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WESTERN PATRIOTISM.

While the great mass of the American people are as patriotic as ever, as ready as ever to sacrifice their lives for the flag and as proud as ever of the republic in whose glory every citizen claims an equal part, yet in some of the large cities there is apathy and indifference among certain elements, a seeming lack of interest in government affairs. This may be the result of ignorance or wrong training in childhood, or foreign birth without subsequent enlightenment as to the blessings of self government, or of personal disappointment over continuous misfortune or lack of success. In any case the situation is to be deplored. Any man who does not take active pride in the institutions of his own country, vote his convictions and guard well the sacred right of franchise, is an object of pity if he means well, and a man who should be watched if his tendencies are vicious.

We believe the men of the west are broader in their patriotism, prouder of their rights as citizens, more intelligent in their grasp of public questions than are the men of the east. We do not believes that in any western city, within a few hours of the assassination of the president of the nation, it would be possible to collect a band of avowed anarchists to gloat over the crime. Paterson, N. J., and Chicago, Ill., each tolerated an anarchist meeting on Friday evening. Had such a meeting been held in Butte it is almost certain that within five minutes the crowds on the street would have surrounded the place, and that unless there had been immediate retraction a hanging bee would have resulted, and would not have ended until the last one of the miscreants had stretched hemp.

It would have been a rash and wrongful proceeding in a community where the law is supreme and the people are sensible and conservative as they are in Butte and it might have happened only on the night or day of the greater crime, but we firmly believe it would have happened. There would have been no lines of nationality or creed in the crowd that would have broken up the anarchist meeting. But the feelings thus expressed would have been uncontrollable—the act would have been that of frenzied Americans bent on some form of retributive justice and justly in a frenzy that human beings could be elated over such an offense against God and man and civilization.

And who would complain if congress should enact a law deporting every avowed anarchist on American soil, and imprisoning for life every avowed anarchist who can not be deported? Who would complain if every man connected with the awful deed at Buffalo should be made to expiate his guilt on the gallows? Is there any fate the wretches do not deserve?

FOOD FOR ANARCHY.

This is no time to mince words. There is abundant reason for charging that yellow journalism and partisan malignity, which knows no abatement, but on the contrary becomes daily more reckless, more false and more cruel, has done much to engender a sentiment in certain minds of which the murder of the president is but a natural outcome.

The miscreant who shot the chief executive on Friday says he listened to the rantings of a woman anarchist named Emma Goldman, from whose envenomed mouth came words that made him the murderer of one of the gentlest, noblest, bravest men on all the earth. Who has not seen in the yellow newspapers of New York coarser abuse, viler falsehoods, more damnable libels about that same president than any woman anarchist could ever utter or conceive? Who knows how many other men who read and believed that stuff, who listen to demagogue harangues or anarchist mouthings, all of the same stamp and purpose—who knows how many other men were lurking in Buffalo to do the deed that Czolgosz committed and with the same motives and under similar advice? Is there any crime that a president may commit in violation of his oath that the yellow press has not charged against President McKinley, and have not the foul infamies been repeated and indorsed, and, in some cases, amplified by partisan imitators all over the land? Who can blame ignorant and often vicious foreigners coming here for asylum or freedom or other purpose—who can blame them for believing the base calumnies of the yellow press against the authorities at Washington if our own people encourage the vile sheets that give them origin and currency? The tirades of Emma Goldman may have incited the attempted murder of McKinley, but those of the yellow press may incite the murder of the next president should a successor be necessary. If there is any difference in the character of the fulminations of the woman Goldman and those of the yellow press, it is in favor of this unsexed virago, who is at least ignorant of moral law and frank in her contempt of moral responsibility. Besides, she can plead American authority for her incendiary diatribes, while the yellow press is wholly without example, authority or excuse for its policy and its writers notoriously without basis of fact for its wicked, heartless, conscienceless fabrications. It has not the justification of pending political strife, or public menace or official scandal. It has simply pursued a policy of dastardly pandering to the wost instincts of the worst people it can reach, exalting crime by making heroes of criminals, denying a semblance of honor to every man able to pay his bills, picturing the great captains of industry who find employment and wages for the people as designing knaves and unconvicted plotters against the human race, alleging poverty and slavery where abundance and independence are widespread and undeniable. Is it strange that weak and vicious minds of foreign cranks are impressed by such sentiments and that murder of those in high places sometimes results?

PRESS AND THE PEOPLE.

