

THE ANACONDA STANDARD

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

The Official Paper of Deer Lodge County.

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.

SUNDAY, MAY 18, 1890.

SOME LEFT ON IT.

The little railroad problem in this city—if indeed, it has arrived to the dignity of a problem—cannot be said to have reached a point where it becomes interesting. Enough of it is revealed to show that a number of gentlemen, several of whom have all the capital required, propose to build a road from this city to some point not yet defined up Warm Spring Creek canyon. Regarding the proposed road, the STANDARD has expressed the opinion that there is an inviting field for the line and that this city will welcome with heartiness the coming of any combination of capital that will enlarge the city's railroad facilities. There is a world of wealth in mining properties up the canyon; and its abundant forests are ready to yield fortunes as soon as transportation facilities are afforded. Scores of claims await fuller development there, but they certainly are promising beyond the average of mining prospects, and they will be within easy reach of money needed for development as soon as they are brought within range of traffic facilities.

The development of the property is of direct account to Anaconda, which would be distinctively benefited by the trade that the new field would furnish. It is a reasonable assumption, therefore, that a projected line with definite plans and an assurance of road building will be helped by this city in every possible way. It makes a great difference to this city, however, how the thing is done. Anaconda isn't pledging any rights or giving any franchises or wasting any favors on paper railroads. Thus far the interest taken by the public in the movement seems to be limited to trying to find out whether the proposed road is the scheme of the Northern Pacific, the Union Pacific or the Great Northern road. It appears to us that, if the new railroad is the child of either of these corporations, neither of them would have the slightest hesitation in admitting it. As between them we do not imagine that the people of this city have any choice. Either would be welcomed, just as any new railroad-building aggregation will be welcome if it comes with ties and tracks and coaches.

The only information the STANDARD has on this matter comes from the conversation with which one of the directors of the new organization favored the Helena Independent yesterday morning. In the course of an interview this gentleman said: "We shall make the survey and locate the line and then sell out to any corporation that desires to build." This frank admission comes from one of the promoters of the canyon railroad, it is rather a surprising piece of news and gives a very decided color to the situation. We do not imagine that any scheming of that sort will find an instant's favorable consideration with the city council or with the people of Anaconda. If there's money in a paper railroad and if a franchise is made valuable by rights of way acquired in Anaconda, a dozen people can work that cheerful little racket on their own account, and the counsel could not be persuaded to vote so snug a benefit to any aggregation of capital either at home or abroad. That is a scheme that could be consummated for a few dollars, it would result in bringing railroad extension to a positive blockade and men are fools if they fancy that the city can be made a party to any such stupid transaction.

What Anaconda wants is a canyon railroad. It can have one—in fact it is assured that one will be built this season. In that situation it isn't reasonable to anticipate that the city will set at work with deliberation formally to install a dog in the manger. With the announced purpose of the road stated as given to our Helena contemporary, the boomers of the paper road may as well look up a new field. As far as this city is concerned their scheme is dead already.

California is enjoying a nine days' excitement over the president's withdrawal from the senate of the name of E. G. Waite, who had been unanimously recommended by the California delegation in congress for the position of register of the San Francisco land office. Waite, who recently wrote a rather eulogistic magazine article on the late Judge Terry, charges his defeat to the interference of Justice Field of the United States supreme court, and characterizes that celebrated jurist as "a meddling old granny," "a fangless viper whose association is more deadly than his bite," "one of the most unreasonable and malignant of

his sex," "with no common sense off the bench and little honesty on it." It may be inferred from these expressions that something like a coolness has sprung up between Justice Field and Mr. Waite. Field's log-rolling against the defender of Judge Terry is a trifle inconsistent with the dignity of his office, but human nature is human nature whether in a ward healer or a member of the United States supreme court, and few feelings have such a pull on human nature as personal enmity.

THEY DON'T LIKE IT.

The Washington correspondent of the Salt Lake Tribune declares that there are a number of eastern senators who are not at all anxious for further additions to the ranks of western senators. Several of these, he says, were anxious that the Montana election case should be returned to that state for this reason, but ostensibly on the ground of doubt as to the results.

