

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 27, 1889.

While the residents of Montana are enjoying a mild and pleasant winter, people of New York are dodging thunderbolts and Californians are wading up to their necks in water. Who wouldn't live in Montana?

A long editorial in yesterday's Butte Inter Mountain reads like a post-Christmas carol. If the reader, failing to grasp its meaning, will simply substitute the word "republican" in all places where the word "democrat" appears, the interpretation will be plain enough, and it will appear how fully the Inter Mountain realizes that Captain Tom Couch has lately been spending several days in Helena.

Plenty of friendly comment has reached the STANDARD office in response to what it has said regarding so-called building and loan associations which ramble about the county, offering inducements that would be good enough if half of them were safe to bank on, but which never start out with the backing of any local financial concern of recognized high standing. The STANDARD desires to have its words construed as a direct warning against nearly all of these traveling affairs, in the belief that they are not helpful to any owner of real estate in this city.

Yesterday was the day for Congressman Carter to appear before the committee on ways and means, in order to present argument on the lead tariff question. Lives of great men all remind us that Mr. Carter once "talked with the secretary of the treasury," and, the way he tells it, lead began immediately to advance. Nobody, except Mr. Carter, ever perceived this alleged advance in the price of lead, and the story passed as one of that inventive gentleman's campaign tales. Let us hope that Mr. Carter—known in Washington circles as an "expert in mining matters"—will make his argument more persuasive this time.

In this western country there is plenty of water to make every arid acre bloom, if only the water is properly applied. A special committee of the United States senate has been trying to find out how to establish the right relation between land and water, and it is gratifying to notice that, in the house of representatives, provision has been made for the creation of a select committee whose members will make a special study of the question of irrigation. If only these gentlemen will adjust themselves to the real merits of the subject, results that must be immensely beneficial will surely follow. The irrigation problem is fairly before congress now.

BOTH OF THEM OUT.

Butte needs a court. The row following the rape of the tunnel precinct brought rival contestants into the field for the office of district judge, and every reader of the STANDARD knows what happened. Practically all business in the Silver Bow court has been under suspended animation ever since the contest over election returns ended with the retirement of Judge De Wolfe. His successor, Judge McHatton, has not ventured into business of any account, doubtless deeming the possible risk greater than he cared to entail.

As we understand it, the Judge and his rival for office, prompted by motives that are proper enough and acting after consultation with lawyers in Butte, have put the disposal of the office of judge unconditionally into the hands of Governor Toole. In all probability, the place will not long be vacant, and there is no lack of material from which the Governor may select a judge who will be perfectly satisfactory to every member of the Silver Bow bar. It is not to be supposed that the judgeship will go to any man whose legal attainments fail to commend him, or to any candidate whose career is not clearly above criticism and reproach.

People who have little or nothing to do with the law but who prize the good name of Montana's courts feel much concern regarding the appointment soon to be made.

PRETTY CHEAP GOODS.

It must be that a young republic which finds itself tempted to shake hands across the Atlantic with Boulanger, has a pretty crude idea of the stuff out of which republics are made. This is the business in which the chief of Brazil's new government has been engaged.

The diplomatic interchange of "long live Brazil" and "long live Boulanger" is rather cheap trash. It is good enough advertising for the conceited knave who is trying desperately hard to keep himself afloat in Europe, but in the eyes of any sensible man who has been for fifteen minutes of his lifetime

a citizen in a real republic, the de Fonseca-Boulanger congratulations are an extremely feeble tribute to the political sense of the managers in Brazil.

No man is fit to be at the head of a republic who wastes public money in exchanging congratulatory telegrams with the most arrant upstart in Europe. The little fact that this man got any answer to the dispatch he sent to Brazil is enough to raise serious question regarding the fitness of the revolutionary leaders in Brazil to plant a republic on safe foundations.

The STANDARD was about to raise the query whether this business was not worked as an advertisement for Boulanger, in view of the fact that he has been announced for an American lecture tour. But there comes just now a dispatch saying that he is not to visit us. The news will be a positive relief to the American public. If Boulanger may telegraph to Brazil to his heart's content.

ONE MORE OF THEM.

They say that Gallagher has really skipped. He is the man who is accused of having pounded to death the poor devil who was put under the sod a few days ago.

