

THE ANACONDA STANDARD.

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

Delivered by carrier or mail at ten dollars a year, three dollars a quarter or one dollar a month.

THE STANDARD

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, NOVEMBER 16, 1892.

It ought to be a pleasant Thanksgiving day for Warner Miller. He can be grateful for the assurance that the crops are good, that his Nicaragua scheme is looking up and that he is out of politics. Most of all, however, he will rejoice that he is no more to be as lonely as he was and that henceforth he will enjoy the companionship of Fassett as he takes his rambles on the wrong side of the ramparts.

In Ohio both sides praise the new election law. It secured a peaceful election, its spirit and letter were enforced and the rival factions agree in saying that the result is satisfactory. The rapidity with which this reform has spread is remarkable. Three years ago Massachusetts adopted the Australian system and that state was the pioneer in the reform. It has a ready been put practically in operation in twenty-seven states, and the crusade in favor of the system is by no means ended.

The grip seems to be closing in on America. They tell us that it is raging in Europe on the one side and in Australia on the other. It is said to have broken out in both sections simultaneously and it seems to be growing in virulence and spreading rapidly. The United States lies about midway between the two affected portions of the world, and we may catch it from both directions, in which event there will be an opportunity for comparing the European article with the Australian and determining which is the worse. At any rate there is little doubt of the grip coming our way before spring.

Notwithstanding the bitter cold, there was no postponement of the eclipse last night on account of the weather. It arrived and departed on schedule time, and while it didn't stay with us as long as with the people back East, and while, too, the atmospheric conditions here were not quite favorable for a thoroughly successful performance, the eclipse showed every desire to fulfill the expectations of the public and undoubtedly did the best it could under the circumstances. The people of the moon, of course, had much better opportunities for observing the eclipse than we had. It was pitch dark up there yesterday and last evening, and not only that but all animal life, if there is any, had to hustle to keep from freezing, for it's a mighty cold day in the moon when the sun doesn't shine. Eclipses cannot be very popular with the earth's eccentric little satellite.

An infant industry, the fostering of which was not contemplated by Major McKinley, seems to be developing most amazingly as a result of the tariff act which bears his name. It was shown recently that in the town of Maine along the Canadian frontier smuggling is so common that no notice is taken of it. Official reports have been sent to the treasury department showing that the same highly remunerative business is carried on all along the line from the Lake of the Woods to the Pacific. The administration, contrary to its usual policy, is anything but anxious to protect it, but the business is assuming large proportions and appears to be abundantly able to take care of itself. The proposal of the government to organize a large armed force to patrol the border, fight the smugglers and incidentally keep out the Chinese is the only remedy in sight. It will be as expensive as the duce, but the high protective tariff must itself be protected at any cost.

SENATOR GORMAN'S STATE.

Senator Gorman is a citizen who will be a good deal talked about within the next ten months. The republican press had very much to say about his intimate personal relations to the Maryland canvass, but we notice that comment from this source has not been greatly extended since the returns of the recent election were counted. Maryland went democratic by thirty thousand a fortnight ago, a figure far above that which is usually recorded—the state gave Cleveland pluralities of 7,300 in 1888 and 9,000 in 1884. This result is construed as a measure of the esteem in which Mr. Gorman is held by the people of his own state, it was a vote of confidence and an assurance that the incoming legislature will elect him for another term in the senate and do it in a handsome way. Mr. Gorman has served two terms in the senate; he can have a third term for the asking. He led last year in the fight against the force bill. His successful resistance to that abolition commended him to all democrats and to the many thousands of republicans who felt that the measure was grossly partisan in its purpose and who were glad to see it killed. A clever politician, a man of more than ordinary genius in the realm of

statecraft, an upright official and an aggressive leader, Mr. Gorman combines many of the elements out of which this country develops its successful men. The parties name candidates for the office of president next year, and when the gossip regarding favorites is started Mr. Gorman will certainly be talked about.

