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The Standard's news service is the most complete. It has patrons in every part of the Great Northwest. Its carrier service includes Anaconda, Butte, Helena, Missoula, Bozeman, Livingston, Philipsburg Granite Great Falls, Deer Lodge, Dillon and all other important points.

SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1895.

It is pleasant to announce that the valuable law library of the late Judge Kirkpatrick passes to the possession of the Butte public library as the gift of Mrs. Kirkpatrick. During his lifetime, Judge Kirkpatrick took an ardent interest in the Butte library—he gave to it a great deal of time and attention during the years when it was struggling for an existence. He had much to do with legal and other formalities that were incident to the transfer of the original gift of money to the city of Butte. The Kirkpatrick library is said to be of large value; the gift to the public library is one which, we are sure, the citizens of Butte will warmly appreciate and of which formal recognition will in due time be taken. This friendly act of Mrs. Kirkpatrick constitutes another tie to bind to the hearts of the people of Butte the memory of a lamented townsman whose name is now linked more strongly than ever with the history of the public library.

There was a rumor last night to the effect that the Indians had killed everybody at Jackson's Hole; it was reported yesterday that bands of ugly Indians were making for that point and that they could probably arrive there ahead of the troops. Two days ago a force was sent forward to warn the Indians to return at once to their reservation. An Idaho agent wired yesterday that the Indians refused to obey his order. One or two people who are familiar with the situation said yesterday that the settlers at Jackson's Hole could probably hold their own until the arrival of federal troops, but that theory is not supported by the rumors that were flying last night. In the end, the soldiers will undoubtedly master the situation, but if the death rate of settlers keeps up its present daily average, the department at Washington will probably wish that it had paid more respectful attention to the communications sent to it by the governor of Wyoming.

A Kansas Victory.

Bleeding Kansas has cause for rejoicing if the claims of a Kansas scientist, who says he has solved the problem of the chinch bug, are true. The chinch bug has been an old and pestiferous enemy of Kansas. When neither drought nor cyclone came to disturb the Kansas farmer's dreams and ruin his wheat, the chinch bug arose and filled in the gap with astonishing industry and effectiveness. To rid Kansas society of the chinch bug has been the desire of a generation, but Kansas talent was too busy on other and greater schemes of reform and the chinch bug embraced the opportunity to increase and multiply and lap over into all the bordering states. But one lone citizen of Kansas, finding no satisfactory opening for himself in the political arena, did turn his attention to the chinch bug, with results, as he proudly tells the world, of the most gratifying nature. He has discovered and developed a bacillus with which he innoculates a few chinch bugs and then turns them loose among their companions, with the result that they all catch it and die. The bigger the army of chinch bugs, the quicker the epidemic gets in its fatal work, and the louder and heartier are the rejoicings of the amazed community. Great are Ingalls and Peffer and Lease and Llewelling, but greater than any of them and all of them is the man who has attacked and conquered chinch bugdom.

His Question Answered.

The cost of producing silver was one of the topics of discussion, last Thursday, in the Harvey-Horr debate. Horr was foolish enough to fling out a lot of figures to show that one mine had produced silver at a cost of thirteen cents an ounce and that, in another instance, the cost of mining silver had been about twenty-three cents an ounce.

It seems impossible that intelligent men should be misled by the quotation of figures on the cost of silver production, for a brief period, in some phenomenal mine. Scores of instances can be quoted in which it appears that, in Montana, gold has been produced at ten cents on the dollar—instances of that kind are on record. Does the figure prove that gold is not worth its going price?

Intelligent people will take account of the speculative element in the production of silver; the business of mining, as every well-informed man knows, is akin to gambling. Who can estimate the millions of dollars that have been lost, in Montana for instance, in the effort to work mining properties that have proved to be failures? There is no doubt that every dollar resulting from silver-mining operations in this state has cost a dollar.

