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Largest Daily Circulation in Montana.

9,150,

Net Daily Average for October

State of Montana, County of Deer Lodge.

Personally appeared before me, Harvey E. Mahan, a Notary Public in and for the County of Deer Lodge, State of Montana, W. R. Bond, Business Manager, and F. E. Martz, Mailing Clerk of the Anaconda Standard, who being sworn, depose and say: That the net daily average circulation of the Anaconda Standard for the month of October was 9,150.

W. R. BOND, Business Manager, F. E. MARTZ, Mailing Clerk. Subscribed and sworn to before me, in the City of Anaconda, this 1st day of November, 1894.

HARVEY E. MAHAN, Notary Public.

To ADVERTISERS—The circulation books and press rooms of the STANDARD are always open to you. Will any other Montana newspaper extend this courtesy?

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1894.

What Makes...

By way of South Dakota comes the news that, unless the republican party makes an emphatic declaration in favor of free coinage, the leaders of the agitation in silver's favor will strike out for themselves in 1896. Undoubtedly this dispatch, coming from South Dakota, is inspired by Senator Pettigrew. What position he may conclude to take next presidential year remains to be seen; as for Senator Jones and Senator Stewart, referred to in the dispatch, both of them quit the republicans long ago. These two are foremost among silver's defenders, they are not waiting for 1896; they made up their minds last spring that silver has no chance in the world at the hands of the republicans.

The intimation is that, if the silver republicans break away, they will nominate Senator Cameron for the presidency in the campaign of 1896. It is true that, during the memorable extra session of last year, Mr. Cameron was with the silverites. His unique distinction is that he is the only republican senator in all the United States east of Omaha who stood up for free coinage in last year's fight. One objection to Mr. Cameron is that he is just a little past the prime for first-class presidential timber—he will be sixty-three years old in 1896; since Buchanan's time, who was elected at the age of sixty-five, the policy of the people has been to select younger men for the presidency.

However, when it comes to leadership in a contest for free coinage, there'll be no lack of vigorous men. First of all, it is pertinent to know whether the republicans will do anything worth doing for silver. We do not believe they will. If they do, it will be a departure from all the traditions of the republican party. Meanwhile, the democrats have the opportunity which the short session affords. What a glorious consummation it would be, if, in response to the sentiment that prevailed when they were elected, these democrats in congress would arise in their might, override Cleveland and do their duty.

Candidates' Expenses.

Some of the sworn statements filed in accordance with the requirements of New York's corrupt-practices act are amusing. The act is a good enough one so far as it goes, but it doesn't go very far. It places no restrictions on the amount of money a candidate may spend, nor does it assume to prescribe the purposes for which he may spend it. He may make as large a contribution to the central committee as he pleases, and the committee may take the stuff and use it according to its own sweet will, for no sworn statement from such committee is required. Herein appears to be the weak point in New York's corrupt-practices law.

According to Governor-elect Morton's statement, he tapped his barrel for only \$19,000 worth, the most of which, of course, found its way into the committee and disappeared there. His salary during his entire term will amount only to \$29,000. David B. Hill swears he anted up less than \$3,000. Our old friend Lemuel Eli Whoolpa Quigg takes an oath that he didn't spend a cent. Amos J. Cummings, who was defeated for congress, contributed \$4,700, or nearly one year's salary as a congressman, and his suc-

cessful republican competitor contributed nearly twice as much, or within a little more than one thousand dollars of his salary for a full term. The assessments regularly levied upon judicial candidates by Tammany Hall during the past ten years have ranged, it is said, from \$10,000 to \$25,000, and Recorder Smith, who was beaten by Lawyer Goff at the recent election, was compelled to pay \$3,500 to the treasurer of Tammany Hall as the price of his campaign expenses.

Simultaneously comes the announcement that Colonel Breckinridge and Governor Waite are going on the lecture platform. The wonder is they do not take to the dramatic stage. They have only to combine together to make a variety team that would take the shine off anything in the vaudeville line now before the people. What superior end men they would make in a minstrel show. What flashes of wit and repartee could be passed back and forth across the footlights relative to closed carriages and bloody bridges. The two gentlemen are missing a golden opportunity in not uniting their talents and giving themselves to us either in burnt cork or farce comedy for a single admittance fee. They should not put people to the expense of putting up for two separate shows right in the winter time when eggs and cabbages are liable to be very high.