The old-fashioned eastern senators view the aggressive policy of the West with misgiving and alarm. Ultra-conservative and thoroughly set in their ways, such old heads as Everts of New York and Morrill of Vermont are averse to anything that will disturb the placidity and stateliness of the body to which they belong. They perceive that western thought is making itself felt, and in fact is having a great deal to do with shaping the legislation of the country. Western ideas may be downed but they do not stay down. After each rebuff the West is more clamorous than before. It has been by the persistent and unremitting demands of the West that the East is changing front, making the entire people practically unanimous on the silver question. The West is coming to the front, and this from the nature of the case its advance is especially noticeable in the United States senate.

People who invest their surplus means in the Louisiana lottery company would do well to consider that the directors of the company without consultation with any of the investors have taken it upon themselves to offer one million dollars a year to the Louisiana state legislature for the extension of their charter, which will necessitate a reduction of the annual dividends by that amount. However, as the investors never take the trouble to investigate any of the methods pursued by the directors, any advice like this is superfluous.

Richard Vaux, whom the democrats of Philadelphia have nominated as the successor in congress of Samuel J. Randall, has been for many years prominent in Philadelphia life and politics. He has enjoyed the respect and confidence of the best men of both parties. In many regards he resembles the lamented Randall. A democrat of the straightest sect, Mr. Vaux has not hesitated to criticize unflinchingly the management of his own party whenever it departed from the strictest line of integrity. His whole life has been a protest against the corruption of modern politics. His bold independence of character makes him one of the most striking and picturesque men in public life. He is one of the few men in his generation who can wait for time to vindicate his principles, and he pursues his straightforward course, caring little who dissents from him. He has been three times a candidate for elector-at-large, and once, in 1870, ran on the democratic ticket for congressman-at-large. This is his first district nomination for congress. He is a lawyer by profession.

Wine is now transported in Europe in tank cars, just as petroleum is here. There isn't so much danger of actual explosion to be sure, but it is nevertheless sensibly increasing the dangers of railroad service. The private individual tanks of the railroad employes are of such a nature that they will probably be able to resist the terrible pressure brought to bear upon them. The chief danger, of course, is to the wine itself, since the water used along the route, being designed primarily for boiler purposes, is not always of the best quality.

In handing down a decree of divorce last Tuesday, an Oakland, Cal., judge passed some philosophical observations on the subject of divorce in general, concluding, "that, after all, it is a good deal the fault of the women." This ungenerous conclusion suggests the principal argument used by Adam in summing up his defense before the Lord. There may be an element of truth in the Oakland judge's philosophy, but woman! with all her faults, men—if not the right men, then some other men—love her still.

Whatever may be said of other American industries, American whiskey is rising to the foremost place among all the whiskey producing countries of the globe. The exportation for consumption in foreign countries for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1889, was 2,590,235 gallons, an increase of 1,078,030 gallons over the previous year, and it is estimated that the exportation for the present year will show still further gratifying increase. France may lie over us in wines, Germany may beat us in beers and Holland maintain her supremacy in gins; but in the manufacture of genuine old straight stuff America has taken the lead, and so long as Kentucky is true to her principles and products, will proudly defy the competition of the world, and we don't specially need McKinley's help, either.

A fifteen-year old boy was arraigned in a St. Paul police court last week on a charge of larceny, the specification being

that he did willfully and feloniously steal a spoon of the value of forty cents. The complainant was the boy's own mother, who said she regretted the necessity of the arrest, but really this business of stealing spoons at her house had got to be stopped. The public will sympathize with the unfortunate woman in the be-reavement of her spoons, but there will be those mean enough to suggest that the spoons rather than the boy should be locked up.

The other day four young St. Louis boys fought to a finish over one girl. All four boys were badly whipped, two receiving their punishment in the ring and the other two at the hands of their fathers. The only victor seems to be the girl, and it is an open question whether under the circumstances she ought not to be soundly spanked on general principles.

A Boston paper avers that the fashion in women's names changes every ten or fifteen years. The Nancy epoch, it says, occurred early in the present century. Then came the Martha Ann, Mary Jane and Ann Eliza epochs in the order named, and the Mary Jane epoch dominating the other two. The Lucy epoch began about 1835, after which came the Helen, the Ida and the Ella epochs. After these Edith, Maud and Mabel reigned until they were displaced by the brood of names to which the affix "ie" can be attached, which are now in vogue. The "ie" period, however, has about had its day, and the Gladys, Violet and Imogene period is at hand.

Although young and inexperienced baldestite, the new explosive, is demanding public recognition. To show what it could do if necessary, it went off of its own accord in a town in Italy a few days ago and killed upwards of twenty-five people. Baldestite is clearly entitled to a good deal of attention.

