

SEMI-WEEKLY MINER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1893.

Silver, \$1.13.

Collector Robertson is happy. He says the President will not remove him.

Petitions continue to pour into the White House praying for the pardon of Mason.

New York merchants recently telegraphed to Congress that that city sold \$13,000,000 worth of goods to Utah last year.

The House has passed the bill granting a pension of \$5,000 a year to Mrs. Garfield, Mrs. Polk and Mrs. Tyler. Republicans are sometimes generous if not always grateful.

R. B. Hays, through courtesy called ex-President Hays, is one of the incorporators of the Fremont Savings Bank, a new institution which has just obtained its charter. Rutherford has, at last, struck his level. Eight to seven he gets away with it.

The United States, with its 50,000,000 people, maintain an army of 23,785 enlisted men and 2,000 officers. Of this number over 18,000 are west of the Mississippi river, in the wilds of Omaha and St. Paul, and contiguous unprotected portions of the country.

An exchange says: General Grant's private property lists are of no public concern, but the recent transfer of his cottage near Elberon calls to mind the fact that he has a valuable villa at Long Branch, a costly town house in New York, and a modest home in Galena, all transferred to his wife.

"A close corporation" is what Republican Senators call the present administration. They complain that it is run by Stalwarts and that no one except Logan and Don Cameron has the ear of the Executive. It does seem as though Mr. Arthur is not disposed to break his neck to accommodate the half-breeds.

We are to have a brand new Secretary for Montana. His name is Isaac D. McCutcheon and he hails from Michigan. The President sent his name to the Senate on the 28th inst. His certification is a matter of no day ute. It seems a little strange that no one could be found in Montana to fill the office, but such appears to be the fact. At least a pilgrim would arrive at that conclusion when he learned the President had to go all the way to Michigan to find a Secretary for this Territory.

Mr. John Kelly may make bargains with Governor Cornell but it seems he cannot in every instance deliver the goods. Our last night's dispatches bring the gratifying news that his household is divided against itself. An anti-Kelly faction has arisen to disturb the little schemes of the "Boss" and has resolved to ignore Mr. Kelly and not recognize the alliance he has formed with Cornell. The Democrats will yet capture the decent half of Tammany while the Republicans, as usual, must be content with the offal.

The Inter Mountain takes exceptions to our remarks about a new party. As that journal has declared itself to be non-partisan we cannot see wherein we tread on its corns in what we said. If it were an out and out Republican paper in sympathy with and supporting the Republican party and feeling a pride in its history and achievements it would have attempted to show wherein we were wrong. But as it belongs to that class of independents which we describe this morning it simply grants a dissent with a fling of its wallow in lieu of argument.

HOMELESS JEWS.

A million homeless Jews. Twenty-five times as many people as there are in Montana who have not a home they can call their own. That is the meaning of the recent decision of the St. Petersburg commission appointed to consider the case of the Jews in Russia. That decision if carried out will turn upon the cold charity of the world one-third of the 3,000,000 Jews in Russia. Under the pretense of protecting them from persecution in the rural districts they are told they must leave their homes and go to the cities where they may be protected. This is protection with a vengeance. It would seem that simple justice demands these people should be protected in their homes and permitted to enjoy immunity from persecution as long as they are peaceable and law-abiding citizens. But it appears it is decreed otherwise. It has been reported the Czar did not endorse the decision of the commission, but he has taken no steps to counteract its effect. To all intents and purposes the decision of the commission has all the effect and binding force of a ukase from the throne. There is no abatement of the persecution to which these people are subjected, and to escape it they leave their homes and all their hallowed associations and turn their faces toward strange countries. The world is looking on while 1,000,000 people are wandering homeless over the land. Is justice dead?

WHO ARE THE BOURBONS?

Whenever Republican journals desire to say something about Southern Democrats which they consider smart or cutting or reproachful they allude to them as "Bourbons." The term is used as a verbal club with which they hammer every prominent Democrat in the South, and occasionally one in the North is treated to a dose of it. The significance or meaning of the term has nothing to do with its application. Every Democrat, who by reason of his earnest work in the ranks of his party, becomes a target for these discriminating journals, and the epithet "Bourbon" is hurled at him at once. He is a "Bourbon" and that settles his status in the opinion of these wisecracks. Now we have no word of complaint to utter concerning this practice of our Republican brethren. If they can ease their vexed souls or derive any comfort from the employment of the epithet, there is no one to hinder or make them afraid. The chances are that if they were suddenly asked what they meant by the term "Bourbon," nine out of ten of them could not tell. Webster defines a Bourbon as one who adheres to the house of "Bourbon," a Legitimist. Assuming this to be the proper definition of the name, it would puzzle the most ingenious of our Republican contemporaries to point its appositeness to Democrats.

