

THE COLORED CITIZEN.

OFFICE NO. 137 N. MAIN STREET.

Local and Personal.

May he who tries to purchase votes with gold. Find at the last that he himself was sold. Don't fail to register. Attend to it at once.

Capt. S. A. Swiggett is doing some effective Helena-for-the-capital work.

This is a campaign of argument and education. Candidates, don't forget this pointer.

The Colorado Conference, Bishop Handy presiding, after being in session a week, adjourned last Wednesday night.

Vote for Charles S. Hartman.

H. H. Hawkins, who was in attendance on the Colorado conference in this city last week, will leave in a few days for Billings.

Vote for Judge William H. Hunt.

Marion Johnson and Adam Tucker, who have been doing the Big Black-foot section for the past few days, returned home last Thursday with 135 trout and two deer.

Vote for John Herron.

That prince of good fellows, Randolph Murray, post barber at Fort Custer, cut a wide swath during his visit to our city last week. To say that he was a great favorite with the ladies mildly states the case.

Vote for A. J. Craven.

Moses Morris, the rustling treasurer of the republican county central committee, is an active and conspicuous figure in this campaign, and is ever on the alert to do his party a good turn or put in an effective blow.

Vote for John Horsky.

Our affable and ubiquitous friend Gus Mahrt of the republican campaign committee never tires of promoting the welfare of his party, and whatever success may be achieved he will come in for a goodly share of the credit.

Vote for W. B. Thompson.

The Colorado Conference was photographed by J. P. Ball, the Main street photographer. Groups of the ministers and lady attendants were also made. Bishop Handy also posed for photos while in the city. Copies of each are on sale at Mr. Ball's studio, 137 N. Main street.

Vote for D. S. Wade.

Our affable and genial friend Geo. Woodson is here on a visit and his many friends are giving him a royal welcome. Mr. Woodson did yeoman service for the republican party of this state two years ago and we have no doubt his oratorical forces will again be brought into requisition.

Vote for R. H. Hovey.

Sheriff Nelson, of Deer Lodge, has purchased of Johnson & Fischer, the Helena Cab and Transfer men, the fast little pacer Tutter. Tutter was one of the fastest road horses hereabouts and we learn that it was only after much persuasion and a good round sum that her owners finally agreed to part with her.

Vote for C. H. Anderson.

The torchlight procession of young men in the interest of Helena for the capital last Thursday night was large and enthusiastic, and as it paraded our principal streets, headed by Higgins' Cadet band and the drum corps, led by a very fantastic, gaudy and captivating drum major, a most cordial reception was extended.

Vote for Dr. C. B. Miller.

Sergeant Peter McCann of Fort Custer was a welcome visitor to our city last week. He was much pleased with our beautiful city and anxiously awaits the completion of Fort Harrison, when he hopes to be transferred here. The sergeant, by his affable and gentlemanly manners, made many warm friends during his short stay.

Vote for Con Becker.

Secretary Fred Holroyd, in charge of the republican county central committee rooms, is a busy man. From morning till night he is engaged attending to the many details incident to the campaign. His even temper and urbane manners, however, make him master of the situation and all leave with the best feelings for the efficient and genial secretary.

Vote for Eugene S. French.

Judge A. C. Votaw is one of the old-timers the people love to honor. He is a candidate for justice of the peace and his numerous friends are going to land him there by a handsome majority. He has given satisfaction during his incumbency of the bench, and no better choice could be made by those who desire a faithful and impartial administration of justice. All the boys know him and they are going to rally to his support.

Vote for Samuel A. Ballard.

It's a bad plan for a town to have too many captains. They can't agree and therefore nothing can be accomplished. Marysville, therefore, will do well to center on that bright and vigilant young leader John Herron for the legislature and elect him as her spokesman and personal representative. One able man with an eye single to the interests of his constituency will do more for them than three or two men who cannot harmonize or agree upon any subject.

See that all your friends register. The ladies are doing a good work throughout the state.

Rev. W. A. Moore is the newly appointed pastor for St. James A. M. E. church.

Colored citizens throughout the state will stand by their 500 brethren in Helena and give them a solid vote for their beautiful city.

Populism should not thrive in the live, progressive and ambitious city of Helena. If we hope to enlist capital here for investment stamp out populism.

Vote for John S. Tooker.

The democratic county central committee footed the bill one day last week to naturalize fifty men, two-thirds of whom will vote the republican ticket.

Vote for Henry F. Tilton.

