

THE ANACONDA STANDARD

PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING IN THE WEEK EXCEPT MONDAY.

Delivered by carrier or mail at ten dollars a year, three dollars a quarter or one dollar a month.

THE STANDARD

is the only daily newspaper with telegraph 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,

Care of Main and Third streets, Anaconda, Montana.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1889.

ITS OWN FIGHT.

Some republican has been saying insulting things again about the *Inter Mountain*. Some other republicans have been insisting that, if the rump republicans want to select for senatorial nomination two decent candidates, out of those now in sight, both will have to come from the east side.

We cannot guess who the fellows are against whom the *Inter Mountain* enters protest in lines that fit its accustomed editorial pen. We do not presume to know why the west-side republicans need the defense that flowed yesterday from the pen of the *Inter Mountain's* occasional editorial contributor. The two themes take up a column and twelve lines. The first half is the best by long odds. In the second half, somebody speaks as one having a marshal's authority, and not as the scribes.

The *Inter Mountain* mentions no names in discussing the republicans who are abusing it. It began yesterday where it left off weeks ago, just after the Silver Bow county convention, when Tom Couch ran things and got several of the *Inter Mountain's* prime favorites on the county ticket before he knew it, but too late to take them off. The captain has been loitering about Helena, but what of that? Our evening contemporary in Butte names no names but tells how it has been "ridiculed by fools and black-guarded by knaves" and how, in a pecuniary sense, republican newspapers suffered on the frontier in the early days. That was before republican manipulators had learned how to steal whole precincts or the Rev. J. E. Rickards, had quoted to Col. W. F. Sanders that touching little line in the ninth verse of the tenth chapter of the Book of Job, saying, "Remember, I beseech thee, that thou has made me as clay."

The family quarrel sketched in hazy outline yesterday by the *Inter Mountain* is a matter that does not interest the public. As to its less pithy comment on east or west-side aspirants, the people must be indifferent whether unlawful claimants for the senatorship come from East Helena or Rocker, from Salt Lake City or Medicine Hat. Yet we spread our width of column to welcome the words of the *Inter Mountain* when it declares that it is "republican by principle, not power." Butte will welcome this announcement, patrons will hail the declaration and, when the next campaign comes, people will not have to admit that the *Inter Mountain* and the *Howler* represent what is alleged to be the better element in republican politics. Following the precept announced yesterday, our evening contemporary is booked for a lonely and untried experience, at first. It must be patient and hopeful, because truth is mighty enough to prevail even among Montana republicans.

If Main street, midway between Broadway and Park, hangs this inscription on its outer wall, the *Butte Inter Mountain* will command, after patient endurance, the circulation to which any prosperous newspaper is entitled but which it now sadly lacks, while its gifted and aggressive editorial page will no longer be backed, as now, with business management and ownership not many carats fine.

BY WAY OF ILLUSTRATION.

Years ago, when the question of the resumption of specie payment was before congress, Carl Schurz made a noteworthy speech in the senate, in the course of which, while defining the functions of currency, he remarked that "money is the yard stick of commerce." Although the figure was not original with Mr. Schurz, it was new to most people whom the question interested at the time, and it was a happy way in which to make clear to the public mind the more formal phrase that money is the measure of values.

The expression has lately been used by the San Francisco *Chronicle*, which makes apt application of it in illustrating its points on the silver question. Still later the Denver *News*, quoting the *Chronicle*, adds comment of its own, amplifying the argument but using as a headline the injunction to "stick to the standard." In this, the tendency of the *News* is to confuse the words "standard" and "measure." Money is a measure of values and therefore the yard-stick illustration is most appropriate, but in an exact sense money is not the standard of values, and the use of the expression may easily be misleading.

