

regicide from the silk looms of Paterson. Of course the man and woman who sent it knew perfectly well that he would never be allowed to receive it. It was only a notice to the Italian government that the "committee" of Bresci's fellow anarchists in this country were ready for further acts of violence.

The killing of Humbert has given an impetus to this latter day anarchy in America. It has made positive converts of doubting Italians and attracted the attention of hundreds who believe that the "times are out of joint," but had heretofore seen no cure in anarchy.

Paterson anarchists deny publicly that they were aware of Bresci's intentions when he sailed for Europe. But their every action betrays their words. They are almost insanely proud of having known him. His portrait on a button they wear in their coat lapels. They talk about giving poor, innocent little Madeline an anarchist education which will perpetuate the memory of her father. The editorials of La Question Sociale tell at great length why Humbert deserved to die, and what a glorious martyr Bresci is.

The question has been many times asked since Humbert's assassination whether our own government is in danger and whether the President of the United States is regarded by this class of its residents as belonging to the same category with the rulers of Europe.

While any anarchist purpose is a subject upon which it is extremely difficult to speak positively, many things indicate that, far from wishing to kill an American President, Italian anarchists hope for his protection and preservation, and the same is true of Edward VII of Great Britain.

THREE-YEAR OLD DAUGHTER.

Has the Large Blue Eyes of Her American Mother.

Next to anarchy, Madeline, the 3-year old daughter of the regicide, was his idol. She has the large blue eyes of her American mother, but her dark clustering hair and clear olive skin are a legacy from her father. Bresci never returned from Paterson on a Saturday evening without a bunch of bananas or a bag of candy for Madeline. It was his delight to spend whole hours romping on all fours with her on the floor. The day after the assassination of the king Mrs. Bresci, in West Hoboken, hoping against hope that her husband was not the murderer, used as an argument his devotion to his child. "Gaetano could not have done it," she said, simply. "He was sometimes an anarchist, but when he played with Madeline he was himself a child."

Outside of the group at Paterson Bresci never said much about anarchy. To be sure, he used often to remark regretfully that all governments were wrong, and he sometimes read aloud La Question Sociale to Mrs. Bresci, who understands Italian, but he never gave her the slightest intimation of how deep was his devotion to the cause.

It was in January, 1900, that Bresci first began to complain of his failing health. He said he was threatened with the consumption, and told his wife that his

sneaky decline could only be prevented by his spending a few months with his brother in Italy. He did not name the date upon which he expected to start until only a few days before he sailed; then he suddenly appeared one evening from Paterson with a French line steamer ticket and \$100, which, he explained, he had saved for traveling expenses. As a matter of fact, it was undoubtedly the result of a collection among the group.

It was while Bresci was complaining of ill health that he purchased a cheap revolver at a gun store in Paterson. In the early spring, on several occasions, accompanied by his wife and child, he spent the day in the woods back of Weehawken. While Madeline and her mother searched for wild flowers among the trees Bresci practiced shooting at a target with a revolver.

On La Gascogne in the latter part of May Bresci sailed on the mission. He received some final instruction from Malatesta. He visited the Paris exposition, and from there sent a silk handkerchief to Madeline, with his name "Gaetano," embroidered in crimson in the corner.

MALATESTA'S LIEUTENANT.

Pedro Esteve, Amiable, Cultivated and Scholarly.

Malatesta's most able lieutenant now in this country is Pedro Esteve, the present editor of La Question Sociale in Paterson. A more amiable, cultivated and really scholarly man it would be hard to find anywhere. He is about 45 years old. If you knew nothing of his antecedents you would take him at once for a professor in some university of the continent. With his wife and 8-year old son he lives in a comfortable little flat on Clay street, in the Italian quarter of Paterson. His lodgings are plainly and simply furnished, but are in excellent taste and exceedingly comfortable. On the walls of the parlor are bronze medallions of Bakunin, Prince Kropotkin, Vallant, who threw a bomb into the French chamber of deputies, and several other of the exponents of modern anarchy. On his book shelves, along with French pamphlets by Jean Grave, are Emerson's Essays. For Emerson, Mr. Esteve maintains, was a human pure anarchist without knowing it.

