

THE ANACONDA STANDARD

PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING IN THE WEEK EXCEPT MONDAY.

Delivered by carrier or mail at ten dollars a year, three dollars a quarter or one dollar a month.

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, Corner of Main and Third streets, Anaconda, Montana.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1889.

The STANDARD sends congratulations to Joseph K. Toole, first governor of the state of Montana. No resident of the territory could more worthily wear the honor, no citizen is better equipped to stand at the head in the civil list of the new state, no citizen of Montana will feel disposed to withhold congratulations on the accession of Governor Toole.

God bless the new state; and may prosperity attend the administration of its first governor!

That the announcement of realized statehood was received by every citizen of Montana with a sense of joy, is a fact that needs no defending. That, with the feeling of rejoicing there is mingled a sentiment of regret over the unhappy complications involving peace and good order among the people, is a truth that need not be recited. That a plot to steal the new state and pervert the popular will has made itself dangerous by mere force of self-assertion is admitted. That the patriotic people of Montana will resist the insidious assaults of crime is as certain as is the conviction that its people love liberty and prize the blessings which follow Montana's welcome as the forty-first star in the galaxy of states.

According to all accounts Watson C. Squire, of Seattle, has a good grip on the senatorship and will probably get generous support against all comers when the Washington legislature gets down to work. Mr. Squire has been governor of Washington territory. Most of the New Yorkers now in this part of the world remember when he used to sit at a desk in the big gun factory of the Remingtons, at Ilion, N. Y. Marriage related Mr. Squire to the proprietors of that immense concern which, after years of marked prosperity, came to a final accounting that left its owners poor enough. It is current that Mr. Squire has made the circuit of the financial barometer since he went to Washington, but he is evidently popular and, if talk goes for anything, he will get to be federal senator on a run.

If Judge Knowles could have had his way, there would have been war in a Butte court room yesterday. Knowles is counsel for a big fraud and that sort of business never got any good of waiting. A man who is willing to go so far as actually to steal a court in Montana isn't just the right sort of material to sit as a federal judge. As Knowles has been knocked out for governor, senator and everything else worth having, we predict that the coveted judgeship will be added to his string of distinguished defeats. Even Campbell ought to be able to get away with him on that issue. That would be tough, but it would double discount Knowles.

HOW THE COUNT STANDS.

Under the order of the court, Mr. Hall certified to returns from the tunnel precinct on five members of the legislature. Of course, the precinct is entitled to be counted on every candidate, but Mr. Hall limited his signature to the five members of the legislature whose names were recited in the mandamus proceedings.

It is clear that this does not seat the nine democrats who were elected in Silver Bow county. In fact it leaves the list for that county six democrats and four republicans, thus throwing out several democrats who were supposed to be elected before the tunnel precinct was counted and who are already in possession of certificates from the state canvassing board.

Clearly, the order commanding the count of the tunnel precinct on five of the candidates must in equity be made to apply to the entire ticket. That count, the fairness of which cannot be questioned, would put nine democratic members of the legislature beyond the possibility of question. A movement to secure this count was started in Judge De Wolfe's court yesterday, but other subjects arose and the matter was left for future decision.

The refusal of Mr. Hall to make the count complete for Silver Bow was a manifestation of the spirit that has prompted the canvassing board from the first. Mr. Jack and Mr. Hall started out to stifle the vote of Silver Bow county if that could be done. They use the letter of the law as a pretext whenever that can be construed in any way to help them, and justice has to fight its way by inches.

However, the fraud has been uncovered, precedent has been established and there is not the slightest question that the nine men who were elected by the people of Silver Bow will take their seats and keep them.

Under the count as it stands by the

arbitrary action of Mr. Hall the lower house of the legislature would include 28 republicans and 28 democrats with the joint representative for Deer Lodge and Beaverhead to hear from.

Montana got in ahead of Washington after all; and that's strange enough. But Washington was unduly excited over the selection of senators, and its territorial governor forgot that the President of the United States is too technical for the average western mind.

THE COURT IN DISPUTE.

The STANDARD's excellent correspondence from Butte, printed this morning on the fourth page, pictures the scene witnessed yesterday in the court where Judge De Wolfe has presided and where rival aspirants presented themselves as soon as Montana was declared a state.

Lamentable as the spectacle is, the people of Silver Bow are to be congratulated on the fact that the court in Butte was not turned into a bear garden and all the forms of law made a fare. The STANDARD's correspondent in Butte refers to the dignity with which Judge De Wolfe brought to peaceful termination a contest which might easily have ended in an unseemly quarrel for his seat. This page of the STANDARD desires to add its full recognition of that gentleman's dignified conduct under the trying circumstances.

