

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 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

Corner of Main and Third streets, Anaconda, Montana.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5, 1890.

The gradual evaporation of Tulare lake, California, during the last ten years left a large body of land available for agriculture, but the heavy rains of this winter have restored the lake to its former level, and hundreds of farmers now look for their farms and find them not. The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away.

An Englishman who has just come to this country writes to the Brooklyn Eagle that Americans are altogether too familiar with their public men. He argues that the press has no right to speak of "Tom" Reed, "Dave" Hill, "Jim" Blaine and the rest, and goes on to show that in England nobody thinks of saying "Bill" Gladstone, or "Charley" Parnell. After this Englishman has been here while he will come down off his stilts, and get some sense of American humor knocked into him.

The Harrison administration has rounded out its first year. The twelve months gave us Tanner's expiring yawn, the civil service commission scandal, chagrin for the men who predicted Harrison's friendliness to silver, more teeth for Baby McKee, and affliction for members of the official household. The closing days of the year found us favored with Russell B. Harrison's Atlanta speech, and the dawning of the second period discovers gallant John Logan's widow offensively whooping it up for Algier in 1892.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage is by no means through telling the wonderful thoughts and feelings that came over him during his trip in Palestine. In a descriptive article over his own signature he records this sensation: "When I rolled down the big reddish rock on the slope of Calvary, and saw it turn over and over as it went down the hill, I felt an exaltation of soul almost indescribable." Enthralled in such ecstasy, the only wonder is that Dr. Talmage did not lie down and follow the rock to the base of the hill in precisely the same manner.

It is not probable that Butte will invest much money in a foolish attempt to start any adventurer trotting around the globe in pursuit of nothing. More to the purpose it would be to start a company of Butte's representative men on a trot to Washington to urge upon Congressman Carter the city's claims to a federal building. This ought to be done because Montana will hardly get more than one building—or the start to one—this year. Butte ought to be favored first, but, unless a sharp contest is made Helena will get ahead of Butte. If the right sort of men were sent to Washington representing Butte, good might come of it. The STANDARD could not be induced to contribute a cent for a crazy globe trotter, but it stands ready to subscribe with the most liberal toward the expense that would be incurred in sending the right sort of a delegation to Washington. If from \$50 to \$100 apiece all around will do it, the committee may draw on this office for this share.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

Bad taste and worse judgment are packed in the paragraph which the *Inter Mountain* devoted yesterday to the mineral land question. Our contemporary assumes that the Northern Pacific has taken off the mask, as if some new or strange thing had happened. On this question the railroad company has been unmasked for months, it has squarely confronted the people of Montana as an open and an ugly foe, a fact which the *Inter Mountain* itself has frequently recognized. Months ago, the railroad company secured a decision in the federal court which virtually declares that the company has a right to all lands in odd sections, the mineral quality of which was not known at the time of the grant. For that matter, the question has twice been decided in the federal courts in favor of the railroad company; yet at the time of the grant there had been practically no quartz discoveries in Montana.

Nor does the *Inter Mountain* hit the mark or serve the cause when it presumes to inquire where democratic newspapers of Montana stand in this fight. Which democratic newspapers? Will the Butte *Inter Mountain* presume to ask where the STANDARD stands in this fight? Does it put its question for the sake of information? Has it any doubt regarding the views of this newspaper, which promptly went to the front in the fight and stands at the head to day in advocacy of the people's cause? If the *Inter Mountain* is honestly in ignorance of this newspaper's attitude, just let it get right on the streets of its own town and ask the people about it—the people in Butte where the STANDARD has to-day 60 per cent. more read-

ers than the *Inter Mountain*. Or let it scurry for information about the state of Montana where the STANDARD sells every day in the week more than twice as many papers as the *Inter Mountain* prints all told! The *Inter Mountain* may hurt the people's cause if it wants to by hitching up its own establishment to the politics there is in the issue, but it must not presume to ask where newspapers stand which outrank it in the struggle. It makes itself ridiculous and the people know it.

