

THE INDEPENDENT

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HELENA, MONT., DEC. 13, 1894.

Montanians abroad will always find The Daily Independent on file at their favorite hotels: Fifth Avenue and Metropolitan, New York; West, Minneapolis; Baldwin and Palace, San Francisco; McDermott, Butte; Leland Hotel, Springfield, Ill.

NOTICE.

A. A. Campbell is the only authorized traveling agent of this paper.

THE WEATHER.

Reported for The Independent by R. M. Crawford, United States observer.

6 a. m. 6 p. m.

Barometer 30.224 30.304

Temperature 35.1 35.3

Wind S.W. 7 S.W. 5

Maximum temperature, 40.

Minimum temperature, 24.

Local forecast for Helena: For Thursday, fair and warmer.

Helena, Mont., Dec. 12, 1894.

Before the democrats go out of power in congress, New Mexico and Arizona will have become states and only Alaska will remain without the pale.

If there is not money in sight to pay outstanding city warrants, they should be funded. The city cannot afford to have its credit impaired by having its paper floating about below par.

Can a plan be devised which will give us an elastic currency and at the same time one which will give the people confidence in its safety and stability? That is the question before congress. Our national bank currency has proved inadequate. Can we create one that will give us stable values and no uncertainty? If we can do that we shall have solved the currency problem.

The movement started in Butte to erect a monument to the gallant Thomas Francis Meagher should meet with prompt response. No braver soldier ever fought for his country, and his tragic end when an officer of this territory makes it eminently fitting that a memorial stone in his honor should be reared on Montana soil. No doubt the people of every section of the state would gladly contribute to the memorial fund.

Twenty-one crimes and casualties were reported in yesterday's Independent, not from choice, but because they came to us over the wires as the most interesting events that happened to the American people for a day. The happiest people, said the philosopher, are they who make no history. A day will come when the newspapers will only record that the people are prosperous, contented and happy. And that condition of affairs will be pleasanter, if less interesting, than the present.

Have you joined the board of trade? If not, you should be enrolled in its membership for 1895. It is the only organization of our business men that promises anything. There was once a commercial club, but it appears to be dead. Join the board of trade, contribute your monthly dues, enable it to circulate printed matter relating to the advantages that the city and state offer to investors and settlers, and in a few years we shall see a greatly increased population in Montana. Now that Helena has gained the capital there are those who are disposed to rest on their laurels. But past achievements do not count. Our city can only be kept at the front by incessant effort.

Col. Sanders is quite right. The city marshal should not be elected by popular vote as provided for in the amendments to the city charter proposed by the council's judiciary committee. The marshal should not be a politician nor the son of a politician. He should not be dependent upon the suffrages of all sorts of people for his office. He should not be a suppliant for votes at all. He should be a man who would do his duty fearlessly without regard to his popularity. If a candidate for re-election, a city marshal elected by the people would be unpopular in proportion to the manner in which he did his duty. That is to say, every rouser, every offender against the law, would oppose his re-election. No, let the head of our local police force be named by the mayor and confirmed by the council. Sometimes a mistake will be made, but ordinarily good men will hold the office.

The Northwest Magazine, of St. Paul, contains over a column of editorial comment on the late capital fight in Montana. It says, "The best thing the Montana people can now do is to forget this absurd contest as soon as possible and resume the old cordiality and the old way of standing by each other which enabled them in the past to create in their mountain valleys and on their bunch-grass plains one of the most hearty, progressive, frank, hospitable, energetic communities anywhere on the globe. Let them all take hold now and help to build up Helena into a capital city of which they may feel proud. Montana ought to sustain a city as large and handsome as Denver, for Montana has greater natural resources than Colorado. The recent capital contest settled more than the question immediately involved. It determined that if Montana is to have a

large city, that city will be Helena. As soon as the wheels of business throughout the country begin to turn again at their normal velocity, and capital again seeks investment in mining and irrigation canals, the solid and pleasant city at the base of the Rockies will be pretty sure to advance toward the 50,000 mark. The railway systems, the big smelting works, the handsome business blocks, the electric car system, the stores, hotels, hospitals, churches and schools, banks and newspapers, are already provided as a basis and nucleus for further growth, and the determination of the capital question for all time will give the people confidence in the stability of the place."

These are sensible words and they come from an outsider who sees things as they are.

ENLARGED.