But Mr. Horr's cheap-silver assertion can be met in a practical way. For months, silver has been quoted at a figure higher than sixty cents; it is about sixty-six cents to-day. There is no stimulus in this figure even for the best of the silver-producing mines in the great silver state of Montana. The principal silver properties in the state stand idle to-day—they cannot be operated so as to pay with silver at the price that has ruled for a year or two. Seventy-cent silver means that the stamp mills in this state must remain silent. Mr. Horr knows well enough that his talk is sophistry. He addresses his thought to the ignorant; intelligent men know that there is nothing sincere in his figures.

Horr put this question to his antagonist: "If there is no profit in silver mining, how does it happen that so many men engage in it?" Harvey answered by asking this question: "How does it happen that so many men persist in operating on the stock exchange where notoriously the select few win while the thousands lose money?" This question is a complete answer to Mr. Horr's query. The speculative instinct runs through the human race. Mining has its fascination. We who live in a mining region know how many the disappointments are and how few the successes.

The world may be growing better, or it may be growing worse, but for one thing it is growing healthier and people are longer-lived. Official statistics of the death rate of European and American cities show that within the past few years the rate has fallen very materially. In London the rate has fallen from 243 per ten thousand in 1870 to 175 in 1895, or nearly thirty per cent. In Berlin the decrease has been thirty-seven per cent. in twenty-one years. In American cities an equally favorable showing is made. The remarkable decrease in the death rate is attributed chiefly to two things—purer water and better drainage. When either of these sanitary safeguards is defied or ignored, look out for a rapid rise in the death rate.

An Odd Arrangement.

Speaking of codes and courts and law and that sort of thing, a decision recently rendered in Pennsylvania is of passing interest. It may be all right in its way, perhaps, yet it seems remarkable that a man who murders his father is heir to his father's estate, the parent dying without a will and the child being otherwise the lawful heir. That is a point which the Pennsylvania court decides. Of course, it is the same if the murder be committed by a daughter. The Philadelphia Bulletin, referring to the decision, remarks that parricide is so rare and so horrible that the law has not deemed it necessary to provide against the inheritance by the murderer of his parent's estate.

The decision has occasioned considerable comment. "The law," says the Washington Post, "is nevertheless defective. If an estate passes into the possession of the murderer, he can dispose of it, no matter how prompt may be his detection, trial, conviction and execution. It is true that the crime of parricide is rare, but the object almost invariably is to get property." In fact, the Pennsylvania decision may be sound law, but it certainly is bad morals.

The Butte Miners' union has again decided to hold its annual picnic at Anaconda. The date set is August 25. The city of Anaconda appreciates the honor and will endeavor to beat her own record in welcoming and entertaining her guests from Butte. These annual outings of the Miners' union are always pleasant and profitable. The Standard's desire is that the coming one will be the best attended and most enjoyable in the union's history.

Beauty Artists.

The closing years of the century are witnessing the development of a new field of enterprise for women. It is a beautiful business—beautiful both subjectively and objectively. There are artists in these days who proclaim to the world to be able, for the consideration of a few dollars to them in hand paid, to take a plain face with a stub nose and sallow complexion, which, left to itself, would stop a clock at forty rods, and transform it into a countenance of such perfect and dazzling beauty as to make the sun hide his diminished head in envy and chagrin. It is of course better to go to the artist's headquarters and take a course of treatment under her own scientific hands, but if that is impracticable still poor, suffering, homely femininity is not without means of attaining the highest pitch of beauty right at home. All it has to do is to try Madame Whale's golden hair elixir, the greatest discovery of the age; use Madame Harvard's superior complexion polish, and take no other; send for Mrs. Roseleaf's priceless recipe for elongating turned-up noses and reducing big mouths, beware of dangerous imitations foisted upon the market by unprincipled manufacturers; ask your druggist for the only Lalla Rhook's sparkling eye enlarger and justly celebrated Parisian bust and dimple developer, a valuable preparation also for superfluous hair, freckles, indigestion and mosquito bites. It's her own fault if a girl these days refuses to put herself into a condition in which she can give Venus cards and spades.

