

ANACONDA, MONTANA, SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 2, 1895.

Montana State News.

AROUND THE STATE

Comments of the Standard's Exchanges on Timely Themes.

MR. BIGGERSTAFF'S CAREER

The South Outdoing the West in Advertising its Resources—Anaconda's Marvelous Growth—A Revival at Bald Butte.

Billings Gazette: "Do you know that almost every railroad running east of Pittsburg is pulling for the south?" said a traveling man the other day. "It's a fact," he continued, "and easily proven. Look at the literature some of them are sending out setting forth the manifold advantages of the South—fine climate, abundant rains, excellent crops, beautiful scenery and all the concomitants of advanced civilization. There is a certain picturesqueness, too, in their manner of advertising that is decidedly attractive. One pamphlet says: 'Don't go west where you have to buy water and land both in order to raise a crop; come to the South, where nature furnishes plenty of water sufficient for all needs and where land is cheaper than at any other place in the United States.' Of course there is plenty of good land in the South, but there is no better than what we have in the West, and as for buying water with which to irrigate, they will all have to come to that after awhile. Irrigation is the future method of crop raising and the quicker people realize it and make their plans accordingly the better. But the people of the West are going to lose some desirable immigrants if they do not do something to offset the efforts of these eastern railroads. Thousands of people from the eastern and middle states are moving and the West, Montana especially, ought to get two-thirds of them. But she will not do it unless she advertises her resources, and it seems to me that Billings, surrounded as she is by the best agricultural land in the world, much of it already under ditches, ought to do something to let these people know what she has to offer."

WILL DIE A CATHOLIC.

How Murderer Biggerstaff is Spending His Last Days.

Helena Independent: William Biggerstaff, under sentence of death, with the prospect before him that the sentence may not be reversed and that the judgment may be carried out as the law directs, even though it may be delayed for a time, is interesting himself in the future welfare of his soul. He has begun to think of the religious side of life, and he has found a spiritual adviser in Rev. Father Victor Day, assistant pastor of the Cathedral of the Sacred Heart. Biggerstaff's relatives were not Catholics, but he was reared in a Catholic family in Kansas, and since that time leaned toward that faith, when he gave religion any thought at all. He will be baptized in the faith, and will be attended at the last hour by a priest of the church. Elder William A. Moore, pastor of the African Methodist church, called on the prisoner a few days ago, and talked with him earnestly of the future, and later, at the request of some of Biggerstaff's friends, Rev. T. V. Moore, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, also attended the condemned man in his cell. But, while they were receiving ordination, enough, they did not attend to the religious side again that was given to Rev. Father Day, and they did not. "My folks were Methodists and Baptists, mostly," said the prisoner yesterday, "but I was a little boy when I first started out to make my own way. My mother had just married again, and my stepfather didn't care about being bothered with the children. When the family scattered, I found a man with a man named John J. Smith, in Lawrence, Kas. The family were all Catholics. I was never baptized in the church, but I expect to be before I die. I never did think there was any other church for me." Rev. Father Day was a visitor at the county jail yesterday afternoon. He remained an hour, and as he left he said that Biggerstaff had expressed a desire to be a Catholic before he died. "He will not be baptized right away," said the priest, "There are some necessary steps of instruction to be taken first."

At one time in his life Biggerstaff started to join one of the colored "Masonic" orders that were then flourishing in several parts of the country. He became a fellow craft, having taken the second degree, but went no further. He said in explanation of his withdrawal that he found that it was not the real order as it had been represented to him to be, and he cared nothing further about it.

"I thought I knew a thing or two about what was right myself," he added.

He has seven sisters and two brothers in different parts of the middle west. There are two at Talosquah, in the Cherokee nation, and others at Lawrence, Topeka and Emporia, Kansas. He received a letter yesterday from one of his sisters, who is married to William Ross, son of the chief of the Cherokee nation. She says that "the sad news of your conviction has just been received," and adds that if there were anything that could be done to help him it would be done cheerfully. The together-in-law indicates that he has no ready money, but that he has some real estate that he would dispose of if there were any assurance that it would do good. He does not feel like making the sacrifice, however, without some idea of what plan the prisoner has in mind for his own benefit. Another letter is from a number of his old friends in Denver, who have signed a petition, directed to "those of his friends who may be in a position to aid him," saying that in their acquaintance with him he was always quiet, peaceable and industrious, and that he was, so far as they knew, a good citizen. The petition concludes with an expression of hope that

all who can will render assistance to "this broken reed."

