

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

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1899.

WANAMAKER'S REPORT.

First and last Postmaster-General Wanamaker is a business man, and every move he makes shows it. To be a statesman in the true sense of the word is not within the measure of his possibilities. We should expect, therefore, that the annual report of such a postmaster-general would reflect the views of a pure man of business, free from fanciful theories or wild suggestions. In this expectation we are not disappointed, for the report in the main is candid and sensible. Mr. Wanamaker reiterates his position on the postal telegraph, declaring that the experiment can be made so quickly and cheaply that it is certainly worth the trial. That it would create "a new class of business" is true enough, though it may perhaps be doubted whether the volume of this business would be as great as Mr. Wanamaker seems to think. People do not correspond by telegraph except upon matters requiring immediate attention. Leaving cheapness out of the question, the advantages of secrecy, certainty and volubility offered by the post will always render it the favorite means of transmitting intelligence. The immediate sending of which is not deemed a necessity by the sender. Still with the growth of the population and the constantly increasing complexity and interdependence of business interests, a postal telegraph would prove very valuable.

A double postal card for return answers is not a bad idea. It would in great measure be an evidence of good faith on the part of the sender, just as the enclosure of a stamp in a letter to a stranger indicates that the writer is not trying to impose upon the recipient. Other minor recommendations contained in the report, though they can scarcely be called original with Mr. Wanamaker, are such as commend themselves to the public. The postmaster-general cannot see his way clear to extending the parcel post system, arguing that the already overcrowded condition of the post-offices and the deficit in the revenue of the department render such an extension impracticable at the present time. All of which is good news to the express companies.

Mr. Wanamaker takes a position in favor of civil service in the department. "The postal department has an individuality of its own," he says. "The ordinary good clerk of the government might suit perfectly well in any other of the civil places, but for postoffice work he must almost learn the trade. There ought to be a kind of apprenticeship with promotion. With 150,000 employes rightly selected, who feel proper pride in representing the government and are alive every day to improvement, the postal service would soon become the best in the world."

This reads very nicely, but Mr. Wanamaker's actions belie his words. His course up to the present time indicates that whatever may be his belief on the subject, he has no more notion of applying civil service to the postoffices of the country than has the lonesome inhabitant of the moon. Ceaseless and untiring in assisting the president in his work of decapitation Mr. Wanamaker sets a brilliant example for all postmasters to follow, and though none may approach the general in rapidity and dexterity, all are encouraged to put forth their best efforts and strive to come as near the ideal as circumstances and honest industry will permit.

THE OLD MAID DISGRACED.

That blue-ribboned tea-drinking, honest, old maid of the sisterhood of states, Maine, has been discovered doing something very discreditable and un ladylike to say the least. The family have become accustomed to regard her as the paragon of virtue and prim respectability. Kentucky, Louisiana, Texas and other giddy young things have to be lectured every little while on their scandalous behavior as a matter of course, and even young Montana, the prettiest and sweetest of the lot, deserves if the truth must be told, a good spanking for the diodes she has just been cutting. But Maine, the tall, sedate, old school marm, with the grave visage and the severe skirts and general whale-bone-ness of appearance—who ever thought she would be guilty of actions so scandalous as to bring a blush to the cheeks of all the other young ladies, some of whom it must be confessed, blush none too easily!

It was 40 years or so since Maine at her annual house-cleaning swept all her wines, liquors, beers and ales into the gutter, and called all the rest of the family to witness her solemn vow that she was done with such stuff for ever, and would never allow any of it

in her household till the crack of doom. All these years she has been posing as the pink of prayer-meeting integrity. None of the wine suppers and dangerous fol-de-rols of the other girls for her. She would set them all an example which they would do well to follow if they knew what was best for them. But behold, this respectable maiden lady has been found out at last. For some time it has been noticed that she was making in her own house enormous quantities of Jamaica ginger, and instead of sending any of it around to her sisters to show them how good it was and how skillful she had become in her culinary department, as the custom is in the family, she has been consuming it all herself and saying nothing to anybody. These actions at length excited suspicion, and Uncle Sam happening to call on Maine recently procured some of her Jamaica ginger on the sly, and found it to contain more than 90 per cent. of good old fashioned, omni-paralyzing Jamaica rum.

Well may the finger of scorn be pointed at the disgraced old maid! Well now may the other sisters tell her to mind her own business, get drunk on her old Jamaica rum as much as she pleases, but for heaven's sake give them a rest.

THEY CANNOT VOTE.