Some girls, it would seem, however, are not quite so susceptible of artistic treatment as others. News comes from Cleveland, Ohio, that Miss Pauline Whitaker of that city has sued a certain artist for $5,000 damages for having, as alleged, spoiled the plaintiff's complexion. According to the complaint the artist advertised that she could make any face beautiful within a month. She could take the raw material, knead it over, obliterate any disfigurements, render the features regular and attractive, and impart to the cheeks a dainty flush of pink and white that would throw all male spectators into a state of raving delirium. Miss Whitaker went to the artist's beauty parlors, took a regular course of treatment, followed out all the directions, sat up all day and half the night applying lotions, ointments and salves, to say nothing of pinching her cheeks, pulling her nose straight, pursing her mouth into the proper curves and all that; and at the end of it all, she swears, her poor face was so eaten away and disfigured by the poisonous drugs that she had to call in a physician, who charged her $200 for saving the pieces. In addition to this pecuniary outlay, Pauline says she isn't as pretty as she used to be by a good deal, a fact which causes her great mental anguish, wherefore she prays for the $5,000 aforesaid.

It would be manifestly improper for a newspaper to offer any comments on this singular case in advance of the trial, which we trust will bring out the facts fully and impartially. If the beauty artists are really imposing upon the public, if in fact their wonderful remedies for crookedness of the nose, enlargement of the mouth and massiveness of the feet are not what they purport to be, if they really cannot give our girls brilliancy of complexion, splendor of eyes, delicacy of hands, and glossiness of hair, if they actually cannot make dimples and such things to order, the public ought to know it. Let the facts come out.

RICHARD O. HICKMAN.

There is general regret expressed all over the state at the death of State Agent R. O. Hickman, who was one of the best known old-timers in the state. He was one of the most respected citizens and has occupied many prominent positions.—Butte Mining and Railway Review.

Mr. Hickman was one of the most prominent, reliable and respected citizens of the state, having been a resident of the state for 30 years and filling numerous positions of honor and trust, as well as showing the best of qualities in the several branches of business which he pursued.—Boulder Age.

Dick Hickman was one of the prominent men of Montana, a staunch friend and a man above reproach. He was one of the coterie of Virginia City who left that place when Montana became a state, and found positions of trust and emolument. He had a large circle of genuine friends and was everywhere known as "Honest Dick."—Bozeman Chronicle.

R. O. Hickman died at a hospital in Chicago Saturday. He was state land agent at the time of his death. He was one of the best known men in the state, having filled various offices of trust in the state and having been the first state treasurer. He was an able man, with all the good-fellowship and energy of the men who laid the foundations of this new commonwealth.—Helena News.

Montana has lost one of its foremost citizens in the death of Hon. O. R. Hickman and the "Old Guard" that blazed the trail for the great future that is now at our doors is lessened by one. All that honesty of purpose, indomitable will and ceaseless energy could accomplish in a new country is the epitome of "Dick" Hickman's life history, and though he lived to a ripe age and had his share of honors he died too soon.—Yellowstone Journal.

In the death of Richard O. Hickman, state land agent, Montana loses an honored citizen and faithful public servant. As a member of the legislature, territorial treasurer, state treasurer and state land agent he proved a most worthy and competent official. He was one of Montana's pioneeers and all who knew him were his friends, admirers and well-wishers. His death is a serious public loss, and the bereaved family have the profound sympathy of all the people of Montana.—Butte Miner.

The whole state to-day mourns over the open grave of Richard O. Hickman, and the vast concourse of people gathered around his bier in Helena is but an indication of the grief that pervades every community in Montana. His was one of the noble lives that shed luster upon the young commonwealth and every citizen can read in his honorable career wholesome lessons of patriotism, justice and humanity. He was one of the pioneers who made the state, and history only can do justice to the heroism of such men during the formative period of our territorial government. His contemporaries honor, posterity will worship.—Helena Herald.