Time was, in the career of Butte City, when a brute who added murder to other offenses would have found it impossible to skip the town, but, unfortunately, those sturdy days appear to have gone beyond recall. That city, backed by as sterling men as ever built a town, carries in supercargo a lawless element which manages to evade punishment with a regularity that awakens more than suspicion.

If a career in Butte or Silver Bow's police service is a credit to any man, the public has not discovered the fact. The epitaph on this latest incident, which must be a burning humiliation to every officer in Silver Bow, will simply be that Gallagher was too sick to be captured.

The whole disgraceful affair is as thin as gauze. The public will believe, without newspaper suggestion, that Gallagher was permitted to get away as others have been allowed to get away before him. Time was, we repeat, when Butte wouldn't have tolerated this sort of business, which allows itself to be called bungling in order to avoid being styled criminal—as in fact it is.

The escape of Gallagher should not dishearten the officers of Silver Bow or mar their holiday pleasures. Perhaps the man who murdered Ward will take pity on the discouraged officers and return. If there is one spark of generosity in the heart of Hefere Golden, he, too, will come back and give himself up. The STANDARD ventures the remark right here that a patient public will be greatly surprised if any of the participants in this brutal murder are ever punished.

NOT A CASE FOR PITY.

The terrible scenes at Jessup, Ga., on Christmas day must not be distorted into an argument in favor of the rights of the colored race, although republican orators and newspapers are ever ready to accept such incidents as proof of alleged negro outrages in the South. All dispatches from the scene of the trouble agree that it was the result of an attempt by sworn officers of the law to arrest a negro outlaw, and that an unarmed man was shot down like a dog will not tend to create sympathy with those who are now being hunted in the marshes of Georgia.

The people of the North are ever ready with schemes for the wiping out of race prejudices in the South. The same prejudice exists in the North, in a more limited degree, of course, but still it exists. The loudest mouthed orator for the rights of the downtrodden race would be mortally offended should he find persons of color at his dinner table except in their capacity as servants. Impracticable solutions of the negro question are as numerous as fleas in dog days and just as useless. The time will come when the colored race will gradually have worked out its true emancipation, but no laws can ever remove the prejudice which now exists. The problem is in their own hands, and time alone is needed to work out the solution.

But the outlaws of Jessup are not the friends of their own race in that vicinity. The better class of blacks have taken refuge in the homes of white friends and are under their protection. Still there are men who will manage to twist the truth of this terrible affair into "another Southern outrage."

STANDARD TOPICS.

Simultaneously with the appearance of a novel by Rider Haggard's brother, comes the announcement that a brother of Edward Bellamy has also just finished a work of fiction. Some men achieve greatness and others let their brothers do it for them.

There was a surprise party in Cincinnati the other night, which, unlike the usual run of surprise parties, was a surprise. The guests were admitted by a servant during the absence of the lady of the house, and when she returned and walked into the parlor the band which the guests had with them struck up "White Wings," whereupon the woman uttered a shriek and swooned. The people of Cincinnati are now trying to decide the question whether to have the friends, the band or the author of "White Wings" indicted.

It appears from the Salt Lake City Tribune that the Mormon elders have cautioned the brethren to pray without ceasing that God will soften the hearts of the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States and quicken their intellects so that they will decide the Mormon cases now before them in favor of the saints. While it is hardly fair to bring up matters before the Court which were not consid-

ered when the testimony in the case was being delivered, still we suspect this supplication cannot be ruled out. The result of the combined effort will be looked for with interest.

The San Francisco Examiner desires to be informed whether we are drifting. We will give the desired information when the time comes. In the debate on the resolution recognizing the Brazilian republic Senator Sherman said that to pass the resolution without reference to a committee would be "an act of folly and madness without precedent," and Senator McPherson declared that the delay of a single hour in passing it would be "disgraceful to the government, to the senate and to the people of the United States." It was a painful predicament in which the senate found itself. It had either to disgrace itself, the government and the people, or to commit an act of folly and madness without precedent. It finally chose the disgrace.

