

THE ANACONDA STANDARD

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The Official Paper of Deer Lodge County.

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THE STANDARD

Is the only daily newspaper with telegraph dispatches in Deer Lodge county. It prints rare 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, APRIL 30, 1890.

This city has a little experiment of its own in the electricity line. It is progressing admirably and it will be a long way ahead of Kemmler in reaching the important point where experiment ends in practical demonstration. Results of immense significance are involved in the work now quietly going on in the new refining plant in this city. Thus far progress in the right direction has been entirely gratifying, and that the process is to be a success may now be confidently predicted. Thus a new industry which will be vast in the extent of its operations will soon be added to the business life of Montana.

In the end, the eight-hour rule will prevail. Success may not be now at hand, but the cause is just, it is sure to win and the industrial world will live to see victory achieved by peaceful measures. In the present condition of affairs labor reasonably demands concession in point of the number of hours which men shall spend in constant toil, and, with the discussion of the subject, employers discover that mutual benefit will be the sure outcome of readjusted hours. Eight hours for toil, eight for sleep and eight for recreation—such is the clever division that some one has suggested. It seems a natural arrangement; it is one that is soon to be a reality.

How on earth did the Marquis de Mores happen to turn up among a lot of anarchists arrested the other day in Paris? He was erratic to be sure and, after he had used up several hundred thousand dollars in profitless business ventures, his rich father-in-law concluded that the marquis was visionary and expensive, yet his undertaking in the Dakota bad lands wasn't unpardonably wild after all. But the man turns up in Paris in company with the secretary of a hair dressers' union, it is charged, to incite riot and pillage in France. Probably, the financial market hasn't been easy for the marquis since his respected father-in-law cut him off.

That man Kemmler is a laster. His case made the circuit of all the courts in New York state, and the courts there are more cumbersome than they are in Montana. The STANDARD's memory is that the court of appeals in New York passed on the question of the constitutionality of the law which provides for the execution of criminals by electricity. When, thereafter, Kemmler was sentenced, the opinion was that, having made a tour of all the courts, the man must face his sentence. If the warden of Auburn prison had chosen to hurry things, Kemmler would already be forty-eight hours in his grave, as the sentence permitted the execution at any hour during the present week. The apparatus for the execution was ready, the experts and scientists invited to witness the affair were at the scene, but now comes word that the case has been taken up in the United States court on *habeas corpus* proceedings, and there is no telling when this wretch who brutally murdered a woman will die.

A PLAN WANTED.

When he was president, Mr. Cleveland made to congress a sound practical suggestion regarding the course that should be pursued in the erection of public buildings. It was to the effect that there should be a grading of cities and that the appropriations for buildings should be based on the receipts of the offices that are to occupy them.

There are two serious objections to the course which congress now pursues in making these appropriations. The first is that the amounts given are in no proper proportion to the needs of the government service in the respective cities. The localities fare best that happen to be represented in congress by men who wield more influence than the average member. Thus a city or town that really has no strong claim, may get a magnificent appropriation while other cities that merit attention go uncared for.

In the second place, owing to lack of any plan, bills are rushed through to final passage without heed to the considerations of ordinary prudence that ought to govern the spending of public funds. Congress sets out without knowing how much may be voted for public buildings during a given session, and the grand total can never be known until the hour of final adjournment comes. At present there are nearly a hundred and fifty applications for buildings trying to work their way through congress. The senate has passed bills aggregating \$16,000,000,

and appropriations for another million are pending in the house, which has thus far in the session voted away \$4,000,000. The amount to be spent for buildings by order of the present session of congress, provided the president does not vigorously apply the veto, will not fall short of \$20,000,000.

Since it is the policy of the government to provide buildings for its postal service, for federal courts and for the customs service, this amount of money is perhaps not excessive, but the manner of its distribution is unwise and unfair.

THE THING TO DO.

It appears that an enthusiastic resident of Butte is of the opinion that the city ought to celebrate the Fourth of July with music and banners and fire works, the particular incentive to a demonstration being that this year, for the first time under statehood, Montana will have her full share in the glories of "Independence day," as the good old fathers used to term it.