NOT THE RIGHT SORT.

The STANDARD will not pervert the truth for the sake of saying in a courteous way that Colonel Sanders and Commodore Power are good men to represent Montana at the Denver congress or in any assemblage of men where free coinage needs defenders.

When in the federal senate good, western republicans saw that there was an opportunity to give free coinage a chance, they implored these two men from Montana to swing loose from party control and make common cause for silver. Sanders and Power refused to do it—to the astonishment of people who supposed that, of course, they would stand up for their own state. The two Helena men were more interested in the force bill than they were in the cause of silver. That bill, so partisan in its spirit and so dishonest and corrupt in its intention that the republicans did not dare to enact it, was much to the taste of the two men from Montana. They got into the senate by corrupt methods, and they were willing to help other republicans to get in under methods of the same sort.

Sanders and Power were disloyal to silver at a time when the metal wanted friends; and if they go to Denver we warrant that as good a republican as Senator Wolcott is admitted to be will say as much and say it in open court.

The collapse of the Farmers' alliance as a force in politics is merely a repetition of the fate of similar movements which have developed themselves with more or less regularity during the last quarter of a century midway between presidential elections. Such was the granger movement in 1874, the greenback movement in 1878, and the independent movement in 1882. The New York Sun philosophically observes that in considering this political phenomenon it is to be remembered first, that these independent movements take place at regular intervals of four years; and secondly, that they always manifest themselves in the congress elections held in those years in which no president is to be chosen. The protest they present is always against the party in national power, as for example, against the republicans in 1874, 1878, 1882, 1890, and against the democracy in 1886. Formidable at first, they invariably spend themselves before the lines close for the presidential battle.

The talk about Governor Boies as a possibility for second place on a presidential ticket headed by Cleveland has given some Buffalo historian an opportunity to remark that both Cleveland and Boies once lived in Erie county, N. Y., and in 1865 narrowly escaped running against each other for district attorney. In those days Boies was a republican of local prominence, but though he was well-liked and a young fellow of recognized ability, the choice of the county convention fell upon another and the future Iowa statesman missed the chance of being walloped by Cleveland at the polls. It was soon after that Boies moved to Iowa, where, becoming convinced of the error of his ways, he turned democrat and a mighty good one, too.

YOUR UNCLE JERRY.

When the creation of a national department of agriculture was under discussion, not a few were the opinions expressed that the proposed bureau would be simply an expensive and worthless experiment. Such opinions are heard no longer. Under the energetic management of Secretary Rusk, the agriculture department has successfully demonstrated its usefulness and practicability. For an old gentleman of staid habits of thought and action, Mr. Rusk is displaying a spirit of enterprise and adventure for which nobody was prepared. He embraces new ideas with the ardor and enthusiasm of a boy. He took hold of the weather business with the eagerness of a young lawyer accepting his first case. The rain-making proposition presented to his imagination splendid opportunities for benefitting the human race, and he went into the thing like a dog after a Jack rabbit. Principally as a result of his well-directed efforts, the American hog has secured a foothold in Europe. We do not understand that Uncle Jerry is entitled to any special credit for the quantity and excellence of this year's crops, but that he has at heart the interests of the farmers in particular and of the people in general there is no gainsaying; and no scheme is advanced for the amelioration of their condition and increasing the sum total of human happiness that he will not cheerfully investigate.

These observations are called forth by the announcement that the department of agriculture is busily at work devising plans for preventing adulteration in foods. Uncle Jerry will take tea and coffee to begin with. The coffee of commerce is said to be in a very bad way, an assertion that will not be disputed by consumers. Even people who buy unground coffee and reduce it to a state of pulverization in their own private mills, now stand no better chance of getting the real, simon-pure article than those who get it already ground from the grocer's. Artificial coffee beans are moulded from compositions made of clay, condensed milk and other materials. These beans are manufactured in enormous quantities in Germany, whence they are shipped

to this country and sold at ten cents a pound. Not even a prohibitive duty on artificial coffee will satisfy Mr. Rusk. He proposes to urge congress to exclude these and all other imitations from importation to this country by passing a law shutting out articles palpably intended for the falsification of food.

