

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.

Owner of Main and Third streets, Anaconda, Montana.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1890.

They are rare old relics—those Butte and Helena republican daily newspapers. President Harrison referred the country to the Secretary of the Treasury for the views of both gentlemen on the silver question. The "plan" proposed by Windom has come. It is as deadly a thrust as silver ever received, but the Montana republican press is a clam on the report of the Secretary, while republican newspapers in the Northwest that have some sand in them are assailing the whole outfit at the white house, hammer and tongs.

Cashier Silcott was a good specimen of the all-around forger. Fast living got him into straits and forgery by wholesale failed to get him out of the scrape. When the waters of financial trouble had risen nearly to Silcott's ears, he bucked the tiger harder than ever, pinning his faith principally on the merit there is in lottery tickets. He learned the lesson which every new-born gambler has to learn for himself—that fortune will not wheel the right way when help is most sorely needed. It appears that Silcott handled a good deal of money, and that a number of congressmen are among his creditors. If flight takes the fugitive to Canada, this would be a convenient time for a movement on the part of plundered people who want extradition brought about. Silcott's victims in congress wouldn't need strong lobby influence to secure their vigorous support of the measure.

THE OLD STORY.

Twice during the past week honest efforts have been made by the democratic members of the legislature to release the state government from the inactivity of a deadlock. Both attempts have failed.

In the first instance, members of the house, delegated by a democratic caucus, proposed that republicans meet them in consultation with a view to an arrangement into which all parties could honorably enter. Conferences were held and, under an arrangement which must commend itself to every fair-minded citizen, the democrats proposed a count of the vote cast at the disputed tunnel precinct, leaving practically every detail of that count in republican hands.

The offer was rejected and, in return, the proposition of the republicans was to permit them to organize the house with an assured republican majority, made up of members who, by common consent, never were elected to the legislature, and then leave the details to the body thus composed. The upshot of it all is that the effort of democratic house members to end the deadlock came to naught.

Yesterday morning it was reported in all the newspapers that democratic senators had made proffer of a conference, their object being to end the trouble that blocks the state and prevents the orderly treatment of public business. Nothing will come of it. The body of republicans lingering about Helena are under the influence of two or three men whose ambition is at stake, whose personal aspirations are uppermost in all their plans, who are bent on seating themselves in the United States senate, who are forgetful of all the public has a right to exact and who will entertain no suggestion that puts their personal ambition in possible peril.

If these men could but grasp office, the subsequent political fate of the legislature would be to them matter of smallest account; the legislature might thereafter be solidly democratic, so far as they are concerned. But they inspired crime and deliberately perverted the popular vote merely in hope of securing political honors which they cannot honestly wear, and their only peril now is with the people whose patience they will at length strain to its utmost tension.

The situation is more than humiliating to every decent citizen. Montana was not made a state that it might confer dignity on one or two self-appointed leaders, and they men deliberately plant themselves across the pathway of the state, defying public sentiment, bringing the state into disrepute and delaying by inexcusable methods the passage of needed legislation. We predict that the people will not tolerate this scandalous situation another week.

PLENTY OF THEM.

The story is current that the Anaconda Smelting works will build an immense refining plant by and by which, according to all accounts, will be the largest concern of the sort in the world. Before any of the details are concluded, on the part of the company, plans and specifications for the new establishment are gaily floating about the country, and each imaginative locality claims the works as its own. One little syndicate, sure that it knew

the innermost purposes of the company, secured any quantity of land near Three Forks and got everything in shape for the sale of choice "additions" to the townsite there. Before these real estate attractions were fairly ready for the market, Great Falls was in the field with ample assurance that the immense plant was sure to come to it; and all the hopes of real estate there were golden. There was no doubt about the intention of the smelter company, that part was a fixed fact.

Now comes Missoula which rejoices in the fact that land has been purchased for the new refining plant on the edge of that thrifty city. Already the place has doubled its population, on paper, and the keen-eyed real estate trafficker, in his mind, sees the train loads of matte and the carloads of merchant copper running in and out of the town, leaving stores of wealth behind.

What's the matter with Garrison? All that burg needs is a live newspaper to get a refining works planted on its sleepy slopes that will rival any that have yet been born of type and press and paper.

