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The Anaconda Standard

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GREAT FALLS

MISSOULA

QUEENSTOWN HARBOR

The Great Emigration Port of Ireland Is Described.

RETURN OF THE EXILED CELT

Scenes on the Lee—The Bells of Shandon—Sorrowful Hours of Parting Are Depicted.

Lea Fall in the Nor'-Wester.

There is no more delightful landlocked harbor in the world than Queenstown; nor is it by any means of small proportions, for it is capable of giving shelter to the entire British fleet at one time. Sydney and San Francisco are said to be superior to Queenstown, but I do not hesitate saying that neither one of them is a whit more picturesque or more costly nestled. Queenstown is as you know the great port of embarkation of the thousands of Irish emigrants who every year leave their native land to seek the blessings and comforts of foreign climes. In fact, fully 90 per cent. of the emigrants from Ireland take ship at Queenstown, and many, too, of the English and American tourists prefer to cross over from Holyhead, travel down from Dublin by rail, and meet the Atlantic liners at this port.

One would imagine that owing to this immense traffic Queenstown would be quite a busy mart. On the contrary, however, for with the exception of the hours of arrival and departure of sailing steamers, Queenstown is a quiet country town. There is always one feature about this place which has struck me as being very deceiving, Canadians and Americans who have never been in Ireland believe it to be a poverty-stricken, desolate looking country, and justly, too, for in reality it is naught else. Their sympathies are in a great measure with the people of that country, and as they are nearing land on the other side, they actually prepare themselves for the worst. As they pass in by Roche's Point they commence to level their field glasses on the landscape before them, and to their very great surprise they behold—not tottering straw-thatched cabins, squalid filth and other such indications of poverty, but a most magnificent church, in size and architectural beauty, with its steeples towering heavenward; they see tiers upon tiers of terraces, rising one above the other, for Queenstown is built on a hill; their look rests with delight upon the gardens and variegated flower beds. In a word, they see a most beautiful seaport town, presenting every appearance of thrift, luxury and wealth. Unfortunately that this should be the case, for it tends to lessen the sympathy of foreigners, at least for the time, and to cause them to think that the representations of Ireland's poverty were grossly exaggerated. I have said unfortunately, and with intent, for Queenstown, though beautiful, is but the outer covering of distress and want everywhere visible in the interior of the island. Go to the west shores of Kerry, Clare or Galway and there see the conditions of the peasants, many of whom are forced to eke out a subsistence from seaweed. But this is outside the present topic.

What makes Queenstown so prosper-

ous and thrifty-like is the revenue it receives from the host of emigrants and immigrants. The majority of Canadian and American tourists alight here and go by railroad to Dublin, thence to Holyhead and on to London, arriving there four or five hours earlier than they could have done had they continued their voyage directly to Liverpool. All the mails, too, are taken off here, for the purpose of saving time. The revenue from this patronage is no trivial amount in the year, and on it certainly depends the very existence of the port.

Of course I have presumed on my readers knowing the geographical situation of the point in discussion and therefore have refrained from entering into details in this regard. The harbor is on the south coast of Ireland, in the County of Cork; nature never protected any body of water more carefully than she does this. At Roche's point the mouth of the bay is not more than a quarter of a mile wide, while the harbor itself is circular-shaped with a diameter of at least three or four miles. The shore rises abruptly all round making the sheet of water present the appearance of a saucer. The storms may rage outside but are little felt within. One great drawback is that the large ocean steamers cannot go directly into dock, but must anchor out at sea. Spike Island, which formerly was a prison, is now a military fort, and is situated about a quarter of a mile from the mainland.

The drive by rail from Queenstown to Cork is a source of very great pleasure; the scenery along the way is charming, and embraces among other attractions, the Groves of Blarney, renowned in song. The trip by water is perhaps even more picturesque than that by land. The river Lee from Cork to Queenstown passes through an enchanting country, and those who have taken the sail never forget it. If it should be your luck to be on the water while the Bells of Shandon ring out their welcome, you certainly might consider yourself blest.

With deep affection and recollection I often think of those Shandon Bells, whose sound so wild would in the days of childhood Fling round my cradle their magic spells.