If to this figure relating to the function of money be added the fact that silver has intrinsic value and that 42 2/3 grains of it were officially stamped and called a dollar simply because it took a dollar's worth of labor to produce that number of grains—if these facts are

clearly in a man's mind, he will understand two cardinal elements in the money question. The average reader knows why the ages have regarded gold and silver as the precious metals best suited for use as money. These qualities, formerly elaborated in the scholarly treatises on political economy, are popularly summarized in the hearing of every high school boy in these later days, and the average intelligent boy ought to know what to think of brilliant editorial pages in eastern newspapers which are hanging out their danger signals, warning the people that foreign silver is likely to pour in and overflow the land, and that this country's mines will rain showers of the metal over the land, to the utter destruction of all values.

It is hard to know just how to set at work to oppose this crude nonsense. All that silver asks is to be let alone in the performance of its normal function in the nation's currency. That function has been interrupted by ill-timed and ill-judged legislation. Silver does not owe its value to the fiat of legislation. Its real merit is revealed in the fact that it has all but held its own, in its reciprocal relation with gold, in spite of the war waged against it for years in national law making. Silver wants the cloud removed which congress sought to put on its title as coin. This being the case, the defenders of silver and Mr. Windom are too widely apart even for argument, his notion being to experiment with the money element in a precious metal whose function was fixed beyond need of experiment ages before Mr. Windom's ancestors were born.

THEY ARE APART.

Whenever Governor Hill makes a speech, the press of the country has an eye out for any phrase that may be construed as an unfriendly hit at Cleveland. As soon as Mr. Hill at Cleveland in order to find whether he "has it in" for Hill.

New York's governor has been sufficiently unfriendly toward Mr. Cleveland both in action and utterance ever since the ex-president made it possible for Hill to be lieutenant-governor of the Empire state, eight years ago. Mr. Cleveland himself was, at that time, a novice in state politics. Hill was known, but his record was no recommendation. Cleveland typified a new departure in state politics. Hill was the representative of the meanest sort of political methods in a rural district of the state. Cleveland forged ahead at an astoundingly rapid pace in his remarkable career. Hill traveled fast, too, his whole ambition being to side-track Cleveland whenever that could be possible. In that work Hill scored an immense success fourteen months ago—he robbed Cleveland of New York's vote, and the democrats lost the country.

In all questions relating to public policy these two men will invariably be found apart. In other words, Mr. Cleveland will go on about his business, Governor Hill will watch out to learn what the ex-President may declare or suggest, and then the Governor will hasten to plant himself on the other side of the question; and the public may reckon that it will be the indecent side every time.

There is method in all this on the part of New York's governor. He is abiding faith in the power of the disreputable element in public affairs. If women were to cut any figure in politics, you would be sure to find him posing as the sturdy champion of the dissolute. In New York city he is the child of the regiment of hummers, in Montana he would be the hero of the hurdy-house contingent. Mr. Hill's methods are crafty but not creditable, his policy threads its course in the political gutter, his impulses are those of the political snipe.

Mr. Hill burns to be president of the United States. Some of our gentle republican contemporaries would wisely paste this little bit of STANDARD comment on the sanctum wall. It might come handy for future reference.

TRY IT ON.

Charles W. Pierce, superintendent of lamps for the Brush Electric Light company, has been indicted by the grand jury of New York for manslaughter in causing the death of an employe. Of course expert testimony will be forthcoming to prove that the current is as harmless as a dose of soothing syrup, and it is doubtful if Pierce will be convicted. The proper way to demonstrate these electrical problems would be to rig up a dynamo and a few deadly wires in the court room, and let the experts monkey with the outfit to the entire satisfaction of the jury. The result might be somewhat startling but it would be far more satisfactory than the testimony of all the electrical experts in the land. The statement that all kinds of electrical currents are absolutely harmless needs some tangible proof, and before deciding the question the jury in the Pierce case should insist on a practical demonstration.

First of the newspaper annuals to reach the STANDARD office is the "Inter Mountain Souvenir," which puts into dainty press work a mass of information about Butte which will entertain the reader because it is cleverly told. Typographically and in a literary sense, the "Souvenir" is a gem.

