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TWELVE PAGES.

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1898.

There's No Difference.

IN Chicago the press has its own peculiar way of dealing with the case of Letter, whom a wheat deal appears to have crushed.

The Chicago Journal's way of putting it is that Mr. Letter "made a plucky, generous and gentlemanly fight, and has taken his defeat in a plucky, dignified manner." That is the compliment that used to be paid, in licensed gambling days, to mountain-state victims of big faro games—and the East thought it was very ragged. Yet a faro game is every whit as honorable as the game Mr. Letter has been operating with his father's money.

"It is hardly possible," adds the Chicago Journal, "to contemplate the end of the great wheat corner without some feeling of regret for the one who was beaten at the game." That talk is what Rocky-Mountain people call rot. The feeling of sympathy is due to those only for whom the bakers in the East raised the price of bread, not because the bread-earners' wages were advanced or because wheat was scarce, but because one man, who happens to have the backing of millions he never earned, was able to corner wheat and, in a speculative way raise its price for a passing season more than a hundred per cent, with slight benefit even to the farmers who produced the wheat, because the speculating clique had options on the bulk of it before the sharp advance came.

The commercial view of the Chicago Times-Herald is that "the outlook in 1897 for the purchase of wheat justified all that Mr. Letter did." Whereas, the outlook in 1897 justified no attempt to drive wheat to famine prices and make the consuming masses pay the shot for an adventurous millionaire's reckless speculation; we are to bear in mind that there is nothing more moral in this wheat gambling than there is in a poker layout or faro table, yet we are asked to notice that, of this so-called "great commercial battle on the board of trade," Mr. Armour says: "Mr. Letter's pluck and wisdom in a deal which he all but carried to a successful consummation challenges the admiration of men everywhere."

These sanctimonious produce gamblers flatter themselves too much. If Letter had lost his millions in some gambling hell—which is just as honorable as the wheat deal—they would have been horrified. But he lost at their gambling game; they won; and, therefore, Mr. Letter is a gentleman, sir, and a high-toned operator.

But the vital fact is that the return of wheat to its old place in relation to silver makes a mockery of those who tried to make out of a wheat corner an argument against silver's advocates. They have been prating about two-dollar wheat. To say nothing about that, where is dollar wheat? This morning wheat is down in the seventies.

No Is Falling.

SOMEHOW the expectation seems to be that of the four venerable people in Europe who until recently were directly in the public eye, Bismarck will be the next to go. Perhaps this feeling is accounted for by the fact that the ex-iron chancellor has so long been an invalid and because his years spent in retirement leave the impression that he will not survive the pop or Queen Victoria. In recent months little has been heard about Bismarck's health. Some months ago a London rumor had him dead, and several American newspapers conducted editorial obituaries over him at that time. Next day word was received to the effect that Bismarck was well enough to be very angry about the London rumor. One of last night's bulletins announces that the prince is in a bad way, and that there has been a hasty summons to Frederickshof of about members of the Bismarck house-

hold. Born in 1815, Bismarck was the junior of Gladstone by six years, but that the impetuous man of blood and iron will live as many years as the mild-mannered grand old man did is highly improbable.

In Asiatic Waters.

WHILE the country waits for the arrival of the transports at Santiago with General Shafter's land forces, the Philippine end of hostilities is furnishing a diversion. Near Manila the rebels have been active—if the latest word is true, they have been very successful.

One of this morning's special dispatches from Washington says that, under date at Cavite, June 12, Admiral Dewey telegraphs that the insurgents had practically surrounded Manila, that they were treating humanely the Spaniards they had captured—2,500 in number—and that it is not his present purpose to attack the city. It is easy to believe that Admiral Dewey awaits with impatience the land force of which he is in urgent need and which the department at Washington, apparently, has been strangely slow in forwarding. Dewey fought his battle on the first day of May; the first consignment of troops for his assistance is just now fairly at sea. The promise is that other regiments are about to sail from San Francisco; it seems likely, however, that several regiments destined for Manila and already in San Francisco will be in that city till late in July—and then there is the long voyage to the Philippines.