In Retrospect.

As soon as it appeared that the count would award the capital to the city of Helena, the STANDARD accepted the situation with brave heart, invoking the people of Anaconda to turn at once to new themes and new purposes. The files of this newspaper are in witness of the fact that, otherwise, not three lines in reference to Helena's part in the capital controversy have found a place on this page.

It is not the same in Helena. They won, and, with characteristic conduct, they like to rub it in. Helena's discourteous post-election references to this city and to some of its people are persistently kept up. Even the pulpit in Helena has taken up the theme. The Rev. Dr. Thomas Cooper dragged it in, at services held in the opera house, last Sunday—he noted "another triumph for Christianity" in Helena's election.

One sentence in the Rev. Dr. Cooper's talk recalls an incident. A day or two after the election, Helena celebrated. We were not there, but we have the testimony of two or three enthusiastic Helena people that it was "the most prodigious drunk" ever seen in the Northwest. Whiskey was carried about town for free distribution. Embrics of citizens of Anaconda were carted in coffins through the streets of Helena amid the ribald yells of drunken men. Maudlin telegrams, all of them insulting and some of them too vulgar to print, were sent by the dozen to this city. The scene at night in the public highways was enlivened with the noisy antics of beer-besotted harlots. Later on, Helena invited the whole state to a celebration which, by every right in the world ought to have been held in Butte, because the corruption fund—Butte money—put up in Silver Bow county, elected Helena. Less than one-fourth of one per cent. of the people of Montana accepted the invitation; still, it went all right. It was what you would call, in socially-superior speech, an hilarious hurrah.

Now, the STANDARD is not intent on carping criticism of any form of celebration in which Helena may choose to engage. Our belief is that, had Anaconda won, the people of this city would have permitted themselves to indulge in exuberant celebration. Somehow, that sort of thing is tolerated. It isn't exactly right, yet sensible people, in their pleasant way, always pardon it and let it pass. Just the same, public opinion always draws the line. Public opinion never carries these outbreaks to the altars for anointment or for blessing. However, they have in Helena a Reverend Thomas Cooper, who is announced to be a doctor of divinity and who, while he was preaching last Sunday, rung in two sentences, which we quote word for word from the Independent's report of them, lest any man should suspect that this page perverts the words. The Independent says:

Referring in glowing language to the delight of Montana over Helena's recent victory, the doctor said: "There was one bright face looking down from the glorious heavens of truth upon the thrilling scene. On the demonstration of the gratitude, by which our people recognized the sacrifice which so many of their leaders had so joyfully made in the cause of truth and righteousness, fell the benedictions of Jesus."

The American dollar has become so popular in the Orient that England announces her intention of entering into competition with it with a dollar of her own manufacture. The dies have been cut for an issue of trade dollars from the mint in Bombay. This new British dollar will bear the imperial arms on one face and its value, expressed in English, Chinese and Malay on the other. The Orientals like the American dollar first rate, the only trouble is it has been extensively counterfeited—although some of the counterfeiters they say are better executed and carry more silver than the genuine. The dollar is so much more popular that it is driving the British rupee from the market, and John Bull is going to put his own dollar into circulation as a supplementary coin.

A small band of colored people have just left New York for Liberia. It is the advance guard of an army of negroes who are said to be getting ready to gather at southern seaports and take passage for the same country as soon as transportation is available. It may be that the Liberia scheme will pan out as successfully as its leaders predict, but the probabilities are against it. Frederick Douglass, who,

by reason of his experience and his ability, is the foremost colored citizen of America, does not favor the colonization schemes, nor have they been approved by other colored citizens of note. The fact is, the southern negro is not at home in Liberia, and all attempts to induce him to make that country his home have proved failures. Once in Liberia and their spirit of adventure satisfied, the negroes who have already tried the experiment have grown discontented and been anxious to return to their old homes in the South.

Talk of a Silver Trust.