THEY'RE AFTER HIM.

Let us see, what was this Sanders said to Coder about traitors?—Deer Lodge New Northwest.

Those ill-advised remarks of Colonel Sanders' on the silver sentiment in Montana seem destined to live forever. Every goldbug organ in the East is seizing upon them and rehashes them for the benefit of their too confiding readers.—Great Falls Leader.

Ex-Senator Sanders' goldbug expressions recently and his prediction that Sherman would prove a presidential favorite with the Montana republicans is being hooted at by some, but its verification would be fully in keeping with the election of Carter as a United States senator.—Deer Lodge Silver State.

Ex-Senator Sanders, as usual, is making a rosette of himself in the East by being interviewed and giving out the impression that the silver question don't affect the prosperity of this part of the country to any great extent. Colonel Sanders is a model republican.—Butte Bystander.

He (Sanders) unblushingly proclaims himself as the tool of the Eastern money and corporation power which so many people in Montana have long suspected him of being. The late lamented legislature, whatever may have been its shortcomings in other respects, must at least be given credit for turning down this traitor to the interests of Montana.—Dillon Tribune.

The Helena Independent says Colonel Sanders is "turning yellow." This is a great mistake. He is not turning yellow. His financial opinions have had the jaundice for years; he is a goldbug and always has been. It is true he wore a silver veneering when courting the elusive bauble of office, but any one not suffering from strabismus of the intellect could see through the tin-foil that passed for silver on his political shield.—Montana Mining Area.

Has Colonel Sanders made a political mistake? No. His party is over whelmingly against silver. It will nominate an anti-silver man for president on an anti-silver platform in 1896. And if it carries the country the Montana war horse will be one of the central figures of the next administration. Perhaps secretary of the interior. At least an ambassador. There's nothing the matter with Sanders. He's a little more nervy than the rest of them. And he hates sham. That's all.—Helena Independent.

Colonel Sanders, by his eastern interviews, is "getting back" at the voters of Montana for their constant neglect to elect him to any public office. He has tried so often and failed so invariably to secure the endorsement of a popular vote in this state that it would be a surprising exhibition of forbearance on his part to refrain from bitter reflections upon the judgment of the people of Montana, for "mean spirits, under disappointment, like small beer in a thunder storm, always turn sour."—Columbus Express.

UNDER THE NEW LAWS.

The gamblers, it seems, have no idea of fighting the law and tin horns are getting conspicuously less.—Bozeman Chronicle.

According to the new codes the mayor of a city is qualified to perform the legal marriage ceremony.—Yellowstone Valley Recorder.

The codes provide that a mayor shall be elected each year and hold office for two. This being the case, Bozeman will next year have two mayors. There is too much glory in it for one man, anyhow.—Bozeman Chronicle.

We have no especial desire to be considered a woman-hater, for we love the sex, but we believe that the practice of legislatures in giving clerkships to women because they have pretty faces and nothing to recommend them but their ability to draw salary should be discontinued. The jumbling of the codes, it is claimed, is due to woman's hand.—Missoula Republican.

The newspapers are having a great deal of fun over conflicts in the codes. If they would look to the last title in the codes and learn how they are to be construed, in case of conflict, they would see there can be no real conflict. There may be conflicts between the codes and the legislation enacted during the session which would be a part of the codes. We take it, however, that there will be no serious conflict. The worst thing in the laws will be mistakes in enrollment. The clerical work of the last legislature was very badly performed.—Helena Law Bulletin.

This peculiar state of affairs is due to the superior wisdom and sagacity of the code commissioners and members of the legislature who drafted and adopted a law which provides for the election of city officers every year and at the same time fixes there term of office at two years. This last discovery will doubtless stimulate the efforts of our "code" cranks, and before another week passes we expect to see the public treated to another revelation that will be more startling than any previous one. The legislature of 1895 will go down in history, the same as the famous "gopher law" legislature did during the territorial days.—Dillon Examiner.