However, the American people have rock-bottom faith in Admiral Dewey's ability to take good care of himself. It may even be true that the Spanish fleet which is now reported to be headed eastward in the Mediterranean is really started via the Suez-canal route for Asiatic waters, with the intention of attacking our transports and their escorts; one of this morning's specials from Mr. Hosford says the state department at Washington has, in fact, received word that the Cadiz fleet sailed at 5 o'clock yesterday morning headed toward the Suez-canal route. There might be peril for our regiments in this plan—by the proposed route the Spanish fleet would hardly miss being in the Philippine region at the time of the arrival of our forces sent from San Francisco. That Spain will send the last ships she has so far from her home coast, seems improbable; but if Spain does it, this country will have full faith that Admiral Dewey will be the man for the situation.

All Sorts.

THOSE who are for the annexation of a lot of colonies to be appropriated by our government because they now are Spain's get comfort out of a decision recently rendered by the federal court of appeals on an issue which Alaska presented; and there are a good many of them—are quoting this decision.

The issue presented itself in this way: The importation of liquor into Alaska, except for medical, mechanical or scientific purposes, is prohibited by law. Two violators of this law were indicted by the grand jury in the federal court for the district of Alaska. The offenders appealed, on the contention that the law upon which the prosecution was based was unconstitutional because the government of the United States can exercise only those powers conferred upon it by the constitution.

The court decided, however, that all the functions of government in territory not under state government are within the legislative jurisdiction of congress and may be exercised through a local government or through any scheme of government which congress may see fit to devise. Thus it is claimed that the congress of the United States has power to devise, for the government of our proposed island conquests, any form of control that suits it or that fits the islanders. On the Philippine islands we would be compelled to govern some intelligent people, some untamed Malays, an Indian contingent and a good many Chinese. At Porto Rico we would find an entirely different lot of subjects to deal with; on the Carolines a radically peculiar formation, and so on, through the list of conquests.

Naval Novelties.

A GOOD while ago, when Senator Morgan predicted a wonderful career for the dynamite cruiser Vesuvius, there were plenty of people who remarked that the venerable senator's predictions about naval contrivances for warfare were not much to go by. Indeed, it did not need argument to prove that Mr. Morgan is no judge of projectiles and dynamite and the paraphernalia of warships. But he was dogmatic in his prophecy, because some of the naval engineers had convinced him.

The Vesuvius had a crack or two at the Santiago fortifications, by a sort of license from commanders who are alleged to have had a poor opinion of her, and it is said that the results were mighty to the credit of the dynamite terror. Indeed, the loud praise of the Vesuvius seems to be rather premature, unless it be that her three or four shots are to be deemed by the navy's professional engineers as a conclusive test—those of us who are mere landmen find it a little hard to enter into the spirit of one of this morning's dispatches which glows with the words that, after this brief experience in landing nitro-gelatin in the Spanish fortifications, "army and navy people are talking about the Vesuvius as reverently as if she were something supernatural." That seems rather previous, on the

basis of actual achievement for this cruiser. Still, the Vesuvius has been a much-persecuted craft; many good men in the navy had not wanted even a speaking acquaintance with her. So that, if she shows worthiness, her advance to popularity will probably be the more rapid. The good words spoken about the Vesuvius inspire Holland with the hope that now the government will be the more willing to give his submarine torpedo novelty a trial.

These navy people are conservative. It took them years to persuade themselves that there was merit in Ericsson's scheme for the screw propulsion of ships of war. And even when Ericsson had been successful in wonder-working in the way of dozens of naval appliances, there were plenty of true and tried old sea dogs who scouted the plans and specifications of his monitor—these were notoriously crude—and who vexed when early in 1862 the government ordered him to construct one. Ericsson's Monitor was the derided cheese-box of the early days of our civil war.

