

THE ANACONDA STANDARD

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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.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1889.

AS TO THE GAMEWELL.

Butte is anxious to get the best fire alarm service at command. It needs it. The city is a constant sufferer from fires. The popular belief is that they are incendiary. The losses lately sustained are enormous, and the prevailing alarm is so intense that, not longer ago than last Saturday night, fatal results would have followed, but for ample exits, when an alarm of fire needlessly started an audience in the Butte opera house in a headlong chase for the street.

It has taken the authorities in Butte a long time to make choice between rival alarm services. The upshot is that the city council has decreed in favor of a system that will be a pure experiment in Butte as against a service which has been under test for years and which passed the point long ago where its merits were matter of speculation or question.

Butte's aldermen can fool with an alarm system not in use in any leading city in America as long as they want to—that is not the STANDARD's affair. We are told that the Gaynor system is put in there on approval. That is a method which the Gamewell service does not need to pursue to capture any city in the United States, in view of its long and successful record. The man does not live in Montana who can testify to the merit of the Gaynor system from actual experience with its work; scores of men in the state know just what the Gamewell will do. However, we repeat, Butte can practice all it wants to—that is not our affair. It's tax-payers buy the plant on trial; they certainly should refuse the system on any other basis.

But the object of the STANDARD is to call attention just now to the reference made to Anaconda in the discussion of the rival systems. The STANDARD's report of the Butte council proceedings at the meeting held Saturday night says:

Chief Thomas said that he had been to Anaconda and had been told by John Toohy, Peter Hale and others, that the Gamewell system there was no good. It wouldn't work.

If this report of the council proceedings is true, we desire to assert that Mr. Thomas' testimony is false, and we say this with full understanding that Mr. Thomas may call upon the STANDARD to make its assertion good. It is true, however, that, for whatever purpose, Mr. Thomas made repeated effort to get testimony in this city hostile to the Gamewell system, and he made a flat failure of it. That system has long been operating in Anaconda. It has proved to be a complete success here. It failed once owing to circumstances which are not even remotely related to the trustworthiness of the system, but which can be explained to the entire satisfaction of the most casual inquirer in ten words.

Taking account of its size, this city and the smelting works have a remarkably extended alarm service. Its trustworthiness has been demonstrated time and again. Mr. Thomas knows it. He was referred in this town by several persons, whose testimony he vainly sought, to the chief of the department. He did not dare request Chief Richey's testimony against the system in use here or in favor of the toy plant which was tried in Butte.

Readers of these lines will understand that the STANDARD does not now presume for an instant to impugn the motives of any Butte alderman who voted for the Gaynor. For present purposes we simply say that the purchase of the Gaynor plant is the purest experiment, as against a system which gives satisfaction in uncounted American cities, and we assert that the testimony quoting Mr. Hale and others as hostile to the system used in Anaconda is absolutely false. Mr. Thomas may boom an untested fire alarm system if he sees fit, but he may expect to be called to account if he carries false testimony from Anaconda to Butte; and if there are other elements in the question which he wishes to discuss, the STANDARD is already to join him.

THE CRONIN VERDICT.

On the 4th day of May, Dr. Cronin, of Chicago, was summoned to attend a man in the employ of P. O'Sullivan, an ice dealer, with whom the doctor, three days earlier, had made a contract for professional services. Cronin answered the summons, and his friends never again saw him alive. Reports came that the doctor had been seen in several cities, but a providence cleared that feature of the case when, on the 22d of May, the fearfully mangled body of the doctor was found in a sewer.

Newspaper readers will recall the story of the mysterious trunk and the events which led to the discovery that the murder was committed in a little house in Lake View. It was early in the course of police work that Daniel Coughlin, a detective, was

suspected of complicity, the officers feeling satisfied that he was seeking to lead the police off the scent. A large number of arrests were made. Burke was brought back from Winnipeg. Seven men were under indictment before forty days had passed since the finding of the body, and, August 26, there began the trial of the five men in whose cases a verdict was rendered yesterday, with details as recited in this morning's news columns.