The dramatic critics of Helena do not take kindly to Herr Bandmann's *Hamlet*. Perhaps they would appreciate the performance more were he to do the character with a tomahawk and

lay a few redskins on the side. Helena is noted for its rump houses anyway.

Senator Ingalls is home on his holiday vacation, and has introduced the genuine influenza in Kansas. Between the Russian sneeze and McIntyre the country is having a tough time of it at present. Mr. Ingalls' senatorial boom may sneeze its head off.

It is said that the two Dakotas are on the verge of bankruptcy. If the worst comes, the twin states might raise the wind by mortgaging the famous Bad Lands to his satanic majesty.

STANDARD TOPICS.

Harry Lacy, the manager of a theatrical company now playing in New York, is having a great deal of trouble with his leading ladies. He discharged one and engaged another, whereupon the first sued him for the loss of her contract. Lacy sets up in defense that she would not obey the stage instructions. On one occasion, he alleges, she up and stuffed his mouth with her boa in the midst of a scene, thereby spoiling his articulation. He grew tired of such conduct, he says, and if what he alleges is true, one can conceive that she must have been a great bo to him.

Medical Classics prints a very learned article on "nightmares' headaches," observing that the cause of the upright posture during several hours of languid locomotion, the varied and frequent movements of the head, commonly in an upward direction, and the similar and equal restlessness of the eyes, form a combined series of forces which bring weariness and pain into the best regulated head. For a great portion of mankind this scientific opinion will be most fully received. We had supposed in our ignorance that the headache experienced by a man who had been out seeing the sights for any length of time was largely due to other causes, but the medical men know best.

A donkey shot a man in Bridgeport, Conn., the other night. The donkey belonged to an equine aggregation, and his business was to fire a pistol by pulling a trigger with his teeth. In this instance the donkey fired a cannon, which was intended that one of the trained horses should discharge. The stage manager had his back toward the ordnance, and the charge and wadding striking him, hustled him over the foot-lights and upon the head of one of the orchestra. Both manager and musician were severely hurt, but the crowd took to the footlights and looked down on the confusion with the utmost satisfaction and complacency. Possibly the audience were filled with the same emotions. The general introduction of this breed of donkeys on the stage could not but have a wholesome effect on the modern drama.

Since the time Eve picked apples the number of people filled with desire to get something for nothing has been increasing in constant ratio to the population. There is grief in the agricultural districts of Iowa. A Minneapolis man advertised his furniture business. He proposed to give away three pieces of parlor furniture, rocker, sofa and chair, as a sample of his immense stock to those who sent the sum of 30 cents to pay the expense of boxing. These pieces of furniture were said to be trimmed with plush seats and the only condition which he exacted was the promise to the carrier of the mother and all their neighbors and tell them of his furniture. The people responded by hundreds and perhaps thousands. A package the size of an envelope box contains the parlor pieces, the elegant plush-bottomed samples. They are cute little cast-iron toys and the plush bottoms are glued on with the skill of a mechanic. The Minneapolis man cannot be said to be a swindler in the eyes of the law for he gives good value for the money. But he has disappointed many people.