As long ago as 1854 he had tried to induce Napoleon III. to build one. He succeeded late in 1861 in getting a commission for one from the government at Washington. The conditions under which he was placed were severe. When his proposition was accepted the only drawing completed by the designer was a crude outline, but the new marvel in warfare was built and launched, with steam machinery complete, in one hundred days from the laying of the keel. We all know the sequel. The craft which old seamen insisted could not live an hour in the Atlantic left New York, and arrived at Hampton Roads March 9, 1862, just in time to destroy the confederate ironclad Merrimac which, on the day before, had sunk the Cumberland and the Congress and which would certainly have wrecked the rest of the federal side's wooden fleet. It is one of the accepted conclusions of history that the achievements of this despised innovation in all probability helped to turn in several countries in Europe the tide of sentiment which was rapidly taking form in favor of the confederacy.

The Phantom Fleet Again.

SINCE the days when Cervera wound up his zigzag in the Caribbean by running into Santiago harbor, the country has had rest from the rumors about the intention of Spain's fleet. What Spain had left, after the slaughter at Manila and the bottling of Cervera, has been loitering in the harbor at Cadiz.

The conflicting reports within the past twenty-four hours have been that the Spaniards suspect it to be our intention to attack their Mediterranean coast and, with this, the report that the fleet that is all Spain has left has sailed from Cadiz, that Boston is to be bombarded and that one section of Admiral Camara's ships is about to head for the Philippines.

The sailing of Cervera for American waters frightened a good many timid people along our country's Atlantic coast. They felt sure that the Spaniards were coming to blow them up. Boston confessed alarm; this country isn't likely to get frightened in the same spot twice within sixty days over phantom Spanish fleets.

Of course, it is possible that Admiral Camara's ships, which have been anchored in Idleness all these weeks of Cadiz, may head for the United States and thus leave Spain's long coast line entirely uncovered. It isn't likely, though. And if Camara comes, like Cervera, he'll be obliged to go back to Spain over some other company's line—he will never take his ships back.

Spain will please not judge the Yankee pigs by the quality of the bacon served at Camp Merritt.

The dynamite cruiser Vesuvius appears to have vacillated to the entire satisfaction of her many friends.

Again President McKinley has sent a list of army promotions to the senate, and again General Miles is obliged to solace himself with the thought that Lieutenant generalship has been "delayed in transmission."

Not the least of Dewey's accomplishments at Manila has been his ability to restrain the insurgents from committing excesses. He has impressed upon them the vital truth that nothing exceeds like excess.

It seems as if every town in the country is preparing to do the old-fashioned Fourth of July act. The old-fashioned Fourth is right in style this year.

Besides a religious revival at Camp Merritt, we can conceive no reasonable objection to a pure food exhibit.

The delayed-in-transmission dispatch covers a multitude of shortcomings on the part of the reporters.

As to the American occupancy of the Philippines, there will positively be no postponement on account of the weather in Berlin.

The shrewd maneuvers of the Cadiz fleet continue to remind historians of the gallant and dashing king who having marched his troops up the hill conceived and executed the brilliant movement of marching them down again.

Until the exact facts were ascertained, the stampered soldiers at Tampa Thursday night were justified in thinking that it was hell instead of 3,000 horses and mules that had broken loose.

Superintendent of Public Instruction Carleton would like the public to believe that, as far as her charges against him are concerned, Miss Harris is a lineal descendant of the Mrs. Harris so frequently and feebly referred to by Sara Gamp.

Spain is in no hurry to exchange Lieutenant Hobson and his friends. As

long as they are kept in Morro castle so that Sampson dare not fire upon it, they constitute the best kind of fortifications and Spain needs them in her business.

The commissary department may be proceeding on the theory that so far as the Americans are concerned this is a grubstake as well as a bloodless war.

Captain General Augusti is obliged to report to Madrid that the worst of it is that the fall of Manila is not accompanied by any fall in the price of meat.

Current Comment.

Declaration of Independence.

From the New York Sun. Never has the light of the declaration permeated the world to a greater degree than at the present time. It illumines the isles of the middle Pacific, flashes from the muzzles of Dewey's guns in the Asiatic seas and has all but dispelled the noisome darkness that has enveloped Cuba during four centuries of monarchical barbarism.

Can't Lose Him.

