

and elaborate preparations are now making for the event. It is proposed to have a torchlight parade, intermingled with a brilliant pyrotechnic display in which new and novel features will be introduced.

Wm. Henley, a switchman in the yards at Evanston, Wyo., mashed his left hand fearfully on Wednesday morning while coupling a car on the Army train. His first, second and third fingers and thumb were completely severed from his hand, and he fell to the ground in an unconscious state. He was taken to the hospital.

Peter Johnson, a Scandinavian laborer, who was struck by a freight engine four months ago in Fresno, Cal., died Sunday. The fact that the unfortunate man lived so long makes the case interesting. Johnson was unconscious for weeks after the accident, but partially recovered, and at one time it was thought possible that he might get well.

On Friday night last a man named Mark Curran was standing at a bar in a saloon at Magalla, Cal., when A. Jordan asked him to take a drink. As Curran did not quickly respond, the other caught him by the coat collar and gave a jerk which threw Curran off his feet. As he fell his neck was broken and he died within five minutes of his fall.

E. T. Case was arrested Saturday in San Francisco and died at the receiving hospital Sunday morning at 2:30 o'clock. He was in a semi-conscious condition when brought in and during the night, as his torpor increased, was sent to the hospital. When his body was removed to the morgue it was found that he had died of apoplexy, from which he had been a sufferer. As he was not a drinking man, his relations believe that the arresting officer mistook his apoplectic stupor as that resulting from liquor and charged him accordingly. They feel that if he had been attended to in time he might have survived the shock.

A brutal murder, believed to have been the result of a San Francisco highlander feud, occurred on State island, near Stockton, Cal., Sunday evening. See Jack, a merchant of San Francisco, had been spending several days on the island, superintending a garden in which he was interested. Sunday evening he was just outside the bunkhouse when the inmates heard shots. They rushed out and found the merchant dead, with three pistol wounds on his person. His left ear was also cut off and carried away. The sheriff's deputies went down and arrested every Chinese on the place, ten in number, and they are in jail pending an investigation.

Marie, the wife of Schelle Zwaal, an awning maker at San Francisco, committed suicide Saturday afternoon by taking a dose of carbolic acid. Mrs. Zwaal entertained the idea that her husband was paying too much attention to the maid, and Saturday upbraided him for alleged infidelity. He denied this strongly, and in the conversation which followed spoke to his wife in a very decided manner. She left the store where she had been talking and went back into a bedroom, where she swallowed the contents of a phial of the acid. About thirty minutes later the husband and maid found

her suffering fearfully from the effects of the poison. A doctor arrived too late to save the woman's life. She leaves two small children.

The Sapatinga, Wyoming, Lyre says: Alex McPhail met with a serious accident Saturday evening, while en route from town to his Spring Creek ranch. A loose check rein worried one of his horses and he started to climb out of the wagon to fix it, when the horse kicked him above the knee, knocking him down. Before he could get out of the way it kicked him on the head, cutting a bad gash. Mr. McPhail managed to get back into the wagon and turned the team towards town again, but was so weak from the shock that he was afraid of falling off the seat, and so sat in the bottom of the wagon to drive. He was about eight miles from town, and when he reached here he was completely exhausted from loss of blood.

Chicago Drovers' Journal says: W. P. Anderson, who is back from Colorado says: "There is a heavy movement of sheep from the south at present, exceeding last year by many thousands. In the last two weeks alone the drives from New Mexico to the San Luis valley have reached 75,000 head, and the month of October is expected to reach 200,000. It has been only in the last two years that Colorado has been chosen as a feeding place, and it has been found that alfalfa especially is an excellent fattener. More will be fed in the Arkansas valley than last season, and not quite so many about Fort Collins. This is on account of the nearness of the Kansas cornfields. With as great an abundance of alfalfa the price of wheat screenings cuts no figure with the Colorado feeder of Mexican lambs.

During the progress of a religious service at Salvation Army headquarters at San Francisco, on Monday morning, P. G. Schipper, a band sergeant, and C. R. Shaw, another member of the army, became involved in a scuffle for the possession of a pistol belonging to Shaw. During the scuffle the weapon was discharged, the ball striking Schipper in the right thumb. Schipper was taken to the receiving hospital, where his wounded hand was dressed, and Shaw was removed to the city prison, where he was charged with assault to murder. The discharge of the pistol stampeded the meeting. It was thought at first that a murder had been committed, and men and women tumbled over one another in their efforts to get out of the hall or to draw nearer the place where the shooting occurred.

Among those who viewed the parade in San Francisco on Saturday night was Captain Dave, chief of the Piute Indians on the Walker Lake reservation, Nevada. The chief stood in front of the Chronicle building while the parade was in progress, and attracted considerable attention. He wore an army officer's fatigue coat, which was decorated with a McKinley badge. "I was going home yesterday," he said, "but my friend Fillmore—you know Fillmore, big chief like me—he told me about the parade, so I won't go home till tomorrow afternoon. McKinley, he's a great chief Injun like me. I uns like Republicans. They give us schools

and educate us and our children. We don't vote now, but bye and bye, when we have more education, we'll vote for the best man, too. McKinley is a very good man. Oh, yes, I been to San Francisco before. Nobody rob me. I take care of myself. I don't go down dark streets. I ride on the cars. Fillmore, he good friend to Injun. He great friend of mine. He always let me know when he come up my way and I meet him on the train. Fillmore good man."

Mrs. Abbie Lawrence, living in a lodging house in Portland, Oregon, came nearly being smothered to death Friday night in a treacherous folding bed. She retired early, feeling sick and in her hurry to get to bed she neglected to take the usual precautions in fastening her couch so that it could not close. Scarcely had her head touched her pillow when she found herself imprisoned. She cannot tell how long she remained in that position, for when rescued she was unconscious. It seems that the opportune arrival of a messenger boy at the house saved her life. He had a message for her. He rapped at the door, and, receiving no answer, applied to the landlady. The latter knew of Mrs. Lawrence's illness and her purpose to retire early. So she opened the door leading into her room with a pass key. The bed was folded, but not a sound came from within. Mrs. Lawrence's apparel lying about the room, however, told the tale. A second later the folding bed was opened and Mrs. Lawrence was found apparently dead, with a bleeding bruise on her forehead. A neighboring doctor was hurriedly summoned and he succeeded in restoring her to consciousness. Mrs. Lawrence is not altogether out of danger, as the shock to her nervous system was very serious.

Deming, New Mexico, Headlights: The sad news reached here last Sunday evening, from San Simon, that Frank M. Galloway had been shot by mistake and instantly killed by a member of the sheriff's posse, of which he was a part, and the report proved to be all too true. The deceased left Silver City early last week with Sheriff Shannon to look for the Separatist robbers; they were reinforced in Lordsburg by Frank McGlinchy and Steve Birchfield Jr. and all started west and striking the trail of the robbers followed it to Skeleton canyon, where on Saturday they camped for the night. About 8 o'clock in the morning, Shannon, McGlinchy and Birchfield were awakened by a noise of some one approaching the camp and knowing that they were close upon the robbers, thought the approaching party to be one of that gang, supposing Galloway to be asleep in camp. A call was made three times for the party approaching to stop, but no response was made and he continued to approach and when within about twenty feet of the posse Sheriff Shannon ordered the posse to fire. McGlinchy and Birchfield fired and the approaching party fell to the ground without uttering a sound. It was then discovered that Frank M. Galloway, one of their own party, was the man killed, one shot having hit him on the right cheek. Deceased was 42 years of age and leaves a wife and four children.