HENRY STANLEY'S RETURN

The last and greatest pilgrimage of Henry Stanley into the wilds of Africa is nearly ended. In a few weeks the great explorer will return to the civilized world. From meager dispatches and letters received, the present expedition has been prolific in discoveries which from a geographical standpoint are invaluable. Henry Stanley has grown gray in the harness, and the service he has rendered will be handed down in history centuries after his death.

The prime object of the expedition which is now returning to England, was the relief of Emin Pasha. The accident which has befallen the dusky king at the end of his journey is particularly sad, in that this hero of a hundred battles is not likely to recover. To effect his rescue, the members of Stanley's party traversed thousands of miles through the dark continent, and braved untold hardships and dangers.

If death robs Henry Stanley of his companion, he will return to England and to his friends a broken-hearted man. Half the glory which this expedition has added to his name will be taken from him by that divine hand which Stanley recognizes as having guided the weary travelers on their journey.

GOOD FOR SOMETHING.

It must make Montana republicans tired to mark the flabby policy with which their accredited party newspapers treat current themes which, in closest intimacy, touch the life, the business, the prosperity and the aspirations of the state.

Last week brought to every reading man in Montana the message of President Harrison and the report of Secretary Windom. Montana had expected much of these, basing its expectations on pledges that had been given and public promises for which, in return, party support had been persistently invoked.

Presumptuous as it is and pretending to speak for its party, the Butte Inter Mountain has not seen fit to favor the two eventful facts of the week, in national politics, with any evidence of its favor or its frowns.

From across the range come the gentle pipings of the Helena Herald which timidly tells us that very soon conservative men will "approve the wise course outlined by the administration" in regard to national finances, that "legislation affecting in any way the specie standards of a country is always fraught with danger to the interests built up under previous conditions"—whatever that may mean—and that the "suggestions of the President are wise."

In grateful contrast with all this is the vigorous course of the only republican newspaper of influence that reaches Montana promptly, a newspaper which, strangely enough, is published over the border and which, by crisp and manly editorial management, has come to rank among the country's dailies of commanding strength, while its republican contemporaries in this state lie mewling and puking in journalistic credulas.

The Salt Lake Tribune is the stanch republican newspaper of the Northwest. Its loyalty has been attested, its intelligence and influence in the treatment of the silver question found recognition long ago. Touching Mr. Harrison's "views" and Mr. Windom's "plans," that stalwart newspaper says: "This is the vicious scheme, then, which President Harrison approves, and therefore it must be taken as the plan of the administration. Words fail to do justice to such rank folly and treachery. When we consider that this is gravely put forward by an administration that in the platform on which it was elected was pledged specifically against just such such wreck and ruin, what excuse can be made for it? That platform said that 'the republican party is in favor of the use of both gold and silver money, and condemns the efforts of the democratic administration in its efforts to demonetize silver.'" And now the President who voluntarily accepted that from his party for his aid and guide, goes much farther in his efforts to destroy silver money than ever did the democratic administration whose action was therein condemned and which was pledged to reverse on the question. It is simply a piece of inexcusable stupidity and perty.

There isn't any particular inspiration in smoke, yet it is refreshing to every resident of Anaconda to see great fountains of it rolling across the country from the immense chimneys across the creek. There is cause for congratulation in the fact that the works are running at full blast, and it is extremely pleasant to know that there is assurance of supplies enough to bring Anaconda's industrious people safely through a Christmaside that is sure to be jolly when the works run.

STANDARD TOPICS.

A presidential boom for Speaker Reed is in order. If he gets the nomination, he will be a reed shaken by the wind.

The democratic senators show their desire to do the square thing by offering to throw out every fraudulent vote discoverable. The republicans seem to be aware that this would throw them out of their own house.

The Washington Post suggests that if Chicago should hang up her stockings on Christmas eve, maybe Santa Claus might put a world's fair into it. If he tries, the Hon. Mr. Claus will be very liable to put his foot in it.

Bob Ingersoll has received the distinguished honor of an invitation to deliver the annual address before the New York state bar association, and his subject will be, "The Imperfections of the Common Law." Evidently Bob is going for the law as well as the gospel.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer thinks that "the burning of the Minneapolis Tribune building is additional evidence that architecture has not yet discovered how to erect buildings which are proof against fire." On the contrary it is an additional evidence of the criminal laxity of the law which will permit the erection of such a structure. Nine cases out of 10 it is the owner, not the architect, that ought to be lynched.