Whether the general public shares the opinion of the gentleman in question regarding a demonstration of the sort he suggests, will not be known until an expression of sentiment has been heard. If the people of the city make up their minds that they want a good, old-fashion, sky-rocket day, if they conclude that the fact of realized statehood calls for a special offering of powder and Greek fire to the American eagle, there will be no trouble about the money—Butte is always in funds and is a generous subscriber, although the official boards of the city and county are pretty thrifty these days and may think twice before they make appropriations for a general jollification.

As a rule, American cities are not keeping up the old-time forms in the observance of the eventful Fourth. The plea has been that the money thrown away in noisy nothingness is wasted and that it ought to be put to more practical use, but it does not appear that any new or enduring form in recognition of the Fourth of July has come in use in cities where the old style of celebration has been abandoned. No city in Montana has yet proposed the recognition of statehood by the erection of an enduring monument. If Butte had anything of the sort in view, it would wisely devote to that end the contribution which ordinarily goes for Fourth of July festivities. But it has no plans of that sort, so that there is nothing to consider except the style of recognition of the day to which the average American city is accustomed.

Under these circumstances, the STANDARD believes that Butte will go the good old-fashion way and go it strong. That is what Anaconda proposes to do, and it is probable that, in every city and hamlet of Montana, in this first year of full-statured statehood, the glorious Fourth will come in with a becoming blare of guns and go out in a blaze of glory.

LEAST GOVERNED, BEST GOVERNED.

This country has too many men in public life who are constantly devising schemes to give the general government too much function. One man wants to make the federal treasury a sort of savings bank, another wants congress to have the right of interference at every election poll. In one direction railroad traffic is unduly interfered with; in another direction corporations and trusts have too much power in shaping legislation. It is a tendency which gets its impulse essentially from the republican party, first, because that is the party in power and, secondly, because the misnamed and abused protective theory of that party carries it to lengths not contemplated under the plan on which this government was organized and not warranted by the circumstances or the needs of this nation. It is a tendency which, if it run unchecked, will carry the country over the brink into an hereafter mysterious and disastrous.

The true principle of administration is that the least government is the best government. The more the individual is exalted and the more the government is simplified the better for the country. The postoffice, and, perhaps, the telegraph, are as much as the general government ought to undertake of private business, but nowadays, while the telegraph still remains subject to private ownership, we have the finger of the national government dipped into the pie of every manufacturing and producing industry in the country. Government, not competition and private enterprise, regulates the iron business, the cloth business, the cotton business, and to a great extent the agricultural and mining business of the country. Government interferes to build up a tin-plate business at the expense of the consumers of tin plate, and dabbles in similar fashion in almost every industry in the country.

But this is not all. Government has stepped in to regulate and control railroad rates, to encourage or prevent, according to its pleasure and for partisan motives, the formation of combinations of capital or of labor. It has interfered in the local affairs of states until petty elections are subject to review at Washington, while officers of the national government are present at every congressional polling place in many parts of the country; and it is proposed to go a step further and place every congressional election absolutely in the hands of national officers. It is by a narrow vote that the education of the children of a large portion of the country has not been assumed by the national government, and in a score of other directions the government is constantly reaching out after more power

and a more direct connection with the private affairs of the people.

This is un-democratic and un-republican in the proper sense of that word. It is unwise and unsafe. When centralization made the nation certainly and absolutely one country and anchored it there, it had proceeded as far in that direction as it was safe to go. Every step beyond has been a step tending to enhance the power of the many as against the few, of the greater as against the less. It has been in the direction of substituting a machine for a government, an oligarchy for a democracy.

It may very well be that not in the time of this generation or the next could centralization affect any great changes in the government of this country, but it is none the less the duty of this generation to see that no beginnings are made in a direction that can end only in disaster some time. There can be no great governmental change without a beginning. If this generation looks after the beginnings, future generations will never be bothered by the endings.

The only safe principle of government is the democratic one; least governed, best governed.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Quay's Whitewash.
From the Chicago Times.
When Quay his committee Together has got,
With a nice lot of whitewash All mixed in the pot,
He'd better cling to it By night and by day,
Lest Dudley should steal it And scamper away.

A Nation's Neglect.
From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.
It is not to the nation's credit that at this late day no statute is erected to General Grant at the national capital.

They're Hard to Fill.
From the Boston Herald.
Congressman Outwaite, who is likely to be named to succeed the late Mr. Randall on the appropriations committee, is a democrat and a patriot, but he will be apt to find his predecessor's shoes a little large.