While almost totally ignorant of the English language, Mr. Esteve speaks French, Spanish and Italian with equal fluency.

"Gaetano Bresci," he said, "was my friend. I regard his acquaintance as perhaps the greatest honor in my life. In killing the king of Italy he realized the futility of attempting to overthrow the system of Italian despotism. He was not insane enough to expect that a change of government would follow his act. But how else could he let the people of Italy know that there was any such force in the world as anarchy? Anarchists there are hunted like wild beasts. We can not meet; we can not publish papers or write books. The government had come to the conclusion that it had stamped out anarchy, but when Bresci struck it realized that it had failed."—Francis H. Nichols, in the Outlook.

TREATMENT OF ANARCHISTS

An Interesting Story of What Happened After the Garfield Shooting in Iowa.

A group of travelingmen were gathered in one of the Chicago hotel rotundas the night after President McKinley's shooting, and, after giving vent to various sanguinary suggestions, one of them—W. C. Wilson, who travels for a Chicago firm—told a story, which, as he expressed it, "illustrated how such devils sometimes get their deserts."

"It was just after the death of President Garfield from the bullet of the assassin Guitreau that the incident that I am about to relate took place," began Mr. Wilson. "I was working back home after a trip out to the coast, and had occasion to stop at a small town named Rockford, in Iowa. It might have had about a thousand people in it, but certainly did not have any more. When I got ready to leave and got to the depot, I found that there wouldn't be a train along for a couple of hours, and, meeting another traveling man at the depot, we walked up and down on the platform and smoked and talked to while the time away."

"The depot was a small affair and was in charge of an Irishman, a good, peevish fellow, who felt so grieved over the death of President Garfield, which had taken place a few days before, that he had got a picture of the President out of the Inter-Ocean and had it put in a frame and hung outside the depot. The frame of the picture was draped with crepe and above it he had a small American flag. The picture was hung on the front of the depot where everyone getting on or off a train could not fail to see it."

"This particular day that I was there a couple of men were at work painting the depot, and the Irishman had taken

a chair outside and sat at the end of the building watching them while they worked. From where he sat he could not see the front of the depot or the picture. As the other drummer and myself walked up and down the platform we noticed a couple of the most villainous looking hobs come from behind some cars on a side track and toward the depot. When they got to where the picture was hanging they stopped, and one of them said, pointing his hand toward it:

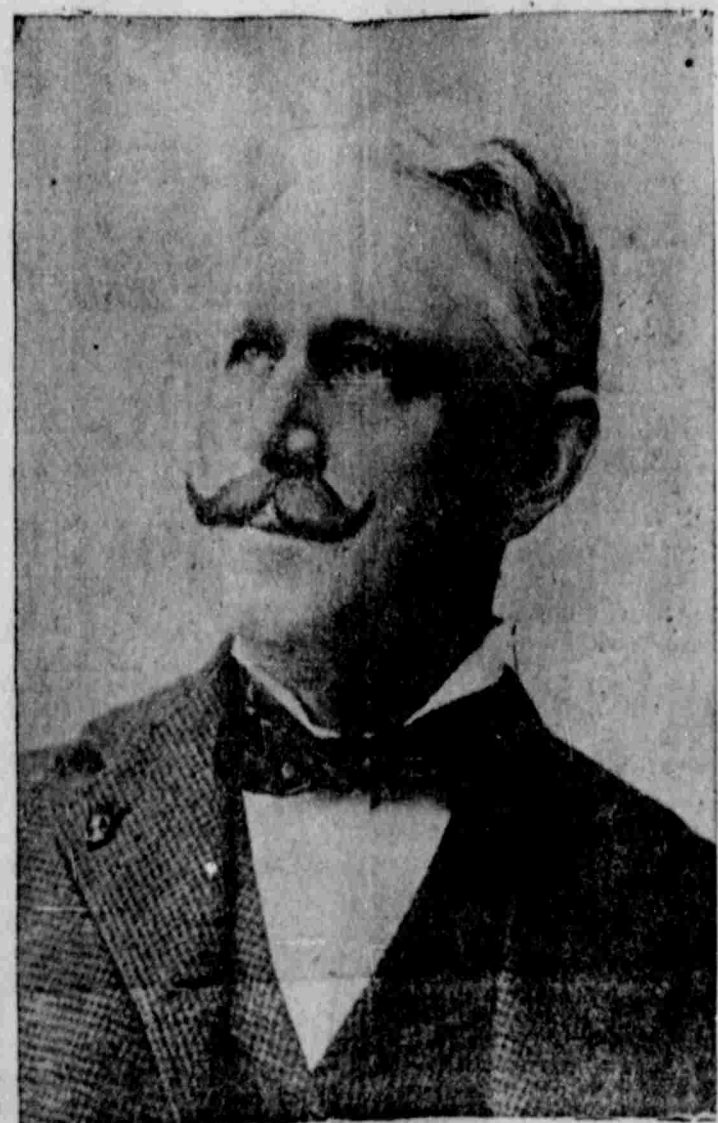
"Hey, Bill, wouldn't that there damn thing give you a pain?"

"As he said this, and without waiting for a reply from his companion, he stooped down, picked up a stone, and hurled it through the glass of the picture. Then he went up to the shattered frame, and reaching in, grabbed the picture and the flag and threw them on the ground and stamped on them."

"About this time the Irishman came on the scene. He had heard the crash of the glass, and when he came around the building to investigate he saw the hobo just trampling on the picture and the flag. Without saying a word he whipped a revolver out of his hip-pocket and shot that hobo dead. His aim was so good that the tramp never knew what hit him. He just threw up his hands and fell backward, the bullet going through his heart as we found out afterward."

"The other hobo at that let out a screech and started running toward town yelling bloody murder, with the Irishman hot foot after him, and shooting as he ran. A man can't run far under such circumstances without being stopped, and when my brother salesman and myself, who had started after the Irishman, came up with him, we found about the entire town assembled around him and the tramp."

CHIEF OF BUFFALO'S POLICE FORCE—GEN. W. S. BULL.



SOME BUFFALO PEACE OFFICERS



and clamorous to know what all this trouble was about. The Irishman wanted to kill the tramp right there, but he had exhausted his ammunition, and was almost crying as he kept asking the crowd to furnish him 'jist wan more cartridge."

"He finally quieted down enough to tell what he had taken place at the depot, calling on us to verify his statement. When he had concluded his story, during which the crowd had remained as still as death, the men standing about looked at one another, and the murmur of subdued conversation was heard as they exchanged a few hasty words."

"Get a rope," suddenly rang out the voice of a man who seemed to take the leadership of the crowd. The crowd had been standing in front of a house where the family washing was on the line in the yard. Two or three men leaped the fence, took the clothes off the line, and in five minutes were back with the rope and ready for further operations. The tramp in the meantime was howling and begging for mercy, but nobody paid the slightest attention to him, and he groveled on the ground in the desperation of his fear. A noose was quickly formed at the end of the clothes line, the rope thrown over the limb of a tree on the roadside, and fifty men on the end of that rope soon had the tramp swinging. When he was dead he was let down and left lying on the roadside, while the crowd dispersed."

"We traveling men thought we had better get back and catch our train, which was about due, but two or three of the citizens told us that we would have to stay and testify at the inquest, as we had seen the occurrence at the depot. The next day the coroner held an inquest on the two men, and we told what had taken place at the depot. The verdict of the jury on both men was:

"Death due to justifiable homicide."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

AGUINALDO'S CAPTORS.