PARABLE OF THE TWO HOUSES.

And behold the rumpers arose and went forth to build them a house. And they wot not where nor how to build.

Another of them said, Go ye, are we not entitled to take our seats among the chosen, even in the house that is founded upon a rock?

But there was a certain man named Sanders, a ruler of the Hoodoos. And he spake unto them saying, Which of ye said Go? Verily I say unto ye, ye shall go to even school if ye do not as I did ye. For there be some of ye that cannot enter into the house that is founded upon a rock: for unto such there is laid upon an exceeding grand bounce. And ye that would be permitted to enter and take seats therein, would be too few in number to run the shebang even as I would have ye.

Wherefore, remain ye all together and build a house upon a rock. And it shall come to pass that we shall make a loud noise, and raise up unto ourselves a vast hullabaloo, and cast much dust into the eyes of the people, so that peradventure we shall conceal from them that it is even a rump house.

And it shall come to pass that when ye are assembled therein, ye shall arise and take a ballot and proclaim me, even me, chief cook and bottle purifier. And I will arise and journey unto the palace of the king. And all they that are at the palace shall arise and think that I am even an exceeding janes dandy.

So the rumpers arose and went forth to build. But behold, there was no rock left upon which they could build; neither was there any sand. For lo! the rumpers had no sand. So they build upon the mud. And when they were done they lifted up their voices and made a loud noise and cried unto the people: Behold, our house is the exceeding great stuff, and do not ye forget it.

But when the people looked and saw the rump house thus build upon the mud, they laughed them to scorn.

And the water pipes bursted and the floods came, and the thermometer descended, and the winds blew through their whiskers, and the mortgage fell due, and a cyclone arose, and the lightning struck, and a can of dynamite exploded, and raised even the very device with that house that was built upon the mud, and it fell; and there was left of it, no, not a hole in the ground.

And it came to pass that the rumpers arose and went forth and sought the destruction of the house that was founded upon a rock. And they gat together much mud and did sling at the house. But the mud stirred not the house, neither did it stick; but rather it made more accurately defined but which had its disciples in Madison, Jackson and members of congress who gained prominence during the years when Mr. Taney was chief justice of the supreme court. Into the discussion which engaged the American congress over the question of constitutional interpretation there entered the prejudicial and narrow views of the people regarding the relations of slavery and the powers of the general government to regulate its extension; and when at length the memorable shot was fired at Sumter, the question which jurists and statesmen had vainly tried to solve passed from the arena of debate to the arbitration of battle, and the answer came in four years of civil war.

That answer proclaimed the nation to be sovereign. The fallacy of state rights perished, the doctrine has long since been surrendered among those by whom it once was cherished, and its surviving outward and visible sign went out of view forever when Jefferson Davis died last Thursday night.

The world will always wonder why Mr. Davis did not expiate his crime as soon as the war of the rebellion ended. Law with its tortuous windings, its delays and its technicalities helped this arch conspirator to escape the gallows. In his case the North and regret was everywhere expressed that a bullet did not end his career at the time of his capture. Arrested in May 1865, his presence was a source of constant embarrassment to the government and of harsh criticism among the people. Soon after he was captured and placed in the hands of the military, Davis was indicted in the supreme court of the District of Columbia, on the charge of high treason. Thereupon it was set up that he had not committed the crime in the District of Columbia and, with this technical defense, his case fell flat. In 1866, in the jurisdiction of the United States district court of Virginia, he was indicted, not for treason, but for carrying on war against the United States. He could not have been hung on the charge.

At that time Salmon P. Chase was chief justice. His district as a circuit judge included Virginia. Justice Chase refused to sit in that state, as military authority there had not been revoked. He held that the highest judicial authority in the nation could not submit to hold court with its proceedings subject to military authority. Not until the case reached Charles O'Connor, of New York, then one of the ablest lawyers in the United States, requested Mr. Chase to release Davis on bail, Mr. O'Connor acting for several men of prominence who, although the most pronounced of the enemies of the rebellion, were thoroughly disgusted with the manner in which the case had been conducted. Justice Chase said he had no jurisdiction in the matter, and the same opinion was held by Judge Underwood of the court in the District of Columbia. At length, in May 1867, Davis was taken before the United States district court of Virginia and admitted to bail in the sum of \$100,000, the sureties including Horace Greely, Gerrit Smith and Cornelius Vanderbilt. In June of the following year, Chief Justice Chase presiding, the case of Davis was called in the district court of Virginia. There was no appearance for the prisoner, and, in the November term of that court, an order being entered for the discontinuance of the prosecution, Jefferson Davis was set free. Amnesty proclaimed in 1868 by

CURRENT COMMENT.