Mormons who have taken the endowment house oath are not fit to exercise the right of franchise, and their applications for citizenship will be denied. Judge Anderson in his decision in the cases recently investigated at Salt Lake says that the Mormon church is and always has been a treasonable organization in its teachings and policies, hostile to the government of the United States, disobedient to its laws and seeking its overthrow. The judge declares that the endowment ceremonies are inconsistent with the oath of citizenship, and says that the refusal of Mormon witnesses to answer leading questions rendered their testimony of little value.

Oaths administered in the endowment house binding members under penalty of death to implicit obedience in all things temporal as well as spiritual are in direct opposition to the oath of allegiance to this government. Men who swore to avenge the death of Joseph and Hiram Smith upon the people of the United States will not be allowed to carry on the war of extermination under the cloak of citizenship. Traitors will not be granted the privilege of marching under the flag which they have sworn to destroy and which they have dragged in the dust on more than one occasion.

Judge Anderson says that the evidence in the recent case proves conclusively that the Mormon church has in the most determined manner and with all means at its command opposed the enforcement of the laws against polygamy and unlawful cohabitation. Not a word of evidence was introduced showing that any Mormon priest in a single instance ever advised obedience to these laws, which are violated by men prominent in the councils of the church.

This decision marks an important era in the fight against the teachings of Brigham Young and his followers. The gentiles of Utah will no longer be handicapped by priests or prophets whose only aim is to overthrow the government and evade its laws. No man can serve two masters and serve each well, and until the Mormon creed is materially changed its followers are not entitled to the right of franchise.

According to the dispatches the various athletic clubs of the Pacific coast, in their frantic efforts to secure the Sullivan-Jackson mill, are seeing and raising each other at the rate of \$5,000 a clip. The last bid was \$35,000, which is offered to the winner, it is claimed, by the Pacheco, Cal., club. Pugilists may come and pugilists may go, but these powerful liars of California lie on forever. It would take the old father himself to knock them out.

General Heppburn, solicitor of the treasury, asks for an appropriation of \$10,000 with which to hunt up the property of judgment debtors who are owing the nation, he finds, about \$85,000,000. The sum of \$10,000 is very little compared with \$85,000,000, but little as it is the appropriation of it might be simply throwing good money after bad. If there is any chance of securing any part of the \$85,000,000, why not give the poor but honest lawyers a chance to wrestle around after it on commission?

Republican members of the house of representatives in caucus yesterday nominated Thomas B. Reed of Maine as their candidate for the speakership of the house, and his election to the position so ably filled by Mr. Carlisle is assured. Mr. Reed is the choice of the east against the west, and Montana republicans who are familiar with Mr. Reed's hostility to silver will find little cause for congratulation in his victory over the other candidates.

The men who held up a passenger train in Indian territory last Monday have been caught, and most of the proceeds have been recovered. Two wives of members of the band have confessed, implicating their husbands and others and conviction is thus made doubly sure. Married men should not turn train robbers, expecting their wives to keep their secrets.

Even staid old Boston has her boodles cases. Three aldermen and four detectives have just been sent to prison for accepting bribes, and thus the aristocratic hub takes rank with his

York, Chicago and Detroit in the boodles business.

The disastrous conflagrations at Lynn and Boston add to the list of extraordinary casualties of the year 1899. The administration of Harrison seems to displease the very elements.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Wall of a Weather Crank. Mackintoshes, Galoshes, Cash 1 is This going to last long? —Chicago News.

A Trick Worth Knowing Just Now. From the Baltimore American. General Greely ought to send agents to Brazil to get a few points on the quickest way to stop long and successive rains.

Kansas is Being Educated. From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The reabsorptionists in Kansas will be strong enough after a time to command attention. The campaign of education is progressing.

Overtaxed His Memory. From the Chicago News. A witness in a Utah court the other day refused to answer the question: "How many wives have you?" Probably he was ashamed to say that he didn't remember.

A Short Cut to the End. From the Boston Herald. Mormonism has got another death stab, but the trouble is that these death-stabs don't cause the death of the victim. What Mormonism needs is separation of the windpipe.

A Curious Omission. From the Chicago Herald. Louisville boasts of having once received a visit from Don Pedro, but with a curious forgetfulness of its principal product it has failed to call attention to the fact that he is a brother of the princess of Bourbon.

Confusions Between Washingtons. From the Milwaukee Evening Wisconsinian. Now that Washington has been admitted as a state, newspaper writers are confronted by a new difficulty—that of indicating Washington City and Washington state. Correspondents will now have to recognize D. C. as a new value.

