

THE ANACONDA STANDARD

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THE STANDARD

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THE STANDARD,

Corner of Main and Third streets, Anaconda, Montana.

SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1890.

The Northwest, and especially the four new states, have been well treated by this congress, and in all things effort has been made to allow needed local legislation to be passed, and it is asking a great deal to have a silver bill framed in their interest and to the detriment of the East.—[Speaker Reed.

KEEPING MR. REED BUSY.

Democrats in the house of representatives are still pursuing Speaker Reed. They are determined to get possession of the silver bill as it came from the senate and, if once they can lay hold on it, they believe they can pass it. That is precisely what Mr. Reed is afraid of. He hates the bill, he will kill it if he can. He is simply fighting for time in the hope that, in the end, he can compel discipline and force back into the ranks the few republicans who have been in mutiny against him.

Of course, Mr. Reed has a distinct advantage in the fight. He is the presiding officer and, under ordinary conditions, he has a liberal majority of the house to rely on. As the STANDARD'S Washington special of this morning puts it, he commands the citadel that cannot be carried except by an assault of the majority, and even at that he can dictate the moment when the assault shall be permitted.

It must be said that the minority in the house is as troublesome an opposition as a house speaker is often called upon to face. It is keeping Mr. Reed very busy. It is backing a good cause with well directed effort, and its evident purpose is to make a hot fight to the finish.

WAITING FOR A DEMOCRAT.

The Oregonian finds that the silver bill, as it came from the senate, is a democratic measure and "will probably have to wait for a democratic president to sign it," if it gets through the house. That may prove to be the case, although we sincerely hope, for silver's sake, that the organ of the republican party in Oregon will prove to be a bad prophet. Fortunately, republicans in all quarters of the country are not as bitterly partisan as those in the Northwest have proved to be. Oregon, Washington and the two Dakotas are represented by republicans in the two houses of congress. The silver interest might naturally expect support from them, but all these members of congress with the single exception of one senator from Oregon, have persistently fought silver from first to last.

As for Oregon, its republican press and representatives, with the exception just noted, appear to be entirely without convictions on the silver question. Three weeks ago the party ended a state canvass which was run on a free-coinage platform. The democrats elected the head of their ticket by a handsome majority and forthwith the state's republican membership in congress, except one senator, went against silver at every vote.

It is to be regretted that these western republicans are men who permit eastern republicans to dictate their course. Even Montana knows what it is to see its member in the house linger between his seat and the cloak room, anxious, of course, to please his constituents, yet trembling lest a dominating speaker will smite him if he ventures too far across the party line. The republican Oregonian may have the right of it in saying that silver will have to wait for a democratic president. We trust this will not prove true, but if our Portland contemporary is right it is comforting to know that the needed democrat will be in the white house thirty-three months hence.

Blaine proposes to establish absolute free trade between the United States and South America. Blaine ought to know better. If he would read up the question in the Forum article written by himself a few months ago in reply to Gladstone he would hold up his hands in horror at the dangers involved in such a proposition.

The news that John L. Sullivan and Duncan B. Harrison have formed a dramatic syndicate and are soon to produce a play of their own making has set the theatrical world agog. The play, it seems, deals with love and blacksmithing. There is a good blacksmith and also a bad blacksmith and both love the same girl. The good blacksmith, who is impersonated by Mr. Sullivan, finally sails into the bad blacksmith, punches and pounds him until he can't stand up, ties his legs around his neck, flings him over the garden fence, and proceeds to marry the girl. Such, in brief, is the plot as outlined in the advance notices. "Honest Hearts and Honest Hands" is the title given to the extraordinary production.

"The Blacksmith's Bride" would have been more alliterative and suggestive perhaps, but let that pass. Dramatic critics will not be disposed to deal too harshly with the rising young actor and playwright, at least not until he has gone on to the next town. One point is certain there will, be much pathos in the play. The gentleman who takes the part of the bad blacksmith will, when the good blacksmith gets through with him, be the object of the audience's tenderest sympathies.

SUICIDE IN TWO COUNTRIES.

The Japanese government is more methodical in the matter of statistics than the American, and though its census questions may not be a comparison to Mr. Porter's it manages to compile a vast deal of interesting and accurate information. It keeps a record of suicides, for instance, and tabulates them according to the data of each case, so that any one interested in the subject may study it at leisure, and from the numerous methods of self-destruction adopt for himself whichever one most pleases his fancy.