Spectacles Not Necessary. From the Philadelphia Record.

Judge Greenup will see how Grover Cleveland could be beaten if he should be renominated for president by the democrats in 1892. This is precisely the way it looks through the spectacles of the keenest observers of the political sky.

Getting to Be a Nuisance. From the New York Tribune.

We violate no confidence in saying that McGinty is getting to be a nuisance. Years hence, when time had invested him with a halo like unto that which transfigures the late William Patterson, he may be an object of affectionate veneration, but just at present there is somewhat too much of him.

Will the Tree Bear the Load? From the Chicago Times.

Christmas trees have appeared in the market and garlands of ground blue are for sale at the street corners. These evergreens are intimation that Mr. Santa Claus means to make a call hereabouts, or several of them, during the month. Chicago, pretty girl, has hung up her dandy silk stockings interwoven with gold threads and will see Mr. Santa Claus a kiss if he will deposit that longed-for world's fair in it.

Harrison's Standard. From the Providence Telegram.

The one thing which strikes the observer who is not in mere seeking to be in the ring for office is that the whole republican standard is one of monetary contribution and promise of votes, and, as has been well said in view of the Harrisonian idea of politics and presidential privileges and duty: "A fixed scale of influence or appointment—so much influence and such a grade of office for every dollar of contribution—would put an end to this kind of trouble. General piety and family relationship could be rated in a similar way, and on such a fixed system as that a party with a patronage president would have some chance for happiness, as well as for a career of glorious statesmanship."

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

His Political Theory, His Strange Escape and His Place in History.

The remarkable man to whom death came in the expiring moments of last July will figure in history as long as mankind has a lesson from the story of the world's most remarkable civil war.

Jefferson Davis was not the forerunner of any new political creed. Men whom America ranks among her most patriotic sons ardently advocated views akin to his in the convention that framed the constitution of the United States. The question which under his guidance was carried from forum to field was debated with animation at that famous convention, it was warmly discussed when the constitution was before the people seeking adoption, it was the theme of angry debate in and out of congress for more than sixty years.

The mission of the war of the rebellion was to fix the meaning of a single word; that word is sovereignty. The question which under his guidance was carried from forum to field was debated with animation at that famous convention, it was warmly discussed when the constitution was before the people seeking adoption, it was the theme of angry debate in and out of congress for more than sixty years.

The second school defended the theory of complete sovereignty in the separate states. It claimed that, by the revolt of the colonies, thirteen independent states were born, none of which parted with sovereignty, that the constitution itself "was not fundamental law, but a treaty, a compact, a league or association of separate states, which was free to withdraw at pleasure," that the general government possessed no powers except those expressly granted by the states, which simply delegated a part of their own powers to the general government, that the United States was a confederation rather than a union, that no state was irrevocably bound by the congress or supreme court, and that no citizen owed allegiance to the United States, but each man to the state to which he belongs. In part, Thomas Jefferson advocated this theory. Statesmen like Mr. Mason, of Virginia, defended it and John C. Calhoun was its most gifted representative.

There was a third school in the politics of the time, occupying a middle ground which needed no more accurately defined but which had its disciples in Madison, Jackson and members of congress who gained prominence during the years when Mr. Taney was chief justice of the supreme court. Into the discussion which engaged the American congress over the question of constitutional interpretation there entered the prejudicial and narrow views of the people regarding the relations of slavery and the powers of the general government to regulate its extension; and when at length the memorable shot was fired at Sumter, the question which jurists and statesmen had vainly tried to solve passed from the arena of debate to the arbitration of battle, and the answer came in four years of civil war.

That answer proclaimed the nation to be sovereign. The fallacy of state rights perished, the doctrine has long since been surrendered among those by whom it once was cherished, and its surviving outward and visible sign went out of view forever when Jefferson Davis died last Thursday night.

ANACONDA, Dec 7, 1890.

MEN AND WOMEN.

Ex-Queen Isabella is in luck once more. She recently won \$8,000 on a horse race. The death of Lieutenant Colonel Jackson in England removes one of the last four survivors in that country of the battle of Waterloo.