The story of the proposed silver syndicate, or, as some may prefer to call it, the silver trust, seems to be, according to the Denver newspapers, about as follows: Last week a conference was held in Denver, at which were present Daniel Guggenheim of New York, Messrs. Barton and Nash of Omaha, Mr. Hanauer of Salt Lake, and Mr. Allen of the Philadelphia Smelting and Refining company at Pueblo, and representatives of Colorado smelters and leading silver-producing mines. Two reports are current as to the details of the proposed plan. One is that a syndicate backed by John D. Rockefeller and the Rothschilds will obtain control of all the silver smelters in the United States and Mexico, and arbitrarily fix the price of silver regardless of the supply and demand. The proposition was made, so it is stated, that the smelters should be taken at an appraised valuation equivalent to cost. This was to be paid in cash. Then each was to have a proportionate block of stock in the new deal. The Grant people, so it is stated, wanted their plant paid for at its real value, not its cost. This hitch has still to be adjusted.

According to the other report the proposition is to have the silver of all the smelters handled through one man or agency. At present the Guggenheims have a certain house, the Grant people another, and so on. There would be a saving to the smelters of possibly a quarter of one cent an ounce in having it handled by one man instead of half a dozen or a dozen, but the main object would be to prevent sudden slumps in the price of silver.

QUAINT OR CURIOUS.

The whale is said to send out from its heart at every beat nearly 15 gallons of blood.

In the time of Augustus Caesar a female dancer was worth \$2,000; a flute player who could also dance, \$3,000; a doctor, \$700; a copyist, \$600.

Farmer Gibson, near Avoca, Pa., has raised a family of 13 squashes on one vine, the smallest of which weighed 117 and the largest 14 1/4 pounds.

The director of the German theater at Buda-Pesth has begun a civil suit against the king of Saxony for the payment of \$1,500 owed him by one of the king's officers.

Some remarkable figures are given as to the popularity of nursing as an occupation among women. At one of the large London hospitals upward of 5,000 applications have been made to enter the nurses' training home the last year. At another London hospital more than 600 applications were received within two months of this year.

The latest opposition to the bicycle comes from an utterly unexpected quarter—the Thames boatmen. "Shiver them bicycles; they've ruined my business! Instead of 100 boats out on a fine Sunday, each with a young lass in the stern sheets and her beau at the oars, not 20 put out from the float. My old customers wheel over the bridges instead of running under them." This is the boatman's grumble.

Virginia cigarettes from Kent would be a refreshing novelty to the English smoker. Quiet quietly experiments, which are nearly completed, have been carried out for the purpose of achieving this phenomenon. Under sanction of an English treasury warrant a crop of tobacco was grown with the utmost care during last summer upon a piece of land forming part of the Preston hall estate in Kent. The Virginia tobacco plants thrive well, and the leaves are now being prepared for use.

A home for unemployed husbands has been started in the lower Missouri Pacific yards, near the brick yards, says the Atchison Globe. The employees of the brick yards are out of employment a great deal of the time during the winter, and their wives will not let them lie around the house. Realizing that they would freeze to death during the winter if something were not done at once, the men commenced building a home for unemployed husbands, which has just been completed. The home is located on the river bank, where an elegant view of the brick yards, the public dump, the Durst & Logeman packing house and John Seaton's foundry can be seen. Cards, checkers, dominoes and other games can be played in the home, and all unemployed husbands who are not allowed to stay at home during the day are welcome.

CURRENT HUMOR.

"They tell me Jones is runnin' for speaker of the house?" "You don't say? When did the old woman die?"—Atlanta Constitution.

"Yes," said Mr. Sourman, "women like money, and money is like women." "How is that?" inquired his wife. "Money talks."—New York Press.

Visitor—Well, Tommy, what are you going to be when you grow up? Tommy—Ma says I am going to be just such another lazy loafer as pa is.—Texas Siftings.

Briggs (emphatically)—I tell you that fellow Strawberry knows the value of a dollar. Griggs—You must have been trying to borrow some money from him.—Detroit Free Press.

A reasonable excuse—Mrs. Professor (jealously)—What's this long hair on your coat sir. Professor—Oh, that is—er—oh, I have just been coaching a football eleven, my dear.—Truth.

Friend: If your washerwoman charges by the piece it must be rather expensive. Young housekeeper: Oh, no. She loses so many things that her bills are never high.—New York Weekly.

spicuously striped cuffs. "I reckon de tax on playin' cards has a good deal to do wid it."—Washington Star.

