarcely a day gone by that the daily press has not chronicled some new development in the Hatfield-McCoy feud in West Virginia. During that time McCoy and Hatfields too numerous to mention have died with their boots on, and no technicalities have been raised. Meanwhile the feeble efforts of the authorities to put a stop to the war of extermination have availed but little. To be sure there are half a dozen or so prisoners now under sentence of death for participating in the brutal murders, but this fact has had no apparent effect. A few nights ago two prisoners were taken from a West Virginia jail and lynched by the opposing faction, and as a consequence both sides have again declared war and hostilities are about to commence in earnest. The latest from the seat of war is that about four score Hatfields were marching on about the same number of McCoy's, who are entrenched in the hills.

Both factions are composed of men who are notorious law-breakers, and whose chief occupation is the manufacture of moonshine whisky and fighting. The authorities of West Virginia have shown their utter inability to put a stop to the feud, and if the dispatches should chronicle the fact that both parties had been cleaned out entirely on the battlefield there will be few who would read the news with regret.

Judge Kirkpatrick referred yesterday to "the very able opinion rendered by Judge Knowles, in which the law applicable to this case was tersely stated." Well, what of it? Like many old ladies, Old Mother Knowles reserves the right to change her mind whenever she wants to, and it is sheer impudence to meddle with her opinions, and she won't have it; there now.

THE SIZE OF IT.

The infinite littleness of the technicalities on which the vote at the tunnel precinct was thrown out is shown in the argument heard yesterday in Judge DeWolfe's court.

It was assumed by democrats that, behind the facts given to the public ten days ago, the republicans were concealing evidence that would startle the community and lead democrats themselves to believe that all was not right at the famous precinct. But the line of defense for the attempt to steal a sovereign state is now made manifest. It proves to be so utterly childish or so absolutely rascally, whichever way you view it, that every reader of yesterday's proceedings must wonder how the conspiracy ever had the impudence to come into court.

Yesterday's proceedings are not easily summarized. Those whom the

dispute over the tunnel precinct interests ought to read what was said yesterday, as given in the admirable report of the proceedings printed this morning on the local page. The merits of the defense in this case are measured by yesterday's argument over the manner in which the returns ought to have been sent. Old Mother Knowles took time to insist that they should have been received by mail and claimed that the precinct ought to be thrown out because the returns did not come through the postoffice.

If you stand on the balcony of the St. Nicholas hotel in Butte and run your eye past the old Belle smelter the poor farm and the ranches that dot the broad valley stretching before you for nine miles, your vision will rest on the foot of the famous Homestake hill. At the top of this hill is the tunnel where Mr. Jack set up his famous precinct under promise, he says, that it should turn out a big republican majority. The nearest postoffice for that region is Butte. The returns of election were brought to that city and promptly delivered to the proper officer. Now Mother Knowles insists that the precinct officer should have walked up Main street and sent the returns through the postoffice instead of turning to the left two blocks below to deliver them in person!

This is one of the technicalities urged by republican conspirators as an excuse for stealing the state. It is flimsy enough, but it is as good as the next and better than most of the pretenses by which an office-hunting cohort in Butte is trying to rob the people and run away with the state.

It turns out just as the STANDARD predicted. As soon as the case of the tunnel precinct got fairly into court, its merits were disposed of in short order. Argument was closed last night and a decision will come early this morning. If Judge DeWolfe orders the precinct counted, the returns can be hurried to *Helena*. This is the day on which the state board must meet to canvass the returns. The business may reach an orderly close unless the conspiracy chooses to throw new obstacles in the way of the count.

THREE TERRITORIES.

A census will be taken next year which will show how good the governors of the territories are at guessing. In Montana, Governor White's report, soon to be issued, will claim a population of 185,000 for Montana, this figure including 15,000 Indians. Governor Warren puts the estimate on Wyoming's population at more than one hundred thousand, which is a total five times greater than shown by the census of 1880. The annual report of Governor Stroup, of Idaho, gives a population of 113,777 for that territory which seems to be high, and admits that more than 25,000 of Idaho's people are Mormons, an estimate which probably is low.

