

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.

MONDAY, JUNE 2, 1890.

The STANDARD is the only newspaper in Western Montana that prints a Monday morning edition. This morning's number is delivered to all regular patrons and is on sale at news depots and on all trains.

Who says the North American Indians are not susceptible to civilization? The Chemawa nine have beaten the Salem, Ore., team by a score of 18 to 1, and the Swinomishes of Washington have just administered a crushing defeat to a white club from La Conner.

It is no sure thing that the senate will let alone the section of the McKinley bill that relates to lead ore. The house discussed this item on its merits, and the advocates of a tariff supposed that would settle it, but the STANDARD's suggestive special dispatch from Washington said, yesterday morning, that the lead duty will not be "much" altered in the senate.

Get ready to recite your biography, your possessions, your debts, your diseases, your mental condition and your moral worth to the enumerators; they begin to take the eleventh census today. The work must be done in a hurry as the law compels the gathering of all the statistics during the month of June.

THE LATEST SCANDAL That was a highly sensational story printed in the STANDARD yesterday morning and relating to telegrams sent to Bismarck when the legislature of North Dakota was discussing the lottery proposition.

It will be admitted that the lottery schemers stopped at nothing in their effort to capture the North Dakota legislature. Enough has already been brought to light to convince the public that they raided that body with all the agencies that bribery and corruption can furnish.

The Louisiana concern is trying now to bribe its way into renewed life by the offer of vast sums of money. In view of all that has happened since February, the people of North Dakota ought to set apart a day of general thanksgiving in recognition of their narrow escape from the lottery scourge.

THE CONTRACT PLAN. The aldermen of this city are thinking of making a change of methods in doing work on the highways. It has been the practice hitherto to have this work done by the day, under the direction of the superintendent of streets.

Within a year a good deal of money has been spent on the streets of this city and, whatever may be said in criticism, the town has something to show for it. Probably some of this work has been pretty expensive, as corporation work managed on the prevailing plan is pretty apt to be, but it is not exactly just to say that the money has been wasted; that is not the fact.

tion and it will not be satisfactorily answered until we see what sort of contract will be provided and then ascertain whether its execution is faithfully followed by the proper city officer. If the city has had superintendents who do not know enough to handle with economy a little squad of men and a team or two on the day-wages plan, it is seriously to be questioned whether they are fitted to supervise the performance of contract work.

Probably the aldermen will find it worth while to try the contract plan. It will work well enough if somebody who can be trusted keeps an eye out for the city's interests. Otherwise the waste and loss of city funds must be even greater than under the present plan, slipshod and extravagant as it is declared to be.

DR. MITCHELL NAMED. In nominating Dr. A. H. Mitchell, of Deer Lodge, for the office of commissioner to the world's fair, Governor Toole has made an appointment that will be universally approved. This selection sends to Chicago a gentleman who, in all that relates to Montana's history, resources and aspirations, knows the end from the beginning.

The coming exposition is going to be a stupendous affair and it is of great account to Montana to be well represented there. The services of a commissioner are not of chiefest account in extending attention and courtesy to people from Montana, that service, of course, becomes a part of his duty. The important features of the office concern the efficient presentation of the state's resources to people from other sections of the union whom the fair will bring together at Chicago.

All the minor requirements are met in the nomination of Dr. Mitchell. The political balance is preserved and the west side gets representation. The presence of Dr. Mitchell and Mr. Hirschfeld in Chicago during the fair ought to suit the most exacting citizen of Montana.

George Francis Train is not a fool—he is worse than that. He combines the qualities of charlatan, quack, buffoon and mountebank. He is an insufferable holy show. He shines conspicuously when he is engaged in some distinctively fool thing. He was in his element when he trotted around the globe and made a fool of Tacoma. Senator Stanford ought to hire Train. He is just the man to elucidate the senator's crazy scheme by which it is proposed to have the government furnish money to the American people.

DEPEW'S CHEERFUL PHILOSOPHY. Chauncey M. Depew has been summarizing his scheme of philosophy, and a very enjoyable scheme it is. In an address to the girl graduates of the business class of the Young Women's Christian association in New York last week he thus expressed himself:

A person who loves work for its own sake gets lots of fun. A person who does not get lots of fun ought not to live. The world was not created for smileless humanity. It was intended for hilarious human beings. I work all day, but every fifteen minutes I have a jolly good time with somebody or at some one. Everybody should smile.

It will be observed that Mr. Depew does not advocate continual and confirmed smiling. In his own case he allows an intermission of only fifteen minutes between each "jolly good time with somebody or at some one;" but Mr. Depew is an old hand at it and can stand a great deal. Intervals of only fifteen minutes can hardly be recommended to the young and inexperienced. No set rule can be prescribed for all people, however, and each hilarious human being must learn to regulate his periods of hilarity for himself.

Mindful of the composition of his audience, Mr. Depew in the same address took occasion to compliment the pretty typewriter. When he looked down from the platform upon the score or two of budding manipulators of the tinkling machine, it made him smile, and—well, he should smile. The girls smiled, too, and Mr. Depew's apotheosis of the typewriter is enough to make anybody smile.