The case had its sensational incidents in the attempt to kill one of the leading witnesses against Burke, and in the efforts to tamper with members of the jury. In a general way the plan of the prosecution was to show that Alexander Sullivan and some of his associates were defaulter to the Irish-American fund in the sum of \$82,000, that Dr. Cronin proposed to expose them, that thereupon agitation was started against Cronin in order to show him to be a British spy, that the Doctor was subsequently "removed," that the Clann-Gael had taken action on his case and that seven men were charged with the duty of removing him.

The exciting trial ends with a sentence of imprisonment for life, a term of punishment which, in lieu of hanging, will excite general comment if the accused were clearly found guilty. The verdict was in one sense a surprise, since the case was held so long in the jury room as to prompt predictions of a disagreement. In another sense, it will remain a surprise until the public becomes satisfied that the life sentences are really to be served.

THEY ARE READY.

It doesn't take many lines to tell all that happened at Helena yesterday. The democrats walked into the senate chamber, and now their party associates in the lower house are inviting the absent republicans to come in and complete the organization of the legislature elected by the people.

If professions made by republicans have the companionship of truth, the republican members who have been sitting in the rump house, down town in Helena, will walk up like men and organize with the democrats, but if the republican aspirants who stole a precinct in Silver Bow are still clinging to the senatorial idol, we may expect the deadlock to be kept up, regardless of the popular demand that public business proceed.

Entering the senate chamber yesterday and taking their place in that body, the democrats put themselves at distinct disadvantage, if the real purpose of the republicans is to perpetuate fraud and steal seats in the federal senate which they cannot hold by honest title. The deadlock can be ended in 10 minutes if the republicans so decree. If, to these gentlemen, the business of the state, the courts, the appropriations, the routine of public affairs is of more account than the personal triumph of two men who do not deserve well of Montana, we shall soon see the state government in peaceful operation; and the spectacle will be assurance to the people that hereafter two scheming county commissioners won't have it in their power to put ten thousand voters to flight.

TO A FATAL END.

It will be many a day before the memory of Sunday's deadly encounter near Butte will be wiped out. That day's fatal fight to a finish is the outgrowth of a practice to which many a city in Montana adjusts itself all too easily. It belies the better sentiment that rules with the public, it outrages the reputation of the state and its people. It is high time that the officials of Silver Bow county put a stop to prize-fights, or take some steps toward punishing the participants. Brutal exhibitions like that of Sunday last are not uncommon in Butte. If they cannot be stopped, the principals can at least be arrested and punished. Legitimate sparring exhibitions are one thing and these brutal mills are another. If the officials of Silver Bow and Butte fail to see the difference, a popular subscription might be started with which to purchase each of these officers a set of green goggles.

Boxing will always be recognized as one of the leading accomplishments in athletic circles, and legitimate exhibitions find admirers in every community. Professional exponents of the art of self-defense rarely injure each other to any alarming extent and they should be allowed to furnish this class of entertainment while the unskilled are taught other trades in the penitentiaries.

It is safe to say that at least seventy-five per cent of the masculine population of the United States is more or less interested in the great pugilistic contests. The other twenty-five per cent will hang around bulletin boards awaiting the result, and then go home to moralize on the sins of the world and of the prize ring in particular. Contests between such men as Sullivan, Kilrain, Jackson, Dempsey, Mitchell and others are far less dangerous to life and limb than the average college game of football or the innocent annual cane rush. The legitimate prize ring, by virtue of its large following, is entitled to consideration, but such murderous contests of brute strength and physical endurance as that at Butte, Sunday afternoon, should be stopped and every participant in the mill placed where he will learn that such exhibitions are not to be tolerated in any decent community.