Most of Governor Warren's figures on the wealth and resources of Wyoming are quite in contrast with those furnished in the report of his predecessor. He estimates the value of property in the territory at more than a hundred millions, making the percentage of increase in wealth nearly coincident with that of population. In Montana, Governor White places the total valuation of property at \$150,000,000, this sum not including the value of that portion of mining property which is excepted from taxation. If these figures are an approach to accuracy, the difference between Montana and Wyoming is not as great in point either of population or wealth as many people have assumed.

In the end, Wyoming will doubtless be rich and thrifty. A large portion of the territory can be cultivated without irrigation, its mineral wealth promises much. It has vast deposits of coal and granite and it bids fair to be a big oil producer. There is small chance that it will ever retrograde, it expects to outstrip most of its northwest neighbors in the march toward wealth and greatness.

As to Idaho, there is the sentiment abroad against polygamous practices which is strongly urged in opposition to her admission, and which certainly must be regarded as a sentiment that ought to be respected. It is true that the new constitution for Idaho prohibits polygamy, but the nine lives of that curse take small account of constitutional barriers.

AS TO DIVORCE.

The general convention of the Episcopal church adjourned without taking final action on the proposed canon concerning marriage and divorce. The law laid down in the old Levitical decrees was discussed by the delegates in its relation to social life late in the nineteenth century and the whole subject was brilliantly debated, but a decision on proposed changes in the code was left until the next triennial convention.

Meanwhile they are having a tussel in Canada over the establishment of a divorce court. At present the upper house of the Canadian parliament is the only refuge for afflicted people who want to break the marriage bond. Much of the time of the senate is spent in hearing the testimony in divorce cases. It is said that the senators themselves strongly resist the proposed innovation, probably on account of the influence of the Catholic church in that body, although worldly-minded critics declare that the senators enjoy hearing the testimony and therefore oppose the formation of a court.

When it comes to practical reform, the longest step in that direction follows the action of the supreme court in New York City whose judges have

decreed that divorce cases shall no longer enjoy the secrecy of a hearing before a referee, this action following the exposures that attended the notorious Flack scandal.

STANDARD TOPICS.

The new gold crown which Emperor William, of Germany, has had made for him weighs three pounds. It is not every head that can stand three good pounds.

Kate Field is about to start a newspaper at Washington, to be devoted principally to a discussion of national issues. The paper will have a peculiar Field of its own.

Minnie Hank has purchased the Wagner villa on Lake Lucerne. She did not buy it for a song, but about eight or ten of them at the price she got in this country will foot the bill.

Some of the railroad companies assert that they are experiencing what they call a "car famine," but people who have got more than they can carry are not responsible for what they say.

The craze for sliding over Niagara Falls, says the *New York Commercial*, has reached such proportions that it has been found necessary to plant signs all along the banks of the river requesting visitors to "Please keep off the cataraet."

The shah of Persia has finished his European tour and is once more in the capital of his native land. The line of his travels is indicated on the map of Europe by a wide, crooked stripe of red ink, says the *Philadelphia Press*. It must be admitted that some of the shah's paintings are masterpieces in their line.

William Green, of Kearney, N. J., whose eleven-year-old daughter said she had been sand-bagged and robbed of \$60, offered \$250 reward for the arrest of the villain. The detective who proved that the girl had squandered the money and was the prize liar of New Jersey, now demands the \$250, and the old man has gone up stairs to think.

The secretary of the treasury received a letter a day or two ago in an envelope post-marked New York, containing four two-cent stamps, which the writer, who signs himself "Bad Boy," says is the amount, with interest, of two stamps which he used twice. Bad Boy is of the right stamp after all, and there is no desire on the part of the secretary to cut out his identity.

Rudolph Ericsson has invented a kind of dynamite which won't go off under ordinary circumstances, but only when the operator is all ready and pulls the string, as it were. He calls this tame dynamite "extralite." The significance of the name is not given, but it is reasonable to assume that it refers to the condition the fellow's head will be in who goes to monkeying with it.

