

THE ANACONDA STANDARD

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The Official Paper of Deer Lodge County.

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THE STANDARD.

Corner of Main and Third streets, Anaconda, Montana.

THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1890.

The man who invents stories about the Great Northern railroad is both clever and industrious. No day is now complete without his little story. He has built the road to the coast over a dozen different routes. He has sent it through canyons that never existed and pushed it through passes which the oldest explorer never saw. He has wonderful creative gifts. Yesterday he sold the road to the Vanderbilts. There's no telling who his next purchaser will be.

It was an answer that naturally awakens mirth, yet there is a serious side to the reply which the child of a murdered woman gave in Butte's court room Tuesday afternoon. It was admitted by prosecution and defense that, when Mrs. Barrier was murdered, her four-year-old daughter was a spectator at the tragedy. Judge McHatton properly deemed it his duty, in the absence of the jury, to satisfy himself regarding the little one's quality as a witness. The child stuck to the declaration that "papa killed mamma," but some of her testimony was hardly trustworthy. At length the court asked: "Where do good people go when they die?"

"To Butte City, Montana," came the ready answer. Butte has its charms, yet there's many a mortal who gets comfort out of the reflection that Butte is not the eternal city, while many another will deplore a social and moral condition which has not awakened in the mind of a child, even as young as this little witness, a perception of anything better or higher or purer than the surroundings of Galena street.

THE POLICY OF SILENCE.

It has pleased several newspapers in Montana to say that the cloud which overhung Mr. Quay's political career have lifted, that his denials stand and that his conduct is vindicated. If the newspapers in question know all this to be true, the information must have been imparted to them in strictest confidence; the country has learned nothing of the sort.

The charges against the chairman of the republican national committee are not new, they are simply experiencing a revival. They allege serious offenses. For instance, it is asserted that, when secretary of state in Pennsylvania, he got \$200,000 out of the treasury of the state and, when state treasurer, double that amount. These sums were reported to have been "temporarily abstracted" by Quay. The story is that he and his friends made good the first amount and that the larger sum was returned wholly by himself. These are two of a dozen charges of irregularity—although that mild term is not the one usually employed by his critics to define his conduct.

The republican press taught the people to distrust Quay. No man ever stood up under more relentless assault than he did when the most influential republican newspaper in the city of Philadelphia opposed his election to a state office. It was then that a long array of ugly charges against the man were made and repeated. They presented him as a person utterly unfit to hold any office of trust, but Mr. Quay was silent about all the charges then as he has since been stolid regarding them. He was elected to the office in question, and his party and the Philadelphia newspaper must have condoned his offenses, for he has since been elected to the federal senate and put at the head of the republican national committee, while the gentleman who was and is the managing editor of the republican paper has lately been favored with one of the chiefest diplomatic appointments in the gift of the nation—and the appointment came largely through the friendly offices of Mr. Quay.

Thus far, none of Mr. Quay's assailants has been able to draw from him any excuse or defense. Probably he did not anticipate a revival or reversal of these charges; perhaps he believes that he can wear his critics out by a policy of persistent silence. It is a question of political methods. Mr. Platt, the manager of New York state republican politics, never paid heed to his critics, Mr. Blaine, when in his presidential canvass he was assailed, promptly filed his denials. President Grant never made answer—and at times he was wickedly maligned. Mr. Cleveland told his friends to "tell the truth," but they never told the whole truth and the result was indifferent. In his first campaign evidence in the shape of lithographed stock certificates were shown to every voter in New York state to prove that Mr. Hill was one of the beneficiaries of the Tweed

ring. The defense was perfunctory and next to nothing. Hill was elected. In his next canvass New York's governor was confronted with the famous checks that appeared to link his bank account with some of the Croton aqueduct crookedness. Vigorous answer was made, and again Mr. Hill was elected.

