

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

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1889.

THE COURT IN ORDER.

In Silver Bow's court room, yesterday afternoon, Judge McHatton walked in like a man and took the place to which he was elected by the people. There was no bloodshed—oh, no! The men who tried to frighten him from taking his rightful place knew where to draw the line. It was one of those peaceful transfers to which law-abiding communities in this country are accustomed.

Judge McHatton was not bluffed by men who, having no shadow of title, proposed to shout him down. He did not swerve from the straight line of duty even when those who had been wrangling to establish his claim hurried to the rear and tried to take him with them. He had the courage of his convictions. He didn't propose either to be howled down or to be lured from duty. Bully for McHatton! Or, if that phrase may seem too unprofessional for the dignified precincts of justice, we withdraw it, in order to remark in the lore of the bar: "Your honor, if the court please, you're the staff."

There should be congratulations all round, on the fact that Silver Bow county has a judge of the right fibre, who is ready to maintain the truth, who has grit enough to stand with his party when he knows it is right and who, at any cost, will surely have courage enough to smite his party whenever he finds it to be in the wrong—for it is possible that questions involving partisan politics may yet reach his court. There should be congratulations, too, on the fact that there were found in the ranks of the republican party men who were patriotic enough to repel the remnant of conspiracy when it sought to lay hands on the temple of justice. Congratulations go to the people of Silver Bow because their chief tribunal of law rests on no rotten corner stone of cowardly compromise; to the democrats of Butte because a man of nerve as well as of lofty purpose and brilliant legal attainments sits at the bench; to the court itself because it has the support of the clerk of the court and the pleasant companionship of the court records, so that law may be properly administered however tardy a laggard sheriff may be in yielding to the people's will.

Henceforth, let all discussion of the relation of the Silver Bow court to politics be restrained, to the end that justice may run its course unvexed and that law may be administered in decency and with dignity. Announcement has been made that the contest over Judge McHatton's seat will be carried by the republicans to the supreme court. All right, gentlemen, if that's the right arena for the final test, we will meet you at Philippi. The supreme court of this state is republican. It will decree what is right, it will be calm, temperate and just—it will be right, and its behests will be obeyed without delay or complaint by every loyal citizen of Montana. Till then, in all that relates personally to the court in Butte, let praise or blame alike be silenced.

WASHINGTON IS IN.

The forty-second star twinkled in the zenith just after dusk Monday evening. In the state of Washington the news of President Harrison's proclamation was received with demonstrations of gladness. The legislature had assembled in Olympia and when word of the proclamation came its members turned from the routine of business and received the news with enthusiastic cheering.

The dispatches tell how one of the pioneers of Washington rose to his feet when the telegram was read in the hearing of members of the house and, in a brief speech, trembling with emotion, congratulated the legislature and the people. Doubtless it was an occasion that will be memorable. The people of the forty-second state are to be congratulated on the fact that they enter peacefully into the union of states, after having complied fully with all that was exacted by the federal authority in a manner that shows the people of the state fitted for self-government. Glad as our own people are to wear the jewel of statehood, there is not a city in Montana whose people have found themselves in temper to unite in rejoicings which would come by popular outburst and without need of formal summons but for the shadow under which conniving fraud has brought us.

With Washington's new legislature organized for work, the election of two federal senators will doubtless be hastened. The STANDARD has already indicated that ex-Governor Squire has an apparently safe lead among the candidates. The friends of that gentleman are anxious to get to a ballot,

but they evidently are not strong enough to hurry the voting, the opposition uniting in the declaration that, under constitutional provisions, the election cannot be held until the 19th inst. Meanwhile the new state officers of Washington are to be inaugurated next Monday with pomp and circumstance.

The ANACONDA STANDARD has no love for Butte for the simple reason that the people of this city had the audacity not long ago to ask that the capital be planted here. That's where the matter with the STANDARD—Butte Inter-Mountain.