Why Ignatius Opposes Him. From the New York Sun.

Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, the gopher cryptogrammist, is said to be opposed to the election of Hon. Tom Reed to the speakership. It is Mr. Reed's misfortune to resemble in his mighty dome of thought the Warwickshire man whom Mr. Donnelly accuses of having embezzled Bacon.

He Should be Retired. From the New York World.

Mr. Benjamin Harrison, the people of United States are ashamed and angry with the conduct of your postmaster-general. It fills them with a sense of humiliation. It is the talk of every circle, republican as well as democratic, and the universal conviction is that you will—that you must—remove this man for his utter lack of an ordinary sense of propriety and for his insolent outrage upon our guests, which they are too delicately placed to resent as it deserves. Will you respond to the demand? You removed Tammer because he did not know how to behave himself with propriety. What will you do with Wanamaker, a worse offender, occupying a much higher place?

Why Not Subsidize Morton's Saloon. From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

If there is any serious objection to the Vice-President of the United States as a liquor dealer, the amount he realizes in that way might be made up to him in some other manner. Why not try a subsidy? That is a favorite plan among republicans to help people who insist on going into unprofitable business. If the Shoreham restaurant is as profitable, or less profitable than with a bar, congress might vote it a bounty to make good the loss. A passenger steamer is a sort of floating apartment house, and the same reasons that suggest bounties to one on the ocean would require the payment of them to one at the national capital. In this way the clamor of the prohibitionists might be stilled without any reduction of the revenues of the Vice-President's lodging house.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

William Sprague, once war governor of Rhode Island and afterward United States senator, is now living in poverty. He was once worth \$10,000,000.

Austin Chamberlain, who has been trying to enter public life by way of the Birmingham town council, is a tall, well-made, well-dressed young man, closely resembling his father.

Miss Mary Randolph Harrison, of Chicago, a niece of the president, is to be married in the spring to a Minneapolis real estate dealer, who saved her from drowning in Lake Minnetonka last summer.

Governor-elect Campbell of Ohio, is a Knight Templar, a member of the Knights of Erythras, the Grand Army of the Republic and the Order of Elks. He attends the Presbyterian church and is extremely charitable.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett never knew how popular she had become until she met with her recent accident in London. From all over the world came letters telling her how she could regain her health.

R. D. Blackmore was recently complainant against a man who had stolen \$25 worth of his pears; and had the culprit locked up for three months. Mr. Blackmore is better known at Teddington as a market-gardener than as an author.

Prof. John Stuart Blackie leads a methodical and simple life in Edinburgh. He rises early and breakfasts early, afterward going to his library, where he remains until 1 o'clock or so. Then he has a light luncheon, which is followed by a walk in the city or a ramble into the country. He dines about 6, and during the rest of the night, often, indeed, into morning, one will find him again in his library. He enjoys splendid health, and is always possessed of buoyant spirits.

Miss Caroline Fitzgerald, of New York, who has just been married to Lord Edmond George Fitzmaurice in London, adds another name to the list of American girls who have married into the British aristocracy. In this case the American bride is not only an heiress, but a literary genius, and Lord Fitzmaurice has much more to recommend him than his

title and the fact that he is a brother of the Marquis of Lansdowne. The bride is 22 years old, and though not strikingly beautiful, is considered exceptionally brilliant.

Lawrence and Artemus.

While young Lawrence Barrett was a member of Julia Dean's company he was given his first really important character with a singular result. It was in a small Ohio town. The leading man suddenly was taken sick and Mr. Barrett was the only available understudy for Sir Thomas Clifford. The young man, with much reluctance, consented to essay the part, and applied himself to the task with so much intelligence and devotion that he acquitted himself respectably enough to win complimentary notices from Miss Dean. Conscious that he had not distinguished himself, yet feeling that he had done as well as the circumstances permitted, the young actor was up betimes next morning, feverishly impatient to see what impression his acting had made on the one paper the town boasted. He bought a copy and withdrew to a secluded part of the hotel, where he might, unobserved, gladden over the generous words of forbearing criticism he naturally felt were his due. With trembling fingers he unfolded the paper, and with quick eye scanned its columns for his only important matter. He was not long in finding it, and as he read the eager flush faded from his face, his heart throbbled with violent emotion and despite his will tears of resentment and unmerited humiliation sprang into his eyes. The article, mainly devoted to him, was cruel and unrelieved ridicule of his performance, coupled with a scathing rebuke of the actress for presuming to foist such a wretched leading actor upon an intelligent community.