The Independent appears this morning with an addition of eight columns to its usual size. This enlargement is due to the favors of advertisers who are steadily encroaching on our space. They are not holiday advertisers merely, but progressive merchants who are falling in with the procession of progressive business men who have learned that the way to reach the public is through the columns of a live, enterprising, widely circulated newspaper that everybody reads. Like wise men these advertisers are now closing contracts for space for the ensuing year.

The advertising columns of The Independent are a splendid testimonial to the push and enterprise of Helena's merchants. These men give The Independent a patronage which would make any newspaper glad and proud.

NEWSPAPERS.

The Spokane Spokesman-Review states that the two Seattle newspapers, the Post-Intelligencer and the Telegraph, which have recently merged, have sunk at least \$500,000 in the past six years in their newspaper rivalry. "Before the boom times," it says, "each of the three cities of Portland, Seattle and Tacoma, was served with one morning newspaper. All were creditable publications. All were published by business men as business undertakings. All are still serving their fields while their hosts of rivals, who mistook it for puzzles the memory to recall them, have closed up shop and one by one have been carried to the tomb. The old papers have survived the shock of competition because they were founded upon right principles: to serve the public. Scheming politicians, men with axes to grind, men with vanities to parade, failing in their endeavors to control them, have rushed into opposition ventures. In these undertakings they have had the encouragement of all who fancied they had grievances against the established papers. This sort of 'encouragement' may be had everywhere. There is not a town from Maine to Washington in which it does not exist. No matter how excellent the newspaper there published, no matter how conscientious its publishers, an element will be found that is always ready to encourage the starting of another sheet. If two or more papers are struggling for existence the plea is always urged that the town ought to support 'one good paper.' One would think that a lesson taught so often and so dearly would some day be learned by all the people."

That would be very well if all people were sensible, but the Spokane Review does not take into account the vanity of the people who want to pose as newspaper proprietors.

HAD BUT ONE CARD.

A Woman's Amusing Mistake Through That Mistake.

From the Detroit Free Press.

"I made the mistake of my lifetime the other day," complained a young woman to a friend in a street car, as the two rode down town together.

"What did you do, dear?" asked her friend, sympathetically.

"Oh, its too stupid to think of. I feel crushed over it. You know I called on Mrs. Blank, who had just met with a recent affliction. I had just one card, and as I did not expect she would see me, I wrote, 'condolence' in one corner and had it ready to leave."

"Why, that was correct, dear."

"Wait till I tell you all. Mrs. B. saw me, and told her troubles, and we talked and talked, and I didn't leave any card. But I went from there direct to return a call I owed in that neighborhood, on a bride."

"You poor thing."

"Yes. You've guessed it. She was out, and I left that card and never once thought of the word I had written on it. I hardly know her at all, so she will not take it as a joke, and—well, there is only one hope I have left."

"What is that, dear?"

"That the writing was so bad she can't read it and will think it's some kind of a new fad."

"The two friends left the car at that point."

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

Thursday, Dec. 13, 1894.

Call not that man wretched who, whatever his sufferings, has a child to love—Guthrie.

BREAKFAST—Browned Corn Mush, Meat Patties, Bread Omelet, Apple Marmalade, Gingerbread, Coffee, Apples.

DINNER—Beef Pot Roast and Browned Potatoes, Squash, Celery, White and Brown Bread, Apple Sauce, Puff Pudding, Fruit.

SUPPER—Bread and Butter, Cold Sliced Beef, Creamed Potatoes, Jelly Crackers, Cookies, Milk.

Puff Pudding: Mix in one pint of flour a teaspoonful of baking powder and a little salt, with milk to make a batter; pour in a greased pan; put steamed apples or berries on top, then pour on the rest of the batter. Steam half an hour. Eat with sauce.

A sick room should be very quiet; there should be no talking or gossiping; one or two people, besides the invalid, are quite enough to be there at a time; more people make it close and noisy and disturb the sick.

OLD-TIME CHRISTMAS.

In the December number of the Century Magazine Dr. John Williamson Palmer has a quaint and attractive picture of "Old Maryland Homes and Ways," cleverly illustrated by Helmick and Castaigne. "The time honored usages of the church and the traditions of English rural life," writes the doctor, "outweighed the latter suggestions of piety and patriotism. Thanksgiving day was unknown and the Fourth of July but lightly regarded; but Easter and Whitsuntide were fondly greeted, especially by the negro, to whose recreation and entertainment they were excessively devoted. These were the only dates in the calendar the field hand cared to know or to remember, except that most glorious of all the inventions of church or society, the Christmas holidays. For these he waited the whole year round in faith and hope; for these he prayed for the coming of the harvest, which brought with it those two golden days when the cradler, the binder and the carrier, man, woman and boy, were paid in beautiful money; for these he cultivated broom-corn in his little garden patch, made braided wheat straw and wove it into hats, trapped the otter, the fox or the muskrat, and saved the 'net proceeds' from the sale of all these at the cross-roads store, with the foregone conclusion that every penny must be spent to make a rousing Christmas in the quarter.