The STANDARD's memory is that Anaconda was placed under enduring obligations to Butte and its people when the question of bringing the capital here was before the constitutional convention. During the fight, this city was favored with the hearty vote and the earnest support of every member from Butte, and several active representatives from that city worked earnestly by argument and by strong personal appeal to help our people through. But for that substantial service this little city could not have hoped to make the splendid showing which was scored for it in the fight. The only remarkable fact in the business was that the solid Silver Bow delegation staid right along with Anaconda, in face of noisy protests from the Butte Inter-Mountain. Every member of the convention commented on the laughable fact. The Helena incident is chief noteworthy, however, because it helped to strengthen the bond which always has bound Butte and Anaconda, and which will be made stronger by all that the future brings.

The New York Sun has a faculty for getting up national tickets composed of losers. A singular fatality attends its nominees. Just now it is out with Governor Hill for president and Governor-elect Campbell, of Ohio, for vice-president. Every passing favorite has its brief day in the Sun's columns, and each appears to come out a little the worse for its praise.

Frightened members of the legal fraternity in Butte who trembled lest fees would wing their flight in case the court got tied up, may take a retainer and go ahead again. "Professional considerations" are things altogether lovely and of good report but sometimes they make a man's stock of patriotism look mighty slim.

Some of the leaders in the Women's Temperance Union are not quite clear in their views as to the fate of movements for female suffrage in the northwest. The subject got a pretty good turning over in Montana when the constitutional convention was in session, but the net result was not of a nature to cheer the female suffragist's heart.

There isn't much flavor of compromise in the organization of Judge McHatton's court. It wasn't what people in this western country call a trading proposition. This county is always ready to share even the best it has with Silver Bow, but really the situation didn't warrant Butte in borrowing a judge from Deer Lodge.

All the republican "explanations" of the large democratic majority in New York state fail to take account of the fact that Thomas C. Platt is that state's political boss and that the members of the republican party cannot be induced to like him.

STANDARD TOPICS.

The New York Tribune denies that Vice President Morton has a bar. There appears to be no bar to the Tribune—it says whatever it pleases.

Mrs. Benjamin Harrison has been shopping in New York the past few days. She should lay in plenty of good thick underclothing for the president. It has been very cold in Washington since a week ago yesterday.

A Saco (Me.) blacksmith is the latest convert to the belief that early rising is not always in practice what it is in theory. He got up dark an early the other morning and had his fire blazing by 4 o'clock. The next thing he knew the Saco fire department had the hose turned on his blaze and the neighbors were screaming "Fire!" at the top of their voices.

Secretary Blaine has taken possession of his new home in Washington, which is described as "a large, old-fashioned, three-story and attic, red-brick house," formerly occupied by Secretary Seward. He thinks this will do until 1893, when he hopes to occupy a house of a different color. But by that time there will be no place like his home, sweet home in Maine.

A bill has been introduced in the Georgia legislature designed to exterminate the fox. It proposes to appropriate 25 cents for every scalp of a fox, and 50 cents for that of every wild cat. The introduction of the bill aroused the ire of several members of the house, who have fine packs of hounds and are enthusiastic fox-hunters. But with all that they are on the best of terms with the foxes, and there is always an understanding between the leader of the chase and the owners of the hounds that the former is not to accompany the latter home.

Parts of the East appear to be so effete that their inhabitants are wholly unable to endure a pinch of excitement which in other parts of the country would scarcely be noticed. In Lowell, Mass., last Friday a prisoner on being convicted of assault attempted to commit suicide in open court. His wife shrieked and fainted away. His father-in-law then threw up his hands and also fell unconscious. The foreman of the jury then fell out of his chair from an attack of heart disease. To the credit and dignity of the bench, it is gratifying to learn that "the court took no account of these proceedings," but after directing the deputy sheriffs to remove

the sick and dying went on with the next case.

