NEWS OF THE WEST.

A Mother and Her Babe Drowned in the Big Horn Basin.

TERRIFIC FIGHT IN A PRINGS.

A Difficulty at the San Francisco Postoffice.—Suicide of a Sport.—A Lottery Swindle.

It costs Cheyenne about $300 per month more for electric light than it does Laramie.

Mrs. Mattie Hach, a six days' Oshkosh bride, has commenced suit against her husband for divorce, alleging desertion.

If the governments of Peru and Ecuador can raise a sufficient subsidy, there will shortly be a line of steamers plying between San Francisco and Callao.

The San Francisco *Journal of Commerce* has issued a special edition devoted to an exposition of the agricultural, financial and mining interests of Arizona territory.

Mary Canon, a well-known beggar of San Francisco, who for many years has gone about with a subscription paper asking for assistance, was arrested on Wednesday night for being drunk. She has collected between $100 and $150 by her begging scheme.

Mount Pleasant has been prolific lately in accidents. Here are two of them from the *Pyramid*: Last Monday while Richard Brown and Tom Merrick were fixing a log race on a ranch, which the latter was owing, flew off the handle, the blade striking Mr. Brown's left arm and cutting an artery, blood beginning to flow profusely. Dr. Winters was summoned and stopped the flow of blood. This being done all went well.

Mrs. John C. Gallin, charged with her husband in the robbery of the Meyersville, (Wyo.) postoffice, has been released from the county jail, the required bond having been given. Mrs. Gallin is something of a curiosity. She claims—and in fact on oath swears—that she is a electromaniac, and wherever she may have stolen from the Meyersville postoffice was done in impulse and not with malice and intent.

The Premium Note company of San Francisco, a local lottery scheme whose managers have swindled the people of the city and state out of thousands of dollars, has collapsed. Its offices have been pulled in, books, papers and tickets confiscated, and the baking cliques are taking a vacation in the country. The machinery and contents of the company have just come to light, and show it to be one of the worst swindles ever of its kind.

Says the Cheyenne Leader: Private Francis Dalesh, who was tried by court martial at Fort Russell for giving a pistol to Jones, who killed Unger, his guard, last March, and escaped for a time only to die by the sword hand when his partners closed in upon him, was adjudged not guilty of furnishing Jones with the pistol in order to escape, but was found guilty of giving him money. He was sentenced to forfeit $10, the sentence being light owing to the long confinement of the prisoner.

A double conspiracy has been nipped in the bud by the Senate commission at Santa Rosa, Cal. An aged Italian named Nicolini was brought from Sonoma by his son to be examined for insanity. The son swore himself black in the face, but the testimony of other responsible witnesses, added to the appearance of the old man himself, reduced every charge made. The boy wanted to get hold of the old man's share of $10 acres and the executors had stolen.

While John Frank Allred of Spring City had Tuesday was fixing the guy ropes on the center pole of a hay stacker, about thirty feet above ground, the pole in some manner broke from its fastening and with Mr. Allred was precipitated to the ground. Mr. Allred struck feet, the pole falling on him. When Dr. Woodring arrived he found the unfortunate earthbound on the left side torn loose, the seventh rib on the right side fractured near the spinal column, and the right leg crushed about the middle third below the knee. The injuries are very painful, and will necessitate Mr. Allred keeping his bed for some time.

Wong Sing, a Chinaman of Colusa, Cal., was a very happy fellow as he entered the office of the county clerk on Tuesday afternoon. He can talk pretty fair English and knew just as much of the law as he needed to make himself understood. He explained to the clerk that he had won the heart of an American girl and he desired to marry her at once. Wing said he did not desire to take any chances on waiting because the girl might change. The clerk cross-examined the Chinaman and then found that he wanted to marry a white girl named Emma Grant. The license was issued until Wing produced his prospective wife before the court. As the young lady was at her Alameda home the Chinaman had to insure in letting her for exhibition. Wing says that it is his earnest desire to marry after the style of Americans. His Grant is said to be anxious to become his bride.