On these I ponder, Where'er I wander, And thus grow fonder Sweet Cork of thee. With thy Bells of Shandon, That sound so grand on The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

Apart from the natural beauties or attractiveness of Queenstown, there is still another feature which endears it to the Irish heart especially. Two scenes are here depicted—one the sorrowful scene of parting, the other the unbounded joy of the returning exile. My own home in earlier years was not very far from Queenstown, and I thought it no task to drive there on a Sunday or holiday. Thus I can recall many heartrending scenes on the one hand, and on the other hours of untold bliss as depicted on the gladdened faces of the happy exiles returning once more to the home of their childhood.

In Ireland emigration is no unusual happening. At certain periods of the year hamlets are rendered desolate, homes are robbed of their dear ones, and aged parents are left mourning the departure of their sons and daughters for exile lands. The people are almost educated to this; they expect to see the home and sinew taken from them to help build up foreign countries. Yet the sorrow which is theirs at the parting hour goes beyond descrip-

tion. The Celt is by nature highly sensitive, capable of the deepest feeling and unable to conceal the emotions of his soul. As the day of sailing draws nigh, tears are seen in abundance, mothers become inconsolable, fathers break down, brothers and sisters weep, but when the sorrowful adieu comes, the deepest depths of the Irish heart open their flood gates and suffer the intense woe to strike them down in despair. I have stood looking at such scenes till my own heart went out in sympathy with those good people; I was but a boy, little dreaming that even then the day was not far distant when I too should taste the sorrow and anguish which pressed down so heavily upon them. Strong stalwart young men are clasped in the embraces of a dear old mother, whose heart is breaking, for she knows but too truly that her boy will never again come back. Young women seem demented in their grief; they are leaving homes, happy though they are being driven by poverty to seek a livelihood in a far off land, and the future with all its vicissitudes comes up before them. Again they behold the weeping forms of their loved ones, and their own tender instincts overcome them. What a sorrowful wail is rung out to the skies when the last farewell is said. The old people stand for hours watching the vessel as she steers towards the sea; handkerchiefs are waved and waved again, and long after the reality of vision gives way to imaginative looks, those sorrow-stricken parents keep gazing wistfully at all that was most dear to them. Those on board, too, are ever watching the shores; their eyes are strained into pain; gradually but too surely they are drifting farther and farther away, until in the hour of the setting sun, the dear old land sinks down below the horizon forever, leaving behind it a blank which time can never fill.

In my own case, some years ago while I mourned intensely the departure, my eyes were riveted upon a young Irish girl who was alone on the deck of the steamer. She was the picture of woe and desolation and sorrow, and could not be comforted. Just as the sun sank down below the horizon, in a moment of unconsciousness, she tenderly sung out:

'Tis the last glimpse of Erin in sorrow I see With a heart-breaking effect. This is one side of the story—the sorrowful one. There is another, happy and joyous one, for the returning Celt is unable to contain himself when he beholds after an absence of years the dear old land of Erin. Those who have heard the story of the Irishman, broken down with years, who, when the shores of Ireland burst in upon his view after well nigh half a century of separation, cried out aloud:

Oh, Ireland, up from my heart of hearts I bid you the top of the mornin'. I can appreciate all that is conveyed in such a return. His joy, his gladness know no bounds. The wish of the heart is then being realized, and youth, with all its pleasant recollections comes back to him anew. He sees once more the green hillsides, the round tower, the ivy-clad monastery, the thatched cabins, the vales, the rivulets of Ireland and the years of labor and pain are quickly forgotten. He is then willing to face his Creator for he has beheld again the Green Shore of Erin.

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MADE A MODEL COP.

A School Teacher Spends His Vacation on the Police Force.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Residents of Oakley avenue, near Warren, woke up one morning last fall to find a new policeman on duty in that neighborhood. He was a man of stalwart proportions and unusual intelligence and made many friends. That is, there were many people who were willing to be his friends, but they will recall the fact readily enough now that none of them succeeded in learning much about the officer's identity or family history. They chatted with him freely and established a certain sort of intimacy. Men, women and children were alike glad to see him and talk to him. He explained knotty problems to the school children as a master pedagogue, while the adults found no question in politics, science or economics too heavy for this rare avia of a policeman to handle in an entertaining and convincing manner. It was not long before he became the neighborhood oracle, and all manner of questions were left to his decision.