Fully aware of the injustice done him, and burning with indignation against what he considered to be the wanton cruelty of the writer (who surely was acquainted with the facts of the case), he had then and there formed a resolution to win from rebellious fame and from unwilling critics a vindication of his abilities against the merely censorious.

Years afterward, in 1867, when Mr. Barrett had achieved enviable distinction and gained the praise of able critics as well as applause, he visited England. At a little breakfast with Charles Dickens, Artemus Ward and one or two others, given in his honor in London, the conversation drifted into a discussion of criticism, and Mr. Barrett, to illustrate how great hurt to young ambition careless or injudicious criticism might be, related the foregoing incident. He was naturally much surprised to note that Ward found the narrative highly amusing, and in his quiet way, was laughing immoderately. When the story—told pleasantly enough, now that the sting was gone—was ended Artemus said, in his stammering way, yet unable to control his laughter:

"Why, God bless you, old man, I wrote that article. It was my first dramatic criticism, and I feel that for my own credit I had to do some one up. I saw that you were making your first stagger at important work, and I felt perfectly safe in skinning you."

There was a general laugh at this naive confession, and from that merry breakfast hour dated the warm friendship of Lawrence Barrett and Artemus Ward that was terminated only by the death of that greatest of modern humorists.

Beating the Slot Machines.

Wall street men haven't finished laughing yet, says the New York Herald, over an incident which happened the other day in a well known public house on New street, near the stock exchange, and which turned out to be a first class joke on the proprietor.

The establishment had just added to its contents one of the newest of the slot machine devices, into which, if you drop a 5-cent piece, you will receive two 2-cent postage stamps. It was after stock exchange hours and there was a little company of brokers and speculators present, who fell to discussing drop-a-nickel-in-the-slot machines in general and the possibility of "beating" them.

One told how he could weigh a whole crowd successively for a single nickel simply by keeping his foot on the scale while one fellow stepped off and the next man stepped on. Another showed you may get the 2-cent stamp if you rap the slot-machine smartly on the sides and take 50 cents' worth of trouble to get 10 cents' worth of extract. Still another commission broker explained how an honest man, who wouldn't steal an umbrella, may bilk the chewing-gum box and work his jaws without spending a cent.

"But here's something you can't beat, gentlemen," said the proprietor—Smith, "I'd call him, because it isn't his name—and he pointed with some pride to the new machine.

"Oh, yes, you can," rejoined a stout man with a red face, who is seen every day on the stock exchange. "That's as easy to beat as any if you know how. Why I'll tell you what; I can get two stamps out of that simply by blowing in the slot."

Everybody took sides in the discussion which followed this, and Smith became so warm in contesting this proposition that he offered to bet wine for all the party that the stout gentleman couldn't blow out the two stamps. The broker promptly took the bet and the crowd gathered around, anxious to see the experiment tried.

The stout man approached the machine stood directly in front, placed his hands on either side of it, leaned forward until his mouth was near the slot, puffed out his cheeks, and blew once quickly into the orifice.

To the surprise of the crowd the two stamps dropped out as promptly and easily as though he had dropped in a nickel in the usual way.

Nobody had been so dead sure that it couldn't be done as Smith, and nobody was so amazed and perplexed at the result. After he had paid his bet and the wine had been duly consumed, Smith, who had got over his amazement, announced that he was going to do the trick.

He blew into the machine with force enough to turn a windmill, but no stamps appeared. Smith didn't understand it. The stout man looked on and smiled. "I can move more slowly," he blew hard enough to burst a blood vessel. Still no dividends appeared, and the stout man's smile became a broad grin. Smith was more and more puzzled.

Now the German barkeeper, who was the only one who had caught on, hadn't said a word up to this time, when he quickly remarked:

"Don't you know vat's de matter Mr. Schmidt? You haven't got 5 cents in your mou't."

The was dead silence for a moment, then a general laugh, and then Mr. Smith plaintively exclaimed: "Gentlemen, have some more wine."

A Rare Chance.

A rare chance is now offered to any one who wishes to start in business. A well established and well stocked general merchandise store, situate in Deer Lodge county, can be had on liberal terms. Apply by letter to postoffice box 142, Anaconda.

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

Cloaks and Jackets.

NEW WRAPS ARRIVING DAILY

For this week we will offer

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

Estes & Connell Mercantile Company.