In Japan people are not deterred from suicide by religious considerations, believing with the ancient Greeks and Romans that under certain circumstances it is not only justifiable, but commendable and worthy of all praise. The great majority of Japanese who commit suicide are more than 50 years old. They assume that they have passed their prime, and that there is no good and sufficient reason why they should remain longer on earth to be a burden to themselves and their relatives. Next on the list in respect to numbers are people ranging in age from 20 to 30, and of these by far the greater part, it is said, turn their backs on the world because of disappointment in love. Old age and unrequited love are therefore the two chief causes of suicide in a country where suicide is excused by society.

In this country old age is very rarely a cause of suicide unless accompanied by insanity. Unrequited love drives quite a number to self-destruction, and as a rule the self-destroyer first attempts the murder of the unrequiter. But the great majority of persons who commit suicide in America are those who have been ruined by dissipation and wickedness or dishonored by financial failure. Shame is the propelling force nine times out of ten. In Japan a man takes his life simply because he thinks it isn't worth the living. In America a man takes it because it makes him tired and he is afraid of any more of it. He proposes to give himself rest; but his success is doubtful.

THE WAR OVER.

Colonel Curtis, having succeeded in putting down the Cheyenne rebellion without serious loss, except to his original packages, is on his way back to Helena, where a royal ovation should certainly be tendered him. In the art of war the colonel has repeatedly demonstrated his proficiency, but henceforth he must shine most conspicuously as a diplomatist. When Governor Toole sent him forth as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the court of Two Moons, he did, it is true, equip the colonel with a stack of fifty arms and ten thousand cartridges; but these were to be used only after all other attempts to bury the tomahawk had failed. The pen is esteemed mightier than the sword, and the silver persuasiveness of the colonel's tongue is far more effective than the Winchester rifle. The only doubt was whether the colonel would receive an opportunity to meet Two Moons personally and engage him a few minutes in conversation. If that desideratum could be reached in advance of actual hostilities, Governor Toole and the people of Montana had no fear of the result. A few graceful words of the colonel's tongue and the war would be over; Two Moons, dazzled and delighted with the celebrated polish, courtesy and elegance of the white man from Helena, would call off his braves, lay down his arms, retire to his teepees and hug himself in recollection of the meeting for ever after.

By great good fortune Colonel Curtis was enabled to carry out the policy which Governor Toole had in contemplation. The colonel had little difficulty in securing an audience with Two Moons. That noble chief issued a call for a powwow, which was attended by Little Wolf, Red Cherries, Cigar Snake, Broken Jaw, Smoking Hog, Bag Of Wind, Three Balls and other distinguished Cheyenne statesmen.

Two Moons proceeded to enumerate the groceries, provisions and meats which he desired for his people, all of which, together no doubt with Worcestershire sauce, salad dressings, mayonnaise of shrimp, strawberry short cake, bonanza punch and other table delicacies from the Hotel Broadwater, the colonel cheerfully agreed to forward by the car load via Northern Pacific. Two Moons was abundantly satisfied—brilliant prospects of a square meal were in sight—and he granted the privileges of the floor to other speakers, all of whom quickly fell before the magic of the colonel's manner. American Horse delivered an oration appropriate to the occasion, and gave way to White Bull, who it seems is a particularly ugly, sullen, morose old son-of-a-gun of chief. He was disposed to resist the blandishments and suavities of the colonel. In his peroration he declared:

If we were not a tough people we would have starved to death long ago, and we fear you [pointing to Curtis] are like many more men who have come to talk to us,—you will not listen as well to us as we to you. We want more rations of every kind.

The colonel cordially assented to the proposition that the Cheyennes were a

tough people. Next to the republicans who stole the tunnel precinct they were undoubtedly the toughest people in Montana. The colonel also disabused White Bull's mind of the notion that he was not a polite and attentive listener. That was one of his strong points as White Bull himself would be convinced when he knew him better. He had been listening for some time to hear something drop in Washington. He was quite sure that if anything should drop he would hear of it. As nothing had dropped so far, he was still doing business at the old stand in Helena, where he would be gratified to receive a call from White Bull at any time, provided he did not call with a Winchester. Upon the conclusion of this oration—some parts of which we note with surprise have been omitted by the war correspondents—great tears of joy and gratitude coursed down the rugged cheeks of White Bull and he shook hands with the colonel, and swore by the Great Spirit that as soon as five moons were gone he would go to Helena, call on the colonel and stay with him the whole winter. At this Three-Legged Wolf, Rat Holes, Great Cheek, Lend Me A Dollar and Garbage Barrel arose and declared that they would esteem it an honor and a privilege to make the colonel's residence their home not only next winter but every winter, thereby settling the vexed question of food supply thoroughly and for all time.

