

the majority of the boy-growers. Pole-raising is a decidedly remunerative investment when 5 cents a piece are being paid for them, adds the *Statesman*.

Old settlers in Idaho state predict a flood in the Potlatch country next spring. Fourteen years ago the ground was soaked with rain before the snows came and when the snow melted it filled the rivers to overflowing. At Kendrick the ice was piled fifteen feet high after the waters subsided. Eight years ago it was impossible to travel from Juliaette to Lewiston on account of the flood.

A singular coincidence was the peculiar accident in which Lou Cleveland was killed at Telluride, Colo., on Saturday, occurring same place, same day and same hour that one McDonald lost his life four weeks ago. While bending over listening to his partner giving orders concerning the crusher he lost his equilibrium and fell into the fly wheel of the Pandora mill, the top of his head striking the timbers, was knocked off, brains flying in every direction, and every bone in his body broken. He leaves a young wife and child.

Last Sunday evening, says the eastern *Utah Telegraph*, published at Price, Emery county, the 12-year-old son of Robert Powell met with a very severe accident which may prove fatal. The boy was riding a colt which he thought was perfectly gentle. He was riding along slowly and sitting on sideways, but getting tired of his position thought he would get on straddle. Just as he went to raise his leg the horse became frightened, throwing the boy off and kicking him. The back portion of the skull was crushed.

H. H. Thorn, a horseman of Lander, Wyo., has been shot and instantly killed by Tom Osborne, a cattleman. Some time ago Osborne sold to Thorne ranch near Lost Cabin and took note therefore. A few days since Osborne concluding that the notes were of no value without some sort of security, tried to get Thorne to give a mortgage on the improvements on the ranch. This Thorne refused to do, whereupon Osborne shot him, with the result above stated. Osborne is now in jail.

On Friday night as a skip load of Last Chance miners on their way to supper was being drawn up the shaft at Creed, Colo., Fred Ames, one of the party of twelve, leaned over too far and was caught between the skip and the shaft timbers. His back was broken and he lived but a few minutes. The engineer noticed the sudden tightening of the cable and shut off steam immediately, or more of the miners might have been killed, as Ames' body tipped the skip and threw out some of the men. Ames leaves a wife and stepdaughter.

A frightful accident occurred near Laurel station, in the Santa Cruz mountains, Cal., on the narrow gauge railroad Sunday afternoon. The three-year-old son of Tim O'Mahoney, a section boss, was playing with a butcher knife when he stumbled and fell. The knife penetrated the flesh under the chin, passed through the tongue and roof of the mouth into the nasal cavity. The child's father withdrew the knife and closed the wound as best he could until the train came at

4 o'clock, when he took the child to Los Gatos for medical treatment. The little one's injuries are serious, but he may recover.

The scholars in attendance at the School of Mines at Golden, Colo., this year reached the climax over former classes in Halloween celebration concerning the school. The classes of two years ago boast of having placed a donkey in the balcony of the school building. This was outshown on this occasion. The boys early broke into the building carrying with them a cow and calf. The cow was left in the chemical laboratory while the calf was taken upstairs, where it was left all night to the detriment of the furniture in the room and the cow played sad havoc with the apparatus. The faculty strongly condemn the "celebration."

J. O. Dunbar, editor, and J. H. McClintock, business manager of the *Arizona Gazette*, have been cited to appear before Judge Sloane at Tucson to show cause why they should not suffer the penalty for contempt. Both were arrested recently, charged with criminal libel against Governor Hughes and his appointees, especially F. J. Heney, the attorney general. The immediate cause of the charge of contempt was an article published Sunday morning, sent by McClintock from Tucson, to which they claim an objectionable paragraph was added at the *Gazette* office without the knowledge of the editor or business manager.

A cable car on the cemetery branch of the consolidated Piedmont Cable company at Sacramento, Cal., was held up by three highwaymen the other night, and the road agents, after battering the conductor into insensibility, rifled his pockets and extracted \$8 therefrom. The robbers, however, failed to take \$3 or \$4, which the conductor carried in his coat pocket for the purpose of making change. They also left a gold watch and chain. While the conductor was being robbed at the rear end of the car by two men, the third robber covered the gripman with a revolver to prevent his giving an outcry. The robbers, who wore masks, made their escape.

Miss Lizzie Luger, living near Santa Paula, Cal., was attacked recently by a ferocious boar and narrowly escaped with her life. She had an experience that she will never forget and the marks of which she will carry to her grave, even if she recovers from the terrible injuries inflicted by the sharp tusks of the savage animal. She was passing through the barnyard when without warning the boar made at her, and knocking her down succeeded in mauling her severely before she could get away from him. A second time the hog attacked her, and had not assistance been promptly given her fate would have been sealed. As it was the tusks of the brute tore and lacerated her side in a horrible manner.

The *Oneyenne Leader* says visiting ranchmen report that a gang of hobos from the railroad work of that section are terrorizing the neighborhood of Beulah, Wyo. The fellows are heavily armed and make descents on the ranches when the men folk are absent and by force of arms compel the women folks to give them what they demand. They have already raided

many ranches and taken much of value. At one place they stole a horse. The ranchmen are forming a posse to capture the toughs, who are now headed in the direction of the Montana line. A meeting of the two bands, the *Leader* adds, will result in a battle, as the ranchmen are determined to recover their valuables while the toughs being desperate men, will resist. King Brady is the leader of the hobos.

News has reached Telluride, Colo. of the finding of the body of George Shaw, an old prospector, who had been working on Sunshine mountain, near Ophir, the past summer. Shaw left Ames on the evening of the 25th of last month, a cold and snowy day, for his prospect on Sunshine, and this was the last seen of him alive. His partner, getting anxious regarding his security, went to the prospect a day or two since and on opening the cabin door, saw that Shaw had not been there. He at once came down and gave the alarm. A searching party started out the next morning and followed Shaw's tracks to within 200 yards of his cabin, where they were lost, the snow having melted. After searching around to find some vestige of his trail, the body was found lying under a tree, with his hands crossed upon his breast, dead. The unfortunate man had gotten within 150 feet of his cabin, where he lost the trail, stumbled over a small cliff and died from exhaustion and cold.

A discovery has been made near the Verde about seventy-five miles north-east of the city says the *Phoenix Republican*, which will prove much more valuable than the average gold mine. It is an almost limitless deposit of marble of a high grade. Samples have been submitted to experts, who pronounce it superior to the best Vermont marble. The samples are susceptible of a high polish, which is taken easily. There are two ledges on the location. The larger one is of a pure and flawless white and the other variegated white, relieved by a beautiful brown. The difficulty of transporting it is the only drawback, yet the locators intend to begin work at once. The opening of the north and south road, which will pass within a comparatively short distance, will furnish admirable shipping facilities, and will work a revolution in the marble market in the West.

Patrick Kiernan, a queer little old man who lives a hermit's life on the top of a mountain in the Temecula region, nearly 100 miles north of this city, says the *San Diego Sun*, came to town afoot today on his semi-annual visit to the county seat. Patrick owns a little patch of ground on the mountain top among the pines, and raises almost all he needs for his own sustenance. On foot he covers the distance between his home and San Diego in two days, although he is "nigh onto 64 year." The last visit of Patrick to this city was for the express purpose of registering a voter. He answered all the deputy's questions and then signed his name, for the first time in forty years. He picked up his hat and started out. His hob-nailed shoes clicked sharply on the stone floor of the corridor and on the granite steps as he went to the street. The last seen of him his little bowed figure was trudging along a side street toward the highway that leads northward to the remote little house on the mountains.