

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.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1889.

THEY WANT IT FIXED UP.

Republicans are as ready as the rest of us to doctor up the Australian plan of voting. The rump house at Helena went at the business as soon as the Governor's message, with its suggestion on that subject, had been given to the public.

There is no doubt that Montana will preserve many important features of the Australian plan. On that score there will be no division along party lines. As soon as the plan was tested, last October, the democratic newspapers pointed out some of the objections as these were developed under practical test.

It appears, after all, that the party is ready to tinker the law. The proposition of the republicans that the cross on the ballot be used on the job-lot plan and that the voter be permitted to vote for all the candidates of his party by placing one cross over the whole group, is rather radical amendment.

The father of the Australian plan wouldn't be able to recognize it if these radical changes are made. The wonder is that republicans dare to tear the scheme into pieces after this fashion. A few days ago they proclaimed themselves to be as happy as a youngster with six bits in his pocket over the imported plan, affirming that they would not change it in its slightest feature, no, never.

ITS LATEST PHASE.

The republicans propose to carry the fight to the exchequer. They want reward for assumed services in Helena, and they have a scheme by which they propose to mix pay with politics under a plan which is crafty enough to do credit to Colonel Sanders, although it is neither dignified nor patriotic.

Without our republican friends assume to see the end from the beginning in this latest plan, which is artful but not ingenious. It will be admitted that the man whose claim in any direction is so good that he can raise money on it must have a pretty good claim. Colonel Sanders evidently believes that he has the court fast enough in the lawsuit he has started, and, if he wins, we shall then be told again—as we have been told so many times already by the republican press—that the dead lock is broken.

It would not surprise us to see the republicans make a two-base hit in this innings. It is a line of work to which the mental and legal gifts and graces of Colonel Sanders are nicely suited. It will certainly accomplish nothing in its effect on the position held by the democrats, it will wipe out no stain of fraud or remove the popular suspicion that a great wrong has been done.

enough among revenue-hunting ringers in the ward politics of New York city, but it does not bear the imprint worn by all the weapons that men wield in open and honorable warfare. It is one way; but it is not the better way. However, we have no doubt that, if the republicans win in this latest scheme, they will plant it as the chief corner stone of the law-making fabric they propose to set up.

This being the situation it would be, in our judgment, infinitely to the credit of the state if the era might end which finds this or that man devoting day and night to devising schemes which are assumed to have merit if only they are cunning. Far better for Governor Toole and Lieutenant Governor Rickards to announce in the hearing of all the rivals in Helena that they have agreed to disagree, that the senatorial question, however insignificant its relative merits, has become hopelessly interwoven in the tangled situation and that, when the time comes for choosing senators, each party will name its own.

Possibly not, but it certainly would not add to the confusion and it would define the fight for the group of republicans whose unbounded ambition is to get seats in the senate by hook or crook. These men are the fathers of the Silver Bow fraud, they have been its devoted sponsors, their personal political fortunes are at stake, they are determined to win and ambition makes them reckless as to methods.

Days ago, the democrats took their seats in the senate. At this hour they are practically tied up while the republicans are frightened and are threading the devious paths of questionable politics. Let Colonel Sanders and his ambitious associates try the short cut to the senate and take their chances. That ought to satisfy their gluttonish greed for office—at any rate it would keep the state treasury ought of the fight and spare the people from added exhibitions of pot-house methods in politics.

HE SAW THE CIRCUS.

Washington dispatches relate the great consternation caused in the senate yesterday by the discovery of a young man in the gallery while the members of this august body supposed themselves in secret session. It is probable that he was asleep when the doors were closed, and awoke to find himself made famous by his nap. Luckily, however, he was ejected before he secured any valuable information—if such there was to be obtained.

The principle of doing business behind closed doors is not in harmony with the spirit of freedom of thought and speech which is supposed to form the very foundation of this government, and when the United States senate abolishes its secret sessions it will take a long step forward in the line of progress. At most, they but serve the purpose of giving members of that body an opportunity of venting petty spite and not being held accountable for their action. The public presumes, and rightly too, that statements are made in these star chamber sessions which would never bear the light of day, and that there behind closed doors, with the light turned low, like a lot of conspirators or counterfeiterers, these great men stoop to actions which they would never dare attempt in public.

