

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, DECEMBER 11, 1889.

How does it happen that in all the pages of President Harrison's message, no reference is made to the question of irrigation in Western states? The proposed world's fair gets a nice little paragraph in the President's pamphlet, but there is nothing concerning the arid lands representing about one-third of the area of the United States, a region which if irrigated would come pretty near feeding the whole world. Evidently the President forgot all about the subject, and is not aware that it has been the theme of careful inquiry by a congressional committee. The people are as ignorant of President Harrison's notions about irrigation as they are in the dark as to his thoughts on the Mormon question.

Maginnis and Daly; that is the latest senatorial team hooked up by the Helena Journal. It is richly imaginative, it is a brainy political conception that startles the reading public by the breadth of its absurdity. It will entertain the Journal to boom the Anaconda man for senator, but, meanwhile, wouldn't it be well for our Helena contemporary, before it gets earnestly at the work, to square accounts with the gentleman to whom it was pleased to refer as Mr. Daly's brother-in-law, in scurrilous comment put in the form of "pointed questions?" Mr. Shields denied days ago all that the Journal insinuated but which it did not dare openly to charge. Not a word of reference has since been made to the subject by the Journal. We submit that, before our contemporary begins to boom Mr. Daly, it would be fair to have a final accounting with the aforesaid brother-in-law.

THROUGH THE LIST.

In the opinion of the Denver News, Secretary Windom's scheme is "the weakest invention that has ever been given out by the treasury department." The San Francisco Examiner finds that "The President's views on the silver question will be a surprise, and not a pleasant one, to the people of the coast," and that approval of Mr. Windom's scheme would be "a surrender of the bimetallic position, to which it is quite clear congress will never consent." In the opinion of the Oregonian, the plan of the Secretary will be received "with caution and doubt." The comment of the San Francisco Chronicle is that Mr. Windom's plan will probably not be adopted, and it remarks that "in spite of President Harrison's recommendations, based upon the suggestions of the Secretary, congress will be almost certain to do something in aid of silver." The Salt Lake Tribune says that "when one wades through Secretary Windom's long dissertation on silver, it is difficult to restrain the natural indignation that it awakens." And so it runs through the list.

AS TO REAL ESTATE.

Probably the wideawake communities here and there in Montana that are marking up the price of corner lots in view of the numerous copper refining plants to be scattered about by the Anaconda company, will pause in their wild real estate career long enough to find out whether the company is going to have anything to refine in the immediate future. It might influence the upward movement of prices in all these hopeful towns if circumstances over which nobody has control should happen to postpone the building of a refining works.

So far as west side towns in Montana are concerned, their condition was never more thrifty, and it is not probable that their healthful growth will be checked by any passing accident. Butte's active real estate market has abundant warrant in the untold wealth that lies back of the city, and it will be a wonder if that thriving city ever sees a return to figures on real estate that have ruled in recent years. In ambitious Missoula the market is moving at a pace that promises activity for a good while to come. Refinery or no refinery, Missoula has the splendid surroundings that always build up solid cities, and its claims regarding future growth have plenty of solid backing.

There never was any stir in real estate dickering in this city. Anaconda has advanced to its present liberal proportions after a steady growth of six years. During the past eighteen months, no city in Montana has grown more rapidly or in a more healthful way. In point of equipment in the way of water supply, electric lights, drainage, schools, hotel facilities, natural attractions and healthful surroundings, Anaconda is without a rival among western towns, yet real estate has never been tossed to high figures, and mechanics engaged in the smelting works have always been able to secure a home at an extremely modest figure.

There has been no time, even when serious disaster threatened—as has twice been the case within a year—when the price of real estate has suffered any shock.

At the same time there has been an unvarying and gratifying advance in the value of city property, each succeeding year adding its contribution and leaving every owner more than satisfied with his holdings. This gradual advance satisfies the ambition of every owner of property in Anaconda, and the city is not casting about for booms. But what if the refining plant should be built right in Anaconda, after all?

BETTER DROP IT.