The term "Bourbon," if it means anything now-a-days as applied to individuals in this country, means one who entertains obsolete ideas, or in other words, one who "learns nothing and forgets nothing." They are confined to no particular locality, but may be found in the pine forests of Maine as well as in the mountains of Tennessee. In the one place they are still voting for Gov. Kent and in the other they are hurrahing for Andrew Jackson. These men have learned nothing and forgotten nothing. The parties to which they once belonged have moved away from them and left them living monuments of an almost forgotten past. In the North they have never caught up with their party and are now found in the army of "scratchers." They vote, if they vote at all, to gratify their passion or prejudice and not to perpetuate a principle. In the South they have drifted off into the ranks of the Independents and are used by the outcasts of the Democratic party there as adjuncts to the Republican party. Mahone gathered them in his drag net in Virginia, Jacobs is holding out bait for them in Kentucky and the Republicans in Tennessee are preparing to corral them. Of such are the "Bourbons" of the 8 uth. The great Democratic party is far in advance of them. They have learned nothing and forgotten nothing. They are malcontents, old men in their dotage and imbeciles who, having failed to "catch on" to the car of progress, are left behind and become easy if not willing victims to Southern Republicans who stand ready to embrace and take to their bosoms the odds and ends, and refuse and outcast of the ever progressive Democratic party. These are the "Bourbons" and the Republican party is welcome to them.

There is still considerable uneasiness manifested among the friends of the Chinese bill that the President will veto the measure. His opposition to it is said to be confined to the twenty years clause.

SPIRIT OF THE EASTERN PRESS.

Under the head of exclusive and reliable information the New York Tribune of the 17th contains the following:

Collector Robertson, of New York, has been removed, and Stephen B. French, of Sag Harbor, New York, Albany and Washington, has been appointed in his place. Collector Robinson was removed by the crowd of loungers at the Arlington Hotel. Mr. French was nominated by the crowd at the Riggs Hotel, and he was unanimously confirmed by the largest crowd of all at Willard's. Collector Robertson is removed every time he comes to Washington, and judging from the condition of his health and spirits, is bearing it remarkably well. He has also been removed a few times by some of the newspapers, and does not seem to mind even that. There is the very best authority for stating that Mr. French will not assume the duties of the Collectorship until he receives his commission.

Speaking of the Anti-Polygamy bill the Buffalo Courier makes the following point:

There is not a demagogue in the country who does not feel perfectly safe in denouncing the Mormons and condemning the "twin relic of barbarism." No State rights are involved in the question, and it is admitted that Congress has full legislative power over the Territories. Moreover, no one denies that the evils of polygamy should be thoroughly and promptly dealt with. But to take this view is one thing and to approve all the provisions of the Edmunds bill is another. The efficacy of the new law is questioned by its own author and by many intelligent members of the same party who are earnestly opposed to the Mormon regime in Utah. That exceptional and rigorous measures are needed no doubt, but whether the installation of a returning board in the Territory and the intended transfer of power to a small minority are appropriate measures is an open question. The Democrats were right in demanding a full discussion of all doubtful points, but the Republicans preferred to treat the matter as if it were a party issue. By this course they have assumed full responsibility for the continuance of the

evil in case the present effort to suppress it should result in failure.

It may be tough on Mr. Schuchers, but we are not satisfied with the word of any man who confesses he gave a letter marked "confidential" to the editor of a newspaper to publish. We want something more reliable, more trustworthy than the word of a man who, by his own confession, is guilty of an act of incredible meanness and treachery to the dead. We would no more think of accepting Schuchers' statement as conclusive than we would think of making a hearty meal on the hull of a grain of rice.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

They Spared His Unprofitable Life.

[The truth of the following from the Laramie Boomerang will be vouched for by X. Heidler, who as every one in Montana knows cannot tell a lie]:

Many years ago, when Denver didn't have any opera-house, and the Rocky Mountain country was the *terra incognita* of the world, there wandered out to the region of Fort Benton a man named Exbeadle, who made himself unpopular among the Shoshones by killing some of their most prominent men whenever he could catch them away from home. As a result of this course of procedure Mr. Exbeadle had a large private cemetery and hostilities were declared by the tribe.