From the Chicago Chronicle. Governor Tanner, who is roughing it with a party of friends in Idaho, had the misfortune to lose his guide the other day, but after some delay managed to find his way out of the wilderness in safety. The Illinois republican machine will have to try some other method of losing the governor.

If It's Good.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer. If congress is "real good" it can adjourn and go home in time to celebrate the Fourth of July among the constituents of the members. It should hold itself in readiness to ramble down to Washington, though, on the call of the president.

Holes in His Armor.

From the Omaha World-Herald. Mr. Hanna does not believe that his health will permit him to officiate as permanent chairman of the Ohio republican state convention. Recent events have bored a large number of holes in Mr. Hanna's armor plate.

Keeping Out of Politics.

From the New York Mail and Express. Ex-Senator Peffer has accepted the prohibitionist nomination for governor of Kansas. All that we can make out of Mr. Peffer's action in this matter is that he is still firmly resolved to keep out of politics.

Can't Forget It.

From the Lockport Union Sun. Mr. Sherman says his friends in Ohio believe that he was badly treated. But, then, the aged statesman must remember that a place was wanted for a younger and homelier man, Mark Hanna.

Chance for One Colonel.

From the Chicago Times-Herald. Colonel Ham, who has been assigned to the post of the Hawaiian islands, probably will prove the right man in the right place if the Sandwich islands are annexed.

Looks Like It.

From the Washington Post. D. B. Hill has been elected a delegate to the democratic state convention. This looks like an effort to spoil a quiet man by thrusting him into politics.

Cervera's Wish.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. No doubt Admiral Cervera wishes deep down in his heart that he were like the average war secret—so he could leak out.

As Long as It Was Safe.

From the Minneapolis Journal. Mr. Reed didn't need to stand right in the way till the Hawaiian card ran over him.

Personages and People.

Among various things said about Roosevelt's rough riders is the statement that 20 of them are Indians.

The mayor of Charleston, S. C., has attended school for 12 years without ever missing a day or being late. She is good looking, 19 years old and has just graduated from the high school. The board of education has presented her with a four-year's scholarship certificate in the Illinois Female College and College of Music and Art at Jacksonville.

Discussion is lively in Newark, N. J., over the case of Mr. A. V. Wendell, who to save the life and reason of a young mother in a private hospital there, substituted for her dead baby a healthy live one. Even the husband did not know until the end of the case, and though angry at first—having received many congratulations—he afterwards expressed satisfaction with the plan.

Pittsburg News Philosophy.

Most family trees are apt to be shady in places.

Hope is the only virtue that leaves behind its debts unpaid.

About the cruellest thing we can do is to ignore a self-made martyr.

The objection to the man of few words generally is that he is so reticent.

One-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives on its husband's salary.

Never put off till to-morrow the good thing somebody is willing to do for you to-day.

There is nothing like the consciousness of high principle to enable a man to be niggardly.

It is only when a man is the under dog that he begins to think seriously of turning reformer.

When you find a person who doesn't worry you that he sure there is some one who worries for him.

Human experience, like the stern-lights of a ship at sea, illuminates only the path that we have passed over.

It is a good rule never to go to anyone for advice until you have fully made up your mind what you are going to do.

A bargain is something you don't want, bought with money you can't afford to spend, because you think it is worth more than it cost.

A woman can make a mountain out of a molehill, but it doesn't by any means follow that she can make a hero out of a husband.

STARTING WITH ADAM.

Discussion of the Influence of Marriage on Success.

From the Montgomery, Ala. Advertiser. A recent New York paper has an editorial devoted to the subject of men who have become famous or prominent on account of marriage or association with noted women, and advances a number of modern instances in support of its theory.

It occurs to us that the writer should have begun at the beginning if he wanted to make an exhaustive article on the subject. There's old man Adam, for example, who would have been—and where would the rest of us be, perhaps—if Eve had not made a sneak on the apple orchard? We cannot, it is true, tell what might have been, but if there had been no Eve there would have been no apple eating, and for all we know, the pair of them might have been in the garden yet, and none of the rest of us have heard of it.