Party leaders in this country appear to value a man simply for what he is worth as a manager. If the man they put at the front is assailed, it is made to appear to the leaders and the led—in their partisan capacity—that he suffers for the cause; and for the moment he is a martyr. That is precisely what has happened in Mr. Quay's case. His committee associates have passed a vote of confidence. But public opinion is quite another thing. It is apt to take the measure of a man's real moral worth; and it is not at all probable that, taking both republicans and democrats into account, public opinion in this country would give to Mr. Quay a certificate of good character. The republican press, before it realized what was in store for him, went too far with their charges against him for that.

Probably these charges against the republican chairman will stand unchallenged by Mr. Quay, in their present revival as they did when first they were made. And if the policy which hitherto has governed political methods is made a precedent, the republicans will cast about for a counter irritant, by starting on its journey a new assault on some democratic chairman or chief. Many are the Americans who have suffered under this plan of retaliation.

THE CAMERA AND ITS USES.

He is a clever genius who invented a system of newspaper interview by camera. First to submit to the process was Senator Ingalls, who was presented in three pages of opinions on topics in general, with the instantaneous photograph showing how he looked when he was talking, and presenting his changed expression as different themes were discussed.

The range of camera service might easily be enlarged. The new process would be a triumph of art and reporting combined if, for instance, it had been applied by the Chicago Tribune in its recent music-box yarn about Marcus Daly. We are told that when that gentleman started forth from the Richelieu in Chicago, with the fitful music machine under his arm, it broke forth with "Annie Rooney" just as he reached the sidewalk. While it is admitted that the Tribune reporter's description of the scene is graphic enough, still, in our judgment, the real dramatic force of the story would be heightened had the camera gained a second's play on our townsman's features, in order that the public might judge more accurately of his mood at the instant when the giddy "Rooney" girl began to pipe forth her brass-barrel melody right under his arm.

Then, too, it would be interesting to see how rapidly a man's features change with each transition in his mental operations. In the present instance, the Tribune would have shown how the hero of its story appeared in his valiant yet ineffectual fight with the rolling programme of popular airs which, however unwilling the music director might be, resolutely reeled off its melodious measures with all the energy of a full brass band. We fancy, too, that, for all purposes of the camera, the STANDARD's esteemed townsman changed as suddenly as the music box did when, without announcement or intermission, the orchestral torment turned from the flippant airs it had been rehearsing, to break forth with the stately measures of "McGinty." Under the inspiration of that impressive melody, even the most stolid features would undergo a change, one which, indeed, must have been experienced by every face in the audience which gradually gathered at the portals of the Richelieu. The application of the camera just at this point would have brought the Tribune story to an effective finale. As for this newspaper, it does not believe one word of the Tribune's recital when it says that the maddened owner of the impromptu concert stepped quietly into the lobby and sent a bell boy out to gather up the wreck.

But there is a serious side to the use of the camera in the field we have suggested. It could confirm the honesty of every newspaper story, it could furnish enduring evidence to the truth of every newspaper tale. The time would come when no reporter would be complete without a camera attachment. In the present instance, the STANDARD has it on authority which it dislikes to question, that Mr. Daly denies the story, repudiates the concert, but declares that a good place at good pay awaits the man whose inventive genius framed the Tribune's story, if ever he comes this way. If, now, the Chicago newspaper had backed its romance with the unerring evidence of the camera, could Mr. Daly look his neighbors calmly in the face and say that, on the sunny April day in question, Chicago did not lend ear to a successful miner's minstrelsy?

THEIR ONLY SALVATION.

The recent death of Samuel J. Randall has given rise to expressions of anxiety in some quarters lest the old stock of the democracy is dying out and nothing coming up to supply its place. These apprehensions, it should be noted, find expression chiefly in republican journals.

Let these esteemed contemporaries be assured that their fears are groundless. The democratic party is a party of ideas, not of men. Its principles have endured, not through a genera-

tion, merely, but from the foundation of the government. Men have come and gone but the idea of a government that should govern as little as possible, of a political plan in which the individual should be the unit of power, has continued and continues still in spite of the advance of centralizing tendencies due to the interference of the government in private interests for private benefit, the temporarily beneficent effects of which have deluded many into the idea that a paternal government means national happiness and prosperity.