The Chicago Times, speaking of the inter-collegiate convention in New York to revise the rules of American football, expresses the hope that the ambulance, a universal accessory to the game will be displaced by stretchers properly manned and concealed from view until they are needed. The presence of the ambulance, it is argued, has a dispiriting influence upon the spectators, especially upon the friends of those who are picked up and removed in the vehicle. But it is an open question whether the sudden introduction of a stretcher into the game and the rapidity with which the life-saving corps load the remains onto it and then hustle off in plain sight of everybody, will not occasion the friends and acquaintances of the remains more poignant anguish than the operations of the more sedate, sober and cumbersome equipage of football history. The ambulance suggests the immediate care and comforts of the hospital. The plain, bald stretcher on the contrary brings to mind the image of sudden death followed by a speedy interment without coffin, minister or any of the ornaments of a first-class modern funeral. In the interests of the spectators, therefore, let us hope that the notion of the Times will not prevail. The inter-collegiate association should not only retain the ambulance and its accompanying surgeon, but should by all means incorporate in its revised rules one requiring the attendance of a chaplain as an accessory to the surgeon. Humanity insists that the wounded, and dying on the field of football, should have all the comforts and consolations afforded by religion, as well as all the amica, splints, bandages, saws, knives and lancets which medical science may deem proper to prescribe.

Owing partly to their expense, partly to the climate and partly to the fact that they are of a sullen disposition and seldom become attached to their owners except by a string, monkeys have not been adopted very generally as pets in the households of America. It would seem that the monkey ought to be fully as intelligent as the dog, and from the peculiarities of his physical contour even more lively, amusing and jocular; but he isn't. Mr. Peter Havens of Camden, N. J., however, championed the cause of the monkey and argued daily with his neighbors that all the passions they had formed about the monkey to his detriment had their origin in popular ignorance and popular prejudice. Mr. Havens, therefore, purchased a monkey—a young monkey—and proceeded to instruct him to be a faithful, playful and altogether companionable animal, as fit for the society of man in every respect as the highest and most intelligent Newfoundland dog. The monkey made fair progress, and Mr. Havens felt a just degree of pride in showing him off and thus refuting the anti-monkey arguments of his friends and neighbors. The monkey had the freedom of the house, climbing onto the beds and bureaus with the most intelligent Newfoundland dog. The monkey made fair progress, and Mr. Havens felt a just degree of pride in showing him off and thus refuting the anti-monkey arguments of his friends and neighbors. The monkey had the freedom of the house, climbing onto the beds and bureaus with a spirit and agility which appaled to his owner's sense of humor so constantly and so acutely that peace and good will to all men and monkeys reigned supreme in Mr. Havens' genial breast. The neighbors, therefore, were all the more surprised when rushing into the house last Thursday, in response to a shriek of pain, they found that the monkey had torn a revolver from a bureau drawer and deliberately shot Mr. Havens, the bullet lodging in his jaw. Mr. Havens endeavored to defend the monkey by saying that once, in order to see the animal jump, he had snapped the revolver at him, the weapon then being unloaded. The spirit of initiative suggested Mr. Havens and prompted the monkey, upon discovering the revolver, to snap it at him, in order that he, the monkey, might have the privilege of seeing him, Mr. Havens, jump in like manner. At this point in the agreement it was noticed that the monkey, with every manifestation of delight, was drawing another revolver on his owner, whereupon Mr. Havens yelled in terror, and, in spite of his possible dying condition, then and there cursed his monkey and all his tribe forever.

PEOPLE OF PROMINENCE.

Marie Amalia, the new queen of Portugal, is only 23.

The new Chinese consul at New York city rejoices in the name of Shame Fun.

Charles Dickens' house at Gad's hill, London, is for sale. The cherished home of the great novelist can be purchased for \$3,000.

The oldest union soldier in Indiana is William Lee, who resides on Indian creek, near Columbus. He is 92 years of age and is still hale and hearty. He was recently granted a pension with \$1,500 back pay.

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The hereditary prince of Meiningen, brother-in-law of the German emperor, accompanied the latter to Athens to attend the wedding of Princess Sophia. Great preparations were made in Greek scientific circles for his reception. The prince is probably the cleverest member of the royal family and is especially noted for knowledge of modern Greek. He has translated several of the German classics into that language, and so successfully that the society "Parnassos" elected him an honorary member.