The typewriter promotes morality because she prevents profanity. There is nothing so provocative of profanity as the handwriting of one's correspondents, and the typewriter promotes all this. Besides in the sound of the typewriter the human heart is heard to throb, and it promotes matrimony and leads to happy homes and all the rest of it.

The vision of happiness which it is the mission of the typewriter to create struck Mr. Depew as so vast and magnificent that for once words failed him, and he was obliged to sum it all up in the comprehensive but rather indefinite and unsuggestive words "happy homes and all the rest of it." When one reflects that it was 10 o'clock at night and that Mr. Depew had been smiling every fifteen minutes since 7 in the morning until he entered the hall, one will be disposed to pardon his inability to elaborate "all the rest of it." There is also a faint suspicion that just as he struck the theme of typewriters, Mr. Depew reasoned that his regular fifteen

minutes of abstinence was more than up whereupon he proceeded to have not only a jolly good time "with" the girls, but "at" them. However that was, Mr. Depew's words were greeted with the regulation "laughter and applause," so that he must have made his audience smile as well as himself. God speed Mr. Depew's cheerful philosophy. With his aspirations to the presidency, he is making us all smile.

A Toronto, Ontario, newspaper man having been nominated for parliament defines his position upon the question of exempting church property from taxation thus: "Christ paid his taxes, and there is no institution or person who should try to escape if the Savior himself set the example of rendering unto Caesar the things are Caesar's."

The New York Press says that Emma Abbott owes her start in life to Mme. Patti. The diva said she was so entranced with a lullaby the little stranger sang that she threw her arms about her, told her to get ready to go to Italy and paid for her first year's instruction. The truth is that Emma Abbott got her first start in public life as a singer through the generosity of a newspaper proprietor who trusted her for a few handbills which she personally distributed, announcing that she would give a concert in a hotel dining room. The newspaper was the Detroit Free Press. And another solemn truth is that Emma Abbott cannot sing.

John L. Sullivan's favorite drink is said to be punch, which is also his favorite occupation.

It is now some weeks since McKinley in his tariff bill put human hair on the free list and yet no paragraphist has referred to this fact as a triumph for whig principles.

A lovesick young man in Portland, being refused the privilege of longer courting a certain young lady, courted death by biting a dynamite cartridge. His store teeth lacked the power to make the operation a success and he was saved. He evidently desired to dynamite hurry.

That was wholesome advice which Bishop Jones gave to the deacons and elders who were ordained at the session of the Baltimore conference of the African Methodist Episcopal church last week. "Don't spend your time before the glass trying to make yourselves look pretty," said the good bishop. "It is not at all likely that you would be successful, but it is a shame even to try to turn an example of God's noblest work into a dude and very likely a very poor dude at that." The bishop materially strengthened his argument by putting it upon physical as well as moral grounds. The picture of the improbability of a colored preacher becoming a successful dude, no matter how hard he might try, must have been very effective, and the seed sown by the bishop will surely bear fruit in a noticeable moderation in jewelry, neckties and hair oil.

If the census enumerators ask all the questions set for them by Mr. Porter they would act wisely in getting information from the neighbors.

Is the bill for the suppression of bucket shops calculated to make their owners turn pale?

The other day a cave-in occurred on Main street in Winnipeg that left a great yawning hole in the ground. This is by no means the most disastrous drop that has been experienced in Winnipeg real estate.

A Louisville, Ky., man has been arrested for systematically hoisting every nickel-in-the-slot machine in town by means of a nickel and a small hole in it and a piece of thread which passed through the hole, enabling him to draw the coin out again after it had been deposited. A man who can pull the string on the machine so successful as that ought to go into politics.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Rushing the Season. From the Philadelphia Record. Congressman Bynum merely got his Decoration Day a little in advance.

A Government Pawnbroker. From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Should congress adopt Senator Stanford's loan bill it should not forget to order the hanging of three gilt balls over the door of the federal treasury.

It Was Lawyer Proof. From the Detroit Free Press. Seven of the supposed-to-be sharpest and wisest lawyers in the country have made wills, passed away, and the said wills have been broken all to flinders by heirs and other lawyers. An ignorant Missouri farmer wrote his will in four lines on a slate, and it stood three lawsuits and ten lawyers.

Pointing Out a Danger. From the Pioneer-Press. The Philadelphia Inquirer yawns sleepily and says: "Let us try the McKinley tariff for a while, and if it doesn't work well we might give Battersworth a chance to frame the next one." But the danger is right here: A trial of the McKinley tariff may give the democrats a chance to frame one and pass it.

A Curious State of Affairs. From the San Francisco Call. The framers of the constitution evidently intended that members of congress should represent districts of equal population, but one congressional district in Mississippi has a population of 125,758 and another 195,522. In New York one district has 308,949 and another 273,880. In federal legislation the representative of 71,000 persons in Michigan has a vote of equal weight with the representative of 273,589 persons in New York.