Mr. Exbeadle was a speculator, and one day fortune threw in his way a lot of fireworks that didn't meet with a ready sale, and he purchased them, more for his own amusement than anything else. These he put to one side, and didn't think of them again till one day there was a council of war in the Shoshone tribe, at which it was resolved to extinguish the light of Mr. Exbeadle and send him across the mysterious river.

They notified him that the intention was to make him climb the golden stair in about 15 minutes, Western time. It looked pretty dubious for the defendant for a moment, and he didn't know exactly what to do, not having time to consult counsel. It was a dark night in autumn and Mr. Exbeadle felt that the morrow would be of very little interest to him. Like an inspiration, however, came the recollection of his fireworks. He rose and said: "Gentlemen of the forest, you apparently have the bulge on me, and I admit that you are largely in the majority, but you do not know me. I am a medicine man from Michigan, and I can make it mighty interesting for you if you carry this thing too far. I just say this for your own good, and more in sorrow than in anger. If you take out my vitals and feed them to the vulture, I will linger near you in the spirit, and I will annoy you pretty plenty. I am aware that I have planted some of your leading men in the cold, cold ground, but that isn't a marker to what I will perform when I get out of the flesh where I won't be delayed by the inlemency of the weather. I will now proceed to show you a few little amateur efforts of mine as a medicine man from away back."

Mr. Exbeadle then let on a new style of sea serpent from a slight elevation. It was the biggest thing in the line of pyrotechnics that was ever turned loose west of the Missouri. It shot out into the darkness about nine feet like a carload of delirium tremens and squirmed through the inkly bosom of night like an uneasy demon walking in his sleep. The gathered warriors of the tribe took one horrified look at the hissing emissary of hell and lit out. They left all their baggage that didn't happen to be tied to their backs, and there hasn't been a Shoshone Indian seen there since.

Mr. Exbeadle picked out the best ponies belonging to the tribe, loaded up the rest of his fire-works and went home. He lived many years after and became one of the most trusted Indian peace commissioners known in Western history.

Indian Agency Scandal.

McKinnon, the prisoner taken to Carson by Sheriff Fitch, under sentence of two years for forgery, says the Reno Gazette, "was for a long time clerk for Indian Agent Howe of the Shoshone reservation. He makes serious charges against the Agent. McKinnon says Howe draws rations for about 1,400 Indians, while he cares for less than 400. He says he was sent out to take the census and enrolled about 390. Upon reporting the result of his labors to Agent Howe he was informed that it would never do—he must find more than that. McKinnon says that being used to lines and outs of the usual method of doing things on the different reservations, he anticipated Mr. Howe's meaning, and, without going out of his office, enrolled about 1,000 more. It is said that U. S. District Attorney Varian is investigating the matter."

This may be all true. An Indian Agent's reputation has not a high market value. Most anything that is said to his discredit is believed by the public. But the word of a man in transit to the State prison is next to worthless. Anybody's reputation is too valuable to be hurt by the testimony of a forger on his way to the penitentiary.—Eureka Sentinel, March 24.

How to Prevent Horse Stealing.

A valued correspondent sends us the following as a sure preventive of horse stealing. We do not vouch for its efficacy, but give it for trial.—Es.

How to stop horse stealing has puzzled wise heads, but Governor St. John has solved the problem. Eureka! prohibit horses! remove temptation! Young men ought not to be tempted. So long as horses are allowed in the streets to display their seductive charms, young men, old men, who never before so much as dreamed of violating the eighth commandment, will be dragged down to ruin. Those dens of infamy, livery stables, must be closed up, their vile keepers lariat out on the prairie, and kicked to death by hob-blede. When this shall be done there will be, according to Gov. St. John's theory, no more horse stealing.

Wanted—Woodchoppers. Twenty-five or thirty woodchoppers at Fort's store to-day. Apply to A. W. CHILDS.

Settlement Notice. The book accounts of the late firm of McCuskey & Ingersoll have this day been placed in the hands of L. E. Manning, of West Park street, for collection. Persons knowing themselves indebted to that firm will please pay to same. Mr. Manning will in future collect all accounts of the new firm monthly. E. SHERWOOD, of Sherwood & Tough. I thank the public for its kind patronage and hope for a continuance of the same. E. S. Sherwood.

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