The secret session serves no good purpose in aiding to dispose of presidential nominations. If an unfit appointment is made, the public has a right to hear the evidence against the candidate. If he is unworthy the confidence of this government, it is right that his fellow citizens should be warned.

BRING ON THE SHROUD.

New York's war on the deadly electric light wire has been watched with interest in all the larger cities of the country. Smaller towns, too, have been interested in the development of the movement to place the wires underground, for it is only a question of a few years when other large cities will follow in the footsteps of the great metropolis, and eventually the smaller towns and villages will take up the reform.

Aside from the unsightly appearance of telegraph poles in the principal streets, aside from the hindrance of wires at large fires, aside from the conflagrations caused by imperfect insulation, comes the dangers to human life, horrible proofs of which have been frequent of late in New York city and elsewhere. The electric light companies recently secured an injunction restraining city officials from molesting their property. This injunction has been dissolved by the supreme court, and the deadly electric light wire is declared to be a nuisance which any official or citizen may take steps to abate upon assuming the responsibility of proof.

of a manifest duty in allowing their wires to become dangerous, and echoes public sentiment in these words: They are without excuse, and when they claim that the destruction of these instruments of death, maintained by the violation of every duty and obligation which they owe to the public, is an invasion of their rights of property, such claim seems to proceed upon the assumption that nothing has a right to exist except themselves.

Thus the rights of the people are maintained, and we may expect to hear less of public executions in the streets of New York. The deadly electric light wire is now ready for the undertaker. Let the obsequies proceed.

STANDARD TOPICS.

According to the San Francisco Examiner the various railways in California are so deep in water that it is customary to address the conductors as commodores.

The czar of all the Russias is said to have become fascinated with the American game of poker. There are plenty of his subjects who are willing and anxious to raise him.

The people who object to the employment of British capital in business on this side of the ocean will be interested to learn that the English insurance companies suffered a loss of \$800,000 by the Boston fire.

The conductor on the Chicago & Alton railroad who while the train was running forty miles an hour slipped on a banana peel on the platform of the rear car, and fell down an embankment one hundred feet high, and got up and walked five miles to Mason City, where he side-tracked himself for rest, should challenge Steve Brodie to duplicate the experiment.

Speaking of dead-locks the Gallatin Democrat mentions the case of two men waiting in a parlor last week to marry the same girl. She had promised to marry both on the same night and consequently they were on hand at the appointed time. They sat across the room and glared at each other like Kilkenny cats. When the fair bride-to-be entered the room there was considerable commotion, and no one knew which would be chosen by her. They were not long kept waiting, as she immediately took her place by the side of her Irish lover, and in a very short while they were made man and wife. What the other fellow did is not stated.

THE MERCHANT OF BUTTE.

SCENE—A street in Butte. Dense smoke, fog and darkness. Enter, in opposite directions, Silverio and O'Scoot.

Sil—Who's there? O'Scoot—The answer me; stand and show forth thyself or by the district court I'll put a ball in thee.

Sil—My hands are up; and yet methinks I recognize that voice. Art not O'Scoot, the officer of the watch?

O'Scoot—Odds gosh, thou speakest truly. An my ears deceive me not, thou art Silverio, the merchant. Well met, my lord. 'Tis a fearful night, let's to the nearest bar to budge withal.

Sil—Anon, O'Scoot. But first put up thy gun; it doth undo me. Thrice have those cold and pesky things been braided against my temples since I've been forth this night.

O'Scoot—Thrice, my lord? Sil—Aye, thrice. With thee I thought but now my fourth experience came.