Very prompt, vigorous and unanimous are the respectable newspapers of the United States in discarding every suspicion of partisanship, every suggestion of politics, every feeling of sectional or social and business rivalry in the expression of their grief and horror of the assassin's deed at Buffalo. Always when such a crisis occurs in American history the deople, in discussing their common interests, find they largely agree in essential points after all, and so they talk as if they were all members of the same party, the same religious denomination or industrial occupation, looking at the situation from the same point of view and having identical interests to guard and similar patriotic impulses to express. A great national calamity always brings the people together for deliberation, and proves that in the best and truest sense this is a country from which state lines and class distinctions disappear whenever a sign of national danger appears on the horizon, and that the people are as determined to have a government of law and order when domestic safety and social forms are threatened as they are ready to drop every difference and rush in solid regiments to the battlefield to protect the nation from a foreign foe. That is the true American spirit. In this country every citizen is a soldier and every soldier a citizen. Anarchy and lawlessness and their natural results are contrary to American sentiment, and will be sternly condemned, repressed and punished whenever true Americans are in control, native or naturalized, whether in Buffalo or Butte. The American spirit was dominant in Butte Saturday to a remarkable extent among all classes of the people. The Inter Mountain is proud of such a constituency. In the morning five reporters were dispatched to interview people on the street, without distinction of party, race, color or occupation. Within an hour we had three times as many interviews as we had space for. Every one of them was a patriotic utterance. Every one of them did credit to the heart and brain of the person interviewed. Every one of them displayed righteous indignation, confidence in the stability of the government, faith in the rule of law and hope for the punishment of the criminal. Among such people free government is always safe and law is always supreme. The sentiment in Butte is typical of the spirit of the nation at large.

Upon the question of the ultimate designs of the American government relating to the relinquishment of military control in Cuba it is likely that the administration will have to endure seven or eight months more of misrepresentation before Cuban Libre shall be a fact accomplished. American occupation can not cease under the obligations assumed until the first national elections to fill the government offices shall have been held. The election of civil governors, senators and representatives can not legally take place for a period of 112 days subsequent to the date of the announcement thereof. The announcement can not be made until the sitting constitutional convention completes and adopts the electoral system now under discussion. The law likewise provides that another period of 112 days subsequent to the first election shall elapse before the election of president and vice president may be held. Necessarily, therefore, as provided by the Cubans in their own constitution, 224 days must pass before the fledgeling nation will be asked to sustain its own weight in the atmosphere of national existence after leaving its sheltered nest under the wings of the American eagle. If the civil elections can not be announced before October 1 and held before some day in December, the presidential election will occur during next April. As speedily thereafter as is consistent with courtesy and international dignity, every representative of the United States military power will leave Cuba, to return no more except on invitation or in the discharge of duty not now anticipated. The separation will be complete. That separation was pledged in honor and good faith on behalf of the American people, by their chief magistrate, and if he lives he will add another glory to the flag, to civilization and to Christianity. He may be fated to start a new nation on its course with his blessing, his congratulations and his assurance of succor from the American people should it ever need their protection or ask to come into the family of states and territories. It may do that sooner or later. It may desire to participate in the liberty and security vouchsafed by the grandest and most successful government every constructed by human wisdom and conducted on a basis of equality and justice to all its citizens.

Must future presidents wear a coat of mail and be surrounded by armed guards, allowing no man to approach within speaking distance? Must regiments be stationed in the vicinity to warn off American citizens from the man they most respect and whom they have chosen to conduct their government and guard their rights? Or is it better to hang a few hundred anarchists in this country, deny others the right to hold public meetings, refuse anarchist emigrants a landing on our shores and suppress a few yellow newspapers that incite them to murderous work? That is a present problem.

MANY ABJURE THE CORSET

Chicago Women Laugh at the Latest Substitute in Berlin. Fails to Attract.

An anti-corset movement which is occupying the attention of Berlin is viewed with much amusement by Chicago women, says the Tribune. It seems that someone has invented an elastic girdle which is to take the place of the corset, having all the benefits and none of the harms of the latter.

"An elastic corset?" said one club woman, laughing at the idea. "No, it is not new to us; the idea is too absurd."

"Why, we have had elastic girdles for the last ten years," said a woman physician yesterday. "Nothing has come of them because nothing can. The only way to rid one's self of the dangers of corset wearing is to go without the corset. Hundreds of women are doing that in Chicago today, and five years from now thousands will have followed their example."