Biggerstaff takes a great deal of satisfaction in these letters, testimonials that came rather late, yet which he regards as evidences that there are still some who think enough of him to write words of comfort for his last hour.

Biggerstaff is not communicative, but he is cheerful, outwardly. He will always hope, as long as there is life. "How do I feel?" he says, when visitors to the county jail ask the inevitable question. "I am as fine as silk."

THE WEEK IN BOZEMAN.

Things Seen to Have Quiet-Down Somewhat and to be Easier Meditates.

Bozeman Chronicle: This has been a dull, uneventful week. It has been filled as chock full of ennui as a threshing with tanglefoot and were it not for the fact that the pioneers wrested this country from the Indians and left in their place the city council, last week would have been as dreary as Ezra's chances for re-election to the governorship.

First, the "Cow Boy" preacher with his "lawny mane and shingle mill voice" has gone, and we can no longer see him do violence to the queen's English in a style so blood curdling as to make the compulsory education clause of the codes an unnecessary provision. We no longer hear his plaintive plea for "stuff," as he tells the romantic story of his life. He has gone where wheat and barley are bringing a better price and chattel mortgages are not ripe until later in the season.

And the gladsome salt fakir, with his plug hat of questionable vintage and his game leg—in sympathy with those he oft has pulled—is also gone. No more we hear his clarion voice ring out on the still air of night, where his Radersburg diamonds flash and glisten in the glare of his naphtha lamps. He is gone. Gone where legitimate business has not re-established itself on a cash basis, where the yeomanry is not so thoroughly overworked that he cannot work them himself. It takes a confiding people to buy suits at \$1.00 per box which cost 3 cents. But his memory lingers. This winter when the wind, then untempered by the fire, in which the Livingston parishioners allude to as the Muir tunnel, comes whistling up the canyon, we shall think of him. When we go out into the night and wrest the top rail from our barbed wire fence, we will wonder why it was that we did not enlist in the U. S. army and thus have some one to do our thinking for us and to protect us. And the thought will come to us that no matter how many safeguards the legislature throws around us and how hard it tries to save us from ourselves, it is still unsafe for us to venture out of doors. Thus will we spend the winter in kicking ourselves, and next summer when the circus comes along we will run up against the shell game, and be flim-flamed out of a month's wages by the short change man. And yet eternal hope bids us stay on earth.

Events in Grey Cliff.

Grey Cliff Correspondent of the Yellowstone Valley Recorder: William Strong has concluded to take a lay-off and will start in a few days for Detroit, Mich., to visit friends. William has been herding sheep in this vicinity for a number of years past and will enjoy the lay-off very much.

A. Snidow found an old rifle a few miles east of here one day last week. It is one of the kind that was used in 1801 and is nearly rusted to pieces. Thomas says he will keep it to remember old times by.

Some religiously inclined rascal made a raid Thursday on D. L. Matheson's sheep camp and stole everything in sight. These kind of depredations are getting quite too frequent and it is about time some investigation was made and the perpetrators sent over the road.

Uncle Mike had his mansion photographed. Probably going to send it to his best girl and see if he can't get married.

Frank O'Connor of Omaha has been engaged as cook at the Mountain View. Judging from the smile on the boarder's face, he should think he is a first-class man and the Mountain View may well be proud of him.

Pumpkin Husker.

Montana and North Dakota. Fort Benton River Press: Montana farmers may consider themselves prosperous compared with their brethren in North Dakota. W. S. Evans, who has just returned from the latter state, informs us that North Dakota farmers have big crops this year, but are practically bankrupt. Current prices for wheat are 30 to 35 cents per bushel and no sale at those figures. Oats are offered at 10 to 12 cents, and Mr. Evans witnessed one sale of 100 bushels for a \$5 bill by a farmer who needed the cash. Potatoes are offered at 100 per bushel, and the demand is so small that most of the crop will not pay for the digging.

Location of Powder Houses.

Butte Inter Mountain: There is not a particle of doubt of the wisdom of moving the powder houses from the valley below Butte to some location in a ravine or behind a hill. The explosion of the magazines where they are now situated would damage the city, it is believed, much more than the terrible blow-up of last winter. The objection of the powder men that if the powder houses were removed to a canyon some tramp might explode them is not reasonable. Tramps do not exercise their destructive propensities on places where giant powder is stored.

Anaconda's Gait.

