

it, started for home. He had gone but a few miles on his homeward trip when the brake on his wagon got out of order and he stopped to fix it. While working at the brake a man on horseback rode up, scaring his team, and he was caught by the wagon and killed.

A special to the Sacramento (Cal.) *Record-Union* from Folsom, says that the prison directors have taken their first action under the parole law. A prisoner under sentence from Shasta county for murder was granted parole, and John Mackey will give him employment and be responsible for him. A Pitt river Indian was also paroled. He was sentenced for killing a medicine man who had failed to cure the chief's brother.

A cow took after two little girls one day last week near F. Fraughton's corral, at Wallisburg, says the *Wasatch Wave*. The first it encountered was Lessee Dabbling, about seven years old. It tossed her around a few times and then proceeded to the other, Jennie Wall, about the same age, pinning her to the ground and would soon have put an end to the fight had it not been for some passers by who rescued the children. Jennie was scratched considerably, but not seriously.

An exchange says there is little doubt in Athena, Wash., that the youngest of the Milton bank robbers was a woman. There were quite a number who recognized her in Athena saloons on Saturday before the robbery occurred. She was dressed in men's clothes, but her face was familiar to citizens, who had known her in both Athena and Walla Walla as a "hard case," and capable of undertaking any act of daring. She was at all times in company with the two men whose descriptions have been given.

H. W. Wulff, postmaster at Moosa, Cal., discovered a big lynx in his chicken house the other night. His bull dog sprang over toward the lynx and began hostilities. True to his nature the dog set his jaws fast in his antagonist's body. For twenty minutes the fight continued and then bull dog and lynx grew quieter. Wulff got a lantern and found his dog lying just outside the hen house and utterly exhausted. Inside lay the lynx with his forelegs and neck broken. The bull dog was badly scratched and bitten.

Mrs. Eliza Sutton has been taken to the Portland, Or., county jail on an information charging her with assault with intent to murder her son-in-law, Eugene Prescott, at Endicott, a month ago. At the time of the shooting Prescott was not thought to be dangerously wounded, but his life is now despaired of, and a charge of murder may be lodged against the woman before many days. Mrs. Sutton had often threatened Prescott's life since he eloped with her only daughter two years ago. Last Spring Mrs. Sutton was examined for insanity but discharged.

Deer in the mountains of Western Colorado have been traveling westward for some weeks past into the mild and fertile valleys of Utah, says an exchange, where they winter because of the ease with which they can obtain food. The migration numbers thousands of the animals. They go in small droves, keeping high on the slopes of

the mountains that run east and west, and only descending into the valleys as preliminary to climbing the next mountain. Much of their traveling is done by night, and in the morning hunters find a long narrow deer trail across the shifting shale of a steep gulch.

In Monterey, Cal., there grows a weed called the "rattlesnake." It is so named, says an exchange, from the story that when rattlesnakes get to fighting and bite each other this weed, if eaten by them, will prevent death. It grows about six inches tall, has a red stalk and slender leaves. On the top of the stalk comes a head of flowers, and the seeds of these flowers are said to be very annoying to one in passing through a mass of them, as they are furnished with sharp barbs, commonly called stickers. The early settlers who had herds of sheep always made their herdsmen keep with them a bottle of strong tea made of rattlesnake weed, and when any of the sheep were bitten they were drenched with this tea, which always saved them.

The contest for the possession of a little black spaniel pup between Daniel Davies and J. J. Durkin was decided recently by Justice Caldwell on the testimony of the only one of the twenty witnesses that did not draw fees—the dog itself. The witnesses for each side were all so positive in their contradictory testimony that the judge was unable to decide between the claimants without considering the actions of the pup. He observed that when Davies, the plaintiff, came into the room that the dog leaped up at him affectionately, and when Davies snapped his fingers the dog came over and lay down at his feet. This mute testimony in Davies's behalf led the judge to decide in his favor.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer*.

Sensational developments continue to come to light in connection with the county officers at Boise, Idaho. It is held that they have kept money in fees which belongs to the county. Suit will be brought against ex-Assessor Gess to recover over \$8000, which it is said is owing this county. Prominent and heavy taxpayers here have raised a purse of \$1000, and have employed lawyers to prosecute the case. They are busy overhauling the books of the county officers who served during the past two years, and will also examine the books of the present officers. It is reported on good authority that the matter will be brought before the grand jury and that criminal proceedings will be instituted against the several ex-county officers. Interesting developments are promised.

An inexplicable accident, says the *Rexburg (Idaho) Press*, has happened to Mr. Pete Hansen, of Teton, who was in Independence and Burton selling cheese, and while stopping at Mr. Alvin Nichols's ranch, Mrs. Nichols asked Mr. Hansen to kill a sheep for her, handing him a butcher knife which had done duty in that line before. Pete whetted up the weapon and went in search of the sheep, and stuck the knife, handle down, in his left hand pocket. He had not made many steps when his foot tripped on a small pole and Pete, in his efforts to save himself from falling headlong, forced

the formidable weapon into his body, the blade entering just below the left nipple, barely escaping the heart, but penetrating the lung. The wound is probably three inches deep and the man's condition is serious.

A Chinaman named Ab Wing, of Oakland, Cal., is the owner of a queer cat, which he regards as a Mascot. This specimen of the feline race is something of a curiosity, and Wing believes that it will bring him good luck. The animal is deformed, but the deformity is a peculiar one. The front legs are well defined arms, curved like any arms, and with elbows in the proper place. The claws and toes are also peculiar. The cat has four toes which spread wide apart and one which is in the place of a thumb instead of being half way up the front leg, as is the case in ordinary felines. The rest of the body is normal and is thickly covered with a coat of gray and white fur. When the poor thing attempts to walk it presents much the appearance of a kangaroo. It walks on its hind feet, but rests on the elbow of its arms with its poor useless hands sticking out in either direction. When it tries to hobble away Wing and a couple of ill-smelling Chinese women laugh shrilly and soon overtake it and carry it back to its bed in front of the joss, where it sleeps its life away and brings good luck to the household. A number of offers for the cat have been refused, and Wing watches it very closely to see that no Celestial carries the treasure away.

WHY STARVE IN A CITY.

CAINVILLE, Wayne Co., Utah, Nov. 15, 1893.—Our little village is located in the eastern part of Wayne county, about 15 miles northwest of the Henry mountains and about 45 miles west of the Colorado river on the Fremont river. We have a very mild climate. Fruits can be raised in great abundance, also small grains and corn, cane, potatoes, etc. We now have about twenty-five or thirty families living here. They are generally good, honest, hard-working people and seem to display desires of enterprise. With most of us means is limited to advance much in the way of machinery.

We have plenty of land for good settlers, and lots of water. Timber can be got at about twenty-five or thirty miles distant. There are also many coal veins where one can get a good load of coal in a day, and that is all it costs him. We have located a town site, and several nice frame houses are now going up. Lumber has to be hauled at the present time about thirty miles over a somewhat rough road; but we think we have splendid brick soil and plenty of good adobe soil.

Our schools, two in number, are running and in good condition. We have Primaries, Relief society, Y. L. M. I. and Y. M. M. I. associations, etc., all running in full blast. We also have one small store and a postoffice, with mail service three times per week.

We have plenty of room for good, industrious, honorable people. A good home can be made for a small amount of money. Yours respectfully,

W. E. HANKS.