

side room of Philbrick's stables. He had every attention from those around him, but the disease could not be overcome by the best remedies known to the profession. He came to Rock Springs about six weeks ago from Ogden, where his relatives reside. His brother came up from Utah and took the remains back with him to Ogden for burial.

John Bell, Jack Greenwall and James Milburn are opening up a fine vein of coal, a little west of the reservoir, on Archie Blair's land, says the *Rock Springs Miner*. It is clean coal, and it is the intention of these miners to supply the local market at \$2 per ton. They are already delivering coal in town at this price, but the developments they have made, do not yet justify them in soliciting orders. In about ten days, however, they expect to be prepared to give employment to half-a-dozen teams, and supply the demand of the entire town.

The *Syracuse, Neb., Journal* says: "The big sheep train which had been expected for some days came in yesterday morning in five sections making seventy cars in all, bringing 7,000 sheep for Antwerp & McKee. These sheep were driven through from Idaho to Grant, Perkins county, Nebraska, from whence they were shipped by rail. When the train left Grant it had 9000 sheep, 1000 of which belong to a man at Friend, and 1000 to Mr. Beyerslag of Nebraska City cereal mills. As already stated 7000 came here, which added to the 4200 shipped in by Mr. Van Antwerp last year. These gentlemen will be several thousand dollars ahead by the next fourth of July."

Halley Times—The roasting furnace, the batteries and other parts of the Vienna Mining company's mill, at Red Wing, are idle, and the pans will doubtless be stopped for the winter in a day or two. The mill run just made has demonstrated that the ore could be worked up to quite a high percentage; but the price of silver is so low that the financial results are anything but satisfactory, notwithstanding the high grade of the ore. Most of the men employed at the Solace mine and at the Vienna mill have therefore been laid off, only a small force being retained to drive a 1300-foot tunnel on contract. If the outlook next spring justifies it, the mill will be started up as early as possible, and a large force employed, both at the mine and in the mill.

Kenneth McKenzie, pilot on an electric street car at Great Falls, Montana, has been killed while in the discharge of his duty at that place. His was the last car to town from Boston and Great Falls addition on the Central avenue line, and when it reached the switch at Ninth street it was going at such a rapid rate that it jumped the track, McKenzie was thrown over the front and dragged along between the car and ground for over 100 feet. When his body was taken out he was mangled almost beyond recognition. Both legs were crushed and the brains oozed from a frightful cut on the skull, and part of the entrails protruded from a wound in the abdomen. The life must have been fairly crushed out of the unfortunate man the instant he fell in front of the car. The only other occu-

pant of the car was John Laron, the conductor who escaped with a few bruises. The coroner's inquest exonerated the company from blame.

WEATHER FOR DECEMBER.

The United States department of agriculture, weather bureau has issued the following from this city under date of the 5th inst.

The chief of the weather bureau directs the publication of the following data, compiled from the records of observations for the month of December, taken at this station during a period of eighteen years.

It is believed that the facts thus set forth will prove of interest to the public, as well as the special student, showing as they do the average condition of the more important meteorological element and the range within which such variations may be expected to keep during any corresponding month.

TEMPERATURE.

Mean or normal temperature, 34.5 deg.

The warmest December was that of 1889, with an average of 39.6 deg.

The coldest December was that of 1876, with an average of 27.0 deg.

The highest temperature during any December was 61 deg. on December 1, 1874.

The lowest temperature during any December was 10 deg. below zero on December 25, 1879.

PRECIPITATION—(RAIN AND MELTED SNOW.)

Average for the month, 1.66 inches.

Average number of days with .01 of an inch or more, 6.

The greatest monthly precipitation was 4.37 inches in 1889.

The least monthly precipitation was 0.11 inches in 1878.

The greatest amount of precipitation recorded in any twenty-four consecutive hours was 1.38 inches, on December 14th and 15th, 1888.

The greatest amount of snowfall recorded in twenty-four consecutive hours (record extending to winter of 1884-5 only), was six inches, on December 31st, 1887.

CLOUDS AND WEATHER.

Average number of cloudless days, nine.

Average number of partly cloudy days, ten.

Average number of cloudy days, twelve.

WIND.

The prevailing winds have been from the southeast.

The highest velocity of the wind during any December was forty miles, on December 29th, 1887.

GEO. N. SALISBURY,
Observer, Weather Bureau.

EDISON is wrong in his theory that bald-headed men are not long lived, says an exchange. Any person who has seen the pictures of Father Time can bear witness that he's as bald as a base ball with the exception of that forelock which the most people find so hard to grasp, and it should be borne in mind that there is no reported case of a bald-headed man having died of consumption.

A FIGHT WITH A PANTHER.

When I was nine years old, about 48 years ago, my father one morning took me with him to cut a tree. It was four miles out on the mountain. We had what we called pails in that country, made out of cedar with a handle on one side to lift it by. He got one of them, a butcher knife and his ax and thus equipped we went. When we came to about twenty-five yards from the tree my father sat the pail down with the knife in it and told me to look around for bees. I did so and soon found them in a white oak tree. He was in the act of felling the tree when he was startled by a noise coming from the mountain. Shortly after, a panther was seen coming down the gulch, not more than 150 yards from us. The animal came along at a rapid gait and seemed to be in fury, its hair all turning the wrong way. My father armed himself with some rocks about as big as a man's fist and took a favorable position in which to await further developments. When the panther came opposite to where we stood, he flung a rock at the beast, but missed. A second effort was made with the same result. A third missile struck the animal and with a bound it came up to us. My father had barely time to snatch his ax. With this weapon he aimed a terrific blow at the infuriated beast. The ax went over the panther's back and rolled down the hill, and now commenced a fearful struggle.

The two combatants rolled over one another on the ground. My father could not reach his pocket knife, because he had to constantly guard himself against the awful teeth and claws. At last he ran his hand into the mouth of the beast and grabbing it by the under jaw, whirled it to the ground. At this juncture I brought the knife from the pail as quick as I could. My father then jumped astride of the beast and struck it five times with his knife behind the shoulders. The last time he held the knife in the wound. The panther kept up the fight, till he sank down dead. My father thought that the fight must have lasted about five minutes. My father's clothes were nearly all torn off, and the blood was running in a stream from each one of his hands. He walked about fifty yards and then lay down and rested a minute, after which he again got up and went about the same distance. Then he had to lay down again. He groaned and bled profusely. I feared that he was going to die, but he encouraged me all he could. We had four miles to walk, but the wounded man succeeded in making the distance at last. He was laid up for two months. One arm had eight wounds above the elbow and the other had seven below the elbow. The affair became widely known as it was published in the papers at the time. I have traveled some in my time and I have seen some ugly things and some ugly fights, but I have never seen anything that looked as ugly and as desperate as that panther fight.

W. C. HUDSON.

STAR VALLEY, Uintah county, Wyoming.

REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPERS assert that the grand old party is like the earth, in that it can pass clean through a comet and sustain no harm.