Yellowstone Journal: Residents of the city of Anaconda pay this year a combined tax of 45¢ mills. The city tax is 17 mills, a special school tax in the city, 12 mills and county tax 16¢ mills, but then, Anaconda is probably the most flourishing city in the state and it requires money to keep pace with the requirements of a community that is moving ahead rapidly.

A Baby's Life Saved.

"My baby had cramp and was saved by Siskob's Cure," writes Mrs. J. B. Martin, of Husaria, Ala.

A MYSTERIOUS DEATH

Mr. and Mrs. Neise Suspected of Killing Their Boy.

HOLMES AND HARRISON

Victims of the Bridge Accident—Near Butte Lived in Spokane—Idaho Mining Trouble Ended—Other Northwest News.

Kettle Falls, Wash., special: The coroner is holding an inquest this afternoon on the body of a little son of Mr. and Mrs. Neise, who live four miles south of town, ugly rumors having been set afloat that the child's death was the result of cruel beating administered by his parents.

Saturday, the boy, who is only 7 years old, was sent to town on an errand. In the afternoon the mail carrier overtook him on the road and let him ride home. When the child reached the house his mother came out and seized him and shook and beat the little one, this operation continuing as long as the mail carrier was in sight. About 12 o'clock the same night the parents came to town and aroused the citizens, saying their boy had fallen over the river bank near their house and had been killed, and they wanted a physician to go home with them. Dr. Brigham, who was summoned, at first objected to making the trip, as the child was dead, he said, and he could be of no assistance, but after examining the body decided that the child had come to his death in some other manner than by a fall, as the body was covered with terrible bruises.

Citizens began to investigate the matter and carefully examined the river bank over which the boy was said to have fallen. The bank is sandy and precipitous, but at no place were there signs of a body falling or rolling down.

The coroner was notified and had the body removed to this place to-day. Dr. Peize, who was called to examine the body, is making searching examination. The body showed not only a mass of fresh bruises, but some of several days and weeks past, indicating prolonged ill treatment. The sheriff accompanied the coroner here and if the verdict of the physicians bears out the inference that the child was maltreated will make arrests.

The older Neise children, a boy of 12 and a girl of 9, ran away from home this summer because of ill treatment. The boy is now living with a Mr. Church of Harvey and the girl is at the Catholic mission in charge of the sisters.

Mr. Neise came from Chicago to Spokane last spring and purchased the farm of H. A. Lillenthal and moved here with his family. Mr. Neise explained on reaching town last night that he had been working for a Mr. Riekey during the day and when he got home at night the child was just breathing its last.

They Had Lived in Spokane.

Spokane Spokesman-Review: John Holmes and D. C. or Dan Harrison, who were killed in the bridge accident near Butte, as reported in the Spokesman-Review some time ago, were recently in Spokane. In a letter to this paper from Phillipsburg, Mont., Daniel Ferris of Missouri states that Holmes had his pocket a receipt from the Spokane Water Power company and Harrison had left a valise at the Norden hotel, this city, in care of some one else.

Upon investigation it was found that John Holmes had worked five hours for the water power company, took his time and quit. The officers of the company have no further information concerning him. Officials of the railroad company had previously made inquiry, but they all they have found is that L. G. Heiberg, proprietor of the Norden hotel, received a letter a few days ago from Ferris, who stated that a sad bridge accident had occurred, in which four men were seriously injured and three killed. Among the killed was D. K. Harrison, who had left a valise at the hotel subject to the order of a friend. Dan was liked by all the boys, Mr. Ferris said, and they were anxious to communicate with his relatives.

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Mr. Heiberg personally investigated and found that Harrison had stopped at the hotel with Mike Roker, section foreman of the Union Pacific, but had not registered. He left his valise, subject to the order of Mr. Roker, who had paid the hotel bill. Roker is now at Rock Island on the Great Northern. Mr. Heiberg also learned that prior to coming to Spokane Harrison stopped with Fred Golden for three or four years, at Sixth and Main street, Seattle. He was a bride man and bore a good reputation. Mr. Golden is supposed to know where his relatives are, and Mr. Ferris can doubtless obtain from him the information which he seeks, so far as that victim of the accident is concerned.

The Idaho Mining Trouble Ended.