The Seven Day Adventists figured out that the world would come to an end some time this month, but not later than the 22nd. The 22nd came, and, owing to some hitch in the programme, the Adventists postponed the event a few days, but warned all men that the time of grace would not extend beyond midnight of October 31. The catastrophe, therefore, will surely take place to-day, and the STANDARD will publish a full and complete report of it to-morrow morning.

In a lecture in the Presbyterian church at Rockford, O., the other evening, Professor Curtis asserted that it was ridiculous to suppose that any man so afflicted with ho is as Job could compose his mind sufficiently to write the lofty poetic sentences which are attributed to him. The congregation disagreed with this assertion, and now two parties, the Jobites and the anti-Jobites, are fighting the matter out between them. We must say that the sentiments in dispute are so well boiled down that we fail to see why anybody should question Job's authorship.

Good spirits are very accommodating, and it is always well to have plenty of them around. Mr. Johnston was the hired man in the family of Prof. Parkhurst, a respectable business man, but an ardent spiritualist, living at Manchester, Mo. Johnston soon became a spiritualist, and claimed to be a medium. The spirits compelled him to hug and kiss Mrs. Parkhurst in a most scandalous fashion, but the professor said it was all right. Finally the community rose up and had the pair arrested to serve them guilty of intemperance and fraud, which fine Prof. Parkhurst, at the request of the spirits, paid. Then the pair eloped.

Count Von Moltke is the latest patron of the phonograph. The instrument shown him a short time ago and the venerable general uttered to it the strange and appropriate sentence from Goethe's "Faust": "Ye instruments mock me with wheel and combs, with cylinder and handle." Ye instruments immediately got to work with all their wheels, combs, cylinders, handles and other mechanisms running full time, and mocked the stately officer to his heart's content. It strikes us there was a great deal of mock gravity at the occasion; but ye instruments are little else than hollow mockeries anyway.

CURRENT COMMENT.

An Important Discovery.

From the *Lusk Herald*. The spindle-legged and brainless advocate of molasses who dabs axle grease over shoe pegs and prints therefrom the hand bill which the *Glenrock Graphic*, has at last tumbled to the fact that he has made an ass of himself.

Reciprocity With Canada.

From the *New York Post*. One may not concern himself over the pecuniary outcome of Canadian railways for their owners, but he can shut his eyes to the rapid change of opinion in regard to reciprocity with Canada which those railways are accomplishing in New England.

Millionaire, Cook or Jockey.

From the *Boston Globe*. If you can't be a millionaire, the next best thing is to be a millionaire's cook or jockey. Both seem to be taking big slices of the terrestrial cake just at present. Vanderbilt pays his cook \$10,000, and August Belmont's jockey pulls through on the same sum per annum.

A Fortunate Man.

From the *Philadelphia Ledger*. If Kemmler hadn't been safely locked up while the experts have been wrangling over the suitability of electricity as a

means of execution, he might have been killed long ago by running up against a "live wire." Seven New Yorkers, not convicted of murder, have not been so fortunate.

A Campaign Tribute.

From the *Long Pine Journal*. Bulwagge is not to blame for the double-shuffle dog trot walk of his. It was acquired in his younger days when dancing to the music of his irate father's voice. The old man drove slaves before the war, and after the war Reese and the rest of the flock had to step to the same music.

John Bull's Conservatism.

From the *Detroit Journal*. The British people, who less than one hundred years ago tried by force to prevent the introduction of power printing presses, are now directing their energies to keeping out electric lights, and low quality gas, tallow dips and kerosene have combined to make determined resistance to electricity.

Full of Loopholes.

From the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. The New York finance committee has finally opened subscription books for the world's fair. So many conditions, restrictions and legal definitions surround the subscriptions, however, that it wouldn't take a very shrewd lawyer to relieve a subscriber of the necessity of putting up his money if he cared to keep it.

The British Investors.

From the *Baltimore American*. The dividends will not materialize on these bubbles, and the time must surely come for a reckoning. Then follows collapse, disaster, wide-spread depression and misery, after which the financial skies will clear up for a season; in fact, until the atmosphere again become poisoned and the opportune germs appear. The American property owners are not fleeced apparently, but the subsequent catastrophe must inevitably result on the American markets and American business.