If we must have adulterants, give home manufacture a chance. Home manufacture, it appears, is not slow to embrace every chance that comes its way. It is rather surprising—but, of course, it has been due to a low tariff—that Yankee enterprise had not been able to compete with German in faking coffee. But it may be gratifying to American pride to learn that in some lines of food adulteration no other country on earth can compare at all with our own. There are said to be many factories in the United States, particularly in Connecticut, which are wilyly engaged in the production of adulterants for sale to various trades. It is estimated, for instance, that there is scarcely any pepper on the market at present which is not at least three-fourths something else.

Mr. Rusk has undertaken a big contract in stopping the adulteration of food, and if, as is likely, he meets with only a moderate degree of success, his efforts will not be less appreciated by his constituents. Uncle Jerry is an ambitious old fellow with a mighty good heart in him anyway.

APPEALING FOR IRELAND.

Dr. Fox Thinks That Parcellism as Well as Farnell Is D. ad.

From the Washington Post. The organization of the Irish National Federation of America, having for its object the moral and financial support of the Irish parliamentary party, will doubtless be effected, but under existing circumstances will be of slow growth; not that American sympathy for home rule has died out, but that the American patience is well nigh exhausted with the factious quarrels of its champions.

Dr. Joseph F. E. x, member of parliament from Kings county, Ireland, who is now in this country energetically urging the proposed organization, takes the ground that the result of the late election in Cork disposes of all the objections that have hitherto been raised to a continuance of co-operative effort on the part of the Irish-Americans. In his speech at Philadelphia Sunday evening Dr. Fox declared that with Parrell dead Parrellism was likewise dead. It had been defeated in each of its chief Irish strongholds, and no longer had a footing before the people. Ireland was practically a unit, and help extended to her representatives in parliament would no longer be divided or diverted or unworthily dealt with.

The position is fairly well taken in view of the sweeping discomfitures that one after another have overtaken the Parrellites, but it will be difficult to revive any immediate enthusiasm for the home rule cause in America. Parrellism may be dead, but the bad passions engendered by the contention over its remains still survive. There must be some greater assurance than the present situation affords that harmony, good sense, and genuine patriotism have taken the place of madness, folly, and treachery to the best interests of Ireland before the old time confidence can be restored and the new federation become the power that under favoring auspices it might be.

Dom Pedro and Brass 1.

From the Buffalo Express. There can be no doubt there is one Brazilian who is a patriot, whether there are any others or not. Even those who have no sympathy with kinglyship as an institution cannot read what ex-Emperor Dom Pedro says about his relations toward his country without a feeling of admiration for the brave old exile. He loved his country and its peace and welfare better than he loved power for himself. Believing in republican institutions, it was easy for him to see that he could do his people more service by promoting the bloodless revolution than by opposing it. There are few kings who will stand higher in history, so far as honor is concerned, than Dom Pedro.

Scrambling for the Cornodger. From the New York Advertiser.

There is great excitement in the corn market in Germany. We hope that they are finding out over there what a fine thing our cornodger is, and as the boys say on the stock exchange, "are scrambling for it." We have been telling our German friends all the time that our corn is as good "as wheat," so to speak. Next thing we hear from Germany there will be a bear panic in American corn.

A Discrepancy. From the Pittsburg Dispatch.

According to the sworn statement of Roswell P. Flower, governor-elect of New York, his entire contributions to the campaign, "directly or indirectly, by himself or any other persons," were a check of \$5,000 to the state executive committee last October. According to the assertions of the republican organs they foot up \$500,000. Who can account for this remarkable discrepancy of \$495,000?

A Horse on Somebody. From the Pittsburg Dispatch.

