NEWS OF THE WEST.

Number of Chinese Employes in California Decreasing.

CRAZED BY ON SON'S DEATH.

Passenger Agent Continues Illness—Not Lost from Corpse—Shot Himself by Having with a Pistol

Colonel De Gouy, Hawaiian commissioner to Mexico, has given out statements concerning the sale to Japanese of 100,000 acres in all. He says that this will result in the establishment of a commercial line between Yokohama and the west coast of Mexico, via Honolulu.

With animals, after an absence of many years, seem again to have taken up their homes in the timber around Snohomish, Washington. Many large bears and cougars have been killed. Considerable of the bear have destroyed and children have been attacked in the woods. A Great Northern train killed large cougar and will cale in the vicinity last week. There will probably be an organized hunt.

Deputy Labor Commissioner Gomez of California has completed his investigation regarding the Chinese labor of the state, and finds that the number of males employed in factories has greatly increased. This has been especially noticeable in the overall factories, which employed Chinese almost exclusively a few years ago. At the present time Mong Lee Lodge are working. In cigar factories, also, white labor is gradually taking the Chinese out, and where factories employed from 100 to 200 Chinese two or three years ago, less than one-fifth of that number are now engaged.

Albert Hamer, son of R. H. Hamer, a farmer living near Cornwall, Cal., shot himself in the head with a 32-calibre pistol belonging to his father, Saturday afternoon. The boy's father and mother were in San Francisco, and the lad evidently thought he would have some fun with the pistol. Albert went out to the backhouse, a short distance from the residence, and to a few minutes his sister heard a shot. Rushing out to the backhouse she found her brother lying on the floor in a pool of blood. Medical aid was summoned from Antioch, but the boy died before it arrived.

T. H. Goodman, general passenger and ticket agent of the Southern Pacific company, who has been confined to his apartments in San Francisco for two weeks past with a severe attack of rheumatism, has been steadily declining during the last few days, and is now dangerously ill. His condition reached such a critical stage on Friday night that those in attendance at his bedside deemed it advisable to communicate the fact of his illness to his relatives in the East to prepare them for the worst, and this was done by telegram Saturday morning. The patient's offshoots, which is of late standing, has developed into rheumatic gout, and his physicians hold out no extremely pessimistic that his chances of recovery are now regarded as very small.

Philip Palmer, a comparative stranger, died about a week ago in Pasadena, Cal., and his half brother, Thomas R. Wilson, also a stranger, came to accompany Palmer's body back to Boise City, Idaho, for interment. The shipment was to have been made via the Southern Pacific and Agent Todd, perceiving that Wilson was not over bright mentally, and unused to traveling, took the trouble to instruct him carefully regarding every change of cars, etc., en route, even giving him a written schedule of these instructions. Notwithstanding this Wilson got lost in Los Angeles during the twenty-five minutes' stopover and the corpse went on, but Wilson has not been heard from. As it is contrary to railway rules for a corpse to be shipped without an attending passenger, the local office of the Southern Pacific has been besieged with telegrams from along the route asking an explanation of the matter.

At 8:30 o'clock Friday night the home of James Gardiner at Gardena, Cal., caught fire after the explosion of a coal oil lamp and was soon wrapped in flames. Mr. Gardiner and his twelve-year-old son were the sole occupants of the premises. The former was sleeping when the accident occurred and the latter was in bed asleep. When the explosion took place the latter became greatly excited, his clothes having caught fire, and while endeavoring to save himself from being burned to death he forgot all about his sleeping son. He rushed out of his house, his clothing in flames. He managed to extinguish the fire about his person, and then he suddenly remembered his boy. Gardiner attempted to get back into the burning building to save his son. The townspeople saw the body of his son and tried to restrain him. He struggled desperately, but was finally overpowered. When the house had been completely destroyed by the flames, such it was ascertained that young Gardiner had perished, the father hurried away to the river, vowing that he would take his own life. The crowd followed him and friends succeeded in saving him before he plunged into the water. On the way back to town Gardiner became a raving maniac, and is now exceedingly violent. The wife of Gardiner and his aged mother were at church when the accident occurred. The mother is almost insane from grief.

LITTLE PANCHA.

Pancha's mother was a nice, clean little woman. Every afternoon, when the sun was on the other side of the casa, she used to sit in a rocking chair in front of her door, and, with her cigarette rocked over her, carefully comb her children's heads.

They sat quietly, after the fashion of Spanish children, while her stiffness were being delicately. All but Pancha. Whether Pancha objected to the slaughter of the innocents or it was just her "innate cussedness," no one could determine.

Pancha was I and short and squat for her age. Her eyes were extraordinarily Chinese, and the blackest I ever saw. They necessarily had no depth. I was told her father and mother did not live for her—that she was an black. Pancha was fond of the black sheep of the family. She looked as though she had been patched. The warm, velvety brown shaded off in place to a black, particularly round her forehead and neck.

They was something pathetically savage about her. She was in a constant trail. The other children had not to say much to her. "Pancha ve mala!" to have her fly at them into a wild rat.

Was unmoved and unprovoked, which was a great deal for the time a circuit of some fights, and would go away to a path on the lake, where the dust the black cattle the broken pine to shelf. Through the dust and among the prickly scrubs she trudged, tearing out her hair and sobbing and choking with rage.

One very hot day we were all sitting out in the patio under a big grape arbor, the tinkling of the fountain and the drowsy chirping of the birds the only sounds, and we were all sleepy.

There was a long third coming bolting to the patio, and in this I found the means to remarkably with great ease. When I went in, Pancha was there, diligently tying the big bows. She grinned with delight on seeing me and told out, in a low, gruff little voice, a request for me. "Something very fine. It was here, all here, but now it was some."

She seemed my fair with upon anticipation of my delight. It was a piece of wool wrapped in a relict bandle—a bundle is not a napkin, but its capacity for getting soiled is just as great as though it were made instead of a remarkable. But pass—think of it. When had Pancha a piece of her pocket before. And the weight, it is true! I think it is now my credit that I do with every appearance of delight.

That piece of that pock summed our friendship.

One of Pancha's treasures making above her treasured her regular, was one bright morning, which dangled to her spoon shoulder. It was a long glass ring about the size of the pendants hung from lamps. The other ear contained a bit of straw, keeping the ear under cultivation.

One day I went down to Guaymas. When I returned, I brought Pancha a pair of earrings. My dainty New England friend said: "Why, darling! Why are something useful!" Because. And then there is another reason. Children detest useful presents. Once I saw a little lad receive Christmas presents from each the right boot for the right foot and the other was the left boot for the left foot. Was he grateful? Not a bit of it. He cried long and loud.

Pancha's earrings were silver—big hoops wrought in a design that looked like tadpoles. Pancha was very happy the day she received them and most about anything her little pigeon breast is proud, the earrings sticking white against her brown cheeks.

She engaged to accept Two Rights than afternoon, coming off scout in every one.

Next day she had her mother put on her little frame dress, a frock of red woman, and submitted to having her hair brushed and her face washed. Then came gravely up the front gravel, to the main gate, to the bedroom, and to a few minutes his sister heard sobs