The new state of Washington has already advanced far enough to have a legislative scandal which, in its little way, is a match for the progressive

type of politics that gave to the world the ceiling job at the capitol in Albany and a score of kindred incidents in the line of public plunder. The story is that the Washington legislature wanted a little carpenter work done in the way of shelving and pigeon-holes. Thereupon, it is claimed, the thrifty sergeant-at-arms dickered with a carpenter in Olympia, closing an arrangement whereby by the officer was to have ten per cent out of the carpenter's bill, which amounted to \$125.00. Once in command of the work, the boss carpenter is said to have given the whole snap away, remarking that if the "commission" were exacted he should include it in his bill against the state. The news printed in a Washington paper on the subject, and duly enlarged to the point of informing the world that the sergeant-at-arms is "a Grand Army man and the father of a large family," and we are told that an investigation will surely follow. Evidently Washington is forging right ahead in practical statehood.

During the long quarrel over political supremacy at Helena, the newspapers there add to exhaustive comment on politics columns of weary talk about the water question, as if water were on especial need in Helena while members of the legislature are there. If the temporary capital had wisely been voted to Anaconda, as was proposed in the constitutional convention, there would have been no need to make special appeal on the subject, as Anaconda has the best equipped water service and the most abundant supply of any city in the Northwest.

At the head of the senate committee to fix up matters relating to the proposed world's fair, is Senator Hiscock, of New York; and the Chicago claimants will find it hard to get over him. Of course, the senator will treat the question with entire fairness, but the mere fact of his appointment at the head of the committee looks a little like federal favor toward New York, and Senator Hiscock is personally a loyal son of that state.

STANDARD TOPICS.

Sing a song of Hoo-doo, Pockets full of schemes; Great big heads chock full of Senatorial dreams; Strange that Mister Sanders—Wonder never ceases—Always got just pull enough To get pulled to pieces.

The Polk county, Ore. *Observer* says it took 101 men to work up an oak tree that stood just west of the *Observer* office—one man to do the work and 103 to look on and express an opinion as to how the work should be done.

Canadian papers are complaining of a soothing syrup, an analysis of which shows 40 per cent of the liquid extract of opium. A large number of children, it seems, have been so effectually soothed by it that they will never give their parents any more trouble. In the words of Shakespeare, the mixture is too swift for sooth.

An exchange reports a sapient justice of the peace, who found a man guilty of vagrancy, sentenced him to hard labor, set him to work on his own place, and whenever he refused to work, or was impudent, fined him for contempt of court, the fine payable in labor, and thus kept the poor fellow work for more than a year.

In the new Washington house of representatives a bill has been introduced preventing the acceptance of railroad passes by public officers. The offense is made a misdemeanor, and the offender, shall upon conviction be deprived of his office and be ineligible to office for four years. 'Tis passing strange, but 'tis feared the bill itself will not be passed.

Tacoma is very angry at the Northern Pacific railroad, declaring that in giving the same rates to Seattle as to Tacoma, it makes a discrimination against Tacoma, since Seattle is the longer haul. If the old rates are not reestablished, the *News* of that city urges all Tacomans to boycott the Northern Pacific. Tacoma seems to be disposed to break all the ties that bind her to her sister city.

All the available forces of the municipality of Seattle were called some time ago to subdue a one-legged man who took refuge in a building behind the door and defied the whole police force. The fire department was called out and the cellar pumped full of water. When it got to the man's chin he surrendered. Since then he has escaped three times from jail. If he had both his legs he would be apt to make the town considerable trouble.

The public will sympathize with Mr. J. R. Tobin, a Tacoma contractor, who is asking the Western Union Telegraph company for \$5,000 damages for the great mental anguish he sustained by reason of a bill of that company. Last June his cousin telegraphed him from San Francisco that his wife, Sallie, whom he was expecting, had sailed on the preceding Saturday morning. When the message reached him it read "Sallie died Saturday morning." Mr. Tobin at once suspended all business and went into profound mourning. When the news arrived his nervous system was again shaken to its foundations, as he imagined, no doubt, that he was beholding spirits from the vasty deep, although on this point the complaint is silent. At any rate Mr. Tobin says he suffered \$5,000 worth of grief during the time he believed Sallie was dead, and it will not do for the telegraph company to set up in defense the allegation that he experienced \$5,000 worth of joy on the discovery that Sallie was again in his own alley. However the case be adjudicated in the courts, the world rejoices that the lady is alive and well, and trusts that there will be no occasion to admonish Sallie to reduce the length of her hair.