We must wait until next Tuesday to learn what is to be the outcome of the contention in which Mr. McHatton and Mr. Hamilton are involved. For our part, we cannot see how the vexing question can be settled by any arbitration which will put the contestants on common ground. A court whose integrity and authority no man has dared to question has ordered the tunnel precinct counted. That count gives Mr. McHatton a clear majority of votes and hence gives him a right to be Judge De Wolfe's successor.

Mr. Hamilton produces a certificate from the board of state canvassers; but the STANDARD has always insisted that the returns taken to the state board were worthless and ought never to have been submitted to Governor White and his associates. The Governor himself has admitted that these returns were altogether informal, that he favored throwing out the entire county, but that Silver Bow was counted "so that the vote on the constitution should be as large as possible."

In truth, state certificates held by any man from Silver Bow, with the tunnel precinct ousted, are worthless. This newspaper renews its suggestion that it was a fool's errand to carry them to Helena, and we insist now that the Silver Bow certificates issued last week are worthless things, be they issued by state canvassers to republican or democrat.

In this view of the case, the Hamilton certificate is absolutely worthless. That gentleman did not receive a majority of the votes of Silver Bow under the count which a court of unquestioned authority ordered to be made. This being the fact, Hamilton has no claim, his pretensions are not subject to barter or adjudication, and the democrats of Butte lack the spirit that should stamp their conduct if ever they recognize his right even to make a contest or waste their strength in seeking to conciliate him. In other words Hamilton is a fraud outright if he dares to set up claims to an office to which he never was elected, and democrats are fools if, lending their ears to his assertions, they help to dignify his unwarrantable pretensions.

Silver Bow county has elected McHatton to the office of judge. The first business of the people is to see that he takes his place. The dignity of the court is all right, but no dishonest court has dignity, and the court that assumes to plant itself on a minority vote and an unfair certificate is dishonest. We take it that the people of Silver Bow county have the nerve to prevent a knavish count. If we are right in this, they will put on the bench the man who has a majority of the honest vote in that county. If they do this they will make short work of this man Hamilton, who cannot be made decent simply because he sets up an arrogant claim to a decent office. Courts of justice are safe only so long as the people keep them safe, and, if Silver Bow democrats cannot defend the title of a judge whom the people elected, let them hasten to withdraw from politics and give fraud unquestioned sway.

McHatton was elected judge by the vote of Silver Bow county. He ought to claim his seat and if the men who elected him have any respect for the dignity of law they will put him in his place and keep him there at the point of the bayonet, should that be necessary, if they are patriots and have the right sort of stuff running in their veins.

STANDARD TOPICS.

A gentleman of the name of Boozie has been shot in Maryland for being too polite to the wife of the gentleman who shot him. Ladies should not have anything to do with Boozie.

Perhaps it is only a coincidence, but it is rather peculiar that simultaneous with Forsaker's defeat comes the news that the great barrel concern at Youngstown, Ohio, has gone into bankruptcy.

Whatever becomes of Forsaker or Mahone, Vice-President Morton is making himself solid with the boys, anyway. The liquor dealers' association of Terre Haute has elected him an honorary member as a token of respect for his joining the brotherhood by taking out a license in Washington.

Another good man gone wrong is Editor Calkins, of the Nevada City Transcript. A prize having been offered for the heaviest heavyweight in the town, the editor to the infinite surprise of the populace, stepped

on the scales and registered 280 pounds, the highest figure reached. The judges, acting on the theory that he or his confederates had monkeyed with the scales, gave them a thorough and exhaustive examination, which, however, revealed nothing wrong. It was then decided to stand the editor on his head. Although Mr. Calkins objected to this indignity, he was overpowered, and as soon as his body was reversed 100 pounds of shot came rolling out. Not so much weight is attached to the editor as formerly, and his esteemed contemporaries are daily standing him on his head with reckless impunity.

The custom prevailing among murderers to deposit the bodies of their victims in innocent looking trunks has been much to develop a spirit of curiosity and inquiry in the hitherto stolid and brutal baggage men. The members of the brotherhood on duty at the Union depot in St. Louis, detecting the existence of a peculiarly offensive smell, succeeded in tracing it to a trunk which had been checked to Birmingham, Ala., by a particularly pretty young woman. If their suspicions had not been excited, the baggage men would have no scruples over smashing the trunk off-hand, but wishing that everything in the trunk with the exception of the body of crime should be in decency and in order, they notified the police. The police in turn put a guard over the trunk and closed it in the coroner. The coroner pronounced the smell that of a corpse in an advanced state of decomposition. Evidently he held his nose while the coroner in the name of the law broke the lock and raised the lid. He drew forth a bundle which, he said, was the body of an infant. Unwinding the cloth he discovered the remains of an old limburger cheese.