Men who for the first time achieve the title of father should take warning of the misfortune which befell an Alden, Ia. gentleman last Sunday. The custom man gave of playing with their offspring, particularly their first-born, is in every way noble and praiseworthy, alleviating as it does the cares of the mother and at the same time furnishing much innocent diversion and original entertainment to the father himself, to say nothing of the baby. In pursuit of this time-honored practice men generally deem it necessary to forsake all semblance to an upright and even to a sitting posture, assuming instead a position as far as possible like unto that of the mother and of the child. This attitude, which is denominated in the parlance of the nursery being upon all fours, is not apt to strike disinterested observers as the most graceful and majestic possible to the noblest work of God, and being aware of this fact, gentlemen in assuming it invariably do so behind doors, possibly no admittance being granted even to the nurse maid. At such times a man wishes to be alone with his thoughts and his baby. He is under the pleasant hallucination that his extraordinary position will appear to the baby as grotesque and thoroughly amusing as it would be to his friends and acquaintances in the city. It was in this frame of mind that the Alden gentleman undertook to gambol with his first-born on Sunday. Nor did he confine himself to his hands and knees. Becoming weary of maintaining that posture, he abandoned himself to nature, lay down flat on his back, rolled over and over, elevated his legs until they stood at right angles with his prostrate body, and performed sundry other diversions with himself, all calculated to fill the baby with mirth and glee to its very utmost capacity. But unfortunately the gentleman was not an acrobat and he overestimated his ability to guide and direct his limbs in their eccentric convolutions. At any rate he seems to have lost control of one of his legs. For he presently kicked the stove with such force as to knock it over, thereby setting fire to the house. It is gratifying to learn that he had sufficient presence of mind to resume his feet, snatch up the baby and convey it to a place of safety. This lesson does not teach men to forego the pleasure of playing with their babies, but simply suggests to them the necessity of doing so in calmness and moderation. Men should be careful not to throw too much spirit and vivacity into their legs. They should by all means avoid attempting the more difficult feats of ground and

lofty tumbling. The Alden gentleman, indeed, has much cause for thanksgiving that, instead of kicking over the stove and setting fire to his house, he did not kick the baby's head off and bring on a funeral and a coroner's inquest.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Proof of Chicago's Progress.
From the Louisville Courier-Journal.
There is no doubt of Chicago's progress. Her new police station is a three-story building, 100x100. Success to the Sand-bag City.

Morality in Missouri.
From the Chicago Times.
Every one of the opera-glasses placed in a St. Louis theater on the dime-in-the-slot plan has been stolen, which proves that morality is at a low ebb in Missouri's chief city.

The Hub of the Nation.
From the Denver Herald.
The census will probably move the center of population westward to some point in Southern Indiana. For several years to come Indiana will also be a center of political interest. The balance of parties is close among the Hoosiers, and the result of voting is a thing of doubt until the day after the closing of the polls.

Reason for Their Profanity.
From the Detroit Free Press.
The use of profane language prevented a well-recommended candidate for a postoffice in North Dakota from getting the appointment. It will be a sad thing for a good many republicans if that rule shall be applied to Michigan, though they could unquestionably plead the president's treatment of the state as an extenuating circumstance.

Frank Lawler's Relations.
From the Chicago Tribune.
"If you were president, Frank," inquired a friend, "would you take the same ground Mr. Harrison does in regard to foreign relations, and especially the Chinese?" "Sir," thundered the eminent statesman from Chicago, bringing his fist down with an emphasis that nearly upset the decenter in front of him. "I ain't got no Chinese relations. All my relations are full-blooded white men, 'gosh."

On His Own Daughill.
From the Omaha World-Herald.

Some Chicago thugs tried to hold up a Nebraska man—and they took him out on the prairie to do it. Now when a Nebraska man gets his foot on the edge of the plains he is not to be sneezed at. One of his assailants is now in the hospital and the other is in the police station. The next time a Chicago gentleman feels inclined to rifle the pockets of a Nebraskan he must not take him where he gets the wind of the plains in his nostrils.

How Folks Acted During the War.
From the San Francisco Alta.

During the civil war a man, great in his own eyes, was, by some influence, appointed a brigadier-general. His sense of his own importance was greatly increased. He could hardly speak of anything else but his new dignity. Meeting a "homespun" Yankee one day he accosted him thus: "Well, Jim, I suppose you know I have been appointed brigadier-general?" "Yes," said Jim, "I heard so." "Well, what do folks say about it?" "They don't say nothing," replied truthful James, "they jest laugh."

Mr. Silcott's Relations of Tim's.
From the New York Star.