The Woman's National Industrial League of America, using the ill-fated Silcott as a text, has adopted a set of resolutions deploring "the many and great institutions which men entrusted with public funds have to contend against" and imploring congress to take such action in the premises as will entirely do away with "the opportunity being offered other good

men to go astray." The remedy proposed lies in these resolutions: Resolved, That in the opinion of this league all disbursing agents of the government doing duty in Washington should be women. They have in other cities proven their capacity to handle millions of public money without loss of a dollar, and would certainly do so in Washington. The proximity of Canada, the facility of getting there, and the immunity from arrest when once in that country are sufficient reasons for making it the Mecca of defaulters; men can enjoy their ill-gotten money in Montreal, Quebec or Ontario, as well as if they were living in New York, Chicago or San Francisco, but with women it is otherwise. No temptation is strong enough to induce an American woman to expatriate herself.

Resolved, That we ask congress to take prompt action in passing a law giving the preference to women in the appointments hereafter to be made of disbursing officers in this city.

The argument of these good women is plausible but rather specious. She may not drink nor gamble, but there is a limit to a woman's power of resistance when temptation takes the form of a dry goods store or the spring opening of a millinery establishment. To conceal her defalcation, she would not be likely to skip to Canada, it is true. She would single out some wealthy congressman, call upon him, weep, tear her hair, swoon in his arms, and finally succeed in bamboozling the appointments hereafter to giving her enough to set her straight.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Christmas is Coming. From the Washington Post. Where are you going, my pretty maid? Going to Sunday school, she said.

Have you been of late, my pretty maid? Not for about a year, she said.

Do you like to go, my pretty maid? You bet I don't, she said.

Then why do you go, my pretty maid? Christmas is coming, she said.

The Story of a Dollar.

From the Philadelphia Times. The man who does not know where his next dollar is to come from sends it where his last went.

A Double-Barreled Riddle. From the New York Commercial-Advertiser. The question of the hour is a sort of a double barreled riddle. It is where is Silly? or?

This is Truly Alarming.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal. It is to be regretted that women have taken to the kind of exercise. Parasol thrusts are sufficiently deadly. We want no additional tragedies.

Like Real M. P.'s.

From the Boston Herald. If Silcott's defalcation deprives the congressmen of their pay for a while they will know how the British M. P.'s feel who don't get any pay at all.

The Ticket Still There.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser. Silk watch chains are quite fashionable this season. Pawn tickets on the end are also quite as de rigueur as ever.

A Style of Warfare.

From the New York World. The French government has sent a representative to this country to make a study of college athletics. France loses no opportunity to acquire the art of modern warfare.

Newspapering.

From the New York Commercial-Advertiser. "Newspapering" is a new word recently coined by a Washington *Star* correspondent. It is acceptable it is does not establish a precedent for magisterial, condescendental and society journalistic.

Iowa's Speed.

From the New York Sun. The prohibitory law is so popular in Iowa that constables proceeding under it are beginning to regard themselves as clinch-bearers if they escape being lynched. Iowa is slow to start, but when she once gets off Sunol is an excursion barge in comparison.

From the San Francisco Alta.

In looking around for a compromise candidate for senator from Iowa to beat Allison, let us hope that no Christianity will turn up. Michigan tried a gentleman of that soft and missionary name, and he proved to be more kinds of a fool than Col. Elliott F. Shepard.

What Are They For?

From the Philadelphia Times. The New York world's fair committee have decided that lobbying in Washington does not come within the sphere of their duty. What their duty is does not seem quite clear, unless it be to assemble occasionally in Chauncey Depew's office, enjoy the doctor's jokes, and wish for the world's fair. This duty they perform admirably and unremittingly.

Written the Morning After.

From the Albany Journal. For there is no known breadth of stench, or height of infamy, or depth of degradation, extent of covetousness since time began, whose rule is more tyrannical, whose methods are more heartless and whose effect upon the rights of all citizens is more deplorable and more damning than are those daily exercised by the gin mill, without hebdomadal hiatus, night and day, forever.