The largest house in the cabinet circle in Washington is occupied by Secretary Proctor. It contains about thirty rooms and rents for \$4,500 a year. Lord Tennyson is credited with saying that Keats and Horace were his masters, and that to the early studies of their works he attributes his success.

John P. Whittier has given quasi adherence to Prof. Horsford's belief that the Scandinavian settlement of Norumbega was on the Penobscot when I wrote my poem some years ago, but I am glad to think of it as on the Charles, in my own Massachusetts.

It is a curious fact that the wife of Mr. Chandler, secretary of the navy, shortly have been the daughter of the former Senator Hale, while the wife of Senator Hale of the present day is the daughter of the former Secretary of the Navy Chandler. No relationship exists between the families. One has a son named Hale Chandler and the other a son named Chandler Hale.

Dr. Schlieman will begin fresh excavations next month on the site of ancient Troy. He intends to work at the lower part of the city to refute Dr. Botticher's denial of its existence and invites the academies of Paris, Berlin, and Vienna to send archaeological experts for a month at a time in order that they may bear witness to the truth of the matter, shortly Dr. Schlieman himself will defray their expenses.

No confident, it is said, was Mr. Campbell of his election of governor of Ohio that on learning how odds of two to one were being offered in favor of Mr. Foraker's success he at once entrusted a roll of bills to a friend with instructions to lay every cent of the amount on his own shoulders. Not content with this, he wrote out a check for \$1,000 more, which was invested for him by one of his Dayton friends in a similar manner the day before the ballot took place. Thus, in addition to securing the governorship of his state, he has won \$2 for every \$1 put up.

A Washington letter says: "In the real man's transactions of the week the name of Mary Garfield Stanley-Brown appears as the buyer of lots on Kalorama heights, which emphasizes the fact that winsome little Mollie Garfield, the apple of her father's eye, has returned to Washington a wife, a mother, and a citizen with money to invest. Her style of signing her name to legal papers shows also that in marriage she has adopted her husband's full name as her surname, like the Floyd-Jones, the Lisperand-Stewarts, and the Condi-Smiths. Doubtless her children will be known as the Stanley-Browns."

No variety of chrysanthemum is more widely known than the Mrs. Alpheus Hardy, an exquisite feathery white. The story of the lady and the flower is somewhat romantic. Years ago Mrs. Alpheus Hardy and her husband were on a vessel

President Johnson said: Davis from chance of further prosecution.

It cannot be said of Jefferson Davis that he ever held a warm place in the popular heart, North or South. Robert E. Lee was the idol of the rebellion, the chivalric hero of the conflict, especially during the two final years of the war. President Davis utterly failed to command the love of his followers, and, when finally he fled from Richmond, the leading rebel newspaper thanked God that he had gone. When, in 1864, President Lincoln opened negotiations in an unofficial way, Mr. Davis was offered an opportunity to end the war by recognition of the Union, with general amnesty for the South, and the payment of \$400,000,000 for the property in slaves that the Southerners had lost.

The answer came from Mr. Davis in added horrors in rebel prison pens. When, years afterwards, there arose in congress the question of removing disabilities and amendments to the constitution had passed, the eminent Fremont James G. Blaine's memorable speech in which he expressed his willingness to grant amnesty to all save only Jefferson Davis, because he was distinctively the author and the promoter of the horrors of Andersonville. That was the speech to which Robert W. Ingersoll referred when, in a national convention, he said that, "like an armed warrior like a plumed knight, James G. Blaine marched down the halls of the American congress and threw his shining lance full and fair against the brazen front of every defamer of this country and maligner of its heroes."

Now that Jefferson Davis is dead, it is not required that any man be made a martyr in his behalf; his countrymen have long evinced toward him a spirit so far removed from resentment that it approaches forgiveness. It need not be urged that he was moved by the convictions that prompted some of the grandest names linked with the fatherhood of the nation. The great names nobly departed the views, but they bowed before the majesty of the popular will and yielded submissively to the people's voice. It need not be pleaded that Mr. Davis was honest in his views; he was as honest—doubtless he was as ambitious—as many a red-handed socialist whose head has not been spared because his heart may have been right. He is a monument of the great people's mercy in that he did not step from a gallows frame to the final accounting with his Maker.