William Bean, a young man who has figured for several years as a sport and gambler "around town" in San Francisco, has ended a broken-down existence by taking carbolic acid. On Thursday he purchased a one-ounce vial of the poison at a drug store. A few hours later he was seen to fall, and before the patrol wagon arrived he was dead. At the morgue the bottle of poison, two-thirds empty, was found on his person. Bean had the checkered career of a sport for many years. About five years ago he reported in San Francisco from Arizona with over $2,000. While this small fortune lasted he lived well and was accounted a good fellow. The money went and he took to hard drinking and for a long period was on a protracted debauch. He had a wife and two children living but has had nothing to do with his family for two years past. His age was thirty-eight.

There is trouble in store for some of the employes at the San Francisco postoffice, and by the first of the month there will be at least a dozen vacancies in the department, says the Chronicle. It was just discovered that the number of clerks have been illegally appointed, having been placed in violation of the civil service laws. Postmaster Stanton has always been under the impression that he was entitled to sixty-five appointments outside of the civil service, which included all the clerks in the money and registry departments, the superintendents of divisions, the superintendents and clerks at stations and all the executive officers. The postmaster got wind a few months ago that some complaints had been made, however, that he is entitled to only thirty-two places, and, upon examination of the matter, they have decided that sixteen of the remaining thirty-three must step down and out and their places filled from the list of eligibles. Most of the clerks who will be displaced are women.

The Sheridan *Enterprise* gives the following account of the drowning of Mrs. Tillie Bloom and child in the Shoshone river in the Big Horn basin: Wesley Bloom with his wife and three children left their home on the east side of Bear creek for a visit to Mrs. Bloom's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Thompson, who reside near Marquette. When crossing the south arm of the Shoshone river the horses refused to take to the water, the leaders turning back on the wheel team and throwing them down. The current, which is very strong, caught the wagon and lazily turned it over. Mr. Bloom left the wagon with one child in his arms, while Mrs. Bloom left with her baby. The eldest child, a little boy, was left in the wagon, which was washing down stream. Mrs. Bloom saw the wagon with her child going down stream, and she started after the boy with her baby in her arms, but the wagon had got into the current by this time and she could not manage to get hold of the wagon. She got on to the wheel, but the current kept the wagon rolling so she could not hold on, with her baby in her arms, and she was washed off and drowned. The little boy was still in the wagon box. The wagon struck a big rock, which separated the tongue gear from the box, the rock staying with the box, and he was finally rescued by his father two miles from where the accident occurred.

A hundred selfish faces were pressed against the barbed cells in the sheriff's office of the county of San Diego last night, says the San Francisco Chronicle, as gazing at the seven killing steel in the ground, kicking, fighting and cursing each other. The trustees surrounded the complainants separately trying to separate them but many holding down the man they disliked. The mine of the conflict at night Prison-keeper Sinclair in the room. But the men were not slow to obey his order to desist fighting. To see they gouged and kicked as a lark as if he had not spoken to them. At one time they were pulled apart and it was then found that it was "Big Dick" and "Shorty," two trustees, who were causing all the trouble. They kept fighting at each other's throats, who were holding him and cracked at "Shorty." He had only time to kick him once or twice before he was overpowered and pulled into the hospital. How it was found out he had been stabbed in the face, the knife going entirely through the cheek. His opponent was cut in several places and was very to very bruised. "Big Dick" is locked as Richard McGrath, and is doing six months for petit larceny. "Shorty's" name is Thomas Bourbeau, and he is in prison on a charge of assault. Each man assumed the offensive beginning the fight, when someone in a row—not the first building of the blackets. Vile words were exchanged. And McGrath claims that Shorty assaulted him with a knife and he then fought to defend himself. Shorty says McGrath picked up a pistol and attacked him with his knife. That McGrath cut him about the head several times before he could retain full of his hand, when he then set to hit McGrath dropped his knife. He claims that he then pulled his knife from his pocket, opened it with his teeth and began cutting. The knife used by Shorty was a little wooden handled affair which he at once concealed in his pocket. That of McGrath was large and sharp. It was missing for some time, but it was at last found under a couch. Sheriff other McGrath's wounds were dressed. It was found that some one had given him another knife. A general call for weapons was then made and the trustee were collected at quite a collection of knives and razors. Upon the orders of Captain Stone a charge of assault with a deadly weapon was placed against Shorty. McGrath was booked on a charge of battery. There has been bad blood between the two men for some time, and it was learned that only the night before they had had a fight, in which McGrath drew a knife on Bourbeau.

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