"Nothing to eat in the province of Nijni Novgorod. Corn riots in Simbirsk. Carcasses of 5,000 starved horses in the steppes near Voronezh," is the summary of a contemporary. But this shows a lack of inventiveness on the part of the Muscovite. If they are so hard up why did they not salt down the 5,000 horses? Horse steaks are a long shot better than death by starvation.

PRESIDENTIAL TIMBER.

What a democratic ticket Flower and Boies would make! How the farmers would rally around it!—New York Advertiser. In Senator Palmer's nomination of Governor Russell for the vice presidency a modest way of nominating Senator Palmer for the presidency?—St. Louis Post-Dispatch. It looks as though Boss Gorman carried Maryland for his party by a majority big enough to give him some standing among the presidential aspirants.—St. Louis Globe Democrat. What will the next national republican convention do with the Hon. William McKinley? He is going to be a very conspicuous man in popular thought.—Burlington Heraldo. It is very curious that in the Blaine boomers to tender Major McKinley second place, but what the matter with McKinley and "some good eastern man"—Washington Post. The dem crats carried Maryland by head and heels, and as the credit of all they do is usually

set down to the honor of Senator Gorman, his boom for the presidency ought to begin to expand anew.—Pittsburg Times. From private sources we learn that Governor Boies is already studying up the rules of the United States senate, and especially those relating to the duties of the presiding officer. Previousness was always characteristic in the West.—New York Advertiser. The remarkable success of Governor Boies in Iowa marks him as a great mental quantity of more than ordinary success. Of course Grover Cleveland will be the candidate of his party for president if he will accept the nomination. No other person will be seriously considered. Boies will be a splendid running mate.—Toledo Blade. If Mr. Blaine will accept the republican nomination for the presidency it is his for the taking. He never was so strong with his party as he is to-day. Men who have always opposed him have voluntarily waded into line or been forced in by the pressure of popular party opinion. It is a man who can do at Mr. Blaine's nomination is James G. Blaine. What he will do the party does not know.—Wheeling Intelligence.

MORNING COCKTAILS.

She—Ah, Jack, I'm afraid I shall make you a sorry wife. He—I've no doubt. Any one who marries me will be sorry.—Colorado Sun. Peace reigns throughout prosperous land, Our labors we renew with zest, The orator is silent and The campaign har takes a rest.—New York Press.

Clarissa—You had your likeness taken at Camera's, you say? Ethel—Yes.

C.—Why did you go there? He is not much of an artist. E.—He took a very handsome portrait of me.

C.—He did? Then he must be very clever.—Los Angeles Times.

Lasher—Dasher says that you are a fool.

Masher—Dasher! I shall certainly cut him when I meet him.

Lasher—Don't. He will feel more insulted if you recognize him.—Puck.

When Gould was a boy—our own Jay Gould—He lived on a farm they say, And tended the flock and watered the stock In a most commendable way.

Now Gould is a man—our own Jay Gould—And his farm-life recalls, they say, Since he shears his flock, and waters his stock, But not in the same old way.—New York Press.

Doortender—Very sorry, sir, but I can't let you go in. The lecture is exclusively for ladies.

Long-Haired Applicant—I am a Browning reader.

Doortender—Oh, pardon me, pardon me, pass right in.—Boston Courier.

"What a bright lot of darky boys!" "Yes—all but that little one over there—a regular little picanniny, isn't he?" "Well, yes. If I were going to pick a nunny out of the lot, I should take him."—Philadelphia Press.

O, obituary writer, most unneary are thy tasks: For thee the devil shudders, and St. Peter never asks.

Against the lost souls well may rail, and pale gues s widely vapor. For while they lie within their graves, thou liest in thy paper.—New York Herald.

Twynn—I do all my writing with my left hand.

Triplet—Then, of course, you cannot obey the Scriptural injunction.