There is so much being said about Colonel Sanders' "Piratical Edition of the Codes" that the Bystander hardly knows what to think of it, any more than that the printing of the edition was done in the East, which is no commendation to that work. Every line of the official codes, from composition to binding, was done right here in Montana. It is true, the people of the state have to pay $8,000 for the home article, but it is just as true that every cent of it was paid out to printers, pressman and binders, who will spend every sou right back from whence it came. Under those circumstances, it is doubtful if the "edition de luxe" will be the roaring success anticipated for it by its authors.—Butte Bystander.

TALK OF THE STATE.

Durrant wants a change of venue. All right. Send him to Boulder. But he'll get one anyway as soon as his trial is over.—Jefferson County Sentinel.

The Anaconda Standard is an ideal newspaper. It gives all the news, written up in a breezy and catchy style that renders the paper popular with all classes of readers.—Marysville Mountaineer.

Helena may dam the Missouri river but the whole people of Montana will damn Helena and the capitol committee if they don't stop monkeying about the location of the capitol site.—Marysville Mountaineer.

It is said that Bill Gay, the Meagher county outlaw, is writing a book. The people of this county are long-suffering and kind, but we fear this will prove the last straw to break the camel's back. Anything but this.—Meagher County News.

A new silver discovery has been located in Meagher county and the locators have named it "Cleveland." There are many evident objections to such a name, one of them being the probability that the expenses of running the affair will largely exceed the income of the enterprise.—Fort Benton River Press.

Fruit growing in Western Montana is still in its infancy, but the wonderful results achieved within a comparatively limited period should convince the most skeptical that the Bitter Root valley and the adjacent country have a magnificent future before them in the extension of their particular industry.—Ravalli Republican.

Western communities as a rule have to learn this lesson by bitter experience, that the inhabitants of a town, like the members of a family, should stand together and work for the common good. A little of the clan spirit would help us amazingly. When we realize that not one of our business men can fail without injury to some extent to almost every one else in the town, we shall lose some of our selfish spirit and do our best to help instead of injuring one another.—Great Falls Leader.

The merry war goes on in Red Lodge and the poisoned shafts of satire and abuse have been brought into requisition to make the quarrel more destructive of the welfare of the town and amusing for the onlookers. The latest is a pamphlet entitled "South Red Lodge Townsite and Fish Pond Co., Unlimited," aimed at the Hymer Myer faction. It is a glaring plagairism upon the famous "Helena's Society" production, so widely circulated during the capital campaign, but hasn't half the merit.—Columbus Express.

Although at all times a body composed of able and efficient men, the supreme court of Montana is now doing itself proud in the field of jurisprudence, not only in the volume of its work, but as to its quality as well. It is now generally conceded that the election of Associate Justice Hunt was one of the best moves ever made by the citizens of this state. To rare abilities as a jurist he adds an indefatigable energy that has largely done away with the necessity for an increase of judges. One thing is sure, however, the present judges of the supreme court are underpaid.—Montana Mining Area.

Dr. A. H. Hersy, one of the best-known and most brilliant general newspaper workers in Montana, visited Boulder last week with a view to securing local assistance in organizing a stock company to purchase the Age and publish it as a republican paper. He was well pleased with the plant, the town and the outlook, but differences among the local republican politicians will doubtless prevent the accomplishment of his object.—Boulder Age.

WITH THE WITS.

"Isn't Smith a poet?" "No; can't borrow a quarter to have his hair cut—that's all!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Prohibition Missionary—You are so poor only because you are intoxicatetd half your time. Bibulous One—Thash not it, gent. I'm only 'toxicated half m' time 'cause I'm so poor!—Puck.

