

valuable than straw it is mostly thrown away and never used again. I would not pay you 25 cents for a ton of it. A few years ago old newspapers were worth 4 cents a pound, being made of rags. Now they are manufactured out of wood pulp and straw, and their market value is only a quarter of a cent a pound. Office papers, such as old bills and such scraps, are worth the same price as newspapers, while what we call "office sweepings," composed largely of envelopes, are quoted at 15 cents a hundred weight.

HE SAVED WOLSELEY.

Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, who died lately in England, had the good fortune in the Crimean campaign to save the life of Lord Wolseley, at that time a subaltern in the Ninetieth regiment.

Riding back from the trenches to camp, Prince Victor passed a stretcher bearing the body of an officer. He lifted the handkerchief to see who it was, and recognized Wolseley's face. It was covered with blood from a deep wound in the cheek. Thinking he saw a twitch in the face he called a naval doctor (Irving by name) to look at him, much to the indignation of the army surgeon who had "passed" him as dead, and who shouted to him to "leave his dead alone."

Undisturbed by his remarks Prince Victor tried to extract a jagged piece of stone sticking in the wound, and the pain apparently brought Wolseley to, for after a little brandy had been poured down his throat, amid more assertions from the army doctor that he was dead, Wolseley sat up, exclaiming: "No more dead than you are, you fool!"

Strangely enough Dr. Irving was subsequently fleet surgeon to Lord Wolseley in the Ashantee campaign, and told him, remarks the writer of the article, the above facts, which had been till then unknown to him.

WESTERN NEWS ITEMS.

Wm. Mellor, Jr., tells the Rock Springs Independent that all the cattlemen in the territory south of that place, with the single exception of the "Two Bar" company, are getting rid of their cattle as fast as possible and buying sheep. Nearly everybody anticipates a hard winter coming, and none wish to be caught in it with cattle.

C. R. Moorehead, a west end brakeman, had a very narrow squeak for his life on Sunday at Green River, Wyoming. He was riding on the pilot of Jack Bliss' engine and in stepping off to turn a switch his heel caught and his foot in some way was twisted, throwing him on his face just off the track and tearing his shoe and stocking from his foot. He escaped with a sprained ankle.

Hank Freel, a notable character of Wyoming, is no more, says the Frisco Examiner. A nephew has shot him, and that no anticipatory anguish might befall Hank, was thoughtful enough to shoot him in the back. Then another Freel shot the nephew, and at this point, much to the discomfort of citizens generally, fatalities ceased with some of the family surviving.

The cut-off which is being built by the Rock Island, connecting Lincoln, Neb., and Jansen, Neb., is rapidly approaching completion. It is forty-five miles long and reduces the distance between Denver and the Missouri river by fifteen miles. When the work is done the Rock Island trains will enter Lincoln over tracks owned by the company itself. At present the Union Pacific is utilized between Beatrice and Lincoln.

Commissioner Hancock, says the San Francisco Chronicle, has remanded a Chinese woman, Lee Sue, whose aiders and abettors tried unusually hard to evade the exclusion law. Lee Sue arrived in San Francisco from China on September 16th last, but was denied a landing by the collector. The evidence adduced on her trial on habeas corpus shows how the wily Chinese manage things. She claimed to have left here in October, 1888, being then the wife of Chum Gim, a merchant. Lee Ong Dai, she said, returned with her, but the steamer records disprove that assertion. She had some knowledge of Chinatown and the vicinity of 822 Jackson street, where she claimed to have lived. Her knowledge came from careful schooling by a Chinese member of the steamer's crew. Inspector McKenna discovered her in the act of learning from a chart the locations of houses, factories, streets, people and even doors and windows. The chart was seized and was placed in evidence after having been translated by Rev. Mr. McMasters. It was very complete with diagrams and names and an important special instruction upon the back. W. H. Makinson, a real estate dealer of 344 Kearney street, swore that he knew the woman and signed her certificate when she left in 1888. She said she lost the certificate. Had it not been for the chart which she was caught studying so carefully, Lee Sue would probably have beaten the law and stayed in the country.