"What injunction?" "Not let your left hand know what your right hand does."—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

WORLD'S FAIR NOTES.

The woman physicians, pharmacists, and dentists of Illinois intend to prepare an exhibit to be made in the Illinois state building. The department of electricity is making an effort to secure a complete collection of historical electrical apparatus, in order to show the progress of the science from early times. The American Street Railway association has applied for 50,000 square feet in the transportation building and appointed a committee to help Chief Smith get a suitable exhibit, which will be collective.

Three women have been appointed in Dutch Guiana to collect a display for the women's department, and in Mexico and quite a number of other countries provisions for women's displays are being made. The Daughters of the American Revolution have been granted 3,000 square feet for an exhibit in the woman's building. The organization, of which Mrs. President Harrison is president, has 1,000 members.

The speech making, choral exercises, etc., will occur in the manufacturers building, which will be fitted with seating accommodation for 8,000 to 100,000 people. It is now thought that from 12,000 to 15,000 troops will participate in the dedicatory exercises. The expenses of the dedicatory ceremonies will approximate \$200,000.

Ample restaurant accommodations are to be provided at the exposition grounds. The locations for restaurants thus decided upon are four in the mines and mining building, 16 in the manufacturers' building, and six on the esplanade in front, four in the electricity building, and two in the woman's building. Some are on the ground floor and some in the galleries.

NATURE'S AUCTION.

Mother Nature, thrifty housewife, offers worn-out clothes for sale. Clothes with sadly tattered cluster, burned by sun and torn by gale; They have braved my summer's heat and winter's cold, Now the summer sports is ended, and they're dirty, worn and frayed.

Older's old clo'! Who'll buy my old clo'! They must be sold, for here's the first snow! Here's the sun and here's the patches, With me it'll catches To hold them together till the winter winds blow.

The hardback plumes are faded, and the thistle pompon's rusty; And the mother's velvet mantle has grown travel-stained and dusty; The milkweed's cap is flung aside, and her silken, silver hair Is snarled in cobweb tangles or floats on vagrant air.

The willows trail their draggled skirts, the maples have red spatters; The apple trees wear ragged hoods, the sumacs are in tatters; The hummock's green pinafore is sodded with the rain; And the proud oak's dainty waistcoat shows many a weary stain.

The birches' scanty wraps of gold their rounded arras reveal, And the fair white-footed clematis bursts out a toe and heel; The woodbine binds her fluttering gown with luscious sugar lips, While her fiery blush-tell the tale of the frost king's close press'd lips.

See these old clo' I sell— They're a story to tell, And the birds and the flowers the beginning knew well— But they're worn beyond mending, And thus comes the ending, They're going! they're going! they're gone! and farewell! —Boston Transcript.

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—TIME SCHEDULE— ARRIVE AT BUTTE.

No. 105, Bozeman express.....2:30 p. m. No. 103, "Fony" express.....8:45 p. m. No. 106, From the west (daily).....6:55 p. m. Missoula and Helena express.....12:19 p. m.

DEPART FROM BUTTE. No. 1, Pacific mail.....2:35 p. m. No. 106, Bozeman express.....7:40 p. m. No. 110, "Fony" express.....7:50 a. m. Missoula and Helena express.....7:50 a. m.

"Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Bozeman express arrives and leaves from Northern Pacific depot, No. 4, east bound, arrives and leaves from Montana Union depot, has through sleeper for Tacoma and Portland. Nos. 1 and 4 carry local mail.

For rates, maps, time tables or special information apply to any agent, Northern Pacific route. CHARLES S. FEE, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn. WM. TUOHY, General Agent, 25 East Broadway, Butte, Mont.

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No. 2, Helena Express, 2:40 p. m. For information as to sleeping car reservations, tickets and time tables apply to B. H. LANGLEY, Gen. Agent, Butte, Mont. J. E. DAWSON, F. J. WHITNEY, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agt., St. Nor. Ry., St. Paul.

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