His country may deplore him but it will not lament him. The nation may forget him but it can never forgive. Grass-grown hillocks on southern fields are too many, patriotism is too shallow, tears are too sacred, love is too gentle, memory is too enduring for that. The man and his cause have perished, but happily, the day of his death finds federal sovereignty unshakably stronger than it was at the hour of his birth. Millions of hearts, within his lifetime's span, have come to be more closely knit to the Union; in the breast of every citizen a more ardent love for the flag has been quickened. And if, hereafter, the minds of men move along the accustomed lines which, in the past, have prompted praise or blame, history, taking calm account of the career of Jefferson Davis, will never grant him absolution.

ANACONDA, Dec 7, 1890.

MEN AND WOMEN.

Ex-Queen Isabella is in luck once more. She recently won \$8,000 on a horse race. The death of Lieutenant Colonel Jackson in England removes one of the last four survivors in that country of the battle of Waterloo.

The largest house in the cabinet circle in Washington is occupied by Secretary Proctor. It contains about thirty rooms and rents for \$4,500 a year. Lord Tennyson is credited with saying that Keats and Horace were his masters, and that to the early studies of their works he attributes his success.

John P. Whittier has given quasi adherence to Prof. Horsford's belief that the Scandinavian settlement of Norumbega was on the Penobscot when I wrote my poem some years ago, but I am glad to think of it as on the Charles, in my own Massachusetts.

It is a curious fact that the wife of Mr. Chandler, secretary of the navy, shortly have been the daughter of the former Senator Hale, while the wife of Senator Hale of the present day is the daughter of the former Secretary of the Navy Chandler. No relationship exists between the families. One has a son named Hale Chandler and the other a son named Chandler Hale.

Dr. Schlieman will begin fresh excavations next month on the site of ancient Troy. He intends to work at the lower part of the city to refute Dr. Botticher's denial of its existence and invites the academies of Paris, Berlin, and Vienna to send archaeological experts for a month at a time in order that they may bear witness to the truth of the matter, shortly Dr. Schlieman himself will defray their expenses.

No confident, it is said, was Mr. Campbell of his election of governor of Ohio that on learning how odds of two to one were being offered in favor of Mr. Foraker's success he at once entrusted a roll of bills to a friend with instructions to lay every cent of the amount on his own shoulders. Not content with this, he wrote out a check for \$1,000 more, which was invested for him by one of his Dayton friends in a similar manner the day before the ballot took place. Thus, in addition to securing the governorship of his state, he has won \$2 for every \$1 put up.

A Washington letter says: "In the real man's transactions of the week the name of Mary Garfield Stanley-Brown appears as the buyer of lots on Kalorama heights, which emphasizes the fact that winsome little Mollie Garfield, the apple of her father's eye, has returned to Washington a wife, a mother, and a citizen with money to invest. Her style of signing her name to legal papers shows also that in marriage she has adopted her husband's full name as her surname, like the Floyd-Jones, the Lisperand-Stewarts, and the Condi-Smiths. Doubtless her children will be known as the Stanley-Browns."

No variety of chrysanthemum is more widely known than the Mrs. Alpheus Hardy, an exquisite feathery white. The story of the lady and the flower is somewhat romantic. Years ago Mrs. Alpheus Hardy and her husband were on a vessel

coming from Japan to this country. After the vessel had been several days on a little Japanese stowaway was found among some goods. The Harveys become interested in him, and on the landing of the vessel took the little fellow to their home in Boston and educated him. He afterwards returned to his country as the Rev. Nessema, a native missionary, whence he has been to Mrs. Hardy the most magnificent collection of chrysantheums that the country possesses to-day.

PUGNACITY IN WOMAN.

A Refined Lady Who Got Under the Control of a Pugnacious Spirit.