I was the evening meal and kissed my wife and kids good-bye, desiring on some friends to call to play with them on the festive bluff. Into the hall I went and donned my overcoat, the one of costly skin, and having gently hugged the serving maid—beshrew me but a buxom lass she is, withal—I sallied forth. The smoke was thick; so thick I could not see my hand before my face, much less my feet; the which did suddenly escape the steps, so that my body did revolve around in empty space like any wheel; and when at last I pick'd my bruised self from off the ground, scarce had I groped my way beyond the gate before I heard a savage click against my very ear; and with it came the curdling words "Up with thy hands!"

I waited not, but held my hands aloft until I could command the very heavens grasp and pull them down ker smash below. Then went the robbers through me.

O'Scoot—Got they much stuff, my lord? Sil—All the booty on my person—some six and eighty ducats, together with my watch of gold, my silver-mounted gun, six good cigars for which I'd paid two bits apiece, and last my flask of old and precious booze. And then they left. But ere I had another block gone on, another pack of thieves did hold me up; another gun I felt unkindly fooling round my head. With hands again on high I told the rogues they were too late—the pot already had been raked in; and having satisfied myself I spoke the truth, they took my overcoat, my costly skin, my necktie and my bosom pin, and vanished in the deep and vasty gloom. Again I journeyed on and went a little way, when up there started two more villains of the road; who, seeing there was little else, did grab my hat and coat, and skipped the grewsome gutter. Once more I traveled forward; and when I heard the sound of my approach up went my hands as usual, for filled was I with expectation that next would go my trousers and my shirt; of which benefit—there being nothing else to take—I thought the next highwaymen 'e'en would up and take my life.

O'Scoot—Bedlads, my lord, thy luck is hard. With thee, no less than seven and thirty men, I hear, have been held up this self-same night.

Sil—And caught thou any of the rascals? O'Scoot—Not I my lord. I wait for my instructions. Alack, this is a busy and a fearful night, an had I warrants I would serve them. Eight and twenty men, they say, have fought within the ring, of whom scarce 13 now survive, the others being punched into their coffins. Arson trips from street to street, and Murder stalks with sportive mien, for men and women blow each other up with dynamite and giant powder, as if to see how high they'd go before they went down below; and something like a score of blokes have taken poison, cut their throats, or hanged, or shot themselves since whistles blew for 6 o'clock. Marry, sir, I would thou had'st that flask of booze about thee.

Sil—Meet the aldermen to-night? O'Scoot—Bejabbers, and I hear they do. There's some new system to put through. Sil—To hurry homewards I have 'em; perchance I'll save my house and lot.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Blind Leader.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal. There are several men in congress who are blinder than Mr. Milburn.

Enquiring Minde.

From the Chicago Herald. Mr. Reed, the new speaker, looks like Shakespeare, and a prominent question in the house is: "Who in thunder is Shakespeare?"

Prohibition a Failure.

From the Washington Post. The three states of the union which have adopted prohibition as a remedy for the vice of drunkenness—Maine, Kansas and Iowa—have in effect, come to the conclusion that the so-called remedy is a failure.

Suggests a Bad Condition.

From the Chicago Tribune. Naurteff is the name of the republican who succeeds Cashier Silcott. It has a sound that seems dimly to recall to mind the condition to which the deflection of his thrifty predecessor has brought many a confiding congressman.

Boston's Weak Side.

From the Chicago News. Ex-President Cleveland dined with a roomful of select Bostonians the other evening, and now it is openly predicted that Massachusetts would go democratic if he should run for president again, because he praised the succotash.

Jay's Little Game.

From the Kansas City Times. From the assurances of some of the New York papers that Jay Gould is afraid of the effect of the competition of long distance telephoning on telegraphic service, we infer that Mr. Gould wants to buy some more Western Union stock cheap.

A Rival of Washington's Servant.

From the Washington Post. The man who first suggested to President Pierce that he appoint Jefferson Davis secretary of war is now coming forward in platoons and battalions and letting the wind blow throw his faded whiskers. And the wind is the wind of his lungs, and the blowing thereof is from within.

The Republic and Its Soldiers.