"Elite directories" are being published in some eastern cities, which besides the usual names and addresses of the local four hundreds, have affixed to the same a number of mysterious stars, daggers and letters indicating in identical manner the columns of Dun and Bradstreet, the financial standing of the swells. In some instances proof sheets have been sent to the persons concerned with requests for corrections if necessary. As a rule the aristocracy do not take kindly to these publications, and are holding private indignation meetings. The only way to appease the kitchen is to rate them as double their actual worth. A course, which, if we mistake not, the publishers will make haste to adopt in their revised editions.

Maine is making another spasmodic effort to enforce her prohibition law, and this time is going for the cider sellers. N. P. Moore, an old farmer, has just been tried for the heinous offense of having cider in his possession and of selling it by the jugful to his neighbors. One man who testified before the grand jury that he had bought a jug of the beverage from the defendant, swore upon the trial that it was a jug of vinegar. He was arrested for perjury. The average man hardly knows where to draw the line between very hard old cider and vinegar, but perhaps Maine juries from long experience have become so familiar with the question, that they are able to make the distinction at a sip. In proof of this would seem to be the verdict of the jury which heard the evidence in the case of the old farmer aforesaid. They promptly acquitted him, and the county attorney now says he is done forever with the prosecution of all cider sellers, as he never knew a jury to convict one, even after jugs of the genuine stuff had been offered in evidence and carried into the jury room as exhibits. All there is about it, Maine jurors will not convict anybody for selling cider, not by a jugful.

A "Girls' Inevitable League" has been unearthed in the staid old town of Salem, Mass. Each member, it seems, solemnly pledged herself to do just what the leader did, the girls holding that important office in rotation. They decided to climb every church tower in Salem, and had already made two successful attempts when they started in on the Tabernacle church. Here they nailed a skull and cross-bones flag upon the steeple, and the deacons, feeling greatly annoyed, began an investigation, which resulted in the discovery of the perpetrators of the act. The deacons are now much concerned over the proper punishment to be meted out to the culprits. Their parents hold that they are too old to be taken into a barn and disciplined after the manner of boys, but this view is controverted by some of the deacons who argue that unless sound spanking and other radical measures are resorted to, the girls may invade their barns, turn loose their stock, rob their hen roosts and commit other crimes and misdemeanors innumerable. Several very interesting questions are being opened up by the controversy, but the girls seem to have the bulge on the deacons.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Ought to Stick to Its Promise. From the Morning Sentinel. When the great government of the United States promises a cold wave 1,000 miles wide it should stick to its advertisement.

The Fire is Started. From the New York World. "Wherever there is a king or an aristocracy the fire is smoldering in the straw, and there are eager breaths awaiting opportunity to blow it into flame."

Rather Fishy. From the New York Telegram. The rumor that several citizens of New York had developed gills owing to the hygroscopic richness of the atmosphere, proves on investigation to be premature.

They Will Bear Watching. From the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Cleveland and Campbell will attend the 8th of January banquet of the Business Men's Democratic Association of New York. Keep an eye on that pair during the coming three years.

Quit Fooling With Marriages. From the Lamar Leader. We hear of a runaway wedding down near Clampton this week, but we are almost afraid to say anything about the matter, as we have recently had some trouble about this marrying business.

Barnum and the British. From the Boston Globe. Barnum has already shown the Londoners what he knows about the benefits of advertising, to the tune of \$200,000. The big posters even seduced the prince of Wales into the gallery among the boys in disguise.

By Telegraph From Capernaum. From the New York Telegram. The newspaper syndicate which is handling Dr. Falma's sermons had a special dispatch from Capernaum—probably sent by some prophet early in the Christian era and just delivered by a telegraph messenger boy.

How the Trusts May Be Reached. From the Minneapolis Tribune. So far as trusts are fostered by the tariff, they might be effectually attacked by a provision of law authorizing the president to suspend the tariff upon any article or class of articles, the production of which has been monopolized by an artificial combination. Such an arrangement

would be perfectly feasible, and it would go a long way towards showing the country that the republican party is sincere in its avowed opposition to trusts.

The Beam and the Mole. From the New York Commercial Advertiser. The Christian powers of Europe engaged in the partition of Africa may incidentally crush the slave trade for the continent which they hold the Mohammedans responsible, but it is tolerably certain that greed for territory and not hatred for slavery is at the bottom of their work in the dark continent.