With extraordinary diligence and cheerfulness he prepared the stacks of Christmas firing; with unerring judgment he selected the burly backlog and solemnly soaked it in the creek, that in the great chimney place of the dining room it might show a brave front of glowing coals to the merry company, while its back remained unwarmed for a week at least—that rapture laden remnant of a slave's appointed holiday, which no grudging overseer might gainsay.

At midnight on Christmas eve there was much noisy jubilation, with fusillade of shotguns in fields and roads, but the day itself was kept at home, with general glorification of the family, to which the negroes were admitted. Those of the old family servants who might be absent for any reason came (long distances, perhaps) to wish their masters and mistresses a merry Christmas, and to receive in the kitchen their gifts of clothing or money, as well as the black-glazed jug of rum or gin for their own merry making in the quarter, and the mug of eggnog or apple toddy for themselves.

Every evening of the happy week that followed those rollicking darkies made the round of the plantation, dancing and singing the corn songs among the cabins and around the great house.

Hooray, hooray, ho!

Round de corn, Sally!

Hooray for all de lubly ladies!

Round de corn, Sally!

Dere's Master Howard lub Miss Betty;

Round de corn, Sally!

I tell you what, she's mighty pretty;

Round de corn, Sally!

And den dey mean to lib so lordly;

Round de corn, Sally!

Up at de manor house at Audley;

Round de corn, Sally!

Dere's Master Brent, he lub Miss Susan;

Round de corn, Sally!

He 'clar' she is de pick an' choosin';

Round de corn, Sally!

And when dey gains de married station;

Round de corn, Sally!

He take her to de old plantation;

Round de corn, Sally!

When Venus, Saul and Caesar, with

Dinah, Phillis and Chloe, made the circuit

of the quarters at Christmastide they

were regaled with various succulent

vandals—chine and spare ribs, sausage and

crackling, savory souvenirs of the fine art

of hog killing, besides coon and corn pone,

possum fat and hominy, all consecrated

to their comfort and cheer, with lusty

drinks of cider. Gingerbread and boiled

chestnuts were dispensed to the dusky

company, and there was much cracking

of walnuts and roasting of apples. Then

the cabin floor was cleared for the dance

—jig and breakdown, pigeon wing and

juba, the latter a characteristic survival

of the aboriginal barbarism, delivered

with vigorous shouts and cries and shuff-

ling of feet to the rhythmic accompaniment

of hand clapping and patting of

knees, in melodious deference to the jig-

ging of a fiddle by the light of flaming

pine knots.

Juba and juba down,

Juba all around de town;

Sift de meal, and gimme de husk;

Rake de cake, and gimme de crust;

Fry de pork, and gimme de skin;

As me when I'm comin' ag'in;

Juba! hi juba!

Juba in and juba out,

Juba, juba, all about;

Dinah, air de possum fat;

Can't you hear de juba pat?

Juba!

Meanwhile, in the great hall room of the

manor house, the people of quality, "per-

sonages of the polite gentility," are de-

monstrously gliding and teetering in the stately

minuet, with much courtly curvetting and

coquettish cajolery of dimpled shoulders

and bridling of pert and pretty necks,

while in the ample kitchen of the farm-

house, romping lads and bounding

hounds are atoning for what they lack of

the curtsy and the debonair by superior

agility and heartiness in the Virginia reel,

where gentle jokes and chaste kisses are

free.

ALPHABET OF ADVERTISING.

A stands for "Ad," which the people per-

use.

B stands for Business, that always en-

duces.

C is for Cash that flows into the till.

D for Display that requires highest skill.

E for Expert who your fortune will make.

F is for Fee, which he's eager to take.

G is for Goods at the store to be had.

H for the Heading which sets off the "ad."

I is for Ink which we can't do without.

J is for Jingle, which pleases, no doubt.

K is for Knowledge by agents possessed.

L for the lines which are measured, not

guessed.

M stands for Mediums, both great and

small.

N for the Newspaper—best of the all!

O is Original, that you should be.

P for the Printer, a friend, you'll agree.

Q is for Quick, so your proofs should be

had.

R for the Readers who study your "ad."

S is for Space which we all have to buy.