There was a great handshaking all around, and the chiefs retired to their teepees, rejoiced beyond measure at having made the acquaintance of a man so marvelously agreeable and courteous of demeanor. The people of Montana, especially those in the vicinity of Miles City, are under profoundest obligations to Colonel Curtis, through whose tact and skill and versatility bloodshed has been avoided, peace restored and grub promised.

"The spontaneous outbursts for free coinage in the lobbies and galleries of the United States in these sultry June days are suggestive of the liberal use of silver certificates by the bonanza kings," says the Omaha Bee. If there is anything in the Bee's insinuation, it merely shows that the lobby and galleries know a good thing when they see it and are anxious for more.

A deal of unnecessary praise is being bestowed upon Miss Philippa Fawcett for downing all the senior wranglers at the University of Cambridge. Any woman with the ordinary gift of tongue of her sex could have done the same thing.

Mr. Carter seems to have an undue fondness for the cloak-room. When a clash occurs between the interests of the state of Montana and the interests of Thomas B. Reed, its attractions are well nigh irresistible.

Time sets all things right and eventually history turns itself right side up with care. The reports sent out from San Francisco last Sunday about Peter Jackson's tremendous fight with a horde of infuriated ruffians in a barroom prove to have been hasty and inaccurate. More authentic information shows that the Australian pugilist did not clean out a whole barroom, but that the story was invented out of whole cloth and sent all over the country by Jackson's enterprising press agent. Very likely the colored bruiser might, could, would and should have cleaned out a barroom, but, to speak in the indicative mood, he didn't.

The new torpedo boat, Cushing, seems to be a success. It has a speed of thirty miles an hour, which will easily enable it to run away from any man of war in her majesty's possession.

Joseph Cook says that the time may come when prohibitionists may need to shoulder the musket. What's the matter with dynamite? If there's any fighting to be done let's have all the modern improvements and conveniences.

The people of Jeffersonville, Ind., held a picnic last week which they will long remember. A boy fell into the river and was drowned, a girl fell out of a swing and broke her back, and a terrific thunder shower arose and spoiled everybody's clothes. This picnic was certainly all wool and a yard wide, and if there are any kickers in Jeffersonville it is clear they don't know a picnic when they see one.

CURRENT COMMENT.

She Is Navarro's Mary Now. From the Chicago Times.

Our Mary, Mary, once so contrary, In London weds today. She'll yield her will and vow until Her death she will obey, And cherish, love, so forth, so on, Her Tony de Navarro. And all the maids are wild to know What tony togs she'll wear, O.

Must Have Been Badly Damaged. From the Pasco Pilot.

The Orting Oracle has been sued for \$80,000 damages for libel. A man must be pretty valuable if he has been damaged as badly as that and enough been left of him to run a law-suit.

Preachers Work on Sunday. From the Palouse Gazette.

The Oakland circuit of the Methodist church has promulgated a set of resolutions against Sunday excursions, picnics, etc. The next resolve will, probably, be to prohibit preachers earning their salaries on Sundays.

The Plain, Unvarnished Truth. From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

For the sake of the truth of history it is time to stop the current misstatement that "Congressman Vaux danced with the queen of England." The unvarnished fact is that Mr. Richard Vaux in his youth danced with Princess Victoria.

The Tendency of History. From the Chicago Times.

England proposes to poach on the United States sealing grounds, law or no law. Once upon a time England tried a very similar game in taking alleged British seamen out of United States merchant vessels and the results yielded very little glory for the meteor flag, so poetically called. One of the most curious facts

about history is its tendency to repeat itself.

Thanks—For What?

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer. The passengers on the steamship City of Rome adopted formal resolutions of thanks to the officers—for what? The vessel was crowded through the sea in a fog at racing speed and had a miraculous escape from destruction. She came so close to being wrecked on Fastnet rocks that a hole was stove in her bow and a passenger on deck plucked a flower from a crevice in the crag. Resolutions of thanks would be more appropriately voted to all captains whose craft never reach within miles of that perilous spot.

The Cheyennes as Fighters.