The president of the Northern Pacific railroad will find it worth his while to go mighty slow in presenting irrigation schemes to congress. He will find, too, that the time is premature for suggesting any plans which relate the Northern Pacific road to such schemes in Montana.

The road has large land interests in this state and its management doubtless is anxious to hasten the time when the property can be made available for cultivation. This desire is shared by other interested parties—the people of the state at large and the individual owners. But the people, owing to circumstances which need not be recited here, are in no sense disposed to follow the leadership of Mr. Oakes in this business nor will they be found inclined to have the railroad company "lend its aid" in the way of opening any dicker with congress.

By and by, when the question of irrigation has been fully discussed and the temper of congress has been ascertained, the legislature of Montana will take suitable action and may then find itself disposed to summon the Northern Pacific people to a consultation, but it may be regarded as settled now that our people do not request Mr. Oakes or any other man to be sponsor for them or to "lend any aid" in the matter. In other words, Montana will undertake to conduct the case and, in due time, it will properly relate the railroad to its minor interest in the matter.

The fact is that nothing can be done concerning this question just at present. Western people were astounded to find that President Harrison made no mention whatever of irrigation projects in his message. The country is ignorant of the sentiment of the administration regarding them. We must wait to learn how the general government is disposed and, when that is learned, the interested communities will know how to act.

THE ALLIANCE.

The Knights of Labor and the Farmers' Union can doubtless get together. In behalf of the Knights, Mr. Powderly met the demands of the Union at the recent convention of the farmers held in St. Louis.

When it comes to hearty support of measures which the alliance may agree upon, it is certain that the knights will be quite as loyal as the farmers in fighting for the cause. Not many years ago the representatives of the farming element of the country had an active organization that might easily have turned politics in the northern states and those of the middle West.

When the greenback question was up, the grangers failed to pull together. They managed to secure any quantity of legislation favorable to their views in states like Iowa and Illinois, but in a memorable fight in Ohio, Garfield got most of them as against Thurman, while, in New York state, the farming community, although pretty well organized for a time, has been quite solidly republican on each recurring election day.

It goes without saying, that the knights and the farmers combined, were they to work in hearty accord and carry their convictions to the ballot box, could make it very warm for the regulars in a dozen states east of the Mississippi. The platform of the alliance demands revision and reduction of the tariff, opposes the national banking system, calls for an income tax and a tax on mortgages, and pronounces in favor of free coinage of silver.

STANDARD TOPICS.

The press generally seems to think that Mr. Harrison in his message might have been a little more jubilant over the fact that the republicans have carried Brazil.

In New York a dry goods clerk was instantly killed by an electric shock while taking a showcase from the sidewalk. Some other clerk must have opened the door for him.

The czar of Russia, together with the czarina and several of the little ones, has influenza, but the Philadelphia Times thinks the complaint won't reach New York till the Prince of Wales gets it.

"The Prince's Fool" is the name of an opera which is going the rounds of the southern theaters. De mortuis nil nisi bonum, and we trust that no disrespectful allusions are made to the late lamented Longleg Esoteric Quigg.

The story comes from Petersburg, Va., of a man who fell over onto a buzz-saw in such a way that his head was completely severed from his body. President Harrison and the other professional headmen at Washington will yet monkey with the buzz-saw too long for their own good.

And now comes a scientific cuss who proposes to make butter out of the milk in the coconut. For ages there has been a good deal of mystery attached to the milk of a coconut, and if it turns out to be nothing but plain old buttermilk the world has been grossly deceived and imposed upon.

The news has been telegraphed across two continents that Stanley wears linen breeches. This is a great grief to the

American people, and the suggestion has been made that patriotic tailors should send him samples of their new winter goods. Linen trousers are not style even in Africa, where indeed all other kinds of trousers are equally unfashionable.

The newspapers which regularly print Dr. Talmage's sermons as "special dispatches" and "special cables" could save a vast deal of telegraph tolls if the Doctor could be induced to furnish them duplicate barrels of back number efforts. The New York Tribune finds the recent sermon at Brindisi, which was duly cabled to the syndicate papers, in a volume of the Doctor's sermons published in 1874.