The sucker gazed upon the deck, Whence all but he had fled; No one could do him up at cards, Was what the sucker said.

The stranger held the little pack, "Come, draw a card," said he; "Then place it back and shuffle well And do not let me see."

The sucker did as he was told— He drew the deuce of hearts; He shuffled long and cut the pack In twenty different parts.

"I'll bet you now," the stranger said, "A twenty to a ten That I can pick the card you drew And show it you again!"

They put the money up in haste— The crowd it gathered round; The stranger searched the cards and said The right one he had found.

Face down he threw it on the bar And plumed it with a tack; "Now tell the crowd the card you drew, While yet you see its back."

The sucker told and drew the tack— No one should take his place— Behold the deuce of hearts turned up And stared him in the face!

The stranger with the sucker's gold Then skipped to other parts; Let every card within that pack Was just the deuce of hearts.

The Kansas City Times in a four-column article charges Senator Ingalls with plagiarism, and moreover pretty satisfactorily proves the accusation. Parallel passages are quoted showing that the Kansas senator stole the best part of his brilliant eulogy of the late Congressman Burnes of Missouri from one of the sermons of Father Massillon, bishop of Clermont, delivered nearly two hundred years ago. Ingalls can't turn nowadays without getting a black eye from some source. He is a smart man, but he isn't smart enough to prevent the people from getting onto him.

Among the reforms of the day is one instituted by the boss barbers of New York. They have decided to abolish clocks from their shops, on the ground that it makes men nervous to sit and watch the time. The movement is of doubtful propriety, since men without the clocks will worry rather more than otherwise, but at any rate it will tend to diminish the number of strikes and perhaps that's what the boss barbers are after.

PEOPLE OF PROMINENCE.

It is practically settled that the Harrissons will spend their summer at Deer Park as they did last year.

Ethel Sprague, daughter of Kate Sprague, has decided not to relinquish her idea of adopting the profession of an actress.

Mme. Fursch-Madi has taken up her abode, temporarily at least, in Paris, where she mourns the loss of her husband, M. Henri Verle.

Henry M. Stanley is a believer in the policy of colonizing the Upper Congo valley of Africa with colored immigrants from the United States.

Jay Gould's daily income has been estimated recently at \$7,446. Cornelius Vanderbilt's at \$15,249, John D. Rockefeller's at \$18,715, and William Waldorf Astor's at \$23,593.

Mrs. Mary J. Holmes is one of the most indefatigable travelers among women authors. She has recently completed a year's tour of the world and is now going to Alaska.

Margaret of Savoy, the silver-haired duchess dowager of Genoa, mother of the queen of Italy, despite her age and rank, walks to church like the poorest working woman of the town.

Miss Louise Meyer, the new southern writer, is only 18 years of age. Her father is Gen. Adolph Meyer, and Louise has had every advantage of wealth and position. She is said to be very beautiful.

General Bragg says that under no circumstances will he be a candidate for governor of Wisconsin on the democratic ticket. He also says he thinks the democratic convention should not declare against the Bennett law or demand its repeal.

Mrs. Charles Orton of Pittsburg gave birth last Wednesday to two of the smallest babies that there is any authentic record of. The babies weigh three-quarters of a pound and one pound respectively, and are well developed and apparently in perfect health.

Mrs. Wananaker, it is stated, has introduced a new fad in Washington, and has a class of young ladies meet at her residence twice a week, where a professor of physical grace from abroad teaches them how to walk, to go up and down

stairs, to bow, to smile, to make eyes and to dispose of the hands.

Count Hartenau, best known as Prince Alexander of Battenberg, and of Bulgaria, who married the pretty operatic singer, Edlle, Loisinger, is in great favor at the Austrian court. His infant son was recently christened under the name of Louis Alexander, the Grand Duke of Hesse standing as godfather.

MAY BLOSSOMS.

Popular as Ever. "Are you Americans still as fond of bull as ever?" "Yes, indeed. Why, all our best families are adding bull rooms to their homes." "Fawcety!"—Chatter.

The Quacks. Doctor: Yes, these quacks have a big business. There's Digby doesn't know half as much about medicine as I, but he's making three times as much money. "Friend, it takes brains to make money, nowadays."—Bostonian.

He Took One. Customer: "What have you got that is appropriate to the season?" "A bad cold." "Just then the customer got in a draft and he took one."—Philadelphia Press.