An interesting wedding to record is that of pretty Miss Schultz, the doctor, who passed her examination for a diploma of the Paris Faculty of medicine so brilliantly last season, with Dr. Bertillon, the head of the department of medical statistics at the Hotel de Ville. Prof. Reclus and M. Bogelot, advocate of the court of appeals, accompanied the bride to the mayor's as best witness, while Dr. Bertrand, of the Faculty of medicine, and Dr. Levasseur of the institute, Mme. Bertillon intends to practice her profession and to be the associate of her husband in his medical and other scientific tasks.

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Postmaster-General Watanmaker is having trouble over the desire of the town of Folsom, Del., to change its name. The town was named some years ago in honor of Mrs. Grover Cleveland. The voters are now anxious to stand well with the administration and want the town to be renamed Lynne Mawr. The postmaster-general has taken no action in the matter, but is in receipt of the following letter sent by Mr. Cleveland to the people of Folsom: "I have no objection whatever to the change of name of Folsom postoffice to Lynne Mawr. I did not know there was a postoffice by the name of Folsom at that point. Indeed I think it a very proper thing to do."

The "Devil's" Idea of the Thing. From the Waterbury American. During the election in the new state of Washington an up-country newspaper telegraphed the Democratic Walla Walla Statesman for 200 words on the result. The editor being out looking up the returns with the boys, the local "devil" took advantage to reply: "There's not no 200 words. Everything gone to hell."

Room at the Top. From the Boston Pilot. There is always room at the top. Some men drudge along as college presidents on \$4,000 and \$6,000 a year, but Anthony Hamilton, who was the most successful jockey in the past season, has just accepted an offer to ride for August Belmont in the coming year for a salary of \$10,000.

With or Without. The Lord elector, I am glad to hear. All glory to his name! He may not know the democrats; but they get there just the same.

While Ben relies on providence. Opponents of the strong lone hand. The bourbon play a strong lone hand. And get there with both feet.

When eighteen ninety-two rolls round. What will our good Ben say? The voters then will turn him down. Because they're built that way. —Chicago Herald.

Resubmission in Kansas. From the Kansas City Times. The resubmission movement in Kansas springs forth like a Minerva from the brain of Job.

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Great Events in Store. From the Louisville Courier-Journal. Emperor William having been made a British admiral and Queen Victoria a German colonel, we may look out for great things on both land and sea.

which is as much as Mr. Vanderbilt paid his imported French cook, or as a crack base ball player can make by earnest and conscientious attention to his profession.

Montana's Bad Beginning. From the Baltimore Sun.

The state canvassing board of Montana by ignoring democratic majorities in Silver Bow county has made the legislature republican on joint ballot. The board reached its results by throwing out the returns from Silver Bow, alleging that the clerk of the county refused them a certified copy. This is a bad beginning for a new state, to be organized for the first time by fraud. A "fair count" is a fine thing, it seems, only in the south. This may be, perhaps, because it is more common there than elsewhere.

Most, the Jackal of Revolution. From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The memory of a stern vengeance of an outraged law prevents ignorant fanatics from being led to further acts of murder by the scurrilous and inflammatory speeches of Most. And the cowardly demagogue knows this right well. He would be the last man to advise riot or outbreak if he believed that his advice would be taken and that he would be held responsible, as Spies and his comrades were, for guilty conspiracy in the act. Mr. Most is the jackal, not the tiger, of revolution.

They Miss Their Feet Laureate. From the Madisonian.

Montana has gained her place in the sisterhood of states, but she has lost her "poet." Matt W. Anderson, whose vivid poetic portrayal of "How She Felt in Her First Corset," is still fresh in the memories of all lovers of lyric lullabies, has gone east, and thence will go—goodness knows where. It would seem that the air of the Rockies is too light for the gifted geniuses who are inspired with the divine afflatus. Bret Harte, has vanished, Joaquin Miller has perished, Marcus Deuteronomy Joshua De Lafayette Orahool no longer twangs the twanging lyre, and now Matt W., the only original, imitable and unapproachable vender of verses that was left to us, has skipped the ranch, shook the golden dust of our soil from his grasshopper smasher, and gone to sip the waters of some bogus Helicon's harmonious springs back in the states. We are disappointed. Beware, stateshood! To Gilemma with Precinct No. 34! Let the Big Four go broke; but, for sweet poetry's sake, give back our Matty!

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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.