The democratic party all over the country is on the run. In Lewis and Clarke they are on a double-quick retreat and pretty badly demoralized, if not panic stricken.

Vote for Jas. S. Featherly.

Many of the candidates are skulking and hiding behind the overshadowing capital fight. Beware, gentlemen, you are being watched. Come out and do your duty and make a square fight.

Vote for Paul S. A. Bickel.

Dr. C. B. Miller possesses many of the essential requisites of the typical legislator. With a thorough education and a mind well stored with useful knowledge and broadened by contact with men of experience and learning, he will bring to the legislative halls of this state forces that will reflect credit upon his constituency and that will have much to do with molding needed legislation. The doctor is popular with all classes, and it may be said of a truth that he will carry the solid colored vote.

Vote for Miss Minnie A. Reiforath.

Honors and congratulations are coming in thick and fast on our popular young friend and candidate for the legislature, John Herron—not because he has got a sure thing on election, and that, too, by a great big majority—but because the first returns brought in news last Thursday of the arrival at his Helena home of a fine healthy girl baby. Now, friend Herron must be complimented with the votes of every father and male adult in the county of Lewis and Clarke.

Vote for William F. Whitaker.

Chairman H. C. Smith of the republican county central committee is making an effective, energetic and systematic conduct of the campaign and already very favorable results are apparent. Notwithstanding the fact that the campaign of this year is surrounded by more than ordinary complications and embarrassing entanglements, yet Mr. Smith, by his cool, keen and unerring judgment is satisfactorily unraveling every twist and will land his party in a safe harbor with a handsome majority to its credit.

Vote for Dr. William M. Ballard.

Rev. J. P. Watson, who has been stationed here for the past two years, and who has entirely cleared St. James A. M. E. church of debt besides accumulating a fund of \$400 to build a parsonage, has been transferred to Pueblo, Col. Dr. Watson and his estimable wife have done a good work here, and by their upright, Christian lives, have set a worthy example which has borne manifest fruit. They both leave here with the kindest and best wishes of every citizen without exception, and while this community is loath to part with the doctor and his wife, we feel that our loss will be Pueblo's gain.

Vote for B. F. Woodman.

A coaching party, of four-in-hand, headed by the urbane Randolph Murray of Fort Custer, who skillfully manipulated the ribbons, with the following invited guests, Mesdames Jas. Crump, W. C. Irwin, J. P. Watson, G. Irwin of Deer Lodge, Wm. Birthwright of Butte, Will Rideout, Wm. Donnell and son and Sergeant Peter McCann of Fort Custer and M. O. J. Arnett, had a most enjoyable drive last Wednesday to Fort Harrison, Broadwater and other places of interest. After taking in the sights and regaling themselves the party separated having had a trip both pleasant and instructive.

Vote for A. C. Votaw.

W. B. Thompson, republican nominee for the legislature, is among the most promising and popular young men of this county. To the manor born, having first seen the light of day under the blue skies of Alder Gulch, near Virginia City, he is the only native born Montanan aspiring to a seat in the legislature of his state. The son of Hon. Wm. Thompson, who some years ago made a most enviable record in our territorial legislature, he brings in connection with a fine education and acquired ability a vast store of hereditary talent that will serve him in the capacity of legislator for his native state. Mr. Thompson's polished manners and recognized ability for the position he aspires to, should insure him the support of every loyal and patriotic Montanan irrespective of party, and we predict that he will receive such an ovation of votes as only Montanans know how to bestow upon the first born of their beloved state.

THE MODERN WOMAN.

He dropped in at her studio late in the afternoon, although he was quite aware that she preferred to receive him in the evening in the flat which she shared with her sister artist.

She was alone and tired. Her sister—she was a portrait painter—had just gone, and she was in the act of making a cup of tea for her own use.

The tea table was an inviting one. The little kettle purred cozily. She handled the tea ball gracefully with pretty and expressive hands. He sat on the edge of his chair and stared at her miserably over the top of his teacup. When he broke his morose silence, it was to remark, with rude didacticism:

"The popularity of the teakettle and the chafing dish in good society seems to me a graceful recognition by women of the charm that housewifely cares still have for them. The kitchen is so attractive that even the drawing room cannot dispense with its graces. A woman who is barred out of her kitchen by a French chef will still cling to the privilege of using her chafing dish, and in her case it is beautiful and significant that it should be so, but"— He hesitated a moment.

"Well?" asked she politely.