The announcement in the Washington Post that a baby weighing 50 pounds was born in New York a few days ago, and that Miss Murphy is the mother, seems really to demand the explanation that Miss Murphy herself weighs about 4,000 pounds and is a hippopotamus. We presume, too, it would more nearly conform to the usage of the best society to speak of the mother as Mrs. Caliph, nee Murphy.

The discovery has been made in New York that the discovery of America by Columbus did not take place in 1492. He only found and landed on a little island which is not accurately identified. The American continent was not discovered until 1498, and therefore it is suggested by a New York contributor that the celebration take place in 1898. If there are many more discoveries of this kind the celebration will be postponed indefinitely.

At the last meeting of the republican club, of the city of Omaha, the following proceedings were enacted: Mr. Specht arose and said: "I? d-n!" Mr. Hodges replied: "I? d-n!" Mr. McGrain then took the floor and exploded in three languages, after which the club resolved that "we are harmonious" and adjourned.

Although Col. Dudley can prove an alibi, Indiana is afflicted with hog-thieves, and the farmers sit up nights to watch their pens with shot guns. A few nights ago a man named Laird, in company with a confederate, visited the hog-pen of a farmer named Shaw. A nice fat porker was selected and quietly "removed"—in the Cronin sense. After its death the carcass was covered in an old suit of clothes, a derby hat covering the brute's head. In the night-light, sitting on the seat, it very considerably resembled a man. Laird drove back to town with his dead prize, while the confederate went across-lots. The confederate proved to be a detective, however, and now Mr. Laird is the sole biped occupant of a neat but not gaudy cell.

Missoula is not so jealous of her boom but that she believes in the protection of home industries. The Morning Missoulian finds time to remark:

An insinuation to the effect that one of the young men of Missoula would soon marry a lady residing out of town was to a degree incorrect. The majority of Missoula's young men seek no farther than their own city, which they possess as good, handsome and sensible girls as any town in the country, and the gentleman referred to is one of the majority.

The Missouri is standing on principle when it discourages a method of increasing Missoula's population by drawing from its rival towns. Perhaps, though, our esteemed contemporary believes with pride that in the long run her home manufacturer's are capable of increasing the population faster than any foreign importations.

Hear the lying of the rumps!

Faking rumps! What a load of trickery their history undumps. How they paw and snort and bellow, As if that could make a fellow Believe them in the right. To behold are the rumps! They are neither man nor woman, They are neither beast nor human, They are clumps. And their king it is who humps His gracious self, and stumps The state each fall—Great Sanders! Every session he remembers In a resolute endeavor, Holy smoke of Isis! never To get left again! Great to other men Go the offices he'd scoop. Ah! the people he would dupe, Always put him in the soup. But the rumps! At last he hit upon the rumps! Ah! at last he got together All the birds of that strange feather, In a suitable location For a wondrous convocation Of the rumps! Of the wild, uncouthly beings called the rumps! There he pumps The Missouri is standing on principle. The elixir strong of clumps, And he jumps and he humps, Administering thumps Upon such rumps as have the dumps; Upon the rumps who have the desire From the contest to retire. Oh the thumps upon those rumps! Upon those weary conscience-stricken rumps Oh, the thumps, humps, humps, Of the rumps! Oh, the clumps, mumps, pumps, stumps, 'Tumps, jumps, gumps, Of the rumps and the clumps!

CURRENT COMMENT.

At Least, Outside of Utah. From the Detroit Tribune.

President Woodruff, of the Mormon church, can't fool the people any more than Brigham Young did.

Among the Pig Stickers. From the Minneapolis Tribune. Laura Jean Libby, that modest violet who has done so much to make American literature absurd, has reached Kansas City in her great advertising tour, and the pig stickers are fairly lionizing her.