Nellie—Look at those pretty cows. Maudie—They are not cows; they are calves. Nellie—But what is the difference? Maudie—Why cows give milk, and calves give jelly.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Madame—I have been charmed with your visit, baron. I shall forever lead a good life that I may have the pleasure of meeting you again hereafter. The Baron—My dear madame, do not, I pray you, be too good.—Illustrated Bits.

Plugwinch—I understand that Lameduck has several marriageable daughters. Samjones—Um, he had till lately. Plugwinch—Oh! Then they are married? Samjones—No; he failed last year.—Puck.

The Soulful Girl—What is the true test of poetry? The Poet—Well, if one can get a poem accepted that is written on both sides of the paper he may rest assured that it is a good thing.—Indianapolis Journal.

Employer—If I should give you the increase of salary you desire, do you suppose so many of your relatives would die, compelling you to attend their funerals, just as soon as warm weather arrives? Clerk—Oh, no indeed, sir. With the additional funds I could purchase many little delicacies that, I am sure, would prolong their lives indefinitely.—Harlem Life.

Old Colonel Batemtan, as he was called, managed theaters in this country. He had a stiff and aggressive head of hair that stood up like quills upon the fretful porcupine. One day he came into the theater with his hat on. There was a shout behind him: "Take your hat off, sir!" Off went the hat and up went the hair. The shout resolved itself into a piteous, whining appeal: "For heaven's sake put your hat on again, sir!"—Truth.

PEOPLE OF PROMINENCE.

Mary Cowden Clarke, the compiler of the "Concordance of Shakespeare," is now 86 years old.

Policeman Daniel B. Ahearn of the Hartford, Conn., police force is six feet seven inhces tall.

The members of the Savage club propose to give a farewell supper to Sir Henry Irving on or about Aug. 23, before he sails for New York.

In 1866 the late duke of Hamilton laid £180,000 to £6,00 against Hermit for the Derby. Fortunately for him friends intervened and the bet was canceled.

Esther Hornback, colored, died at Centreville, Tenn., last Sunday at the age of 119 years. The local newspaper says the records of her age are practically unimpeachable.

At a recent sale in London one of the pair of vases presented to the Marquis of Montcalm, defender of Quebec, by Louis XV., was sold for $10,000. This vase is of Sevres porcelain, 16½ inches high.

The Marquis of Lorne, although the husband of the Princess Louise, is, in the sight of the law, a commoner, and in state and official papers he is described as "John Campbell, commonly called the Marquis of Lorne."

Mr. Henry Gladstone has purchased the original drawing of Sir John Tenniel's fine cartoon, which recently appeared in Punch, representing Mr. Gladstone and the Duke of Argyll once more riding as "companions in arms" to the rescue of Armenia from Turkish oppression.

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Under state supervision and jurisdiction. Interest paid on deposits. Sells exchange available in all the principal cities of the United States and Europe. Collections attended to promptly. Transact a general banking business.
DIRECTORS.
P. A. Largey — C. H. Palmer
G. W. Stapleton — A. H. Barret
K. D. Leavitt — F. K. Wilson
S. V. Kemper — F. T. McBride
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Wm. Hoge, M. B. Brownlee, R. C. Chambers, Marcus Daly, F. E. Sargeant.

HOGE, BROWNLEE & CO., BANKERS.
BUTTE CITY, MONTANA.
Transacts a General Banking Business. Exchange drawn on the leading cities of Europe.
COLLECTIONS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
Correspondents: Wells Fargo & Co., New York; Wells, Fargo & Co., Salt Lake; Wells, Fargo & Co., San Francisco; Omaha National Bank, Omaha; Hoge, Daly & Co., Anaconda.

Western Montana National Bank.
OF MISSOULA, MONT.
Fred Kennett.....President
T. H. T. Ryman.....Vice President
G. A. Wolf.....Cashier
Capital.....$75,000
Surplus and Profits $15,000