As the outcome of the local dress reform movement of some eight years ago many of the best dressmakers, particularly those of the larger establishments, instituted a department wherein women who do not wear corsets could have their gowns properly fitted. When the dress reform movement, and the anti-corset movement which accompanied it, began there was no place where women with dress reform ideas could have them carried out.

The agitation began in the Chicago Woman's club, and as if to meet the club's need a woman who would and could make the newly needed styles of gowns came forward.

Following her lead many of the large establishments took up up the reform and now hundreds of women not only go without corsets, but have clothes made accordingly in Chicago. They are not such dresses as were made when the movement first began. They fit, and, moreover, it is hard to tell them from the gowns of corseted women. They are made on exactly the same lines and after the same fashions, the art being in the making.

Mrs. C. S. Brown, who fits these dresses for Marshall, Field & Co., said yesterday when told of the Berlin movement:

"Mercy, think of that! Why do they wear a corset if they don't want to? There is no reason why they should, and they would be far easier and better. I fit, I don't know how many dresses for women who go without corsets, and I fit them as I do the others. The gowns must be well fitted and well made. I could tell you of a great many well-known women about town who go without corsets.

"Most of the women physicians do without corsets, and many of the best business women lawyers, and so on. I have club women—lots of them—but no ultra fashionables; these must have the effect, regardless of the cost. And I must confess that without corsets you lose just a touch of fashion. The gowns cannot be fitted so snugly.

"The straight-front corset is doing away with the little waist, as it is no longer fashionable, and the girdle, which is now worn, does away with most of the corset."

The elastic girdle which Berlin women are raving about seems preposterous to Chicago women. They agree with Dr. Frances Dickinson, who says: "I haven't worn a corset for thirty years—why do you wear one?"

After All.

After all is done and said,
Life consists of clothes and bread.
Everywhere we stay or go
Our glad raiment is on show;
When a friend we chance to meet,
Something then we drink or eat.

Life consists of what we wear,
With a little bill of fare.
True—we work. But that's to get
Coin to keep us out of debt.
All the money does not good
Save to purchase clothes and food.

What we wear and what we eat
Go to make our lives complete.
Every mortal thinks of dress—
Dreams of tailored happiness,
And his heart is sure to swell
At the sound of dinner bell.

Yes, O, yes, we read and talk,
Smile and sing and ride and walk—
But—the table after while—
And we're dead if out of style.
After all is done and said,
Life consist of clothes and bread.
—Josh Wink in Baltimore American.

Noted Sporting Writer Dead.

St. Louis, Sept. 9.—Charles R. McKenzie, aged 46, well known as a turf writer, under the non de plume of "The Gadfly," died at the city hospital as the result of a street car accident, in which his skull was fractured.

Emma Goldman in Chicago.

St. Louis, Sept. 9.—It was learned today that Emma Goldman, anarchist, called for mail at St. Louis postoffice at 9. a. m., Saturday. In the afternoon she called again and left a request that any mail received for her be forwarded to general delivery, Chicago.

ABOUT MOUNTAIN SHEEP

THE PAPER entitled "Notes on the Mountain Sheep of North America," written by William T. Hornaday director of the New York Zoological park, and just published by the New York Zoological society, describes a new species of mountain sheep recently discovered in the Klondike country, and contains a great deal of matter regarding these animals of special interest to the hunter says the New York Sun.

For many sportsmen the mountain sheep of the Rocky mountains is the ideal game. The all but inaccessible places in which the animal makes his home, his marvelous agility, and, above all, the astonishing keenness of his perception of the approach of a foe combine to make the quest of him the highest type of sport.

In addition there is the legitimate reason for killing mountain sheep, that of all wild animals known there is no other whose flesh is so savory, so juicy and so nutritious and digestible. And fondness for mountain mutton is by no means confined to man alone. The wolves and grizzly bears of the Rockies that have once got to killing mountain sheep never get over the habit.

It is from man of all their foes that the sheep suffer most, and there is good reason to fear that in some regions at least they may meet the fate of the extinct buffaloes. On this subject Mr. Hornaday says: "Owing to the fact that the surviving mountain sheep inhabit only the most remote and inaccessible regions, the difficulty in affording them legal protection from slaughter is is very great. Fortunately for our wild animals public sentiment in favor of their preservation from extinction is rapidly spreading and the lines of protection are each year being more tightly drawn. Of the thirteen states inhabited by mountain sheep, California and Nevada alone have failed to enact laws for their protection. Five states have enacted for this species a perpetual close season—Arizona, Colorado Montana, North Dakota and Utah. Their good example should be followed by each of the other eight."

