

charges of extortion. Allegations of blackmail are made by E. E. Crandall, a capitalist, formerly engaged in general merchandising in Los Angeles.

Thomas J. Partridge, a middle-aged blacksmith, who recently arrived in Los Angeles, Cal., from Arizona, where he lived for fourteen years, was examined as to his sanity in the superior court on Thursday. Partridge was poorly dressed and unkempt. The court attaches looked upon him as a tramp and were astonished beyond measure when he went down into his pockets and produced currency and certificates to the amount of over \$13,000. Partridge was sent to jail pending a further examination into his condition.

Citizens of Vancouver were startled the other day by the announcement that cholera had broken out at Nicomen, B. C. Correspondents were asked to say nothing until an investigation was made, and Public Health Inspector Thomas was sent to Nicomen to report. Dr. Thomas returned Saturday. He pronounced the disease, which had become epidemic, choleraic diarrhea of a malignant type. A number of children had died. When he was there the epidemic was at its height. The visitation cannot be accounted for. Children under 12 years are the only victims.

On Friday, Joseph Smith, a miner in the employ of Jackson & McCue at Folsom, Cal., had a narrow escape from death. He was at work in the bottom of a shaft, and at the depth of thirty-five feet from the surface his pick struck through into an old drift or cave. Smith had barely time to drop his tools, clutch the rope and shout to his partner on the surface when the entire bottom dropped out the shaft. It is not positively known how deep the old excavation is. A bucket was lowered over forty feet from the spot where the cave took place without touching bottom.

Says the Ketchum (Idaho) *Keystone*—Mr. V. W. Clement, well known here as the manager of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan, and now manager of the New Primrose mine in South Africa has had trouble with his black miners, says the *Spokane Miner*; about 2,000 of them struck and a riot ensued in which a hundred were wounded and several were killed. His relations with his men in the Coeur d'Alene could scarcely be said to be pleasant for the last year of his stay there, but he seems to have jumped from the frying pan into the fire.

One of the saddest accidents in the history of this part of the county, says the *Moscow (Idaho) Mirror*, has occurred at the farm of G. E. Potter. While Mr. Potter's hired men were chopping feed with a chop mill, the little four-year-old boy of Mr. Potter slipped into the barn and, it is supposed, attempted to step over the tumbling shaft, when his clothes caught on the knuckle and drew him under. Those who were present think that he made at least seventy-five revolutions around the rod before the horse power could be stopped. He was beaten to death.

Colonel Charles Treichel, governor of the Soldier's home at Santa Monica, Cal., has just died (in his fifty-second year) from consumption. Colonel

Treichel was a cavalry officer during the Rebellion and gained the rank of colonel by meritorious service. When General Arthur became collector for the port of New York, Colonel Treichel was appointed auditor of the New York customs house. He held that position until the Pacific branch soldiers' home was established at Santa Monica and the board of managers selected him for governor. He was a native of Pennsylvania.

In the district court at Glenwood Springs, Judge Rucker has entered a decree in the Hallett ditch case which ends all litigation and turns over the twenty-nine miles of canal to a new company, composed principally of Denver capitalists, who anticipate expending \$25,000 during the coming season. This, says an exchange, will give employment to a large number of men and bring under cultivation several thousand additional acres. Work has been suspended on this property, owing to litigation, for the past eighteen months, and there is general rejoicing at the successful termination of the controversy.

The child of Fred Haines was drowned in the ditch at Golden, Colo., late on Saturday night. The child was missed about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. A diligent search was begun by the parents and friends. At 10 o'clock no trace having been discovered, a general alarm was rung from both the fire stations, which brought out the whole town. A systematic search was begun that continued throughout the night, six different parties scouring the entire surrounding country. The water in the ditch was shut off, as it was thought the child might be along the course of the ditch. This was realized next morning by the finding of the body below the town in the ditch bottom.

Word has reached Laramie (Wyo.), says the *Boomerang*, of one of the most peculiar pugilistic encounters ever heard of. Two ranch hands on the old Bramel ranch, sixteen miles from Laramie, became engaged in a controversy regarding pugilism at the breakfast table. They decided to settle the dispute by a resort to a fight with the gloves, and agreed that the rounds should be ten minutes each. They began at noon and fought for a long time pounding each other about with the gloves. After fighting nearly an hour, four rounds of ten minutes each, the fight was stopped and the contest declared a draw. It has been decided to refer the question to Corbett and Jackson.

The Steamboat Springs (Colo.) county seat agitation, says an exchange, is flourishing at blood heat. Already prominent business firms are recognizing Hayden as the county seat, and two attorneys from Steamboat have moved to that place. It is claimed that the facts of the first legislature establishing Routt county were never carried out. No election was ever held removing the county seat to Hahn's peak from Hayden, at which latter place it was first established. The question involves the legality of the existence of Routt county and should the claim of Hahn's Peak for the county seat be knocked out, it will invalidate every official act transacted in the county since 1877.

The supreme court of Colorado, says the *Denver News*, has refused to issue the injunction asked for by Orr and Martin against Mullins, Barnes et al to restrain the latter from interfering with the former in discharging the duties of the fire and police board. The court held that it had no jurisdiction to entertain the proceeding on a writ of error because the matter is still pending in the district court without final determination, and also that it cannot entertain original jurisdiction during the pendency of the suit in the court below. The supreme court was also careful to say that it does not in any way pass upon the merits of the case and that it has grave doubt if any constitutional question is involved sufficient to give it jurisdiction in any court.

An old man accompanied by his wife walked slowly from the palace hotel, San Francisco, on Wednesday afternoon, to the Southern Pacific ticket office and purchased tickets for Monterey. As they walked out to take a car for the ferry the man was seen to stagger, and would have fallen but for prompt assistance. In a moment he recovered himself, but stretching out his hands exclaimed, "I'm blind! I'm blind!" A physician was sent for and from a hasty examination gave it as his opinion that the man had suffered a stroke of paralysis and the blindness was permanent. The sufferer is J. J. Morton, of Grand Rapids, Mich., who with his wife had been touring for several weeks in California, and had about concluded to buy a home near Monterey, where friends of theirs are living. Morton is still blind, but has gone to Monterey, where he can have the care and attention of friends. Oculists say that only time can tell the extent of injury to the optic nerve.

While iron bars may prevent Murderer Fredericks from plucking flowers this spring, remarks the *San Francisco Chronicle*, present prospects indicate that he will not be deprived of inhaling the perfume of roses and lilies of the valley. The hands of fair and fashionable women are even now outstretched to grasp the opening bud and carry it wet with their tears to the cell of Cashier Herrick's slayer. Charmed by the description of his calm blue eyes and musical voice, a certain class of women, who make a practice of frowning over each red-handed murderer, have begun the expression of their maudlin sympathy for Fredericks. From hither and yon fair ones come to see him. Now it happens that Fredericks, who is thrice a murderer, is regarded by the police as so desperate a man that nobody is allowed to visit him without an order from the office of the chief of police. Women who never heard of Fredericks before his arrest last Friday go to the trouble of visiting the new city hall and obtaining a permit for the sake of seeing him. As a consequence, every day is reception day with the murderer. In other words, he is always "at home." Fredericks is elated over the furore he is causing among those who visit him and frequently boasts of his own importance. He has told so many times that he is "no ordinary criminal" that he is beginning to believe he is entitled to more consideration than the average murderer.