Miss Frances Willard, the temperance enthusiast, has gone to George M. Pullman and argued with spirit and vivacity that smoking compartments should be abolished from sleeping cars. She declares that under the present arrangement the smoke is blown into the body of the cars to the discomfort of the occupants. Miss Willard, it need not be said, has a very long, delicate nose. It is suggested that the Inter State Commerce Commission prohibit the smoking of cigars and cigarettes below a certain refined grade. It may be argued that this will not wholly overcome the objection, since many ladies cannot distinguish between the good and the bad of the purest Cuban product and the vulgar smouldering of condensed cabbage. But a lady with a perceptivity of nose like Miss Willard's must certainly be able to detect a difference in the odors, even though both odors seem equally bad.

This being admitted, it follows that the lady's nose has not been educated, that one of her five senses has been most deplorably neglected, and that however cultivated she may be otherwise she has not all the graces and accomplishments possible to a high-bred woman and cannot lay claim to the perfect culture. She may be able to appreciate sculpture and painting, her ear may be trained to absorb the harmony of classical music, and her tongue may convey to her seat of thought the subtle distinctions between genuine extra dry and the California deception of apples and sulphuric acid, but if her sense of smell remains in the weak and imbecile condition of infancy, she is passing through life ignorant of a domain of art of the breadth and beauty of which none except its devotees have any conception. As it is impossible to make a blind man form any idea of a superb landscape, so it is equally useless to tell a person with an imbecile nose of the finished beauty, the rapturous sublimity, in fact all the qualities which delight the aesthetic faculty, present in the holy smoke of a good cigar. An edict from the Inter-State Commerce Commission, as we have suggested, should be immediately satisfactory to both sexes. It would make a training school for ladies and children, besides gratifying all men of any degree of refinement above a mule.

CURRENT COMMENT.

The Editor Will Be on Hand. From the River Press.

As it has in the past so it will in the future devote its energies to the upbuilding of Montana in general and Cheyenne in particular. And when the first note of Gabriel's horn shall sound the end of time and usher into eternity, the River Press will be found in a million happy homes in northern Montana announcing the glad tidings that this fair land has been selected as the southern addition to the New Jerusalem.

Deadly Work of the Bacillus. From the New York Tribune.

The bacillus is now said to be the author, or shall we say the authoress, of nearly all the woes to which poor humanity is subject, the microbe coming in as a good second. A learned savant has recently discovered that the bacillus is the cause of baldness. The consequences of this theory is that there is no one ever seen bald in the act of causing baldness, its truth can be boldly maintained against all comers. Pretty soon the barbers will work in some pater about the bacillus, in their syndromes, and thus a new terror will be added to the life of the man who spends three or four hours a week in a barber shop.

Couldn't Best the Cable Car. From the Chicago Tribune.

The cable-car can hold up its end anywhere and under any circumstances. Eight Texas steers mistook Kansas City for an Arizona cactus plantation and started in to root it up. Twenty policemen and five cowboys tried to convince them of the error into which they had fallen, but without avail. Two men, a woman and a boy were partially impaled by the infuriated brutes, who were proceeding to other acts of vandalism, when one of them happened to tackle a grip-car. The grip just rose up in its might and interrupted that steer so badly that he threw up his hands and cried for mercy. The others then submitted to being killed or captured, they did not care much which if they had to live in Kansas City.

It Answers Every Purpose. From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

The bad nickel that has worried the street-car drivers of Rome, Ga., so long is not so bad as it may seem. The nickel always returns; but why will it not be a good-enough nickel until the company shall go out of business, which may be fifty years hence? This bad nickel, every time it is used by a passenger, pays a fare just as well as a genuine coin. The company in turn gets it off on the passengers

in change; and so, while it is thus passing back and forth, it answers every purpose of a real nickel. This bad nickel is like unto a wicked man. He goes and comes, and is as prosperous, seemingly, as a good man. It is when the final reckoning comes that the bad man and the bad nickel will both be cast out.

PEOPLE OF PROMINENCE.

Mr. Rosa Bonheur has given to Buffalo Bill a fine pair of mustangs, which she had been unable to break. His cowboys quickly brought them to time.

The old report that Mr. Gladstone has secretly gone over to the Roman Catholic church is again in circulation to a certain limited extent in Great Britain.

The rumor is revived that W. H. Smith, the present chancellor of the exchequer, is to be sent to the house of lords as Viscount Strand, and that Mr. Balfour will assume the leadership in the house of commons.