Wallace, Idaho Dispatch: The mining troubles are ended for the present. Ninety-five of the non-union men who were threatened at Mullan enlisted to-day in the state militia, and are being enrolled to-night. They have rifles and ammunition sufficient for present needs. John Klund, the man who was beaten into insensibility at Gem on Sunday evening, left Wallace to-day. Although the beating was witnessed by a dozen persons none could be found who dared to testify.

Oregon's New Woman.

Portland Oregonian: An interesting story is reported in Albion of the recent exploits of a young woman, who is said to have secured admission to one of the lodges in that portion of the city. It seems, so it is said, that her brother had been proposed for membership some time since by a friend. He was a stranger to most of the members and his business was such that he could not take the first degree as soon as expected. His sister, who resembles him very much, resolved to play a little joke, so she attired herself in her brother's clothes, took his cane and dropped around to the lodge room. She was admitted to the ante-room without awakening suspicion, where she was propounded the usual ques-

tions that are asked a candidate. She was then blindfolded and brought into the lodge room. It was a very trying time, and she would have gladly escaped had there been any way to get out, but there was not, and she had to go on through. It was a rough experience for her, but she stood it until it came to shaking her up in a blanket. She objected to this very strongly but her protests would have been in vain had she not enjoyed something in the ear of her attendant. He held hurried consultation with the presiding officer and a halt was called. The candidate was turned over to a member who escorted her home. She has no desire to repeat her experience.

William Greenwood.

Tualatin, Ore., Dispatch: William Greenwood, who died here Oct. 23, was born March 23, 1815, at Quaker brook, five miles east of Preston, Lancashire, England. He came to America in 1848 or 1849 and joined an emigrant party and crossed the plains to California in 1850, making almost the entire distance on foot. After spending a few months in California he came by steamer to Oregon when Portland only contained a few houses. He located in Portland and engaged in blacksmithing for several years. Afterwards he lived at Cedar Mill, near Beaverton, at Hillsboro and at Newberg, where he afterward sold his farm to William Hobson, the founder of the Quaker colony at that place. Finally he came to Tualatin, Washington county, then known as Bridgeport. Here he opened up a large blacksmith and wagon shop, where he manufactured hand-made wagons for persons in all parts of the Willamette valley. In this he made a great deal of money, but his unbounded generosity was a steady drain on his income. In 1857 he returned to England, and 11 years later sold his shop and quit work altogether. He was an excellent workman, a good neighbor, kindly and generous. Although he had but one day's schooling in his life, he was a natural scholar, well read and had a wonderful memory.

In 1857 he returned to England, after over 50 years' silence and absence, and after some little difficulty convinced his relatives, who had mourned him as dead, that he was very much alive. Mr. Greenwood had a niece in England, who made him a liberal offer of a good, comfortable, well-furnished house with servants and \$500 a year for spending money, if he would only remain with them, but, notwithstanding he had not a living relative this side of Great Britain, he preferred the land of his adoption to that of his birth.

He possessed a little property, which he distributed among his relatives in England, according to the customs of the country, by a will which he made two years ago.

Lively Chase After a Bear.

A Lake creek correspondent of the Medford, Ore., Monitor, gives the following experience of Messrs. Hanley, Slinger and Downing, well-known residents of that section: Last Friday, when riding on a plateau on the mountain near Mount Pitt, a small shepherd dog that had followed them came rushing toward them and immediately at its heels was a she bear. One of the party, when the bear was not more than 15 feet away, drew a 32-caliber Colt's revolver and fired, hitting her. She turned, and after her went the dog, Hanley, Slinger and Downing crowded her so closely that she took to the woods, and at the same time she sprang from the tree, nearly knocking Hanley off his horse; but after her again went the quartet, pressing her so hard that their unearthly yells and the nips of the little dog forced her to again climb a tree, which they surrounded, and five shots from the 32 Colt's revolver in the hands of one of the party brought her to the ground dead, every shot having taken effect. Hanley and Slinger now have the hide as evidence and a trophy of the chase.

The Portland Hospital Scandal.

Portland Special: The jury in the trial of Dr. A. A. Ausplund for assaulting H. R. Holmes with a dangerous weapon in the latter's office on Aug. 16 last, tonight returned a verdict of guilty. The penalty is from six months to 10 years in the penitentiary, or from one month to one year in the county jail. Dr. Ausplund entered Dr. Holmes' office in the Dekum block and demanded that he sign a written retraction of a remark derogatory to Mrs. Chambers, a lady physician at the Portland hospital. Dr. Ausplund started to read the paper, but raised his eyes after reading a few words, when he saw Ausplund with a revolver in his hands. Holmes immediately drew his revolver and commenced firing. The men exchanged several shots, and it was thought both were mortally wounded, but both recovered.