Confessedly, there is an element of politics mixed in the land-grab fight. It may be sketched in brief outline in this way. Montana's only appeal is to congress. The national legislature, by friendly act, must save these lands of limitless value to the people of the state. Federal courts thus far are against us. Law is construed in favor of the railroads; congress must be made to see the enormity of the injustice that is threatened and help us out. In the face of this condition, Wilbur F. Sanders expects to represent Montana in the federal senate. He is the creature of the Northern Pacific railroad and that company's chief officers, almost without exception, are republicans. Some time ago, Sanders assumed to resign his official relations with the railroad. That was a blind. The STANDARD offers to prove that a man high in the railroad's circles declared that Sanders "sent in his resignation with a string to it." Whatever he professes, Sanders will serve the interests of the railroad every time and in every place. As for Mr. Power, he was posted in the columns of the *Butte Inter Mountain*, on the very day of his election, as the visible triumph of the land-grab ring.

No unrevealed purpose prompts the STANDARD in reciting these facts. More than once this newspaper has frankly admitted its belief that Sanders and Power will be seated. When that act of usurpation is consummated, this state of Montana, in defense of its domain, will have its own two senators to fight. That is the fact, and the people may as well prepare for it. For its part, the STANDARD pledges itself to oppose relentlessly and by every honorable means the Northern Pacific in its purpose to plunder Montana's mineral wealth by the theft of lands which, of themselves, are incomparably more valuable to-day than the aggregate of all the railroad's rights, franchises, privileges and properties; and let no brazen sheet in Butte praise the creatures of the ring and then dare to ask where this newspaper ranges itself in the fight.

PHASES OF THE FAIR.

New York is not happy. It tries to appear to be, but its chagrin over the lost fair is ill concealed. The newspapers are digging out reasons for the state's defeat, partisan editors are storing away the humiliating facts relating to the fight, accusations are flying back and forth, and everybody is mad. One newspaper says that manifest indifference was to blame for it, another charges defeat on the political bosses, a third says that Mr. Platt made a distinct bargain with Quay whereby New York should lose half of Pennsylvania's vote, and a fourth declares that the politicians in New York city thought a good deal more of ten million dollars than of Christopher Columbus which is doubtless true enough.

Mr. Platt is letting himself be interviewed by the state press. He expresses great regret at the adverse decision and says that, while in Washington, he did all he could to get votes for New York—all of which, of course, nobody believes. Meanwhile democratic newspapers are industriously circulating the remarks made by Chauncey M. Depew who, when the fight was on, said: "I am convinced that any party that can be charged with the defeat of the fair bill will lose this state by a hundred thousand majority. Already several newspapers have started in with a determination to make this prophecy good.

And now Chicago has plenty of trouble of her own making. That city has a serious problem in finance to face, and the *Chicago Times* says that "there is no use blinking the matter." It is admitted that the guarantee fund should not be less than ten millions. Neither Chicago nor the state of Illinois can aid in the premises. New York asked nothing of the general government and was prepared to lose from five to ten millions in the fair. Now comes the suggestion that the general government favor Chicago, and the fact is recalled that the United States loaned money to Philadelphia and also to New Orleans. Chicago has a subscription of \$4,000,000, but a percentage of this is of more than doubtful credit. The city has the fair and now it must hustle for the money. It will be a very serious undertaking provided the fair is made in any sense what it ought to be.

DYNAMITE AND POETRY.

Brigands are on the increase in Cuba, and their attempt to blow up a Havana cigar manufactory with dynamite last week shows that they keep pace with the scientific discoveries of the age. Dynamite is sure to rob the brigands of the last vestiges of poetry and romance they possess. The dirk, the stiletto and the poignard were the ideal weapons of this interesting class of citizens. With any one of these three instruments of death twisting around among his bowels, it was possible for a man of high poetic temperament to expire with reasonable forbearance and complacency.

The pistol was the first step in the downward direction. It was far more gross, vulgar and brutal than the blade,