"I don't see what, from that point of view, you are doing with a teakettle. You have abjured all that it stands for. You have found something better than the domestic life."

He endeavored to speak with that phlegmatic calm which should impart the flavor of impersonality to what he said, but there was bitterness in his tone.

"That is nonsense," responded the woman of genius crossly, for her work had not gone well that day. "Tea tables are popular because women need stimulus and chafing dishes because men like substantial nourishment. I certainly have not abjured food. Personally I adore domestic life, and I like it all the more from the fact that it is not the only career open to me. In general it adds the element of grace to the life and of graciousness to the woman when she takes up that form of existence, not because it is the only form, but because it is the sweetest of all."

"Those are very pretty views—very pretty," he remarked gloomily, "but I have not observed that you practiced them. It isn't of any particular avail for salvation to assist with one's intellect to any orthodox doctrine while one's actions are still heretic. You have refused the things that are the best of all."

"Who said I had refused them?" she demanded impatiently. "You wouldn't have me marry the wrong man just to show that my views upon the woman question were conservative, would you?"

"That is an easy thing to say, but you know you will never find the right one."

She looked at him—a curious, measured, wondering gaze. There was scorn in it, but not all scorn. "No," she said slowly. "I am not emancipated enough for that. I intend to let him find me, even though we play at hide and seek together all our days." It was rather difficult for this man to admit an important idea of hand into his mind, but something in her voice stirred him so that he sprang to his feet.

"Do you mean—would you really listen?"

It was half an hour later before it occurred to him that all this was violating precedent. "Do you suppose you can be happy?" he implored, and then he brought up the subject of the books in which the married woman of genius had always been miserable. He refrained, however, from speaking of those households which had fallen under his observation in which the husband of the genius had been dissatisfied with the cooking of the beefsteak.

"Oh, books," said she, with an infinite scorn. "Haven't you ever noticed that people write best about things of which they know absolutely nothing? Do you really mean to say that you have been influenced in this by books?"

He nodded silently. "And so you thought I did not care and would not marry you, dear?"

"I thought so—yes."

An adorable smile bent her lips. "Don't you think you were rather hasty, not to say unkind, in adopting so completely the generalization that the artist rejects—love, and with it life?"

"But if you had heard yourself talking of your work," he cried. "You seemed to think art the one thing in the world—every word fell like a clod on a coffin."

"Why should I not speak of art with fervor? I feel it all, and you had not of ferred me any career which I preferred."

"Ah, but do you, will you, always prefer it? It is not as if you were merely talented, you know, to give up—"

"Give up? But I intend to give up nothing! I am afraid you are a little stupid."

"Would you mind explaining the situation to me?" he asked humbly.

"That is very easy," she said composedly. "I simply don't intend to be unequal to the combination of love and art."

The luminous brilliancy of this solution kept him silent while she went on: "Those women you read about, you know, were under the disadvantage of not being modern when they tried to do things. They were working against a tremendous though perhaps invisible pressure. The world wasn't adjusted so as to help them and make the solution of their little problems easy. They felt that horrible weight—the pressure of the disapproval of the universe—and could not stand out against it. But with us it is different. The world is ours and the fullness thereof—at least that is what I feel about it. One has a deliciously buoyant sensation, the Lord-is-on-our-side feeling, that is in itself a guarantee of success. Then, you know, we have better health and fewer nerves than women used to have, and that makes a difference."

"But suppose," he persisted, "just suppose that you were to fail. What then?"

She puckered her brows judicially. "One is willing to pay a certain price for the best things," she admitted slowly, "if the goods are delivered. It is possible that happiness might not be a very bad bargain, even though I paid for it with art."

"Ah, darling!" he began, but she went on. "But I shall not have to do it. I shall have my cake and eat it too."

He looked at her with an expression of admiration which almost hid his fundamental skepticism. "You are," he said, with sudden illumination, "something more advanced than modern. You are she of whom we have heard—the coming woman."

She looked down at the pink palm which he had held fast in his own through all her self possessed eloquence, and suddenly a wave of color rose and swept across her face.

"Ah, no!" she said softly. But he heard her. "Whether I succeed in combining love and art or not, it seems to me I have arrived!"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Advertisements.

CANDIDATES' COLUMN.

Non-Partisan and Free for All.

JACOB FISCHER FOR ASSESSOR.