The gentlest woman in the world seems to have a surreptitious desire to see a prize-fight, says the San Francisco Chronicle. It is not mere admiration of the male figure, because a week at the seaside in the summer might satiate any curiosity. I am afraid it is the brutal element of all human nature. Perhaps the ladies would not sit out a prize-fight if they could; but even to them there is a decided feeling of dissatisfaction over a draw. I wonder if the future woman will see prize-fights; if we are only reaching that point in our civilization where, like the old Romans, we will crowd the amphitheater to see gladiatorial combats to the death. We are not much ahead of those old days anyway, and I suppose human nature is really not a whit less brutal, however conventional it has made us appear chicken-hearted. Amid the audacities at the Roman amphitheaters were mothers whose love for their children was as mothers' love is today. They only did not consider gladiators—merely animals. Well, perhaps if we analyze our feelings, we don't look upon prize-fighters as souls. They are fighting machines, and as such they are not to be compared to a jump to the nerves. But I know a lady whose curiosity as to prize-fighters was uncomfortably gratified. It was at a spiritualist's seance. She is a refined, educated, womanly woman; but she went to a spiritualist meeting at a medium's establishment. There were several other ladies there and suddenly she found herself attacked by a curious nervousness, which developed into an insane desire to tear the Psyche knot off the back of the woman's head in front of her. The sensation then began to increase in violence and change in character. She felt inclined to double her fist and hit out on the shoulder. It kept increasing until she could no longer resist, and she rose and stepped across the room, taking her fist on a table, called out in a decidedly masculine tone:

"Oh, I would just like to clean this room up with you, Wad!"

Then she came to her senses, and, with many blushes and much confusion, began apologizing to the company. They did not seem at all moved or surprised. "Don't apologise, Mr. Wad, it's nothing," said the medium. "You were simply controlled by Yankee Sullivan."

An Aeronaut and an Illinois J. P. "I used to make balloon ascensions in connection with Warner's circus," said an old retired aeronaut to a New York Sun reporter, "and one day I went up from Pekin, Ill. The balloon was new and light, and I got a much longer ride than what I expected. It finally landed in a farm-house about 10 miles away, my anchor having caught in a cherry tree. The farmer was an old fellow about 60 years of age, and he sat reading on his doorstep as I came down. He removed his glasses, put them in their case, put the case in his pocket, and then came forward and carefully observed:

"That a balloon?" "Yes, Help me pull it down." "Are you a balloon?" "Yes, I'll hardly be able to get it down." "Well, you'd better ship down and I wanted him to take me to town in his wagon. He had none, and I hired a rig of a neighbor and was about to depart when the old fellow stepped forward and said: "I have a little bill here, sir."

"Bill! What for?" "Damage to cherry tree, two shillin's; sleeping my party, 50 cents; skirting my old woman the same; services of myself, \$1. Total \$2.25, which is mighty cheap considerin' the time."

"But I won't pay it," protested. "Oh, you won't? Well, I'm a justice of the peace, and I'll issue a warrant. My nabur is constable and he kin serve. The old woman is out of her fit by this time and she'll be a good deal of work or I'll fine you about \$25 for disturbin' the peace and contempt of this court."

"And I was made to realize that the best way out of it was to get out of there, the amount of his bill, and luckily I had it and a quarter to spare."

Compound Interest on a Quarter. About 35 years ago a little boy was given a quarter of a dollar for spending money, says the Washington Capital. As he walked down the street very happy he met with an older boy and showed him the money, saying as he did so, "See what my good papa gave me to spend." The older boy knocked it out of the little fellow's hand, and ran up the street with it. The little boy was almost heartbroken, but when he went home crying and told about it his mother gave him another quarter. "This will do for him, but he never forgave that older boy. The war came on and the older boy was given a commission in the army, while the little one, too young to enlist, remained at home."

After the war the younger boy became clerk in the war department. Within the last fifteen years the older boy, who had followed the big fur coat and an orator, announced himself as a candidate for the United States senate, and he had a large following. It looked as though he might be elected. But one morning the newspapers in many portions of the country, and especially those of his own state, published a statement to the effect that the candidate had been dismissed from the army for cowardice and other questionable conduct. The lawyer denied the charge and extracts from the records of the war department were published, showing that the older boy had not been elected. After his defeat was accomplished he received a letter post-marked Washington, D. C., of which the following is an extract: "I do not remember the day you outraged a little boy's feelings and almost broke his heart by stealing a quarter from him." That does cost you a seat in the senate."

Love in a Bakery. I've been thinking of late, the big fur coat and an orator. If all your sweetness is really true.

Why love! the being replied. When I've never left your side You must know I'm sweet on you.

Rock Spring Coal At Estes & Connell's lumber yard. Orders can be left at the store.

Force of Habit. From Enoch. I tell you," said a retired jeweler, pointing to a fine herd of cows on his new farm, "they're daisies. They give milk of the finest water every time."