which, if crafty, was none the less silent, discreet, highly polished, in fact the possessor of many shining qualities. The pistol was tolerated in romance because as a rule it did not accomplish its work instantaneously. It permitted its victim to make a few final remarks, an indispensable feature to every well-regulated tragedy. A novelist or playwright must of necessity be able to put two or three terse farewell sentences into the mouth of a character who has received a mortal wound, be he hero or villain. If this be rendered impossible the corner stone of dramatic composition is taken away and destroyed. Weak and feeble would be a play without this important, nay vital, characteristic. The dying speech cannot be omitted. Very often it is the very pith of the whole. Caesar must be permitted to work off his "Et tu, Brute!" Romeo after taking the poison must be granted an opportunity for a little further moralizing. Juliet after inserting the dagger into her inwards still has ability to apostrophize the weapon, urging it "there rust, and let me die." In the wholesale taking off in the last act of "Hamlet," the queen, the king, Laertes and finally Hamlet himself each in turn is justly accorded the right to deliver a short address appropriate to the occasion, before propelling the bucket in the usual manner with a vigorous movement of the foot. Antony after falling upon his sword in such a manner that the point is seen protruding beyond the small of his back, is yet supplied with sufficient energy to enact a whole scene; and Cleopatra during and after the application of the asp is a most voluble creature, her conversational powers being rather augmented by the proceeding. And thus one might go through the entire list of historical personages who came to their end by other than natural means.

This blessed privilege of speech-making is to be utterly and hopelessly destroyed by the substitution of dynamite for the good old weapons of our forefathers. It is a utilitarian age to be sure, and it must be conceded that dynamite possesses many points of superiority over ancient and mediaeval methods of doing people up. Its undertakings are on a far larger scale, and it accomplishes its work in a most thorough, painstaking and exhaustive manner. Its effectiveness is incomparable. But when dynamite explodes, poetry, as well as everything else in the immediate vicinity, is absolutely dead.

It is the fashion to deride Nevada as a poor, lazy shiftless state, but in one respect she possesses marked superiority over all of her sisters. The supreme court has not a case before it and sees no immediate prospects of any. The prevailing dullness in legal circles will scarcely drive the judges to suicide, however, as they are paid by the year.

Marriage can scarcely be called a failure in Canada. Some time ago the parliament of Quebec offered 100 acres of land to each set of parents possessing a total of 12 children. The responses have exceeded all expectations, and curiously enough nearly all of the qualified applicants for the land are of French origin. One town alone produced two families each with 15 living children. M. Croten of Lislet came forward with credentials for 27, and a man and wife named Guigas saw him and raised the limit to 34. But a father named Villeneuve broke all records with the enormous aggregate of 37, the youngest an infant who had just been baptized. M. Villeneuve deserves at least 300 acres.

A rather curious legal decision has been rendered in Algiers. The court theater shut down on account of the grip, and the actors sued for their wages. The court held that it was the desire of God that the theater should be closed, wherefore the plaintiffs have no redress.

President Eliot of Harvard college says the newspaper reporters of Boston are a set of "thieves, drunkards and hummers." The reporters must have got hold of some news that the president would have preferred to keep quiet.

CURRENT COMMENT.

It's Worth Even More in Butte. From the Boston Herald.

A ring on the finger is worth two in the pawnshop.

How to Buy Fish. From the Binghamton Republican.

It is a safe rule to give no weight to a fish story unless you can see the scales of the fish.

When You Take a Top-Lofty Start. From the Milwaukee Journal.

It takes almost superhuman strength to hang on when you begin at the top of the ladder.

But She Probably Will Not. From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

New York can use her \$10,000,000 world's fair subscription fund toward finishing the Grant monument.

Instead of Keeping the Whirlwind. From Texas sittings.

Many a young man who sows his wild oats trusts to the grasshopper of forgetfulness to destroy the crop.

Turning Ad Astra. From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Astor heirs may thank their stars that the Astor surplus is not at the disposal of the Fifty-first congress.

How He Can Take Care of Himself. From the Omaha World-Herald.

Senator Vance proposes that the government loan money to the farmers. If some statesman would suggest a way whereby the farmer could get the money he honestly earns, he would not want to borrow.

Some Things Better than Others. From the Utica Observer.

The Montana legislature has been in session 90 days and has not passed a single bill. This is doing pretty well for an infant state. When its people don't get any laws at all, they certainly don't get any poor ones.

Too Hot for Utterance. From the New York Tribune.

As Prince Bismarck's views on the result of the recent German elections have

not yet been received, we conclude that the attempt to send them so badly scorched the cable that transmission was impossible.

A Star in the East. From the Detroit Free Press.

The unmarried women of Massachusetts not only have \$20,000,000 in the savings banks, but every single one of them, from oldest to youngest, sighs to lean her head on some man's breast and hear him say if she will be his'n. Don't go west looking for gold mines.

The Testimony of an Expert. From the Chicago Times.