"I never saw such a policeman," said a matron to whom he had made clear an intricate passage in one of Herbert Spencer's works with which she was to wrestle at a woman's club.

"He did my algebra for me better and quicker than my teacher could," was the encomium of a child who had been stumped with an unusually hard problem in evolution by logarithms.

"If the voters of this ward know what is good for them they will send Officer — to the city council. He talks like an honest man and he understands better what is needed than any politician I ever talked with." This from one of the largest taxpayers in the ward.

Two months later the model policeman disappeared. He dropped out of sight suddenly and left no clew to his whereabouts. For a day or two the people feared he had been transferred to another beat, and then came the thought that perhaps he might be sick. Inquiry at the station house developed the fact that the policeman had resigned from the force and gone into other business. Did the sergeant know where he was located? No. The man had taken a whim and quit without consulting anybody, and there was no trace of him.

"A decent sort of chap he was," volunteered a shouchy-looking copper who was smoking a pipe of the "dudheen" class, "but he never mixed much with the boys, and I guess they kind of froze him out."

Oakley avenue residents felt bad, and they couldn't help making invidious comparisons between the model officer and his successor, who spent most of his time in idle gossip with the toughs and in taking sly drinks in a Madison-street groggery. But the Tribune has good news for the mourners. The missing policeman has been found. True, he is no longer a policeman, and is not likely to wear the blue again in a hurry, though it is a certainty he could go through a pretty stiff civil service examination and come out at the head of the class. That model officer is now the principal of a grammar school on the South Side, and what's more he holds the same position long before he became a member of the force.

For some years a man who for obvious reasons must be nameless, had served as principal of a big South Side school. He worked hard, and, although a strong man physically, he became fagged and brain weary. The doctors advised a vacation with change of air and a new field of labor. This

would in most instances involve heavy expenditure for railway fares and hotel bills, and the school teacher was not in financial shape to stand it. He has a big family to take care of, and there are other drains on his purse which make expensive vacation trips out of the question. Besides, he is a man of resources and has ideas of his own. So he went to an alderman with whom he "had a pull," and got appointed to the police force. The same influence secured his assignment to the Warren avenue station, where he would not be likely to come in contact with any of his acquaintances, and thus he served as a patrolman for two months, getting the required change of scene, work and air, and drawing \$33 a month instead of paying out his money to railways and hotels. When his vacation was up, the principal resigned from the force and went back to teaching, much refreshed in body and mind.

"I had a good time," he said recently, "and made some nice friendships which I was compelled to sever rudely on resuming my position as an instructor. There are worse callings in this world than that of a policeman."

Into the Wilderness: After Musk-Ox.

On the 7th of July, 1893, I landed at Fort Rae, an isolated and insignificant station kept by a chief trader of the Hudson's Bay company. Fort Rae lies 60 miles north of the main body of the Great Slave Lake, and about 900 miles north of the last railway point. The main object of my journey to the far north was to obtain musk-ox for museum specimens. I had chosen Rae as my headquarters, as it is the nearest post to the Barren Ground, which occupies the northeastern portion of the continent beyond a line drawn from the mouth of the Churchill to the mouth of the Mackenzie. The musk-ox are now hunted by the Eskimo from Hudson's bay and the shores of Coronation gulf, and by the Indians, from Fort Good Hope to the eastern end of the Great Slave Lake. They were found 10 years ago at the edge of the timber, but they have been hunted during the last few years for their robes, until they have been driven back from one to two hundred miles beyond the limit of forest growth.—From "Hunting Musk-Ox with the Dog Rihs," by Frank Russell in the February Scribner's.

Ah! many a fond word would never be spoke, And many a dear trusting heart would be broke, If young men who go to the theater sit Behind, not beside, the sweet girl with the hat. —Washington Star.

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