MEN AND WOMEN.

Physically, Speaker Reed is the largest man in the house. He weighs as much as ex-President Cleveland and is taller.

Among Prince Von Moltke's achievements when the German army was encamped before Paris was the invention of a wonderful kind of toddy.

The duchess of Rutland is one of the most active women in England. She opens bazaars, attends temperance meetings, inaugurates clubs, sings at concerts and makes a large number of speeches. She is an enthusiastic conservative.

In the entrance to the dining-room of one of the finest hotel restaurants of Vienna is the photograph of the unfortunate Prince Rudolph, splendidly framed, and surrounded by the menus of the dinners which the prince partook of in this establishment.

The egotism of the young emperor of Germany was displayed recently when, not having a knife with him, he borrowed one from a forest-keeper to cut off the ends of a cigar, and on returning it said impressively: "Take back your knife. It is now an historical relic."

William Allingham, the Irish poet who died recently, was a friend of Carlyle; but the crabbed Scot used to sit on him heavily from time to time, and once he did it in this wise: "Allingham, ye're no

a bad fellow, but I'd have ye to know that a man can never get in a word of sense for your everlasting jabbering."

Senator Mitchell has written to the Salem board of trade concerning the location of the World's fair of 1893: "These resolutions shall have my considerations, and inasmuch as they also speak my own sentiments on that question. I shall take great pleasure in doing everything in my power to secure the location of the World's fair at Chicago."

Hiram Lester now an inmate of the poor-house at McDonough, Ga., is thought to be the oldest man in the world. His age is 120 years. Col. Sloan of McDonough, who is over 80 years of age, says when he was a boy Lester was an old man. Lester's teeth are perfectly sound and his eyesight and hearing are good. His skin is wrinkled and as hard as parchment. He eats and sleeps well, and says he has given up all idea of ever dying. He remembers all about the revolutionary war and knew George Washington.

This story is told by a Cornell student of President White and the college football team of '74. A match had been arranged between the eleven of Cornell and Rochester universities and it was to take place at Geneva. When the captain of the Cornell team called upon President White for permission to go to Geneva, "What, go all that distance to kick a bag of wind?" President White exclaimed. "Never, gentlemen, with my permission. Just think and you'll see that it is ridiculous to go kicking a bag around a 10-acre lot. Then to think of going 50 miles to do it!" The game did not take place.

First Gentleman in the Department. From Oliver Dyer's Book, "Great Senators."

When Mr. Davis left the war office in 1857 to make way for his remarkable successor, ex-Governor Floyd, he was in his 50th year and in the prime of his powers. As he passed out, for the last time, through the chief clerk's room he stood for a moment on the rug before the hickory fire, apparently studying and admiring a new gold-headed cane which he balanced lightly in his hand. "Mr. Campbell," he said presently to the chief clerk, "you may be interested to know the history of this stick. I mean to present it, sir, to the first gentleman of this department; indeed, I might say in the service of the government." Now, Archibald Campbell, who had "come in with Secretary Marcy," was courtesy and courtliness itself, yet modest withal. So Mr. Campbell blushed like a rose on the outer wall, as it would blush in June. "Ring the bell, please," continued the secretary, "for Francis Dutcher." Francis Dutcher was the old colored messenger in the secretary's office; probably the oldest servant of the department, and one of the oldest servants of the government. He got the first gentleman's stick and by unanimous consent deserved it, while the amiable and accommodating chief clerk added a good story to his collection.

Honesty Doubly Rewarded.

From the Kerville Paper. A man lately bought a pocketbook at Stewart's drug store, and when he arrived at home and opened it he discovered that it contained a \$30 bill, which he immediately returned to the store. As a reward for his honesty, Mr. Stewart not only told him to keep the money but gave him a dose of pills too.



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Where also may be had the Mexican and Louisiana State Lottery Tickets. Office: Room 4, Pacific Lodging House, Main-st. Montana State Lottery Draws in Public as Butte, Saturday Dec. 21st. Secure tickets at once. A. S. JACOBS, Manager.

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