Geo. W. Connors drove in from Pine Flat, Camp Wood district, yesterday, with W. R. Monroe, a young man recently from Colorado, who had a fight with three bears on Saturday last about 4 p. m., and was badly chewed and fractured up, says the Prescott Courier. The wounded man was carried to the office of the Plaza stables, where Dr. Davis dressed his wounds. The right arm was badly chewed and the doctor said "compound fracture of the ulner," as he dressed it. A long claw scratch extended across the stomach, near the short ribs; the right shoulder was badly lacerated, several stitches were taken in an ugly gash right behind in the left shoulder, there were two ugly tooth wounds in the right foot, which was swollen, and the left thigh was badly bitten. The bear had been seen in the vicinity several times. Monroe started out with a dog and a 40-82 Winchester rifle to hunt the bear. When three miles from home he looked up and saw a big cinnamon bear coming down the trail toward him, not thirty feet away. He fired and knocked the bear down. The bear sprang to her feet, when another bullet stretched her dead. Her cub next put in an appearance, and a shot laid it low. Then came a great he-bear, with savage growls and grinding teeth, rushing on the young hunter, and a shot

knocked this bear over only a few feet away. The bear was on his feet in an instant, rushed on Monroe and downed him, and in the rough-and-tumble fight which followed broke Monroe's arm in his teeth and lacerated his shoulder. The gun was knocked from Monroe's hands as he fell. He had a pocket knife in one of his pockets, but could not get at it. The dog fled while the bear was chewing his master up. Monroe called the dog; the dog crept up and smelled the bear and the bear made a dash for the dog. Monroe ran for a tree, grabbed a limb with his unbroken arm, and was pulling himself up when the bear rushed on him again, bit him in the left thigh, grabbed his right foot, and, had not Monroe's shoe come off, the bear would have pulled him down. The bear walked off with the shoe in his mouth, looking back at the same time, laid down a few feet off, behind a pile of rocks and died. Monroe walked three miles over the rocks back to Connor's ranch.

In the Idaho penitentiary, at the present time, is immured, under life sentence, Frank Armstrong, a young man who in 1885, in Alturas county, took the life of Paul Klubert, a well known stockman. Armstrong was convicted of murder in the second degree, and he owes it to one man, who stood out all night against the other eleven jurors, that he was not found guilty of murder in the first degree and sentenced to death. Armstrong's is in many respects a remarkably sad case. He left his home in Waterloo, Iowa, in 1884, a mere boy, to seek his fortune in Idaho. He entered the service of Klubert, and in 1885 shot and killed his employer. At that time he was but 17 years of age. He admits the killing but asserts that he was not to blame. Ten days after the tragedy had been committed Armstrong was arrested, and his conviction speedily followed. He had influential relatives in Iowa but, with remarkable spirit, he did not appeal to them either before or after his conviction. It was not until after he had been in prison for three long years that his family learned of his plight, and then they centered their energies upon the work of securing a pardon for the unfortunate young man. About two weeks ago W. S. Robinson and Mrs. C. W. Wright, of Chicago, the uncle and the sister of Armstrong, arrived in Boise. They were provided with credentials from prominent citizens and officials of Iowa and Illinois; and they also had letters from four of the jurors who convicted Armstrong, supplemented with a large petition bearing the signatures of Wood River people, recommending that the young man be pardoned. They visited the penitentiary and the meeting between sister and brother—he in his sombre prison garb—was an affecting scene. But the appeal of Mr. Robinson and Miss Wright to the pardon board was a futile one. They were given little or no encouragement, and yesterday they decided to temporarily withdraw the application for clemency. During the afternoon they sadly called at the penitentiary to bid their unfortunate relative goodbye, and today they will depart for Portland. Three months hence they will again apply for a pardon for Armstrong.—Idaho Daily Statesman.