Experience Had Taught Him—Dusty Rhodes: A woman gave me this quarter and didn't ask what I wanted to do with it. Fitz William: Taste it; it must be lead.—Kate Field's Washington.

She: But how can you think I'm pretty when my nose turns up so? He: Well, all I have to say is that it shows mighty poor taste in backing away from such a lovely mouth.—London Standard.

"Rum brought you here, I presume," said the prison visitor. "That's what," said Rubbenbeck Bill. "After this when I get out I am 'n'in' to stick to what I was raised on—gin."—Indianapolis Journal.

Mr. Scripp: My, a, er, I don't see how you had this counterfeit bill passed on you! Mrs. Scripp: Well, you don't let me see enough real money to enable me to tell the difference.—Harper's Bazar.

One thing a poor, weak woman can never understand is why it costs a man \$4.50 to win a turkey for 10 cents in a raffish. But women are not presumed to know everything.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Hills—Who was that you just bowed to? Halls—Why, that's Jenks, the great fiction writer. Hills—Never heard of him. What has he written? Halls—Testimonials for patent medicines.—New York World.

Teacher—Tommy, did you find out anything about the origin of the dollar mark? Tommy—I asked paw about it and he said the straight lines stood for the pillars of society and the crooked ones for the way they got their money.—Cincinnati Tribune.

Editor (dictating)—"John Jones, one year, 10 subscriptions, two gallons of syrup; Bill Smith, six months, one full-head cabbage; Jim Banks, three months, one peck coopsas; Tom Brown, two months, half load light wood. Have you got them down?" "All down." "Now go out and bunch the lot for a No. 9 pair o' shoes an' two billed shirts!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Where Was the Star-Spangled Banner? From the Helena Clock.

I never remember seeing such a profusion of beautiful flowers as greeted me when I entered the Cruise residence on Tuesday evening. It was all fairly-like and the welcome accorded every one by Mr. and Miss Cruise was a royal one. They both have the reputation of being inimitable in the art of entertaining, and on this occasion they fairly outdid themselves. Mr. Clark received almost as much of an ovation as he did the day before, and Mr. Quinn was fairly devoured by the ladies. I heard one fair dame, who is noted for her good looks and exuberance of spirit, say he was "just the dearest thing on earth," and that now and forever more she would "stand by the Irish." Mr. Clark sang "My Country 'Tis of Thee," which, it goes without saying, brought down the house.

Voice of No Consequence, From the Brooklyn Eagle.

Manager—Can you sing? Pretty applicant—No, sir—not a note. Manager—Well, that doesn't matter much. I want you for the leading part in a comic opera.

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Picnic for Bargain Hunters To-day. You are Invited.

Table listing various goods and prices: 500 pairs Edinboro Mottled Gray Blankets, worth \$2.50, for \$1.85. Men's Kersey Overcoats, \$12.50. The Eagle Non-Shrinking Overshirt at \$1. Full Dress Shirts, Latest Style, just in. Men's \$5, \$6 and \$7 Hand Sewed Shoes for \$3.50 pair. Ladies' \$3 Hand Turned boots \$2. Men's Mohawk Wool Caps 75c. Men's \$2 Underwear \$1 a Suit. Men's \$1 Underwear 50c a suit.

M. J. CONNELL COMPY, BUTTE, MONT.

Table listing various goods and prices: \$3 Cashmere underw'r \$2.50 suit. \$6.50 Pants \$5. Boys' Wool School Suits \$3.50. Boys' School Pants 25c. Children's Jackets \$1. Child's 1 to 4 yrs Cloaks 95c. Golf Capes \$7.50. Misses' Night Gowns 25c. 5 Pairs Wool Socks For \$1. Late Novelties in Ladies' Fancy Neckwear. \$10 Cloaks For \$4.95. 1200 Boxes Ice Wool, All Colors, this week 25c. New Plush Capes \$19.75 and \$27.50. Calico Wrappers 50c. 30 inch Wool Seal Capes \$9.75. Children's Furs \$1 a Set. Astrachan Capes \$5. Wool Seal Capes \$3.95.

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