From the Cleveland Leader. Since 1861 over a thousand millions of dollars have been paid out in pensions to soldiers and their dependents. Such a record was never even approximated by any other nation. Yet there are those who think the republic has not done its duty by the soldiers.

Don't Want the Mormons.

From the Springfield Republican. Mormon agents in Canada report favorably upon the Canadian northwest as a refuge of the saints. Mr. Cannon, one of the first presidents of the church, favors the scheme. "The Mormon revelation," says the Toronto Mail, "was made in the United States; let it consequences be confined to that country."

Men and Women.

Frank Crone, a rich merchant of Erie county, Ohio, was married the other day to his sister's granddaughter. The groom is 65 and the bride 24.

Rufus Thompson, of West Swanzy, N. H., the father of the actor Denman Thompson, was married a few days ago to Mrs. Sarah A. Walker of Westminster West, Vt. Mr. Thompson is 83 years of age and the bride is eight years his junior.

William Morris is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable men in England and one of the busiest in London. He is socialist, scientist, poet, essayist, antiquarian, designer, workman, editor of the Commonwealth, manufacturer, with one foot out of London and more than one in it; merchant, with a shop on Oxford street and another on Union square, New York.

The Rev. W. H. Milburn, the blind chaplain of the house of representatives, is a native of Philadelphia and was born in 1822. He lost the sight of one eye when quite young and the other soon became quite useless. He mastered the blind alphabet and at the age of 20 was ordained a minister. After that he traveled over 200,000 miles, filling appointments to preach in all the southern states. Within the last thirty years he has preached in nearly every state in the union and in some European countries. He has been chaplain of the house since 1883.

Somebody asked Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Depew's private secretary, how in the world Mr. Depew kept up his stock of stories. "No trouble at all," said Mr. Lloyd. "He gets 'em by dozens in the mail every day. His friends all over the country, railroad men especially, will see something in the papers or hear a new story and they'll say 'Depew ought to have that,' and so they send it to him. He doesn't mind it and sometimes he makes good use of things that come to him in that way. But he doesn't read them; he can make a good story out of nothing on short notice at any time."

The new lord mayor of London, Sir Henry Aaron Isaacs, is acquiring much popularity in his capacity for singing comic songs in a good baritone voice and playing a capital rattle-bang obligato on the piano at the same time. At the police committee dinner the company were agreeably surprised at the lord mayor's rollicking rendering of "The Low-Backed Car," which he gave when called on for a speech. His intimates say that the way he sings "We've Both Been There Before" and "Where Did You Get That Hat?" would be worthy of the finest music hall artist-impersonator.

There seems to be little danger that the dynasty of Montenegro, so dear to the heart of the czar, will become extinct for some time to come. A few weeks ago another son was born to Princess Milena and Prince Nicholas of that principality. This is the eleventh child which has blessed their union since 1882. The happy mother was the daughter of the "Wogoden," Peter Bukotisch, and was born in 1847. She is consequently still in the prime of life and may live still many years, to the joy of her race. She was married when a mere child of 13 years, although celebrated at the time for that great beauty which captivated her semi-barbarian captain. Of her eight daughters, the three eldest are already married. Princess Corka is the wife of Peter Karageorgievich, whose pretensions have so complicated the Balkan question. The second daughter, Militta, was recently married to Grand Duke Peter of Russia, while the third daughter is the duchess of Leuchtenberg. If the other children make such alliances the position of Montenegro will be one of considerable power in the Balkan peninsula.

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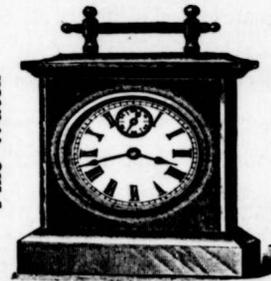
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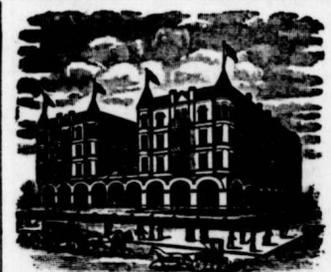
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