NEWS OF THE WEST.

A Doctor's Varied and Unpleasant Experience in the Mountains.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT TO A BOY.

Irrigation Work in Colorado.—Troublesome Ute.—A Salesmanager's Deliberate Suicide.

A traveler from the Blue river country reports that the Utes are again at their work of killing over in that Indian reservation region, and across the line at Rawlins. He states that they seem to be aware of the game law equally with the white men who are shooting at game values. There are thousands of sleigh loads now on the mountains, and the country, we all made at night.

The inquest coroner proceedings in the case of ex-Assessor Jackson W. H. Barnes and Deputy John O. Dozier have been suspended at Evanston, A. T. Barnes was released from custody. Dozier was released on his own recognizance in the county jail. A telegram from Thomas says that Frank M. King, my wife of the outside, was sent there in hiding days to jail and Barnes gave the sentence of death.

A man attached to a mining company in charge of Ed and Mosier, sons of Franklin Reynolds, of Provo, became delirious and ran away. He, the other boy, was brought from the machine and run over, having his clothes torn from him, and he was seriously injured about his body. Mosier, the younger, became entangled in the machinery and was dragged quite a distance, every rib being broken in his left shoulder blade broke and several bones protruded to the skin by the motion of the machine.—Rocky Mountain.

Preparations are being made to enlarge the reservoir of the Grand Valley Irrigation company near Grand Junction, Colo. A force of engineers are surveying for a site for a reservoir in Red Rock, while the Indian claim is to be enlarged and the dikes widened through out to create length. It is intended to spend something like another thousand cubic of water from land under water, all of which will be put up in the spring and fall spring. It is reported that the work is progressing with the utmost and the 400 men will be housed on the farm next year.

The expense of freight and coal paid out by the sugar factory last year, only the first month, is $1,000, which has not had to be paid in cash, so pay off these companies. It is quite a sum to keep up and pay out such an amount every twenty-four hours. Of course, the amount of freight will not keep up very long. The company has quite a number of sleigh loads, the 4 mules seemingly having taken off because the people have not the money to buy sugar. However, yesterday a very good one was made, the amount being 1,000 sacks.

J. B. Brown of the firm of Colter & Brown, Fort Bridger, (Uinta) saloonkeeper, committed suicide the other night by shooting himself in the head. The business was formerly a resident of Ione for, and upon his exchange went into the liquor business, and latterly has been his own best customer. Among from the lethargy resulting from a prolonged debauch, he located a 38-caliber revolver, placed it a foot behind his head and now on his bedside. The bullet entered his head just above the right temple, killing him instantly.

Thomas E. Bolmeier, claiming to be a resident of Glass Street, on the sugar refinery on the Hawaiian islands, was taken off the Mexican passenger train at Fort Bridger, Wednesday, on account of his crazy actions. He declared that he has been unjustly convicted at some time and threatened several times to cut himself all the time. He is in charge of Deputy Sheriff of the county physician, who thinks that his insanity was caused by excessive drinking. He is supposed to return to San Francisco for the islands, but will be held until his brother, who has been telegraphed at Denver, is heard from.

Dr. T. A. Winter, after an absence of several months, has landed safely at Mount Pleasant, says the Herald. The doctor, since he left here last Winter, has had a very varied experience, some of which he does not care to go through with again. He spent some months in Mexico. While there he and two other good souls were passing over the mountains in a wild and uninhabited region, when they were overtaken by a force of bandits, and the fact that he was left off deal was all that gave him the privilege of being able to relate the thrilling narrative. The bandits are content are now thoughing in the romantic beauty of the land of the "Pueblo." The doctor traveled through Colorado, New Mexico and Old Mexico, Arizona and Nevada, and he says he has seen no other in all that country to which we live Emphatic.

John Perry is one of the most interesting characters that happened in the criminal court of Alameda county, Cal., for a long time. He was present to trial Wednesday on a charge of perjury. Should he escape conviction on this charge he has four more pending against him. Perry is charged with being a pirate. In his days of freedom he was the owner of a long, low, raven craft, which he used to prey upon the waters of the bay to the detriment of the night. Perry was never seen ashore in the daytime and when the sun rose his craft was anchored in some quiet nook. The way the young man took to piracy was odd, to say the least. He owed his craft down to the land of Uncle Sam right, and then he commenced his operations. Perry opened a box of the Southern Pacific company and stole away almost half of it. Then he took to the high seas and rifled away. The Southern Pacific company missed many things from its boxes, but its detectives were unable to trace them. At last they got a clue to the craft, and one night they ran it down and captured the pirate.

Occasionally this summer a very fine pair of mules, with sensible heads and careworn countenances, driven by a much thinner individual who as appearance suggests that the sunny side of life is laid out a way, appeared upon our streets from the direction of Danville station. The mules were as superior of better time and the man so peculiar that the mules was sure to attract attention wherever seen. The man was known as Mr. Bleecker.

According to report he became involved in debt to F. O. Buell to such an extent that he was obliged to mortgage his mules, harness and wagon as security. Last week Buell seized the property for the debt and set it up to be sold. Bleecker came to Livermore. The merchant who had made the mortgage had taken the mules out of the barn and sold them to the highest bidder, and Bleecker found Buell in the saloon and attempt to prevent a sale. In the house was found a barrel of spilled rum, and the merchant, thinking he might make an attempt to sell it, left the saloon. Bleecker followed Buell to the saloon and with the rum in the covered wagon. Two weeks ago Monday, and discovered several bottles of the rum missing