Collector Manner has seized a lot of Chicago whisky whose conscienceless owners had diluted it with the wishy-washly liquid called water. That's news to warm the cockles of the most despairing heart. It is an old saying that water may be improved with a little whisky, but whisky in which water has insidiously crept is the basest, most contemptible creature that ever betrayed the confidence of an honest stomach.

PEOPLE OF PROMINENCE.

The Queen of England has commissioned an artist to paint her portrait for the Prussian regiment of which she is honorary colonel.

The oldest cashier in New York is Alexander Gibbs of the Fulton bank, who entered that institution as receiving teller in 1859 and has been cashier since 1885.

The Empress of Brazil was a patron of Senora X., a worthy business woman of Rio, whose sign now reads: "Senora X., corset maker to the republic of Brazil."

George Francis Train will leave Boston March 9 on his proposed trip around the world in 60 days. He will sail from Tacoma, Wash., March 17, by the steamer Abyssinian.

Henry Gladstone, who was recently married to Miss Maude Rendell in London, is Mr. Gladstone's fourth son, and is connected in business with an East India firm at Calcutta.

The young Chinese emperor appears to be developing into a reformer. He has insisted upon the closing of gambling establishments in Peking, and is trying to cut down expenses connected with the government administration.

A solitary sailor has been discovered on a desolate island near Santa Cruz nearly dead from exposure. He gives the name of Rodrigues, and claims to have lived eight years on the island. He has been sent to his home in Spain.

Alexander S. Murray, director of the British Museum, is expected to make a visit to New York in May, on an invitation of the trustees of the Museum of Art. Mr. Murray will deliver three lectures on Greek sculpture during his visit.

Mrs. Long, the postmistress at Charlottesville, Va., and wife of the blind Confederate officer, Gen. A. L. Long, is likely to remain in her present position as long as she wants to. Presidents Arthur and Cleveland declined to remove her; so does President Harrison.

William Walter Phelps has taken possession of his new house in Berlin, and has introduced American styles of drapery and furnishing. This was a severe strain on Berlin decorators, who found, to their horror, that the first object of American effort was light, air, sun—just the points where their skill limped.

Secretary Balfour while in Dublin recently met a Catholic priest who did not belong to the National party. "Are the Irish people as bitter against me as certain people say they are?" asked Balfour. "Since you have asked me I will tell you the truth," answered the priest. "If our flocks hated sin half as cordially as they hate you, there would be no use for priests in Ireland."

One of the most famous story writers of the last two generations, J. F. Smith, died last week in Plattsburg, N. Y. Most of his work was published in the leading serial story papers in New York. He was a great traveler and was present at the funeral of Napoleon's mother. It is said that one of his stories furnished Bulwer with his oft-quoted line, "The pen is mightier than the sword." "If I could write the capitol one day in a street car," says a Washington correspondent, "and when we had reached the avenue a young negro girl entered the car. There was no seat for her, and she grasped the strap as she looked up and down the benches on both sides. I was surprised to see Speaker Carlisle, for he was then speaker of the house, half rise to give her his place. A moment later he saw that he could make room beside him and he crowded the rest of us up against the end, and motioned her to sit down."

Circumstances Alter Cases. From the Youth's Companion.

How great a difference the state of our own affairs makes in the way we regard the things that happen in the world! A city man, visiting one summer in the country, was out walking on a dry, hot day. As he passed along the road he stopped beside a field where a farmer of his acquaintance was busy haying.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Street," said the farmer, as the city man stopped to remove his hat and wipe the moisture from his forehead; "pooty hot, ain't it?"

"Hot! I should think it was. We need a good rain to cool off this parched air." The farmer dropped his hands in horror.

"Rain!" he exclaimed; "rain right here in hayin' time! Why, what kind of a man are you, Mr. Street? It's pooty nigh a crime even to think of rain 't such a time as this. 'T would ruin the kentry, I tell ye."

The city man felt decidedly rebuked, and a sweet, slow smile came over his face afterward he met the same farmer on the principal street of the shire town, dressed up in his best clothes, and engaged in his turn of wiping, with his big bandanna, the drops from his forehead.

"My hemlock," said the farmer; "awful hot, ain't it? If we had a few drops of rain—big drops, you know—I might help to keep us from bein' cooked alive."

"Rain!" said the city man; "why, what are you thinking about? You wouldn't want it to rain right in hayin' time, would you?"