They Don't Notice the Change.
From the St. Louis Republic.
It must be admitted that Senator Vest's parallel between Chicago and hades has the merit of vraisemblance. One point he omitted is that when the population of the former are transferred to the latter they feel quite at home.

His Eyesight Not so Bad.
From the Chicago Times.
Emin Pasha, whom Stanley rescued against his will from the horrors of ruling in the dark continent, has nearly lost his eyesight, but this fact did not, it seems, prevent his seeing the charming beauty of a \$25,000 salary offered by the Germans.

Gotham on Her Dignity.
From the New York Times.
Who asked congress to "authorize" a naval review in the harbor of New York in 1893? If New York wishes to commemorate the discovery of America by Columbus by a water pageant it is quite capable of doing so without the kind permission of congress, and if it decides to do anything of the kind it will probably do it in the year 1892.

The Title, Not the Man.
From the Chicago Times.
It is telegraphed from London that Mrs. Charles F. Livermore, whose husband was a New York banker and a partner of Henry Clews, is about to wed at Paris Baron Seillere, and gossip adds the interesting information that the baron is crazy. Well, suppose he is; his title is sane, is it not? Some people do not seem to appreciate that in the matrimonial alliances the husband is a mere incident.

They Didn't Quarrel, at Any Rate.
From the Philadelphia Times.

The silent disappearance of the Pan-Americans, with the consequent collapse of the southern picnic, imparts a touch of humor to Brother Blaine's grand international enterprise. Nobody yet knows what the conference has done or whether it has done anything, and the most that has been claimed is that it has promoted friendly relations between the United States and the countries to the south of us. To have these friendly relations end abruptly in a misunderstanding about a special train is quite discouraging. But if the conference had actually broken up in a row it would have been rather less depressing than to have it merely dissolve and disappear without anybody knowing what has become of it.

The Vanquished Fed Them.
From the Washington Post.

A stranger walked into Weleker's last evening, a bundle of coats and hats steered near the door.

"Who is giving a dinner?" he asked.
"Mr. Clark, the defeated senator from Montana."

"The defeated senator? Why the deuce don't the other fellows give the dinner?"
"Mr. Clark happened to be standing by, and nearly choked with laughter. But he gave the dinner, and it was a notable affair. There were present as his guests Senators Bate, Blackburn, Blodgett, Butler, Call, Cockrell, Colquitt, Daniel, Faulkner, George, Gibson, Gray, Hampton, Hearst, Jones, Keena, Morgan, Voorhees, and Clark; Representative Clinch, Hon. Martin Maginnis, Mr. Gilfry and Mr. McKee."

Uncle Jerry's Message.
From the Chicago Times.

The head of the agricultural department, Mr. Rusk, seems to regard himself as the agricultural president of the United States, and the most extraordinary document which he has just caused to be published may be called his message to the farmers. That document is not in the form of a report. It is not addressed to the president or to congress. It is a sort of lecture to the farmers, written in the paternal style of a patriarch delivering his best advice to his numerous progeny just before going to sleep with his fathers. What is the occasion for such an unprecedented performance by the head of an executive department? Why should Secretary Rusk address the farmers any more than the secretary of war would address the people exhorting them to perfect their militia organization and get ready for a fight? The reason

will probably occur to the reader when he discovers that the entire message resolves itself into an appeal to the farmers not to touch the sacred tariff. Agriculture is depressed and the farmers are making a noise about it. The secretary enumerates a number of causes of alleged causes of agricultural depression and dismisses them after a brief and obviously perfunctory discussion. But when he comes to the sacred tariff he finds the subject so "vast" that he "cannot dismiss it briefly." He admits that they have patiently borne the burden which was laid on them for the benefit of manufacturers in the days when the latter also were heavily loaded with war taxes. But he tells them they should go on patiently bearing even heavier burdens indefinitely, though the war ended a quarter of a century ago, and seek relief only in "the application of the principle of protection to the development of new industries on the farm." That is substantially all there is in Mr. Rusk's message extraordinary. It is nothing but capsules and syrup and honey to get the more-tariff medicine down the farmer's throat without his making a great noise and disturbance about it.

PEOPLE OF PROMINENCE.