Prior to November of last year only four species of American mountain sheep were known and classified. The best known of these was the familiar big horn, ovis montana our own Rocky mountains, that had been known for more than a century. In 1884 the pure white mountain sheep of Alaska and northwestern Canada were described by E. W. Nelson and named ovis dalli in honor of Prof. William H. Hall of Washington. Next in order of discovery came Nelson's mountain sheep, ovis nelsoni of southern California. In 1896, while on an exploring expedition in the Cassiar mountains of northern British Columbia, A. J. Stone discovered the very interesting dark-colored species of mountain sheep described by Dr. A. J. Allen in 1897 and named ovis stonei, in honor of its discoverer. Concerning the discovery of the last species of mountain sheep thus far known, Mr. Hornaday says:

"The discovery of gold on the Klondike river, Northwest Territory, has led to the discovery of still another species of mountain sheep, which may justly be regarded as the handsomest and most striking in color markings of all known species of the genus ovis. While in Victoria, B. C., last November, the attention of the writer was called by John Fanin to the skin and skull of a mountain sheep which had been sent down from Dawson City by Henry W. Brown, as a specimen of ovis stonei, and presented by him to the Provincial museum. An examination of the skin * * * * revealed the startling fact that it represents a species absolutely new to science, and so strikingly differentiated as to render its title to independent specific rank beyond question.'

The peculiarity in the marking of the ovis fannini, as the new species of mountain sheep is called in honor of John Fannin, is that it looks like an ordinary mountain sheep with a brown blanket thrown over his back. The head, throat, chest, abdomen, the insides of the legs and a part of the rump of the animal are all snowy white; the entire body, with these exceptions, is a brownish gray. This marking is different from that of any other species of mountain sheep known.

Sled loads of frozen carcasses of these sheep are often seen in the Dawson markets now, and as the gold hunters have come to know the good qualities of the meat, the war upon the sheep is growing every day more active.

A. J. Stone of the American Museum of Natural History knows about as much concerning the difficulties of mountain sheep hunting as any man living, probably, and he has given an account of his experiences. Mr. Stone says:

"Five out of twenty-two specimens shot by me tumbled over precipitous walls into inaccessable places, and were lost. One of the lost five was found in a bunch of three resting on a ledge seemingly not over a foot wide, on the face of a cliff fully 2,000 feet high from base to summit, over which I leaned and watched them for some time unobserved. How they reached the place or left it, I could never tell. * * *

"One of my Indians came in one night, and reported having crippled a large ram which he failed to get. The next morning we hunted in that direction. * * * As it (the sheep) turned toward me and caught sight of me, I raised my rifle and fired. It fell, turning completely over; then it jumped up and was away across the ridge like a shot, its broken leg swinging like a pendulum at every jump.

"As soon as I could recover from my surprise, I followed as fast as I could run, only to see it disappear over a side of the next canon. It circled the side of the canon wall, and took a stand on a jutting edge of rock, from which, if I shot it, it would topple off down on the rocks several hundred feet below, and be ruined as a specimen; so I sat down to await its possible change of position.

"After a short while my white man and natives arrived, and two of them decided to go around and chase him down. As they approached him, down he went apparently as lively as ever, and another chase took place lasting until the white man was played out.

"From the edge of the canon I could watch every move. Twice the native tried his smooth bore without effect, and I began to think the ram would get away from him. It climbed a deep cut between two high turrets in theside of the canon wall nearest me and found its way into a deep cavity in the side of one of the great natural Indian abutments and lay down. The Indian could not get to the place, but threw stones at the poor beast until it ran out.

"As it left this big cavity it had either to leap directly down fifteen or twenty feet or pass out by the Indian; and here is just where it displayed its wonderful capabilities in a most daring manner. As it emerged from the cavity it crept along the wall, which to all appearances was perpendicular, and continued straight on for twenty-five or thirty feet. It then turned around and came back to the edge of the cavity and leaped down, falling as it struck the rock below; but it was immediately up again and away, seemingly as game as ever. The Indian, who was within a few feet of the animal at the time, said that he could not see anything in the shape of a projection on the face of the rock for the animal to walk on, nor could any of us do so at a distance of perhaps 200 yards with the aid of powerful field glasses.

"I stood carefully watching every movement of the animal, and how it was possible for it not only to walk on the side of such a wall, crippled as it was, but actually to turn around and walk back, is beyond my comprehension, for I am sure there was no place on the face of the wall to which I could have clung for even a moment."