When Silcott ran away from Washington with the cash of the sergeant-at-arms' office, it naturally created considerable excitement in political circles. A few nights ago a group of democrats were sitting around a table at the New Amsterdam club, discussing Silcott and his barefaced treachery. Charles Thompson, a Washington lawyer, who was among the group, said: "Silcott was an enigma to me." "Well, thank the Lord, he was no relation to me," answered Tim Campbell, as he looked quizzically at Thompson's auditors.

Mr. Hard-to-Take's Sudden Demise.
From the Washington Post.

Mr. Hard-to-Take made up his mind that Mrs. Hard-to-Take was instead Mrs. Easy-to-Take, whereupon Mr. Hard-to-Take, animated with the jealousy of a Sioux and fortified with the fire-water of the American, put a bullet through his brain and ended his sorrows. Mr. Hard-to-Take, of the Crow Creek Agency, South Dakota, was a descendant of one of the oldest American families, a brave by right of inheritance, and government attaches by way of graft. His death has caused great excitement in circles where he will be most agreeably missed.

His Time Had Come.
From the Washington Post.

The most remarkable specimen of the fatalism which ever came beneath the writer's knowledge was old Uncle Davey Trent, an aged house servant in South Carolina, who had fallen by the vicissitudes of war from the proud position of "majah domer to Kunnel Robert Trent, sah," to the humble lot of owning himself choring around the house of Maj. T.

Unc Davey could break crockery. The fragile ware would somehow slip through his trembling black fingers and dash into a hundred fragments on the hard pine floor.

"There, Uncle Davey," that makes the fourth plate this month," his mistress complained. "How can you be so careless?"

"Unc Davey ain't careless, Miss Carrie. Bress yo' hear, Unc Davey nebber bruk nuffin' in his life. Lays yer plate time come, class all. Hit time war come. Plate mus' die; you mus' die; Unc Davey die some-time, 'sposse—heaben know when; eberything has ter die, chicken die, cow die, Dis yer earf die. Eberything die 'cep God. Don you tek on 'bout one lil' sasser. Unc Davey nebber dun bruck it tall. Hit jes' die nat'ral, lak'er chrischen. Hit gone 'stret to heaben. Plat got soul, for sho."

A Sanguinous Horse.
Dr. Meade, of Cincinnati, left his horse untied and it ran away. The doctor sent messengers all over town and had about given up all hope of ever seeing his rig again when he was called to the telephone. He recognized the voice of his affianced, and was rejoiced to learn that the animal was standing patiently in front of her residence.

The Difference.
From the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

She (affectionately)—Quite a number have told me that I had a good guitar touch.

Old Dr. Bison—That, madam, is where you differ from your little boy.

"How so?"

"He appears to have a bad touch of the catarrh."

A. T. PLAYTER,
Corner First and Main-sts., Anaconda.

DRUGS, FANCY GOODS, ETC.
Particular Attention Given to Prescriptions.

J. L. HAMILTON,
Wholesale and retail dealer in
Staple and Fancy Groceries and Provisions.

Good goods and low prices.
SPECIAL ATTENTION TO FAMILY TRADE

Main Street, Anaconda, Opposite Opera House.

FRANK D. BROWN,
AGENT FOR—
STANDARD
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES
OF THE WORLD.

AGENT FOR—
Wilson's Addition to the Townsite of Phillipsburg,
Phillipsburg, Montana.

MONTANA
NATIONAL BANK,
HELENA, MONT.

United States Depository
Capital (paid in) - \$500,000
Surplus, - - - \$100,000

DIRECTORS:
C. A. BROADWATER, President
L. G. PHELPS, Vice-Pres. and Act. Cashier
S. E. ATKINSON, Assistant Cashier
A. G. Clarke, Herman Gunn
H. F. Galen, Peter Larson
C. W. Cannon, R. C. Wallace
S. C. Ashby, D. A. Cory

No More Delays
AT GARRISON.

GO EAST AND WEST VIA
Northern Pacific R. R.

The Dining Car Route and Great
Short Line to all
EASTERN CITIES

ALL THROUGH TRAINS are Equipped with
Pullman and Dining Cars each way,
East and West.