T for the Types that will "talk" to the

eye.

U for the Use of newspaper space.

V for its Value, which merchants can

trace.

W for Wealth advertising has made.

X the Expense which it costs in your trade.

Y is for You, for whom common sense

says—

Z is for Zeal that in "ads" always pays!

Don't buy holiday presents until you

see the new goods at the

Helena Jewelry Co.

The Bee Hive have a special sale of

dress patterns this pattern is the styles

of plain and fancy dress patterns at

\$3.50, linings included.

THE OLD PENNYRIAL TUNES.

Them good old pennyrill tunes
Where treble dodged the bass,
And counter tolled tenor close,
Just like a singing race,
Were tunes that kind er sent a thrill
Way down into your boots,
And make your hair rise up on end,
Cold shivers at its roots.

"Come, my beloved, haste away"
Was "Invitation" strong,
And when we struck the "hart or roe,"
Lord, how we fugged along.
"The Lord descended from above"
"And bowed the heavens most high"
The way the big bass sawed them notes
Was'nough to make you cry.

"As on some lonely building top"
"The sparrow makes her moan,"
I saw, that old-time minor air
Was pesky nigh a groan.
But "Ode on Silence" chirked us up.
I snum, that was a race,
And when the "British yokes" came in
We struck 230 pace.

We singers uester beat the time—
Down, left, right, up—with might,
But alpe of that, 'bout half the time
We couldn't ketch on right;
But never mind, the gals were there,
'Chock full of gigglin' fun,
We sort er harmonized with 'em
When singin' all was done.

Them good old times git young ag'in
On each Thankagin' Day,
And whether we should smile or cry
We don't hardly say.
Some of the folks who sung with us
Hev "mansions in the sky,"
We, huz'ring, hope to fine their choir
When dawn's "sweet by-and-by."
—E. Bradshaw, in Boston Transcript.

Novelties

.. FOR ..

Presents

A Wonderful Collection of—

SILVER INK STANDS,

SILVER PHOTO FRAMES,

SILVER PIN TRAYS,

SILVER STAMP BOXES,

SILVER MATCH BOXES,

SOUVENIR SPOONS,

BON BON SPOONS,

BON BON BOXES,

CZARINA BUCKLES,

SHELL COMBS,

BOOK MARKS,

BUTTON HOOKS,

HAIR BRUSHES,

CLOTHES BRUSHES,

HAND MIRRORS,

SCENT BOTTLES,

KEY RINGS,

SATCHEL TAGS,

PEN HOLDERS,

Pearl and Silver Opera Glasses. Real
Silk Umbrellas, with Natural Wood, Sil-
ver and Gold Heads. Gold Headed Canes.
The very latest is our

.. SOUVENIR CHINA ..

Wonderful Xmas Presents. Mail orders
promptly filled.

J. STEINMETZ

JEWELRY COMPANY.

A Christmas
Surprise for
EverybodyDAZZLING DISPLAY OF HOLL-
DAY GOODS.Diamonds,
Watches,
Clocks,
Jewelry,

SILVERWARE, NOVELTIES, ETC.

While we cannot describe or enumerate
our great variety of elegant attractions,
we are very glad to show them to all vis-
itors. We claim for our stock general ex-
cellence in quality. Immense variety and
reasonable prices. Whatever your wants
may be we can meet them with beautiful
and appropriate selections.

A. Goldberg, 9 S. Main

THE
CRASH
HAS COME!

We mean the crash in prices, which will be followed by
great crowds.

Our Annual Christmas Gift to the people of Helena.
A Special Three Days' Sale—THURSDAY, FRIDAY,
SATURDAY.

Everything in the Holiday Stock at a Discount of

20 per cent.

We begin this Sale early to give you a chance to get the
Newest and Freshest Goods, when they are here in largest
quantities.

You all know that when we say Special Sale we mean it.
This will be one of the greatest cleanups we have ever had
and you will save

MANY \$.

As far as possible take small packages with you and
pay Cash.

Store will be open till 10 P. M.

Remember this Sale includes the entire stock of Holiday
Goods.

HELENA BOOK & STATIONERY CO. III Main
Street

Morgan's Place

209 N. RODNEY STREET.

11 lb Pkgs Gloss or Corn Starch.....\$ 35
Cove Oysters, Can..... 10
6 Norway Herrings..... 25
6 Mackerel..... 25
5 lb Pall Cottolene..... 50
Plug Cut Tobacco, 2 Pkgs..... 15
50 Good Cigars..... 1.00
2 Pkgs Pettigrew's Best.....