"Social, political, so-to-speak religious, legal and cosmopolitan circles," says Joe Howard in the New York Press, "will be interested to know that Walliston H. Brown has successfully besieged the heart and impressed the mind of Col. Ingersoll's oldest daughter, Eva R., mentally alert, physically beautiful, morally taut as a straight string, and that in the course of three weeks at the furthest he will have the right and the privilege of protecting her 'until death do them part.'"

It may be that the reports of the serious illness of the prince of Wales are due to the fact that he has become extremely studious of late. He has always been fond of reading history, and during the last year has covered a good deal of ground. He has been reading American historians and has gone through nearly all the works of Motley and Prescott. He considers the latter the most fascinating historian of modern times. The prince is now reading McMaster's "History of the American People."

Professor John Stuart Blackie, who attains his 80th birthday this year, outlives in striking personality his two illustrious friends and contemporaries in age, the ex-premier and poet laureate, buoyant and vivacious in spirit, erect, sprightly, and nimble footed as a youth in his teens, a sight of the picturesque figure of the versatile Greekian proceeding along Princes street, Edinburgh, or descending the mound with his close friend, Dr. Walter C. Smith, poet and preacher, remains with one as a stimulating memory.

A Vienna correspondent recently wrote: "The only son of the late Duchess Galliera, M. Ferrar Galliera, is at present in this city with an immediate companion, one M. Boulanger. Two days ago M. Galliera took the oath as a Serbian subject. The reason for this is interesting. For several years M. Galliera has lived in the firm conviction that Boulanger, who is really the son of his coachman, is his brother. This being admitted, it follows that the hypnotism. He has made the attempt in several countries to give M. Boulanger the place of a brother and failed. In Serbia this extraordinary wish has been fulfilled and M. Boulanger is now the heir presumptive to the Galliera property, amounting to more than 15,000,000 francs."

POLICING YELLOWSTONE PARK.

The Military System is Preserving Game and Preventing Vandalism. From the Boston Journal.

The surveillance of the park is in the hands of the military, and in good hands too. The present superintendent is Capt. Boutelle, a man of the highest caliber, who succeeded Capt. Harris at the beginning of the season. Under the old system a civic superintendent and nine assistants were supposed to look after a tract of country nearly half as large as the state of Massachusetts, and not only prevent tourists from carrying away the geysers and hot springs, but also to "round up" the hunters and trappers, who would do much to deplete the national reserve of its noble game unless prevented. There was never anything like a proper patrol of the park until it was placed under military control. Every citizen who desires to see the park wonders preserved should rejoice in Capt. Boutelle's appointment. With the aid of two companies of cavalry, one of which is stationed at Mammoth Hot Springs and the other at Lower Geyser Basin, small detachments being placed at the other tourist centers, the regulations made by the interior department have been efficiently enforced, and in a manner acceptable to the public.

Some persons there may be who have taken umbrage because they were not permitted to despoil the springs, and geysers of their beautiful deposits, but every fair-minded person cannot but rejoice that the rules against carrying away specimens are strictly and impartially carried out. Soldiers are not Cavalry, the second in command is, like Captain Boutelle, a thorough officer and a thorough gentleman. The soldiers are an aid to tourists, not a nuisance, and while carefully guarding the formations from vandalism, are excellent guides.

So carefully is the "no shooting" regulation enforced that much of the game is becoming quite tame. While I was riding over the Trout Creek route a few days since two beautiful deer appeared by the roadside and remained there, evidently without fright, while my wagon was driven by. There are thousands of elk, a few buffalo—perhaps 30—mountain sheep, antelope, bears and other game within the park enclosure. The buffalo are seldom seen, but are known to exist in the eastern and southern parts of the park.

No Head for Business. From the Texas Sittings.

Mose Schaumburg, Jr.—Vader, a shentleman vants to know if dot unshrinkable undershirt don't shrink a leedle, anyway?

Mose Schaumburg, Sr.—Does dot shirt fit him?

"No, it vus choost a leedle too pig."

"Of course it vill shrink. Vy, don't you have some heads for pidness?"

Waiting. The lover stands in the shady lane, Watching the cottage door.

He is waiting there for his Mary Jane, And she is waiting for him.

She lists her head and she comes and goes, She watches the passing car— Ah! only those who have waited know How long the moments are.

But the dearestest wait of all, 'tis said, Is that in the morning light, Of the wretched man with the monstrous face, Who was with the boys last night. As he goes up at the old church tower Where swift winged pigeons soar, And waits for the clock to strike the hour That opens the barroom door. —Boston Transcript.

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.
- 50 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.