What the Deacons Fear. From the Chicago Times. Brother Patterson, editor of the United States Mail, has been trying to frighten the administration at Washington, D. C., in the person of Deacon Wanamaker, with threats of court proceedings to reveal collusion between Lemon, Dudley, and Tanner, the pension agents, and the postoffice department, by which the agents are permitted to grossly violate the postal laws for the advantage of their pension business. Mr. Patterson is wasting time and breath. The deacons of the national administration do not fear his threats half

as much as they do the revelations which Dudley and Tanner might be able to make if they cared to do so.

A Great Naval Display. From the New York Press. Not since the naval display of the Washington centennial, nearly a year ago, has New York harbor witnessed such a gay sight as yesterday. The bay was full of vessels of all kinds, flying a profusion of bunting. But where were the Stars and Stripes? What was the occasion? It was the birthday of the queen of England, and there were more English vessels in the harbor of America's greatest commercial city than there were American vessels on the 100th anniversary of George Washington's inauguration as president of the United States.

PEOPLE OF PROMINENCE.

The German empress will not accompany her husband when he goes swinging round circles this summer.

Justice Stephen J. Field, of the United States supreme court, and Mrs. Field will spend the summer in Europe.

Queen Victoria will confer the order of the Bath on Emperor William. The ceremony will take place privately.

Patti carried away only 150,000 good American dollars as the result of her last tour. But there are several farewells yet to come.

Miss Elinor, a daughter of Sir Charles Halle, designed the gold medal which the Geographical society gave Explorer Stanley in London.

Henry Holiday, the English artist, has been visiting Edward Bellamy at Chicopee Falls, and is now the guest of the Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks.

Count Hartenan, best known as Prince Alexander of Battenburg and of Bulgaria, who married the pretty opera singer, Mlle. Loisinger, is in great favor at the Austrian court.

Jeffer Johnson, who was at one time a slave in New York state, is still living in Kings county. A bill of sale, still preserved, shows that in 1809 he was disposed of for £50, and that he was then about 9 years old.

Dr. Carl Lumboltz, the archaeologist, has made all his arrangements to start on his expedition to Mexico and Arizona, to explore early American antiquities, about June 1. The expedition is being made up in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Giacometti Producers, the terror of the London cabmen, is dead. Her habit was to drive the fullest possible distance for the money, pay the exact legal fare, and then cause the arrest of the cabman for expressing his feelings.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes hasn't lost his happy faculty of putting things. His remark that a callous on the palm confers no better claim to fair treatment than a furrow in the forehead and an aching in the brain, is something that will live. Jacques Pirou, a drum major in the army of the first Napoleon, died last week in the French town of La Suze at the age of 101 years. He mingled in nearly all the battles of the great emperor and was wounded thirty-two times. Though a mere piece of surgical patchwork he was always in good humor and good health.

Mrs. Julia J. Irvine, who obtained the degrees of A. B. and A. M. at Cornell university, and who for two years has carried on her work with marked distinction at Leipsic, has been appointed junior professor of Greek at Wellesley college. During an intercollegiate contest Mrs. Irvine was the prize winner of Greek over sixty competitors.

Gen. All-Right Alger met Warner Miller in a New York hotel the other day. "Well, senator, what have you got out of the administration?" said General Alger, banteringly after their greeting. "Well, general, I've got more than you have," replied Mr. Miller, with a frozen smile. "I've got my telegram; the one addressed to me outside the breastworks, as you may remember."

Mrs. Laura C. Holloway, of Brooklyn, for many years connected with the Eagle of that city, and at one time editor of a literary magazine in Chicago, was married recently to Colonel Langford, president of the Brighton Beach & Brooklyn elevated road. Mrs. Holloway of late has given much of her time and energy to the Seidl society, a very successful woman's club of which she is president, and is also known as the author of "The Ladies of the White House" and other works.

Give Him a Show. From the Detroit Free Press. He was a good man—a man whose word nobody doubted—whose integrity and veracity were as good as a bond. And a friend said to him: "I saw you speeding your horse the other day." "Yes." "He's a fine mover." "Yes." "Got lots of speed." "Yes." "As near as I could catch him that day he was making a 2:40 clip." "Yes, I think so." The horse cannot go a mile in five minutes, and the owner knew it, and the other man knew it, and he was simply baiting a hook to tempt the good man to lie. And he caught him.

Hard to Live Up to Side Whiskers. From the Atlanta Constitution. It is a fact that side whiskered men are seldom seen in young and busy communities. There is a good reason for it. Side whiskers are expensive. They make a man look dignified, and lead him to cultivate slow ways and a careful style of costume. In order to keep up first-class side whiskers a man must have leisure and money. If he gets up early and rushes around town in a bob-tailed coat he will look out of place, and people will stare at him with pained curiosity. Atlanta as yet has very few side whiskered men. They will come in time. When we have more wealth and leisure we will have a lot of solid old fellows here sunning their muton chops on the promenade. But we must wait awhile.

The Stars and Stripes. From the Backet. Gazley—A great deal of fun is made of Delaware for retaining the whipping-post, but there is something patriotic about it. Spooner—Indeed! Please explain. Gazley—Why, the culprit is made to see stars when the stripes are well laid on.

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