The natives who constituted the supposed insurgent company were eighty-one men selected from Company D, First Battalion, Macabebes Scouts. These men were chosen among the whole company because of their knowledge of the Tagalog dialect, their amenity to discipline, and their marching qualities."

Once clear of land, all secrecy was dropped. Placido, Cadhit, Bato, and the Macabebes were told of the object of the expedition and of the various parts they had to play. There was visible among them a very decided uneasiness as to the result of the undertaking, and some of them did not hesitate to express the belief that they would never return. The Macabebes had little confidence in the Tagalos, and freely predicted that they would sacrifice us to gain the good will of Aguinaldo. The absolute confidence of the little brown fellows in the judgment of the American officers also had much weight in instilling into them the proper spirit. The first sergeant of the company was Pedro Bustos, a man who had served twenty years as soldier and officer in a native regiment in the Spanish army, and had been twice decorated for bravery in fighting the Moros of Mindanao. He was a fine little man, with the heart of a lion, and sniffed contemptuously at the misgivings of the other men. When asked for his views, he slapped himself on the chest and said, "My general I cannot speak for the others; but for myself, I am a soldier of the United States." This was not bravado, merely earnestness. The men discarded their American uniforms and donned the modest lot of clothing and straw hats that had been obtained for them. Day after day they were instructed in the stories they were to tell. They took great interest in this feature and saw the possible humor of the situation.—Gen. Funston in Everybody's Magazine.

A Fleishish Attack.

An attack was lately made on C. F. Collier of Cherokee, Iowa, that nearly proved fatal. It came through his kidneys. His back got so lame he could not stoop without great pain, nor sit in a chair except propped by cushions. No remedy helped him until he tried Electric Bitters which effected such a wonderful change that he writes he feels like a new man. This marvelous medicine cures backache and kidney trouble, purifies the blood and builds up your health. Only 50c at Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept.

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EXTRAORDINARY SCRAP BOOKS.

Amid all the bother of getting himself properly throned, named and crowned, King Edward VII has snatched time to devise a unique memorial to his mother. Word comes from London that he has ordered, through the leading international clipping bureau, eight sets of scrap books, each set to contain whatever was printed or spoken of the late queen at the time of her death. The clippings, gathered in every country and in all tongues, and ranging from the highest illustrated weeklies to the cheapest provincial prints, filled one hundred volumes, although the pages are of full newspaper size. They are pasted upon light gray Bristol board, and each page

hinged before binding. The binding is of morocco—half the sets red, half green. There will be gold clasps and corner pieces and each volume stamped with the royal arms in heavy gilt.

The binding would be black were the volumes destined to remain in Great Britain. The destiny of all but one set is to be scattered through Greater Britain, India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa, each will receive a set as a gift of the king. The mourning color varies so throughout the empire it was thought best to use ordinary book binds. His majesty's loyal colonies will no doubt appreciate the gift, though the odds are that they would be better pleased with the books setting forth his own coronation splendors.

The children of the late Empress Frederick have ordered the same bureau to make books about her, but the

volumes will be so carefully edited as to be of modest dimensions—that is, as scrap books go. Only kind things and notable pictures are to be included. The clippings are from German, French, and English sources. The mount is gray Bristol board, the binding dead black morocco with dull gold clasps.

Others besides royalty pay tribute to the scrap book maker. Mr. and Mrs. George Gould are at present mightily interested in one that is making about their new sea-born daughter. It begins with the announcement of the little one's birth, printed upon a sheet of heavy cream white paper and mounted in morocco. These announcements cards, which were sent to friends, give categorically the name of the baby, the name of both parents and the date and place of birth. Already there are

more than twenty big pages filled with news of the young lady and her mother, also pictures of her clothes, her basket, her proud parents and pretty well every thing else. But the big book, which is to be blue bound and gold clasped, will be sent home with many vacant pages—to be filled by the news-papers and the clippings man as Miss Edith Katherine Gould is growing up.

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