This Is a Pretty Big Net.

Oregonian: Columbia river fishermen have always been inclined to cut a wide swath when fishing for the royal chinook, but what they have done is nothing to what they intend to do judging from the following, which is clipped from an Eastern paper published in the interests of fisheries: "A fishing net 2 1/2 miles long is the product of a Georgia mill, and is now on exhibition at the Atlanta exposition. This immense net was made for use in the Columbia river salmon fisheries." The nets now in use are generally about 1,500 feet in length, and yet the fishermen manage to cover the surface of the water with a regular spider's web of cork lines. When they begin to use nets 2 1/2 miles in length and of proportionate depth, there will be no necessity for any more dredging being done in the river.

Helena's Tender Spot.

Helena Independent: It looks as if the Meagher County News man were giving the capital a sly drive in the ribs. It often happens, he tells his neighbors of White Sulphur Springs, that "the postmaster, the newspapers and the merchants receive inquiries from people in the East in regard to our town, our springs and our county. All sorts of questions are asked in regard to climate, facilities for getting here, character of the water, etc. Would it not be a business proposition for the defunct board of trade to reorganize and prepare and publish folders giving all possible information to intending visitors?" It would cost but little to our business men and would make a three-fold return. These folders could be distributed among our people and could be used to send to any one inquiring as to our community." What does President L. A. Walker think of the idea, anyway?

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THE CITY OF CLAIMS

Dead Men's Estates and City Property Badly Wanted.

PEOPLE ALWAYS AFTER THEM

When a Rich Man Dies in California a Crop of Widows and Orphans Spring Up At Once.

San Francisco Correspondent of the Philadelphia Times.

San Francisco, Sept. 26. "As soon as we are put in possession we will hoist the American flag over the building and then go to England," was the unpatriotic expression of Florence Hincley, one of the claimants of the Blythe estate, valued at about \$5,000,000. And thus it is, this country is not good enough for the descendants of those who accumulated fortunes here. Those who do not go to Europe pack up at once and leave for New York. But the great majority of them go to Europe. It may be said that they go for two reasons, to escape the importunings and the remembrance of their former companions in poverty and to begin life anew. As is well known, California was settled by the refuse of civilization, mainly and under a cloud of woe. Many of them accumulated fortunes and became eminently respectable citizens—that is, for this country. It was a repetition of the social history of the wealthy ticket-of-leave men of Australia.

But the late Mr. Blythe had no dishonorable past. He was a bachelor and came from Wales to this country when a boy. It was not known that he had any relatives until after his death. Then a troop of claimants appeared and the estate has been in litigation for a decade.

San Francisco has been noted for years for the number of wealthy men who die leaving no heirs or two sets of heirs, no widows and several widows. No matter how flimsy the pretense of the claimant, it was generally entertained and a slice of the property obtained. Several years ago a French man died leaving an estate of \$5,000,000 to his two nephews in France. A Mrs. Sallie Hincley, who had been an actress on the Bowery in New York in the 60s, set up a claim that she was his widow. There was not a scratch of a pen to show that they had been married. The heirs gave her \$50,000 as a soothing balm, sold the estate and immediately returned to La Belle Paris to enjoy the fortune.

About 20 years ago a mining speculator whose fortune was estimated at \$5,000,000, was found in his bath tub with a bullet hole through his head. Two women appeared upon the scene, each claiming to be the widow. The opposing lawyers got the greater part of the estate and the remainder was divided between the cast-off women.

This city is and ever has been a golden field for adventuresses. It is not safe for a rich man to die. No matter how exemplary his life may have been, there will spring up a female party to blackmail his man. Lawyers are easily found, who, for a portion of what they may obtain, will prosecute any claim, and assist in the manufacture of testimony.

Ideas of Journalism.

Boulder Age: In looking over some of our country papers we are reminded of what a free press is doing for them. They do. The Lump City Miner and the Basin Times give column after column, week after week of favorable "write-ups" of some of the prospects or mines in their district. There are several reasons why this is a bad plan. First, the favorable notices become so common that they carry no weight; second, those interested get to look upon such things as the duty of a newspaper instead of a favor; third, it is a paper of discrimination between advertising and news; fourth, this continual adulation of enterprises and individuals has a tendency to lower the dignity of the country press, and the Lord knows it's low enough now—in fact it has degenerated to such an extent that the public no longer looks upon the editor of a country newspaper as an intelligent molder of public opinion, but more often as the poor and therefore grateful recipient of favors bestowed. And this promiscuous puffing is largely the cause of that condition.

