NEWS OF THE WEST.

Probably Triple Killing in a Mining Camp Row.

DRUNKARD CAUSES THREE DEATHS

Registers a 98—[illegible] Twenty Yard Over a Fusiller—Is Old Timer Dies from Exposure.

James Warren, a ten-year-old boy, fell recently from a tower in a monster in the Crooked Ornament school in San Francisco on Wednesday last and sustained injuries which may result in the boy's death.

Thomas Jones, sheriff of Beaverhead county and a well-known citizen in Montana, disappeared about eight months ago while in a delirium of fever. His remains were found on Thursday in the brush near the Big Hole river. He had evidently died from exposure.

Isaac Boston registered in North Yakima, Washington, last week, says the Yakima Republic. Mr. Boston is 95 years of age, and has been in the Northwest eight years. In addition to having lived in the territory of Washington the full three score and ten years allotted by the psalmist to man, Mr. Boston has appeared quite times to be a bigamist—he has had the matrimonial experience having been with Indian women. Mr. Boston's experience ought to demonstrate whether marriage is a failure or not.

Crazed with drink, George Vining, a woodsman, shot James Jones at Starbuck, Washington, Thursday morning, attempted to kill another man and terminated his own life. Vining had quarreled with two men from Pasco, and one hit his by. The three men had apparently forgotten the matter, and sat in a saloon until two o'clock in the morning, when Vining coolly remarked that he guessed he would kill a couple of people, and went to his cabin at the edge of town and returned with a rifle. He looked into the saloon, but not seeing the two men with whom he quarreled took up his station across the street. About an hour elapsed when one of the men, named McIntyre, stepped out and Vining fired. The bullet shattered his arm, necessitating amputation. The figure in the saloon were extinguished and the man sought Vining walked for the other victim, and fired at the next man to leave. He proved to be James Jones, aged 35, and a partner in friend of Vining's. When he mistake was discovered Vining turned the rifle against his own abdomen, fired and dropped dead.

News has been received from Randsburg, the new mining camp on the southern California desert, over a hundred miles from Bakersfield, that a desperate shooting affray took place there Monday night, in which one man was instantly killed and two others were fatally wounded. There being no telegraphic communication nearer than 200 miles, details are hard to get. The sheriff, coroner and district attorney were telegraphed for and left for the scene of the tragedy. The affray occurred in a saloon kept by one Thompson at Fiddler's Gulch, near Randsburg. A quarrel arose between two gamblers named Wood and Brewster over a poker game, and they began shooting at each other. Ash, the man killed, was a spectator, and had no part in the affray. Also he was killed the shooting became general, and some fifty shots were fired. Finally both men who started the fight were rendered helpless from wounds, whether fired by each other or not is not known, was the shooting stopped. Both gamblers are seriously wounded, but were put under arrest. It is not expected that they will live.

Life in Great Cities.

And as to the tendency of the growth of great cities to enervate nations, there is no proof of it at all unless we identify the life of great cities with the passion for idleness and pleasure and self indulgence which sometimes, but by no means universally, accompanies their growth. When you get a large proportion of living, as that of ancient Rome and possibly of Nineveh and Babylon did, on the sins of the rich and powerful, then, no doubt, you have the conditions of a thoroughly unnatural and unhealthy life, and no one can wonder at the rapid decay of such cities and of the nations which gloried in them. But where the honest working class far outnumbers the proletariat, where the middle classes of distributors and manufacturers and professional men are laborious and energetic, and even the class that lives on its accumulated wealth contains a considerable sprinkling of serious and disinterested workers, we do not find that the life of the smallest evidences of any greater danger in the life of the city than in the life of the agricultural village or the pastoral tribe. Indeed, we should regard Olive Schreiner's picture of the life of the modern Boers as including a minimum of things more prolific of morbid elements, with its almost complete absence of any stirring or active intelligence, than any kind of modern life that is honestly laborious at all. The Boer life is too sleepy, too destitute of exciting thought or effort, to be altogether natural. It needs at least the old seasons of danger and necessary vigilance to render it even bearing.—London Spectator.

Growing the Bermuda Lily.

"The Bermuda lily should be planted in deep pots," writes Elen E. Rexford in "The Ladies' Home Journal. "Put in a shallow layer of soil over the drainage material when you put the bulbs of this plant, one on this plane the bulb, which should be covered lightly. Leave it like this until a stalk starts. Then fill in, as this stalk reaches up, until the pot is full of compost. I would not advise the use of any fertilizer after bringing a plant to the light if the compost to which it was planted contained an ordinary amount of nutriment. Bermudas must be quite likely to be sufficiently rapid in ordinary rich soil, and the application of a stimulant will be harmful to that the plant will be forced beyond healthy limits. Water the plants when in the cellar and give a little water now and then if needed. Also to keep the soil moist—never wet. When you bring them up, do not place them at once in a very warm room. A room requiring not in which their is a fire is better for them, if it is frostproof, than one in which the heat is likely to run up to a high figure. When they come into bloom, be sure to keep them as cool as possible if you want the flowers to last."

Proposal of the Bird.