Bruin as an Evangelist. From the Scotia (Neb.) Herald. During the revival here last week, one lady, in giving her experience, said she never went to but one circus, and then there was a "bar" got loose and she thought it was the devil. Then she turned to Jesus. The minister wished a near crowd of Scotch sinners. But there seems to be a scarcity of that kind of bruins in this section.

Blind and Lazy Congressmen. From the New York Sun. The goings on in the office of the sergeant-at-arms have long been such as ought to have aroused the attention of every member of the house; and there is no sense and no justice in muleting the people of the United States because their representatives have been blind and lazy when flagrant licentiousness and undiluted extravagance should have made them vigilant.

Can't Tattle With Us. From the Stratford Herald. The editor of this religious journal took exceptions to an article in the News last week and when the editors met on the street we proceeded to do him up in artistic style, but as he belongs to the shanty crowd it was a small job. We got a little satisfaction out of him by slapping his mouth in good shape, and then marching down to the justice's office and paying \$6 and trimmings for our fun. We were then pulled up before the justice and asked to keep the peace and to give bonds for the same, but we thought we would not do that and stood the trial. They sent to Culbertson and Trenton for the most brilliant attorneys they could employ and still they failed to bind us over. The editor of the News swore that he was afraid we would do him some bodily harm. The poor fellow was in the regular army for years and is drawing a pension for brave service. If the regular army is made up of such fellows as Irons, one Indian could put to flight a whole regiment. All we ask of Irons is to let us alone and we will do the same by him.

MEN AND WOMEN.

Congressman Lester of Virginia, is a Baptist clergyman. John Walter, who succeeds the late Mr. McDonald as manager of the London Times, is only 35 years of age. General E. Hunt Grubb says it cost him \$25,000 to be defeated for governor of New Jersey.

The pope has received a bequest of \$68,000 from Baron Lillenthal. The latter was by extraction a Jew, and made money in the Union Generale speculation, and his desire was to render the pope independent of Peter's pence. The will will be likely disputed. A man named Pawlikowski, who died lately in Wloclawek, Poland, and worked in the fields until last year, is said to have been 115 years of age. It is further related that his brother died at the age of 116, and his father at 126, while three surviving sisters are aged respectively 102, 99 and 93 years.

Schielemann commenced his new excavations at Hissarlik, Troy, Nov. 26. Prof. Niemann of Vienna, and members of the will soon join him. Constantinople newspapers say that the sultan expressed to Emperor William his lively interest in this undertaking, and promised to do all in his power to promote it.

The Frankfurter Zeitung, in commenting on the rumor that Sampson Low, Marston & Co., of London, have offered Stanley \$200,000 for the book he is now writing, remarks that German publishers appear to be far more eager to make arrangements with Emin for a scientific work from his pen. A Leipzig publisher sent a special messenger to Zanzibar to arrange this matter.

The death of Browning has revived an anecdote of Tennyson. When Browning's "Sordello" was published Tennyson tried to read it, and, in relating his experience, said: "There are only two lines in that I understand, and they were both lies: One was the opening line: 'Who will may hear Sordello's story told,' and the other was the closing line: 'The world would have done before I take up my pen, and what I write the first time goes to the printer with few erasures. No, I never dictate, but write every line of my book with my own hand, like this, voyez vous?'"

Athena has a modern Aristophanes, who is one of the best known characters in the Greek capital. His name is Suris, and he is proprietor and editor of the comic paper Zonias, every line of which, including the advertisements, he writes himself in verse. The issues are irregular. Sometimes two copies appear in one week; at other times, when news is scarce or his inspiration flagging, a week or two may pass without a new number. Consequently he has no regular subscribers, but whenever a new number appears the news agents buy up all the copies by special arrangement.

There is a rumor that the wife of the Chinese minister will be seen in society before the season wanes, says a Washington letter to the Baltimore Sun. One of the secretaries is responsible for this surprise. The little lady has displayed great interest in the doings of the west and as detailed to her by the attaches of the legation; but for her to attend parties, etc., would be an affair of considerable trouble, since her feet are totally inadequate to support her body, slight as she is, and the spectacle of seeing her assisted by her husband and the big, brawny first secretary up and down a drawing-room would not be an edifying tribute to the polite customs of the Chinese.

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