Although sixty-six years have elapsed since Lord Byron breathed his last at Missolonghi, the poet's favorite boatman has only just died in a little cottage within a few hundred yards distant of the house in which his master expired.

Jacob Edwards, of Hume, Fauquier county, Ga., was playing with his brothers when one of them threw a grain of corn into his mouth, which lodged in his windpipe. Two doctors were summoned, but not in time to save his life, as he died in two hours.

Edison is a count, a millionaire, and the most famous living inventor. His present wealth, which amounts to many millions, is as nothing compared to what it will be in a few years; but he still works away in his laboratory, and comes forward to greet you in just such a suit of clothes as he wore twenty years ago.

The two princesses, Victoria and Maud, of Wales, are pretty and bright young women. Seeing the good times that their older sister, the duchess of Fife, has had since her marriage, they are pining for husbands, and they make no bones of saying that they are weary of the restraint in which they are kept.

Maubant, who for 45 years has played the grand tragic role at the Theater Francaise, has retired. Although 69 years old Maubant is still capable of rendering good service at the theater, but tragedy is not in high favor at the Francaise, where the modern pieces "draw more money," and besides the younger men were impatient to play the veteran's part.

In the corner of the Shoreham at Washington Miss Kate Field is settled with her household goods around her—pictures, books, piano and bits of color, giving artistic touches and home atmosphere to the otherwise regulation hotel apartments. Always a busy woman, Miss Field was never a busier woman than now, since she became the proprietor of a newspaper.

Just before the hanging of Ben Eisey at Birmingham, Ala., on Friday, the Rev. Charles Peterson, a colored preacher who had been ministering to the spiritual wants of the condemned man, addressed the crowd, saying that he was a poor man and would be thankful for any contributions the crowd might make him. He passed round the hat and collected a small sum.

The late ex-Speaker Randall was especially fond of his son who bears his name. Young Samuel J. is a familiar figure on the floor of the house of representatives and is wonderfully well posted on congressional matters. At the dinner table, after a tedious session of the house, Mr. Randall was fond of listening to his boy as he expressed his opinion of the day's proceedings at the capitol.

Dr. John P. Munn, who is engaged to look after the health of Jay Gould and his family, is a fortunate physician. Mr. Gould is a great man for consulting a doctor on the slightest provocation, and some of his friends wonder that he is alive because he takes so much medicine. A gentleman who saw a check from Mr. Gould to his physician said it was for \$10,000 and it was drawn shortly after the death of Mrs. Gould.

The reigning beauty of New York society is now Miss Julia Scriver, a niece of William Cullen Bryant. She is six feet tall in her hosiery, and the Prince of Wales says she is the most distinguished American woman he ever met. Where are our American poets? Tennyson, if he could see her, would weave another "princess," about this Amazonian beauty. And how Byron would have raved over her! "Her stature tall," says he, "I hate a dumpy woman."

Kilgore's First Decision.

There is a good story going around the capital about Mr. Kilgore says the Washington Star, which shows the eminent statesman from Texas to have believed in a free ballot a number of years ago, when the honorable gentleman was in the first flush of success and he found himself a full-fledged justice of the peace for the commonwealth of Texas. The first trial presided over by the young justice is described as a marvel of judicial fairness. The case was of unusual popular interest and the little room was crowded by friends of the interested parties. The worthy battle raged for some time, when the lawyer for the defendant moved to quash the indictment and proceeded to make an eloquent appeal. The time had now come for Mr. Kilgore to show the judicial bent of his mind, and, assuming a *le-karat* dignity, he proceeded to give his decision.

"There are a number of strong points in the speech just made," said the embryo representative, "but still the court is not absolutely convinced. I will then put the question: All those in favor of quashing the indictment will signify by saying 'aye.'" The friends of the defendant in the audience sent up a mighty *aye*.

"Those opposed, no," and the plaintiff's friends used their lungs with good effect. "The eyes seem to have it; the eyes have it. The trial is off and the court is adjourned."

Her Mammas to Blame.

From the Boston Herald.
Papa: "It's no use talking, Emma, these Sunday evening meetings have got to be shortened. My latest gas bill was enormous."
Emma: "It's not my fault. It wouldn't be half as big if mamma didn't come into the parlor so often."
Try one of those Prince Cuban cigars. Peckover has them.

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