Not Exactly on the Square, You See. From the Chicago News. Boston's big fire was a severe blow to that city, but the loss of reputation which she has sustained by the publication in the newspapers of maps of her crooked streets is even more to her disadvantage than the blaze itself.

Not Given to Nice Distinctions. From the Boston Herald. The paracatfish who lately fell into the sea at Honolulu, and was eaten by sharks, was not Professor Van Tassel, it appears, but another fellow. It was all the same to the sharks, however. They rarely discriminate between a professor and a plain ordinary layman before breakfast.

Pension Liberality. From the Philadelphia Times (Ind.). Secretary Noble is severe on Tanner in his report, but his recommendation that a pension be paid to every soldier and sailor

who did service during the war and was honorably discharged, and who is now or may hereafter become disabled, will lead to a greater number of pensioners in Africa, where indeed all other kinds of trousers are equally unfashionable.

The Defunctive Issues of Hameo. From the San Francisco Chronicle. Of the sincerity of Police Justice Laidlaw of Oakland there can be no question. He recently drank too much liquor and made an unseemly exhibition of himself, but yesterday he atoned for his faults by a full confession in court, a promise to reform and the imposition of a fine on himself of fifty dollars. It is evident that the justice has no sense of humor or he could not have gone through this ceremony with a grave face.

Study South American Now. From the Boston Traveller. It is not improbable that a formal invitation may yet be extended by the republics to the south of us to send delegates for the purpose of making a tour of observation of their industries and resources, and should this be done it should be promptly accepted. The first condition to a profitable trade between North and South America is that these two sections should have a clear understanding of each other's needs and each other's resources.

An Accommodating Printer Man. From the Goshen Democrat. We have often wondered how long our wife would remain a widow after our "deceased" had sent off a fellow she would get, and whether he would be a printer, and "continue the business at the old stand" and whether he would "fill our place" in the local department, and if things would go right along as though we had not "deceased." We do not blame a woman for getting married as often as she can, if she likes it.

All Right Either Way. From the Sacramento Bee. A party by the name of Mrs. Woodworth is preaching in Oakland. At least she claims to be preaching. She grows so excited at times that she is incapable of speech. Her eyes become glassy, and her limbs rigid. Many of her hearers fall in convulsions. Rev. C. W. Wendt demands that the authorities put a stop to the vociferous practices. Why should they? The doctrine of the survival of the fittest is a good one, and if death overtakes Mrs. Woodworth it is probably the best thing that could befall her. If they are driven insane, it is only accelerating an inevitable event, for no sane person would participate in such St. Vitus dance ceremonies.

Ugly Stories. From the Boston Globe. There are ugly stories to the effect that Mr. Reed is elected to the activity of great railway corporations in his behalf. It is said that the western votes which made him speaker were obtained for him in this city, in the offices of banking houses which have great railroad connections in Kansas and other western states. If these corporations have really been interesting themselves in behalf of Mr. Reed—and we regret to say that there is very little doubt of it—it can only be because they think they have reason to believe they can use him for their purposes. Thus the outlook for a pure and honest conduct of legislation in the present congress is not the best.

Revise the Tariff. From the Chicago Tribune. Now the republican party has the presidency and both houses of congress, it must carry out and complete the work of tariff revision. The Tribune insists, as it has done ever since the question became a practical issue about 10 years ago, that the republican party must revise the tariff and lower taxes to the extent that it can do so without exposing home industries and labor to injurious foreign competition. Republicans of course, will not deal with the tariff from a free trade standpoint, but while keeping within the lines of protectionist principles, they can effect material benefits for consumers without depriving producers of adequate protection. The republican party is pledged to such revision of the tariff, and now that it has the power in its hands must accomplish it.

