

A party of six mountaineers, under the guidance of "Coyote Bill," started from Missoula, Mont., on Wednesday, for the upper Rattlesnake, where Bonner Newton is supposed to have been buried beneath an avalanche of snow or else met death by falling over a precipice. The party is thoroughly equipped for mountain climbing and will make a thorough search for the remains of the lost man.

John M. White, formerly proprietor of the Transcontinental hotel, at Colton, Cal., shot himself in the heart on Sunday afternoon and died instantly. On the table in the dining room he had left the following note: "Good-by; a long good-by to my own sweet wife. I have just woke up and am about as drunk as when I went to sleep. The Keley cure is not quick enough for me. Good-by to my poor little girl. JNO."

The Bell Telephone company says the Mercur *Mercury*, are now at work on the plans for the telephone line from that city via Lehi to Mercur and Tintic points, the construction of which will be commenced in the early spring. Mercur and Eureka are the chief points on the line, but offices will be established also at Homansville, Mammoth, Mammothville, Silver City and the Sioux mine, and probably at Fairfield or Camp Floyd.

The death of another old-timer is reported from Virginia City, Nevada. This time it is William J. Norwood, who came to Montana in 1863. He was the pioneer dramatist and theatrical manager of the territory, and few men in the state were better known or had more friends. He was born in Baltimore and came of a very prominent family. Only a short time ago he fell heir to about \$60,000, left him by a relative.

Empire (according to the Carson, Nevada, *Appeal*) will soon have reason to boast of being the home of an inventor as well as that of a hero. Ed Reagan has invented a clock. A working model of it can be seen at a local saloon. He names it the mercurial alarm clock. It is so arranged that it will alarm when the temperature where the clock is placed goes above 90 degrees or below 75 degrees, or it can be set for any other range of temperature desired.

The Nelson tunnel at Creede, Colo., on Wednesday night was the scene of about 800 pounds of giant powder exploding, wiping the blacksmith shop out of existence and injuring the engineer slightly. The shock was felt for miles. The miners had left some powder near the fire to warm it and it caught fire. The men were eating their midnight meal at the boarding house, and had the explosion occurred five minutes later it would have been fatal to some or all of them.

On Wednesday afternoon the men employed in Mohr & Yoerk's packing house, at Sacramento, Cal., found Jacob Meyerhofer, the engineer lying insensible on the floor of the engine room. He had been caught by a pulley while oiling the shaft sixteen feet above the floor, and whirled round till his clothes gave way, when he dropped. Both arms were broken, the skull fractured and his jaw crushed. He died in an hour. His clothes were all torn off and wound around the shaft.

It is rumored about town observes the Pocatello, Idaho, *Tribune*, that Mr. Collier, the Special Examiner of Surveys of the Indian department, who is now investigating the recent survey of this reservation, has intimated to several of the leading businessmen of the town that the work was so poorly done that it will never be accepted by the department. If this should prove to be true, it will be bad news for Pocatello, as it would in all probability delay the opening of the reservation until after another survey could be made.

A. P. Hood was shot and instantly killed at his ranch in the West Patch county, Cal., eighteen miles from Bakersfield on Wednesday afternoon by another farmer named Simpson in a dispute over a water ditch. Simpson and his partner wanted to build the ditch across Hood's land and the latter warned them off. They went away and after a while came back, each armed with a shotgun, and at once commenced firing, killing Hood. One shot was fired at the boy with Hood, but without effect.

A newspaper carrier, on his rounds at Oakland, Cal., on Sunday morning, discovered a black slouch hat and a cotton umbrella lying in a pool of blood near the terminus of the cable road on the San Pablo avenue. The discovery was reported at the sheriff's office and a deputy visited the scene and secured the hat and umbrella. He could learn nothing of their owner. It was suspected that some one had been stood up by footpads, but no one could be found who had heard any disturbance during the night or throw any light upon the mystery.

It is probable that practical smelting will be added to the curriculum of the School of Mines at the state university, remarks the Reno (Nevada) *Journal*. Professor Jackson, who has charge of that department, has had a quartz mill built, and it is now in practical operation. The mill was built by the students under Professor Jackson's supervision, and the board of regents will very likely add a smelter so that the students can be practically educated in the art of reducing and smelting ores by every process now in practical use.

Mrs. John Wright, wishing to disinfect her rooms, applied to an undertaker of Redding, Cal., for some embalming fluid. He at first refused to give it, but upon her promise to handle it carefully and allow no one else to touch it he consented. She happened to have some medicine in the same place where she put the fluid, and wishing to take a dose of her medicine she accidentally took the wrong bottle and swallowed a tablespoonful of the fluid. She immediately saw her mistake and took an emetic, and then called a doctor. They have been working with her steadily. There are but slight chances of her recovery.

Up in the Sierra Ancha mountains of Gila county, says the Phoenix *Gazette*, there are plenty of bear, great big bears, as big as four-year-old steers, and with claws on them that leave a mark like a butcher's cleaver in the snow. There are not many people in the Sierra Ancha. A few people go up among the pines and plant potatoes. Nobody shoots bear in that country.

Phil Askins, the famous mountain-lion hunter, with the assistance of a fine pack of hounds, managed to kill one a few years ago, but that was not in the bear region of the mountains. Bear and humans live together with mutual respect, if not amity, and neither side cares to break the truce.

N. T. Porter, of the Cascade Land company, stated to a reporter of the Great Falls, Mont., *Leader*, that he moved about 2,500 head of sheep, which had been pasturing about five miles down the river, on account of the smelter smoke. He says that he kept on losing sheep out of his band from some mysterious disease and was unable to find out what it was. He made several post mortems and slaughtered some of the sick ones and found that the flesh and fat had a yellow tinge. A herder who had pastured near the East Helena smelter told him that a band there had been affected in the same way, so he came to the conclusion that it must be due to the arsenic in the smoke from the smelter, which became deposited on the grass.

There never has been such a season of activity in planting olive orchards in California and Arizona as this year, remarks an exchange. All the olive nurseries in Pomona have been working day and night for three weeks in filling orders for olive trees, and have more orders on hand than they can fill. Shipments are made all over the state. Thus far about 300,000 olive trees have gone out from here to points in southern and central California, and fully 100,000 more trees will be shipped before the season closes. The great financial success which has been achieved in olives in southern California orchards in the past two years has given unusual impetus to this industry. The olive crop in Pomona valley during the past season amounted to over \$80,000, and it was a short crop. Seven years ago there were less than forty olive trees in the whole valley.

A well-known railroad man told the following story the other day—at least the Anaconda, Mont., *Standard* states so: "When I was at Mandan, N. D., we had a man whose memory of car numbers was really remarkable. When a train whistled into the yard he would step to the platform, and, without a book or pencil, would stand and watch the cars go by. If any one was standing near he would converse upon whatever subject occurred, and when the conversation was ended he would step into his office and make a complete and accurate record of the train, beginning at the first car and ending with the caboose. Sometimes, just to test him, we would get him to begin at the caboose and write the numbers the other way, or else begin in the middle of the train and work both ways. He never made a mistake that I remember. Car numbers, the names of the roads to which they belonged and their relative position in the train would all be recorded accurately. His was the most remarkable memory that I ever knew of."

The following is recommended as a sure cure for the tramp nuisance. It was given by a Fresno, Cal., supervisor: "Feed tramps scantily, work them hard, give them long terms and long hours and clothe them thin."