In the practical application of his theories Malthus miscalculated on the prevailing custom of burying the dead in permanent cemeteries, where they bodies decay with no advantage and often with serious injury to the living. "If every place of burial," he says, "after having been used a year, should be exchanged for a new one, it would be sufficient for the interment of six or ten years a most fertile field which would do more honor to the dead than mounds and monuments." But he adds, it would be still better if we could return to the ancient practice of forming the dead, which he declared to be unquestionably more practical as well as more general. By this process the air would be made richer in nutrient acid and ammonia, and the ocean, which contains the elements of many of our foods for the nurture of man and beast, would transform our bones into innumerable plants. At present, he adds, we are adding like the stupid and alcohol servant described by Sir Isaac Newton in the north instead of windy inverting it as we do gain another.—Popular Science Monthly.

George W. Cable's Ad.

When Bill Nye paid his last visit to San Francisco, some Bohemian friends of his took him on a lay excursion. They waited an hour or two for Bill to string two of his best jokes, but he remained as grave as any scales until the ring passed Angel Island. Then as the beach was an immense signboard, bearing the sun word "Cable" in large staring letters.

"It's strange," said Mr. Nye, flipping a thumb toward the sign, "how some of these American nations will resort to advertising themselves."

Just the most easy in. But they all laughed.—San Francisco Examiner.

Cheap Labor.

People in general cannot understand the design of a student of nature. Especially quite ignorant persons are apt to conclude, when told that the objects of his search are fossils or minerals, that under this explanation is concealed some deep and secretive aims. Forget trousers, for that is the only thing that would induce them to dig. Mr. A. J. Allison relates an amusing instance of this reasoning.

While searching a large quarry on the southern coast of Malta we had dug a trench in the soil on its floor some six feet in depth in quest of organic remains. The native in the vicinity, hearing of our pursuits, came in numbers only to witness the proceedings, interrogating the workmen with reference to the object of our researches, of which the workmen were about as ignorant as themselves.

One of these brave stalwart fellows paid us a visit, and while they sat on the heap of dirt staring down into the dark ditch below I dropped a Spanish dollar on a mouthful of earth, and the next moment it lay with the soil on the heap. Picking it up in a careless manner, I put it into our luncheon bag, and a few minutes afterward our friends disappeared, muttering to one another as they went.

Great was our amusement the next morning to find that our trench had been carried fully four feet below the level we had gained on the previous evening. Not only that, several other excavations had been made in the floor made by the natives in expectation of finding buried treasure.—Youth's Companion.

London Barber Shops.

An interesting feature of the east end barber shops is the rack of pigeonholes filled with sharing mugs, each bearing, usually in facsimile text, the name of the owner. The sharing mug is evidently esteemed a valuable advertising medium, for many a mug bears, in addition to the owner's name, some emblem of his business. The undertaker puts on his mug the picture of a rickly appointed hearse, with all the proper trappings of woe. The barber decorates his mug with shoulders of mutton, pigs' heads and linked sausages. The dentist displays the traditional double row of enormous perfect teeth. The fireman's mug bears the illuminated picture of a fire engine.

Vain and handsome men adorn their cups with photographs of themselves. Others place beneath their names some inscription—a sentiment from the poets or an old German rhyme of good cheer. A child's photograph occasionally appears on a shaving mug, and now and then a coat of arms is embellished above the owner's name, for coats of arms are as abundant in the east end as elsewhere in town. Sometimes it is a national coat of arms, German, Austrian, Swiss or Italian, displayed in honor of the devoted fatherland.—Pearson's Weekly.

Like a Boy.

The son of a down town merchant was found crying when his father returned home last night, so that gentleman told a reporter this morning.

"What's the matter, Tommy?" asked the merchant.

"I had a fight with Charlie," was the tearful reply.

"Well, you ought not to fight. It served you right to get whipped, I guess," said the father.

"But I didn't get licked. I licked him," sobbed the boy.

"Well, what are you crying about then?"

"Why, if I had let him lick me, he wouldn't hurt. And I never thought about that, so now I have to fight his big brother, about my size, and I can lick him, and I'm going to, because I'm mad at him. Then I've got to fight the biggest brother, and he's three size bigger than me, and won't I catch it!" And Tommy refused to be comforted.—Washington Star.

Mere Force of Habit.

Distinguished Foreigner—I think the sense of English girls very sweet, but they would be still more nutrient if reversation were carried on in a lower tone.

London Belle—We make a good deal of noise, but you must remember our favorite amusement is concert going, and one gets in the habit of loud talking trying to make one's voice heard above the music, you know.

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Fifty pieces unbleached Cotton Flannel, the regular 6½c quality, will go this week, per yard..... 4½c

Two cases double fold, white Domet Shaker Flannel, this week, per yard..... 4½c

Some new arrivals in FANCY WAISTS and TRIMMING SILKS. Over one yards placed on our bargain counter. In order to close at once, some worth up to $1.00. Your choice— 98c yd.

HOSIERY BARGAINS. Ladies' heavy ribbed cashmere, all wool grey Hose, all sizes, value 25c a pair— For this week, 15c pr.

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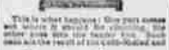

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