Germany's Man of Iron.

From the *Boston Globe*. Previous to the last week Bismarck had not attended an opera or a concert for twenty years. He has not been inside a church, except strictly on business, for a much longer time, nor has he put himself on exhibition in any foreign country. There are some grand features, after all, in this rugged figure of the real master of Europe, who spends his vacation on his farm among his farm laborers, and despises nothing so much as to make a show of himself.

Peccadilloes of the Blaine's.

From the *Kansas City Times*. Jimmy Blaine, Jr., has confessed judgment in favor of a physician for medical services rendered his wife. Jimmy is now working in a machine shop in Maine. Jimmy ought to be working on a rock pile. A man who will allow himself to be sued for the services of a physician to his wife, and then acknowledge by confessing judgment that the bill was a just one, is a good man to avoid. And a father who will permit the family name to be dragged into such unenviable notoriety is not much better. The Blaine family does not improve upon acquaintance.

Where Are Your Soldiers?

From the *Springfield Republican*. "Where are your soldiers?" asked a South American delegate of Mr. Curtis, at Holyoke, while the party was waiting for the procession to start. "Oh all our New England tour I have not seen a soldier in one of the city streets," Mr. Curtis assured him that we did not need many soldiers in time of peace, and our small army was on the frontier watching the Indians. "But who preserves order?" the delegate persisted. "Well, there is a policeman keeping back the crowd," said Mr. Curtis, pointing to a blue-coat who was motioning with his club. "But he isn't armed," continued the inquirer. "In our country about one-tenth of the able-bodied men are soldiers, and in a large place like this a man stands with a gun on every street corner. Ah! this government by the people is wonderful!"

PEOPLE OF PROMINENCE.

The Empress Augusta gave \$200 to the fund for the relief of the sufferers by the Antwerp explosion.

Theophile Landreau, the discoverer of the immense beds of guano in Peru, is living in comparative poverty in Lima.

Prof. W. H. Appleton of the Greek chair of Princeton college has been elected to succeed Dr. E. H. Magill as president of the Swarthmore college.

Mme. Le Roy, who is starting an expedition to the pole, is accompanied by a single man servant, but will organize armed bands as she proceeds.

Mark Twain lives an idle, easy-going sort of existence during nine months of the year. Unlike most authors, he works all summer and rests all the remainder of the year.

Alma Tadema is described as the least imposing object in his studio. He looks and is a little over 50. He is short and strongly built and most energetic in his movements.

A statue of Walther Von der Vogelweide, the minne singer of the twelfth century, was unveiled on September 12 at Bozen, in the Tyrol, where he is supposed by some to have been born. It is a colossal statue.

After destroying a very large number of letters, Mr. Gladstone has selected 60,000 for preservation and has built for them a fire-proof room. When his biographer comes to overhaul them he will find his work half done in advance.

According to the newly-issued Crimson club book of the Harvard club that organization now has 402 resident and 192 non-resident members. The earliest class represented in that club is that of 1847, and the sole representative of that class is Solomon J. Gordon.

He Caught the Right Man.

From the *Chicago Ledger*.

Pedler—I am introducing a new kind of hair brush which—

Business Man (impatiently)—I've no use for a hair brush. Can't you see I am bald?

Pedler—Yes, sir. Your lady, perhaps—

Business Man—She's bald, too, except when she goes out.

Pedler—Yes, sir. Child at home, probably—

Business man—Only a month old. Bald, too.

Pedler—Your the very man I've been wanting to meet for years. I've got a restorer here that would grow hair on a vegetable marrow.

ESTES AND CONNELL

MERCANTILE COMPANY.

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.
- Ladies' White Merino Vests and Pants at 45c and 75c, former price 75c and \$1.25.
- Misses' Fine Cashmere Hose, all sizes, at 25c per pair, black and colored.
- 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.
- 50 extra heavy Bed Spreads at \$1 each, former price \$1.50.
- 50 White Wool Blankets at \$4.50 per pair.
- 50 Fine Marseilles Bed Spreads at \$1.50 each, worth \$2.25.

Estes & Connell Mercantile Company.