Democracy has been defeated in fair fights and beaten in unfair ones, it has been betrayed by treacherous leaders and misled by weak and incapable ones, and that may be its fate again, but the principles upon which it rests are as eternal as the Rockies and will endure though every man who has led the struggle should fall by the way. When a thing is right it does not need great men to preserve it, though great men may hasten its external success. Democracy is not a combination for office, but a system of government. It is triumphant in defeat, so its principles become the standard of government, and that they must be in this country if the nation is to be preserved at all.

No party can well afford to lose a great leader at a critical point in a struggle, but when the party is one of ideas and not of men, the loss of one leader or of every leader cannot prevent ultimate success. That is the situation of the democratic party.

Our republican contemporaries are premature in their condolences; they will never see the time when they will not have opposed to them a democratic party and the democratic idea, and in the struggle against these they can win permanent success in but one way, that is, by making those principles their own and conducting the government according to sound democratic doctrine. That would knock us out, sure enough, but we don't believe the republicans are ready to try it just yet.

Probably the young clump who represents the supposed claims of the house of Orleans to a throne in France, had little or nothing to do with the uprising which a lot of agitators in the republic were about to proclaim. The plot was a clumsy one and, however tenaciously the Orleansist family clings to its hopes of restoration, its members have waited too long and tried too often to expect any good results from a movement like that in which the retired beef-packing magnate of the Dakota had lands made himself conspicuous.

Some of the leading republican newspapers of the country are disposed to take to heart the lesson conveyed in Mr. Clark's recent speech, in which he recognized the relative superiority of the democratic press. In his speech, the assistant postmaster general credited democratic journals with wider circulation, a more earnest and able presentation of political doctrine and more harmony and zeal in advancing the party's interest than can be claimed for the republican press. It may be said that there are two chief reasons to account for this. First, in all cardinal points relating to political faith and practice, the democrats are much more harmonious than the republicans are, and this fact makes the democratic press the stronger. In the second place, the readiness shown by leading democrats in every section of the country, since Samuel J. Tilden's time, to give generous support to the party's press and the party's literature is in contrast with the course which, as a rule, the republicans have pursued.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Roll On, Silver Log. From the Philadelphia Times. McKinley having got his tariff bill reported, says he will vote for any kind of a silver bill. He is in for a log-roll evidently.

Let Them Speak Out. From the Chicago News. If there's anything which the silver men want that they don't see, let them speak right out for it. There is nothing in this land too good for them.

Rank Indeed. From the Kansas City Times. Even the Kansas republican newspapers can't swallow the McKinley bill. And when a Kansas republican newspaper can't gulp down anything with the republican brand upon it, its very rank indeed.

Another Strong Argument. From the Philadelphia Record. The six new states, with a total vote of less than 300,000, will have six times as loud a voice as Pennsylvania in the United States senate. The logical result of such a fact as this will be an increase in the popular demand for the election of senators directly by popular vote.

Stragulated With Taxation. From the Walla Walla Journal. Like a sheep brought to a slaughter pen, so we walk up to the polls and vote ourselves to be slaughtered with taxation. The antidote or restoratives usually come after the mischief is done. People love to be drained and humbugged, and to educate them differently is like squeezing blood out of a turnip.

Good Advice. From the Rocky Mountain Husbandman. It is not worth while to stop planting trees because Arbor day is passed. That day should be considered the beginning only and the work should be continued for some time yet. Yes, continue it until the premises are studded with growing trees, thereby adding hundreds to the value of the farm or home.

A Groan From Oklahoma. From the Washington Post. There is to be serious destitution in some parts of Oklahoma, many farmers being without food or money. In their wild scramble for the promised land the settlers seem to have thought that crops could be raised all the year round. As a consequence of their delusion they are in a condition that calls for prompt relief.