Ex-Senator Jones of Florida. From the New York Sun. The case of ex-Senator Jones, of Florida is very peculiar. He is still living in Detroit. It is four or five years since he first went there a United States senator, a widower, and a man of moderate means, with a family of sons and daughters, and a pleasant home of his own in Florida. He paid court to the heiress of a large estate, and was successful. He interested many of the foremost persons of the city by reason of his brilliant mind and contagious eloquence, as well as by his position; but a change has taken place in this respect by reason of his continued stay in the city. Unable to remain longer at a hotel he, years ago, modified the exterior of his maintenance, until today his state is far from being enviable. He fancies himself persecuted because he is a Catholic, and says part of the plot against him is to force him to leave Detroit. Therefore, he will not budge. He spends the greater part of his time inditing letters to friends and acquaintances in the city. Time and time again his people have gone from Detroit to Florida to urge him to return to his home. Before his term in the senate expired they assured him that he could be returned to his seat in that body, which is true, as he is said to be the most popular Floridian alive. But he says he likes Detroit, and has no good reason to leave there as any other man, an assertion which is indisputable.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS. Cardinal Gibbons has decided that he will not be able to make his contemplated trip to Mexico this year. E. S. Stokes, of the Hoffman House, New York, is said to be negotiating for the control of the Quincy House, Boston. Cardinal Newman is reported to be in better health than for several months past. He is now in the 88th year. The decree conferring the decoration of Knight of the Legion of Honor upon J. L. Sargent, the American painter, has been published in Paris.

The subject of Robert G. Ingersoll's address before the Star Bar association of New York, at Albany, January 13, will be "Crimes against Criminals." Captain Hamilton Murrell, of the steamship Missouri, is with friends at Mount Holy, N. J., suffering from a serious affection of his eyes. The trouble, however, is thought to be temporary. Ex-Governor Holliday, of Winchester,

Va., has started on another tour of the world. He will go from New York to San Francisco via Panama, thence to the Sandwich and Samoan Islands, New Zealand, Tasmania, Australia and Africa.

DRIFTS.

From Ocean. A trim craft—Tailoring. Tailpieces of ocean—Fins. A practice ship—Courtship. A water tower—An iceberg. A breaker—The City of Paris. Seasickness—A yachting fever. A downy couch—The ocean bed. A jolly boat—The craft of funny men. A vessel under steam—The teakettle. A bad breaker—The careless steward. A deceased count—A dead reckoning. The milky way—To the cheese factory. A crazy craft—The bark of a mad dog. A Yankee skipper—The Canadian refugee.

A earthenware vessel—A continental basin. Tar and feathers—Jack and Mother Cary's chickens. Old ocean is a bad sleeper—Tosses on his bed all night. One on voyagers enjoy one a voyage; over their overland brethren—They never get stained with the dust of travel.

Progressive and Profitable. From Puck. Publisher's agent (on his semi-annual hunt after plunder): "Can't I get your order for some of the new geographies we are getting out, squire?" School trustee: "Wa-al, I dunno; we haven't been usin' those no more but few 'Wint'ers." Publisher's agent: "But these contain the correct name of the new government of Brazil! Do you want to be behind the times?"

Wholesome Advice. From Judge. Some one had given a beggar two cents. Bellerusius weighs them in his hand, and then turns upon his benefactor and in tones of ill-concealed contempt asks: "Well, guv'ner, and what may yer be 'spectin' that I's agoin' fer to do wid two cents? 'T'd advise you to give them to the first poor person you meet who really needs them."

A Quiet Locality. From Puck. Philadelphia Mother: Susie, what is that awful noise? Susie (in horrified accents): Willie is dropping pins on the pavement. Philadelphia Mother: William Penn, come right in the house this instant! I am surprised! Do you want to disturb the whole town?

An Exception. From the Pittsburg Chronicle. "Everything must shut up Sunday," said the policeman to Mr. Caution as he leaned on the front gate and asked for a light for his toby.

Mr. Caution stole a glance over his shoulder to see who was on the front porch and whispered: "Can you enforce that on wives?"

Preaching Versus Practising. From Epoch. "Upon my soul," exclaimed Mrs. Fly-around, "I never saw such an old gadder in all my life as that Mrs. Neverhome is. Actually, yesterday I called seven times at her house and couldn't get in once!"

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