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BUTLER SPOON STORY.

John Budd's Defense of His Old Commander's Memory.

John Budd, of Wiscasset, the oldest and quaintest toll gatnere in Maine, now has a more singular tale to relate than the story of his life; and just one little chapter in his life is strange enough for most people.

Budd was one of twin brothers. His parents died when he was an infant, and the two little shavers were taken in hand by charitable people. No one family desired both of the twins, and so the boys were separated. John Budd was adopted by a French-Candian family and was taken into Canada and there reared. His brother Thomas was taken into a Scotch family in the provinces and there arrived at manhood. After they had become men the brothers traced each other out and met, but they required an interpreter before they could converse. John had lived among French-Candians all his life and had not then learned to speak English; the brother had a broad Scotch accent that might bother even a Yankee ear.

For years John Budd had been the toll gatherer at the end of the Wiscasset bridge, the longest in the state of Maine. It is built on trestles and is something over a mile long. Whenever Chief Justice Peters, now retired, held court at Wiscasset each April and October he never allowed a day to pass without calling on John Budd at the toll office. The chat of the old man amused the justice very much, for, as the most noted wit and recounter in Maine, he loves picturesqueness of character more than any other attribute. He knows intimately every quaint old chap in the state.

A few days ago Budd was sitting in the sun at the door of his little booth smoking his pipe. Two young men, evidently city boys on a pedestrian tour, came along across the bridge and stopped to pay their toll. They eased their knapsacks off their shoulders and sat down on a bench at the side of the booth for a moment's rest. Budd naturally asked them whence they had come and whither they were going:

"Our home is in New Orleans," said the older of the young men. "We are up here in Maine for the summer."

"I stopped in New Orleans at one time," said Budd.

"When was that?"

"When I was with General Butler."

The faces of the young men hardened. The older one said, with much bitterness of tone:

"Well, you can't be very proud of that."

"And why not you young snippet?" demanded Budd, with just as much asperity.

"Because Butler was an insulter of women, a tyrant and an old thief; that's what he was, and the boys of New Orleans who never saw him hate him just as much as the men and women who suffered from his orders. And, besides, he stole all the spoons out of my grandfather's hotel."

"He did, eh?" snapped Budd. "What was the name of your grandfather's hotel?"

"The St. Charles."

"You just wait a moment young man," Budd went upstairs into his living room and brought down a heavy canvas bag.

He opened it and took out a handful of spoons. On the handle of each was engraved "St. Charles."

"What do those look like?" demanded Budd.

"Why, those are some of the spoons from my grandfather's hotel!" gasped the young man. "Where did you come on those?"

"I stole 'em," said Budd placidly. "And I know who stole the rest of 'em—and we all did it at the risk of our lives, for if General Butler had known it he would have had us strung up. Now you take back what you said about him. Take it back or I'll dump you both over the rail there."

Daunted by the glare in the eyes of the old man, the boys apologied for their hasty words. Then the older said:

"Sir, my father will pay any price for those old spoons. I don't know just how much money I have with me, but I will give it to you, every cent, if you will give me those memorials of my grandfather. They can be worth nothing more to you now."

"Let me tell you," replied Budd, "that you couldn't bring money enough in a two-horse wagon to buy one of them. I'm not a thief; I'm not trying to make money by stealing. I took those spoons as plunder of war, and I'm going to keep 'em. You can't buy 'em and you can't tease 'em away. No use to try. And if you want to save your spoons that you've got now down there don't you ever declare war against the North again. These spoons staying up here in Maine will be a jog to your memory."

And in spite of all their arguments and protests, the young men were obliged to trudge away without the spoons that belonged to their grandfather.—New York Tribune.

Some Nightmares.

The night I ate Welsh rarebit
J. Pierpont Morgan came
And sang in soulful accents
None else but Shaffer's name.
He called for Mr. Shaffer,
And said: "Oh, Shaffer, please
Take each cent of my fortune
And raise all salaries."

The night I ate Welsh rarebit
I saw Tom Lipton write:
"I would not win with Shamrock—
Not even if I might."
And all the New York Yacht club
Sang: "We will never float
Another cup defender
Unless it's Lawson's boat."

The night I ate Welsh rarebit
I heard Maclay and Long
And Crowinshield and Sampson
All singing this glad song:
"At Santiago's battle
The greatest man was Schley"—
And then the old alarm clock
Set up its morning cry.
—Josh Wink, in Baltimore American

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