A Gift With a String Attached. From the Pioneer Press. The probability of the early restoration of Western passenger rates, so long demoralized, is announced. But

statements like this have ceased to be looked upon as good news, because no sooner are railroad rates restored than they are expeditiously knocked into smithereens. Such is life in the woolly West.

The Weather Will Not Change. From the St. Paul Pioneer Press. Although a bill has passed the senate transferring the weather bureau from the war to the agricultural department, it can reasonably have but little effect on the quality of atmospheric manifestations. It is quite likely that the rain will continue to fall upon the just and unjust, upon the 50-cent black cotton seive and the \$25 silk umbrella.

The Pathfinder Endorsed. From the Denver Republican. The action of the president in nominating John C. Fremont for a place upon the retired list as a general will meet the approval of the great majority of the people. Fremont belongs to the last generation, but the men of this generation appreciate how much he has done for the country. To refuse to make provision for him in his old age would be to give color to the charge that republics are ungrateful. There is little doubt that the senate will approve and confirm the nomination.

The Humorous Side of It. From the New York Tribune. Without yielding one jot in our imagination for the gallant and successful manner in which Stanley accomplished the object of his recent trans-African expedition, it must be confessed that there is a remarkably comical element in the spectacle of "Emin the Faithful" scuttling with all haste back to Wadella, at the very moment when his gallant deliverer is being feasted with almost royal honors in Europe for having rescued him, at an expense of \$150,000, and of two white and many hundred black lives.

We Still Need Patriots. From the Palouse (Wash.) Gazette. Farmington has raised a big 42-star flag over her public school building. Let us hear from all our towns and country schools as well. True, the war is over, and the flag should not be raised as a memento of that sad event so much as to remind us that we have a country to love. Our children are not born patriots. They must be trained in patriotism. It requires as much real love of country to manfully fight a fraud like the tide-land steal, or to resist the bond-stuffed purse of monopoly as it does to bivouac on hardtack. We still need patriots.

PEOPLE OF PROMINENCE. Paul B. Du Chaillu is in London and not in good health. His throat troubles him exceedingly.

Lieutenant Wordsworth, a grandson of the great English poet, is reported to have committed suicide, disappointment in love producing despondency.

Miss Mary Murrece, better known in literary circles as Charles Egbert Craddock, has returned to Tennessee to reside with her parents at the old homestead.

Rider Haggard contemplates an early visit to the Rocky mountains with a view to writing a story based upon certain prehistoric ruins which are said to exist there.

The widow of President Garfield is in Washington visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. Stanley Brown. Mrs. Garfield has changed very little in appearance since she left the capital.

The lithographs of Senator Stanford are said to be appearing in the farm houses of the country, and soon every chimney corner from Maine to California will be ornamented with his benevolent countenance. The Stanford presidential boom has certainly begun.

Prof. William G. Sumner was taken ill last Sunday, soon after hearing his class in political economy in Osborne hall at Yale. He was found by the janitor perfectly conscious, but unable to stand. Dr. Chapman, his physician, says he is suffering from a disorder of the stomach.

Congressman Scott of Pennsylvania, who was responsible for the rupture between Cleveland and Randall, used to make a point of going out in an ostentatious manner whenever Mr. Randall rose to address the house, and would, whenever he could, take off other prominent democratic members by inviting them to luncheon.

William Warner Hoppin, ex-governor of Rhode Island, whose death Saturday in Providence at the age of 82 years has been announced, has been for many years a prominent figure in the public affairs of his state, and a factor in its prosperity. He came of Puritan stock, and his grandfather, Benjamin Hoppin, was a captain in the revolutionary army.

At the Walton-Veazey nuptials in Washington a few days ago the bridal bouquet was composed of five small bouquets tied together, in one of which was concealed a ring. The bride separated these as she went upstairs and threw one to each of the bridesmaids. Miss Janette Halford, daughter of Secretary Halford, caught the one containing the ring, and everyone began speculating on the significance of the fact.

Try one of those Prince Cuban cigars. Peckover has them.

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