"O!" said the farmer; "The case is different now. I've got my hay all in!"

Circumstantial Evidence. From the Brooklyn Eagle.

Parson (sternly): "See here, my young friend you have been drinking again."

Young friend (stoutly): "An't neither. How do you know?" Parson: "I can smell it on your breath."

Young friend: "You've been stealing horses."

Parson (shocked): "Sir!" Young friend: "Have, sure as guns, I can see horse hair on your coat."

SPECIAL REDUCTION

IN LADIES', MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S

Wool Underwear.

Ladies' all-wool scarlet vest and pants at 82½¢. Misses' all-wool natural gray vest and pants at 75¢; size 30 to 34. Children's all-wool scarlet vest and pants at 60¢; size 16 to 20. Misses' and children's white merino vests and pants at 35¢; all sizes.

NOTIONS AND CORSETS.

In these departments we have too many bargains to enumerate. Come and inspect and convince yourself.

CARPETS AND WALL PAPER.

Our stock is the largest in Anaconda and at PRICES THAT DEFY COMPETITION.

KNIT GOODS.

We are overstocked in this department. Call and buy a Toboggan Hood or Fascinator; 50 per cent. less than actual value. Toboggans 25¢, Fascinators 25¢, Hoods 50¢.

ESTES & CONNELL, MERCANTILE COMPANY.

An After Season Sale of Huge Dimensions. All WINTER GOODS REGARDLESS OF COST.

DRESS GOODS.

In this department we offer great inducements. All-wool Henrietta at 60¢; this cloth is worth \$1.00; all-wool surah at 45¢, a great bargain; 38-inch Soicot and Ladies' Cloth at 30¢ yd, worth 60¢ yard; 54-inch all-wool Ladies' Cloth at 65¢ yd.

FLANNELS.

All-wool dress flannels 40¢ yd. For styles, quality and price they cannot be beat. All-wool scarlet twilled flannel at 25¢; Irish fraize in blue and red mixtures at 20¢ yd; this flannel is extra heavy and a great bargain.

HOSIERY.

We still lead and offer greater inducements to the buyer. Our 50-cent hose reduced to 35¢, our 35 to 25 and our 25 to 20¢ pair. One line of ladies and childrens wool mitts at 15¢ pair. You cannot buy them elsewhere for less than 25¢.

PRICES BELOW ZERO.

Overstocked, and our heavy winter goods must go at cost and below.

OVERCOATS.

Chinchilla and Fine Melton Overcoats especially, we still have a good line to select from, and you can have them at cost and below. Boys overcoats almost given away.

FUR GOODS.

Men's seal, coon, lamb, goat and fur-lined overcoats positively at cost. Twenty days past a great many of our old customers, and new ones as well, have taken advantage of the liberal discount we gave on clothing during the holidays, and we shall continue to do the same—only with the knife still deeper into prices. We guarantee to you that our prices shall be 10 per cent. below competition's closing out sales. Call and see that we mean what we say. Orders from the surrounding country filled with the greatest care possible.

ESTES & CONNELL.

THE ROCKY FORK COAL COMPANY

Is now Prepared to Deliver Coal from its

MINES AT RED LODGE

To consumers in this city. For domestic and steam purposes Rocky Fork Coal has no superior in this market. It lights readily, makes hot fire and leaves little ash. Try it.

Principal Office: Room 25, Pittsburg Block, Helena.

AGENCIES:

Gilchrist Bros. & Edgar, Helena. E. L. Bonner & Co., Deer Lodge. The Miners' Lumber Company, Butte, O. E. Millis, Park City. Bush & Bailey, Big Timber. L. S. Hollier, Bozeman. Estes & Connell Company, Anaconda. A. Frazer, Billings. Geo. T. Young, Livingston. Berg Bros., Townsend. W. H. White, Stillwater.

D. COHEN, SR., SUCCESSOR TO

THE ANACONDA MERCANTILE COMPANY,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

FIRST-CLASS FAMILY GROCERIES

Goods delivered promptly to all parts of the city

Corner of First and Cherry-sts. Anaconda, Mont.

SADDLE ROCK Oyster and Chop House

Headquarters Block, Missoula, Montana.

PRIVATE ROOMS FOR LADIES AND FAMILIES

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

Every Delicacy the Market Affords will be Kept Constantly on Hand.

S. M. JOHNS.