Later on we find Jacob's mother playing what modern slang writers would call a "gum game" on old father Isaac, by which young and smooth-skinned Jacob counted all the points in the game and left poor hairy Esau out in the cold. Of course, it is all speculation, but none the less we have often wondered how things would have turned out if Esau had caught on to the little game and broke up the combination. Esau was the oldest, and was entitled to all the honor and privileges belonging to an elder son. It is natural to suppose that if Esau had gotten his rights there would have been no 12 sons of Jacob to found a Jewish nation, and no Jewish nation to be founded. That is human reasoning.

On the same line is the case of Moses and the daughter of Pharaoh. It is curious to speculate on the probable course of events if the dusky princess hadn't rambled down to the banks of old Nile just at the proper time. If the little Hebrew kid had escaped being snapped up by an unappreciative crocodile, the chances are that some honor-born Egyptian would have found him and either slammed him against a stone or raised him as a disciple of some one of the thousand or more deities of their religion. There, to follow merely human reasoning, would have been another break in the succession of events, and the Hebrews left to labor as slaves of the Pharaohs for all time to come.

Coming further down the line, we reach the lion-tearing and jaw-bone-wielding Sampson, whose exploits form one of the most stirring portions of Bible history. If Dillish had not corralled him and practiced the barber's art on his luxuriant hair, he might have gone on killing Philistines and wild animals and tying foxes' tails together till he died of old age like other people. But when he suffered himself to be deluded by a woman, as many another man has done, he laid the foundation for a tragic ending to his already stormy life and played the deuce with some of the best people among the Philistines.

And so we might follow sacred and profane history from the beginning of time and find that a woman has managed to have more or less influence on the lives and histories of prominent men in all ages and all countries. It's a way they have.

Making It Worse.

From the Chicago News. "Sacre, caramba and everything else in the list!" exclaimed the Spanish admiral.

"What's the trouble, excellency?" asked one of the officers. "Here are these American pigs still complaining about the smoke nuisance and we haven't a shovelful of coal to burn!"

The Old Story.

From the Boston Transcript. The Cornet Fiend (after half an hour's blowing)—Beg pardon, perhaps you do not like the cornet? For—Oh, I haven't anything against the cornet.

Pure Blood is the basis of good health, steady nerves, mental, physical and digestive strength. If you are nervous, enrich and purify your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. If you are weak, have no appetite and desire to be strong, healthy and vigorous, take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will tone your stomach, create an appetite and build you up.

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Rousing Bargains For Friday and Saturday. Others advertise great values, but do they—can they—keep their promises? THE BIG STORE always does and always will, and its greatest promise is to give better values for less money than any store in Montana.

Dress Goods. White Dotted Swiss Muslin for children's and ladies' waists. 50c value; Friday and Saturday, per yard 15 cents. French fancy figured Organdy, in small and large checks, 6c value; Friday and Saturday, per yard 15 cents. Light color China "all silk," worth 50c; Friday and Saturday, per yard 15 cents.

Small Wares. Pins, needle points, 5 papers... 5 cents. White Thread, 200 yard spool, 2 for... 5 cents. Hooks and Eyes, black and white, 3 papers... 5 cents. Ladies Leather Belts, 50c value... 5 cents. Fancy metal Dress Buttons, 5c value, 3 dozen... 5 cents. Velvetten Binding, all colors, 4 yards... 5 cents. All-Wool braid Binding, 2 rolls... 5 cents.

Straw Hats. Boys' Straw Hats, black band, worth 25c; Friday and Saturday 10 cents. Boys' mixed and white Straw Hats, black band, 40c value; Friday and Saturday 25 cents. Boys' white Straw Hats, the 50c value; Friday and Saturday 35 cents.

Blankets. 10-4 Sanitary Gray Blankets, 6c value; Friday and Saturday, pair 45 cents. 11-4 Sanitary Gray Blankets, \$1.25 value; Friday and Saturday, pair 75 cents. All-Wool fancy border Blankets, \$4.50 value; Friday and Saturday, pair \$2.35.

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