NEWS OF THE WEST.

A Few Starts & Fits That Claim a Death.

WORK OF SULPHUR AND WHISKY.

Imperial Mines Worked $10,000 — $100,000 for Lights — Is Gone to Be Given Away — Sad Death Drowning.

George Curtis, nearly 20 years of age, grew weary of life and on Tuesday put his head off at Sun Jim. Little of the head was left, but enough shooting, only the size of the skull and the nose of the rock.

Lawrence Cunningham, who murdered Elizabeth Cunningham, his wife, and tried to murder his daughter on the night of June 11th last, committed suicide in the county jail at Seattle, Wash., at 12:05 o'clock Tuesday morning.

Willie and Fredie Jackson, aged 12 years and 8 years, were run over and severely injured by an electric car in San Francisco on August 22, 1895. The two boys by their mother and guardian, Clara Jackson, Tuesday brought suits each in twenty thousand damages.

A combination of sulphur and whisky proved disastrous to a clothing store in Chico, Cal., on Tuesday. A pan of burning sulphur had been placed in a closet for the purpose of killing moths. A jug of whisky was sitting on the floor of the closet, and the heat from the burning sulphur caused the whisky to explode, setting fire to the clothes. The store was completely gutted.

Arthur Ward, a young man between 21 and 22 years of age, shot himself in the center of the forehead Tuesday afternoon at Bakersfield, Cal., inflicting a wound which the doctors say is necessarily fatal. Ward has been working at a ranch near town, and all his spare moments for two years have been devoted to the construction of a perpetual-motion machine. Recently he has shown further signs of insanity.

Professor John Morrisey Navoni, a mountebank, was suffocated during the progress of a blaze in an Astoria, Oregon, building early Tuesday morning. Navoni slept in the upper portion of the house and made an attempt to reach his room to save his effects. He was overcome by the smoke, but during the excitement was missed, and it was not until the flames were extinguished by the firemen that the body was found.

Farmington, New Mexico, Times: Miss Kate Bee, from Salt Lake City, is visiting her brother and brother-in-law, Lt. Pack. Miss Bee is a most successful teacher and is trained alike by Mormon and Gentile. She describes Salt Lake as being something marvellous, and speaks with enthusiasm of the hospitality and progressive spirit of its citizens. The system of connection is held to be the great period in the state.....Maj. and Jennie Roberts of Fillmore left for Provo, Utah, last Monday, where they will reside. The regard now of the girls is deeply reciprocated by all who know them. We wish them every success and happiness in their new sphere of duty and merit.

A fat man was the cause of the serious stoppage of a narrow-gauge train from Santa Cruz to Alameda Sunday afternoon. The train had passed Alvarado, and after stopping at the smoking quarters of the Wingson Gun club on the marsh, was starting a trestle after the swift water of a rough wave the sudden application of the brake brought the cars to a standstill. The engineer called out to the conductor that a passenger was supposed to have fallen off. He declared that a fat man who sat by the glass slightly to one side waved his arm in frightened manner as he was carried. The train backed up to the gladiators, and the fat man, still sitting precisely in the track, was disarranged by the train boy. The train had been in falling off in consequence to his movements. Perhaps he had waited too long at a sprinkle, for the train almost stood still for the loss of several minutes, while the unfortunate fat man still sat in the wapsie in deep thought, protecting himself at intervals from the mosquitoes.

Max Meyers, a second-hand clothing dealer, is in the Los Angeles, Cal., jail on a charge of arson. The police claim they have sufficient proof that he caused a fire Tuesday morning to which a Chinese was turned to death and considerable property destroyed. The Berlin question brought out in the case of Meyers's second-hand store. When the firemen arrived the place was a seething mass of flames and the fire had spread to a shed in the rear and Wo Sing's Chinese laundry on the west. A number of Chinese were asleep in the laundry and a few others were hanging up clothes in the back yard. The sleeping Chinese were aroused and fled to a place of safety. Among those in the yard was Quong Hok, who fished through the rear of the laundry towards his bedroom with the intention of saving his blankets and other effects, but was forced to his room. The flight of the Chinaman was to Simon, who fire was raging hotter and hotter every minute, but the Chinese still continued in his efforts to save his effects. Suddenly a stress rent the air and the Chinese was seen to fall to the floor. It was impossible to get to him, and he was burned nearly to a crisp. The laundry was entirely destroyed, and as soon as the ashes had cooled all the charred remains of the Chinese were taken out and conveyed to an undertaker's.

Guy La Forte, a seventeen-year-old youth of Albany, Oregon, saved Louie Maley and Agnes Hary from drowning in the Willamette river on Saturday. He chanced to pass by while they were bathing in conventional fashion, and a moment later he found them sinking. Rescuing his own young Le Forte saw the girl struggling for life. Without divesting himself of a silver or stepping or taking off the water. As he neared the girl one of them clutched him around the neck, rendering him almost helpless. The other girl in her terror made her companion, and the latter sank with a seemingly remote prospect of ever rising again. With almost superhuman strength La Forte freed himself and managed to bring the girl to the surface once more. In another instant they sank again. This time La Forte, who had not lost his presence of mind, made no further attempt to free himself, but crawled

THE POWER OF A SUPERSTITION.

Story Demonstrated by the Rescuer of a Lost Boy Around Map.

One of the most popular superstitions of sailors is that to whistle during a dead calm is to invite a gale. Some years ago, when I was a boy, I was on board a large British merchant, perhaps about 400 tons—the most of them are now provided with the power of generating the wind by a patent contrivance for propelling vessels in a calm. This is generally done by passage on deck pass through metallic tubes, one of which is filled by water and the other generator wind, and there is nothing in the world which