Coming Back to Boulder.

Boulder Age: Yesterday Sheriff Alex Gilliam started for Arizona to bring back Frank Harlow, formerly clerk of the courts of this county. He was, we believe, clerk for two terms, was defeated when a candidate the third time. He was shot in his account with the county and suddenly disappeared, leaving his family. Some gentlemen who recently went from here to Arizona recognized him, the authorities learning of this whereabouts had him arrested and held. When he left here his bondsmen had to make up his deficiency, but were nearly reimbursed by the sale of some property that he had. It is likely the sheriff and prisoner will be back in about ten days—soon enough to come into this term of court.

Criminal Youth.

Boulder Age: Butte is a remarkable town in many ways; one is the wide range of "cussedness" exhibited by its "tough element." The court reports of last Friday include a young highwayman of 8 years, who had a drinking habit instead of a favor; third, it is a paper of discrimination between advertising and news; fourth, this continual adulation of enterprises and individuals has a tendency to lower the dignity of the country press, and the Lord knows it's low enough now—in fact it has degenerated to such an extent that the public no longer looks upon the editor of a country newspaper as an intelligent molder of public opinion, but more often as the poor and therefore grateful recipient of favors bestowed. And this promiscuous puffing is largely the cause of that condition.

Extra and the Colonel.

Bozeman Chronicle: Fred Foster of Billings was in the city on Wednesday attending to land office business. When asked if Colonel Babcock had really written Ezra that he would not cooperate with him for the governorship, Mr. Foster said: "I am not attending to Babcock's correspondence at present; but I'll gamble that he didn't do anything of the kind. Not on your life. Babcock may not be a candidate but he isn't pulling out on Ezra's account."

Ezra and the Colonel.

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and Alcatraz Island, with its fortifications.

As the trial the Mexican minister of exterior relations and other Mexican officials sought to prove the genuineness of the alleged grants. But it was proven that when Pico was supposed to have dated the grants he was not in California. It was also shown that some of these so-called grants were dated after the surrender of California to the United States.

One of the witnesses, a former secretary of Santa Ana, attempted a sensation by stating that an attempt had been made to assassinate him in order to prevent him from testifying. The San Francisco dispatches, however, ran down the plot. They learned where the secretary had purchased the knife and other facts. The servant of the secretary then confessed the plot.

HOME INDUSTRIES.

It is Very Hard to Teach Montana People Some Things.

Livingston Post: This movement will commend itself to all those people who have the interest of the state at heart. It should go far enough to include within its lines the consumption of coal. We believe that there is as good coal in Montana, of varieties sufficient to meet all requirements, as can be found in any state west of the Missouri river. Yet in spite of this, hundreds of tons of coal are every week shipped in from Rock Springs, Wyo., and Canadian coal fields. If the citizens of the state would insist on using coal produced in Montana, they would not only keep their money at home, but also would furnish additional employment to miners in the coal mines of the state. There is no reason why every person in the "Treasure State" should not at least eat home produced bread and butter. There is no question about the broad part of this fare, though it is true that the butter would have to be spread rather thin before spring. Still there are a number of creameries that could be kept running on full time if the people would discriminate a little in their favor, instead of rushing off to Minnesota and other states for dairy products.

While on this subject, there is a matter right at home, here in Livingston, to which our attention has been called many times. There are three newspapers published in this county that we believe are as good as any three average papers that can be picked up in any county in the country, and yet there are scores of people, making their homes in Livingston and Park county, who do not take their home papers. This would not be so bad if they let the matter rest there, though it is bad enough, but these same people do not even patronize any of the splendid daily newspapers published in Montana, still scores of them take daily papers, and we are sorry to state on the very best of authority, that they are patronizing the goldbug journals of St. Paul and Minneapolis. It would surprise the people of this city, if they knew how much of this literature, which is antagonistic to every interest of their state, is daily devoured within this city. These newspapers are often low in price, but would be dear at any sum, if the people would stop to consider. In patronizing them they are aiding a policy which every interest and every person in Montana, who has any state pride, demand shall be changed. We do not speak of this matter from any selfish motive, but from the standpoint which we believe to be absolutely correct and right.

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