Blood on the Moon. Wife: "My dear, that horrid man next door has killed the dog." Husband: "Well, never mind, my dear; I'll get you another one some time." Wife: "But it wasn't my Fido that he killed; it was your hunting dog." Husband (wildly): "Where's my gun?"—New York Weekly.

Didn't Want Five Dollars' Worth. "George, in your sleep last night I heard you say: 'Guffey, give me \$5 worth of chips.'" "Oh, yes; Guffey keeps a kindling store."

"Well, we are greatly in need of kindling to start fires, but we don't want \$5 worth, George."—New York Herald.

High Water. Uncle Tumbleton: "Then you think Florida is a great state? But tell me Tom, how is the water?" Tom Tumbleton: "The fact is, Uncle, I didn't touch any."

Uncle Tumbleton (suspiciously): "So bad as that?" Tom Tumbleton: "Too expensive, Uncle. Don't you know that Florida water is 50 cents a bottle?"—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

VOICES OF THE SEASON. May-Time. 'Tis now the base ball blooms and bats grow ripe; The poet of the spring springs into type. The lord of mountains in ravens comes to town To see if Fortune sweet doth smile or frown. The seaside beaches now are neatly scrubbed and swept; The clam awakes, his winter vigils kept. In checks and stripes quite zebra-like the dude Comes forth, and into soft desuetude Now sinks the oyster, filled with joyous glee, Vexiferously glad—for him—that he Hath 'scaped the sauce Tabasco, and a truce Is called by him who wields the lemon juice. Indeed the whole world's glad to reach the day When dates do change from April unto May.

—Harper's Bazar.

The Amateur Fisherman. Soon for trout the fisherman will cast his flies, And will wander by the brook with eager eyes; Then, returning when 'tis late, With diminished stock of bait, Will relate his friends with lengthy string of lies.

—New York Press.

Walking Mirrors. As we walk along the street There are sights our glances meet Which we behold on every hand and can not fail to note; Among others, on fair days, We can see the sun's bright rays Reflected from the shining back of last fall's overcoat.

—New York Journal.

The First Flies of Spring. The first fly of spring to the air spread his wing, For warmer was growing the weather. While roaming about, another thawed out; They met, and they flew off together.

To a play-house they went, on forage intent, And the people there present did scan; And one to the other said laughingly, "Brother, Get on to the bald-headed man!"

—Lowell Courier.

With All Her False. With all her false, I love her still; No other girl like her can thrill My heart unto its inmost core, For she has "money and golden store."

She wears store teeth, and false hair, too, And still I woo, and woo, and woo, For her sweet "slung" my purse would fill; With all her false, I love her still.

—New York Herald.

The Liar. He will come home wet and weary, and without a fish to show; When his patient wife has fed him to the grocery he'll go, Where he'll sit upon a barrel, while you ought to hear him blow. As his lies go marching on.

—Terre Haute Express.

Apple Blossoms in May. It's O my heart, my heart, To be out in the sun and sing! To sing and shout in the fields about, In the balm and the blossoming.

Sing aloud, O bird in the tree; O bird, sing loud in the sky, And honey-bees, blacken the clover seas; There are none of you as glad as I.

The leaves laugh low in the wind, Laugh low the wind at play; And the odoriferous call of the flowers all Entices my soul away.

—Ina Donna Coolbrith.

An Impending Calamity. From the Chicago Times. "A calamity is impending!" "There is?" "Yes, sir."

"In what form?" "I am out of money and certainly must soon—"

"What?" "Go to work."

The Waiter Heard From. From the Chicago Times. Hungry Customer—Why doesn't that waiter return with my order?

Restaurant Proprietor—The waiters have gone on a strike, but if you will be a little patient, sir, I do not think you will have to wait much longer than usual. The arbitration committee is already appointed.

Queer Message and Queer Answer. A colored woman called at the Brunswick, (Ga.) telegraph office, and had dictated the following message to her son: "Are you dead? Answer to your loving mother. Susie Louisiana Thomas." That was a queer message but it was sent. The next day the answer came back. It said: "Not dead, but alive. Will let you know when I die."

One of Its Effects. "I had a terrible experience with a nightmare last night," remarked Cumso. "Now I suppose you will write a sensational novel," remarked Fangle.

"Why?" "Because a nightmare is apt to make a Rider Haggard?"—Munsey's Weekly.

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