From the Washington Post. There is a strong party of Montanians in Washington for various purposes, more or less remotely connected with politics. The Cheyenne question is at present uppermost in their thoughts. "The Cheyennes," said Mr. S. P. Welles of Butte, at the Ebbitt last night, "are a wonderful tribe. They are of pure blood. There is not a half-breed among them, and the diseases which are prevalent among other Indian tribes are unknown. Their women are singularly virtuous, and the rare cases in which there is a lapse from the paths of rectitude are punished with the utmost severity. The soldiers say that the Cheyennes come nearer the civilized idea of a square, stand-up fight than any other tribe. They will fight in open ground, and are, man for man, equal to the best white troops. The Sioux on the Pine Ridge agency outnumber the Cheyennes who are there ten to one, yet the Cheyennes keep them completely terrorized. Squaws and boys of 10 fight like men. They will be a hard lot to handle if they get started."

DAUGHTERS OF EVE.

Adelina Patti is an accomplished linguist, speaking several languages fluently.

Miss Gertrude Magill, daughter of the president of the Quaker college at Swarthmore, Pa., is studying for the ministry.

The prize for the best design for a soldiers' monument, offered by the state of Iowa, has been awarded to a woman—Mrs. Harriet A. Ketchum.

Mrs. Mary Cooper, of Paterson, N. J., celebrated her 100th birthday anniversary recently, surrounded by 70 of her descendants, including one of the fifth generation.

Mrs. Wise, a daughter of Hall McAllister, and a niece of Ward McAllister, recently made her debut at a concert in San Francisco. She has a fine voice and is a beautiful woman.

Jean Ingelow is now more than 55 years old. She has never married. She lives in a pretty home in Kensington, England, where she devotes her time to caring for her mother and to works of charity.

"Carmen Sylva," the Roumanian queen, is said to be an illustrious epicure. She has invented a number of palatable culinary compositions and occasionally cooks a dish for the king with her own hands.

Virginia's first woman physician is Mrs. C. L. Haynes, who has recently been elected assistant physician at the Western Lunatic asylum after passing a successful examination before the state medical board.

Miss Raffalovitch, who is to marry William O'Brien, is an accomplished linguist and has been a frequent contributor to the continental journals. She has also translated Mr. O'Brien's novel into French.

Mrs. Glacott Prodders, the terror of 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.

Florence Pullman, the eldest daughter of the palace car millionaire, is a sensible young woman of 21. She has brown hair and eyes and a majestic carriage, and is rather pretty. She possesses \$900,000 in bank stock in her own right.

One of the handsomest women at the Spanish court in the days of Queen Isabella was the Duchess Medina-Cochi. She is still living, and her grandson, a boy of 12 years, is the richest nobleman in Spain, having a fortune of \$25,000,000.

Mrs. Edna Dean Proctor, the poetess, is a woman of middle age, with gray hair that is combed back over a broad forehead. She has an ample income that raises her above any dependence on the pen. She at one time lived in Peoria, Ill., and is a typical western woman.

One of the pretty women of Washington is Mrs. Mudd, wife of the youthful congressman from Baltimore. In her maiden days, Mrs. Mudd was one of the belles of Prince George county, Md., and she was the maid of honor who represented Baltimore in the centennial tournament at Philadelphia.

Connecticut has but one woman lawyer, Miss Mary Hall. After being graduated from the Wesleyan academy at Wilbraham, Mass., she taught mathematics for a time in a young ladies' school near Boston, and then began the study of law in the office of John Hooker, the husband of Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, at Hartford.

If Mme. Carnot is not popular in France, says Modern Society (London), it is certainly not from the lack of taking trouble to win public favor. She rivals the ex-Empress Eugenie in the thousand little ingenious devices she practices for securing popularity. She visits hospitals, assists at bazars, entertains all classes, and showers down little acts of kindness upon all whom she encounters.

The wife of Count Walderser, one of the nobles who stand high in the estimation of Emperor William, is the daughter of James Lee, once a prominent New York grocer. She is a beautiful woman, and while traveling with her father in Europe some years ago met and married Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein, who was about fifty years her senior. He lived but a short time, and later on she was married to her present husband.

Mrs. Millais, the famous artist's wife, and the ex-wife of John Ruskin, lives like a royal princess, and has a staff of artistically dressed servants who care for her every desire. She is beautiful, accomplished and captivating, and is regarded as her husband's mascot. Her Greek dresses are poems and her poses the perfection of grace. She has oriental couches in all of her apartments and is said to be the happiest woman in all Europe. Her husband is worth \$1,000,000.

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