Jacob Fischer is the popular democratic alderman from the Seventh ward of this city—always until carried by him the acknowledged banner republican ward of Helena. With the prestige thus gained and because of his great popularity, faculty of winning votes and his magnetic qualities, coupled with eminent fitness and executive ability, the recent democratic county convention made him its nominee for the responsible position of county assessor. Mr. Fischer's sterling business qualities, close application to whatever is entrusted to his guardianship and the exceptionally fine record he has scored as alderman for the Seventh ward, all combine to make him a strong and formidable competitor for the office he aspires to. His friends are leaving no stone unturned to secure his election, which together with the effective canvass he is personally making, leads the knowing ones to predict that he will capture the prize he is seeking.

NATURALIZATION PAPERS.

The Republican County Committee will arrange for naturalization papers for all applicants who will call at headquarters, room 116 Granite Block. HENRY C. SMITH, Chairman.

Tariff Reform.



LEGISLATION FOR A TRUST AND DIRECT TAXATION FOR THE PEOPLE.

Fling Out the Banner. The Democratic campaign banner of the future will have a representation of a sugar certificate, with the words, "Our trust," ornamentally displayed thereon.—Boston Journal.

A Quarantine as is a Quarantine.

The main point is this: If the Democracy has never been Democratic, is it not now too late for it to be Democratized?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Idea Brought Him a Fortune.

Congressman Charles G. Conn of Elkhart, Ind., who recently acquired control of the Washington Times, was a few years ago an obscure mender of musical instruments. One day, while repairing a tuba, an idea occurred to him that was worth several million dollars and resulted in the invention of a rubber mouthpiece for musical wind instruments, which was patented and immediately adopted.

CHARLES G. CONN. all over the world.

This lucky little hit made Mr. Conn's fortune. He was a Union soldier and has been a member of the Indiana legislature. He was born in Phelps, Ontario county, N. Y., in 1844.

Free Traders Disagree.

The following shows how well free traders agree. Both speeches were made on the same day:

Extract from speech of Senator Mills in 1890: Our tariff is closing the foreign markets against us. We must these trade is larger by thousands of millions of dollars than products. Sixty-six could ever exist between this and all the world, if we had absolute free trade.

Can't Waste Time on Go Betweens.

The next monster petition that congress should do something and adjourn ought to be addressed to Mr. Havemeyer.—Chicago Times.

Oh, For a Dinner Pail!

There are a good many men who would like to pay the "robber tariff" on a dinner pail if they only had use for the pail. But this year those who are fortunate enough to have dinner have ample time to eat it at home.—Canton (A.) Repository.

Lord Rosebery has two sisters. One is married to Lord Leonfield, a rich Tory peer of Sussex; the other is Lady Mary Hope of Luffness.

Henry W. Longfellow, the poet, was descended from John Alden and Priscilla Molines, whose names have been immortalized in the poet's "Courtship of Miles Standish."

The Dowager Duchess of Abercorn recently saw 101 of her descendants assembled at one time in Montagu House, Whitehall, London, the residence of the Duke of Buccleugh.

CARPET SALE JACKET SALE

AT THE

New York Dry Goods Store

We want our offerings of this week to reach our friends that live at a distance. Carpets, rich, elegant carpets at a low price (note quotations). Out of town ladies, who always depend on the exercise of our judgment, will be delighted, for the styles and patterns are of the most careful selections. Tapestry, Wiltons and Wool Ingrain in splendid profusion. Permit us to suggest to those who contemplate taking advantage of this week's offerings to not hesitate, for prices mentioned will last for the week only.

CLOAKS, JACKETS,

FUR CAPES.

This department abounds in a tremendous assortment of the richest novelties, the very cream of the productions of America and continental Europe.

- Prince Albert Jackets STYLISH
Louis Philippe Jackets GOODS
Queen Charlotte Jackets AT
Umbrella Back Jackets POPULAR
George IV. Jackets PRICES
AT Electric Seal Capes
PRICES Black Fox Capes
TO Winter Mink Capes
EVERY- Plucked Beaver Capes
BODY. Black Coney Capes

CARPETS.

- Tapestry Brussels, a Great Offer. Made, laid and lined. 62 1/2
Heavy Wool Ingrains, fifteen different styles. Made, laid and lined, for 75c
Wilton Velvets, extra heavy, a glorious offer. Made, laid and lined, for \$1.00
Misfit Tapestries, Misfit Body Brussels, Misfit Velvets. Send measurement—quick selection—a big bargain.
Chenille Portieres, complete length. Special this week \$2.45
Brocades - Window Damask - Opaque

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