Through Pullman Car from Butte
The Fastest Time to and from Chicago, Canada
and Eastern Points.

LOW RATES.
Peerless Pullman Coaches,
Palatial Dining Cars,
Elegant Day Coaches.

Colonist Sleeping Cars in charge of Train Porters
for accommodation of Second Class
Montana Passengers Free
of Charge.

TIME SCHEDULE.
For Anaconda, Deer Lodge, Garrison,
Helena, Phillipsburg and Missoula... 8.00 a. m.
For Anaconda... 9.30 a. m., 4.30 and 7.30 p. m.
For Anaconda, Deer Lodge, Garrison
and all through points East to St.
Paul, St. Louis and Chicago; also to
points West, viz: Missoula, Spokane,
Falls, Tacoma, Portland and San
Francisco... 3.00 p. m.
For Stuart, Deer Lodge and Garrison
(Freight trains)... 6.35 a. m. and 9.00 p. m.

Steamship tickets for all points in Europe via
any line crossing the Atlantic at cheap rates.
For full information address
CHAS. S. FEE, Gen'l Passenger Agt.,
St. Paul, Minn.

JAS. McCAIG, General Agt., 200 Main St.,
Opp. Bonner Mercantile Company,
Butte, Montana.

MRS. D. VILLIAN,
—THE—
French Nurse and Midwife,
Stays at the
PALACE HOTEL, ROOM 17.
Please call. Front-st., Anaconda, Mont.

London Restaurant
First-st., Between Oak and Cherry.
ALL MEALS 25 CENTS, including
Turky, Chicken and Game
For dinner. Everything tidy and clean.
OPEN SATURDAY, DEC

FOR
Buggies, Carriages,
HARNESS

—AND—
SCHUTTLER WAGONS
The Most Select Stock in Anaconda, go to

BARRET & JACKY'S
MAIN STREET.

Minneapolis & St. Louis Railway
—AND THE FAMOUS—
ALBERT LEA ROUTE.

Two Through Trains Daily from
St. Paul and Minneapolis
to Chicago
Without change, connecting with the Fast Trains
of all lines for the

EAST AND SOUTHEAST
The Direct and Only Line Running Through
Cars between

Minneapolis and Des Moines, Ia.
VIA ALBERT LEA AND FORT DODGE.

Solid Through Trains Between
Minneapolis & St. Louis

And the Principal Cities of the Mississippi, and
connecting in Union Depot for all points
South and Southwest.
Many hours saved, and the ONLY LINE run-
ning trains daily to

KANSAS CITY, LEAVENWORTH, ATCHISON.
Making connections with the Union Pacific
and Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railways.
Close connections made in Union Depot with all
trains of the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Man-
itoe, Northern Pacific, St. Paul & Duluth Rail-
ways, from and to

All Points North and Northwest.
REMEMBER THE TRAINS OF
the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railway are composed of Comfortable
Day Coaches, Magnificent Pullman Sleeping
Cars, Horton Reclining Chair Cars, and our just
ly celebrated

Palace Dining Cars.
150 lbs. of baggage checked FREE. Fare al-
ways as low as the lowest. For time tables,
through tickets, etc., call upon the nearest ticket
agent or write to

C. H. HOLDRIDGE,
Gen'l Ticket and Pass. Agent,
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

UNION
PACIFIC
OVERLAND
NORTHWEST
Tickets
ON SALE
TO ALL
PRINCIPAL POINTS
EAST, WEST,
NORTH and SOUTH

—AT—
••• THE DEPOT •••

General Railway and Steamship Office, foot of
Main street, Anaconda, Montana.
S. D. BEEBE, City Ticket Agent,
J. A. LEWIS, General Agent.

E. JACOBSON,
DEALER IN
OFFICE
AND HOUSE FURNITURE
Crockery and Stoves,
UNDERTAKING AND ALL ITS BRANCHES.
E. JACOBSON,
First Street East, Anaconda, Mont.