WESTERN NEWS GULLINGS.

A Suicide Victim in Helena, Montana.

A HOBO PRINTER LOSES HIS LEG

A Brutal Switchman in San Francisco Murderously Assaults Two Children—He Narrowly Escapes Lynching.

Helena Journal—Mrs. Ry. Zeigler committed suicide yesterday morning by shooting herself through the head. Her husband, Ry. Zeigler, left her bed and went to Salt Lake City, and it is presumed that ill health and the desertion of her husband caused Mrs. Zeigler to commit the rash act which deprived her of life and brought grief to her friends. She has been living with Mrs. Hubert Stewart, at the depot, and was prepared to leave for the East yesterday. She came from her bed before 5 o'clock yesterday morning and followed her usual custom of taking a walk. But this time it was noticed that she had a small paper parcel in her hand. She walked down to the Presbyterian Church No. 2, which is about one-quarter of a mile from the railroad track, and entering the church, deliberately proceeded to end her existence upon earth.

Mrs. Ry. Zeigler was from Seaport, Ill., and was married some twenty years ago to Ry Zeigler in Monroe, Wis. She leaves a husband and a son, about 18 years of age, who is a resident of this city.

Evanston Register—C. J. Quinn, a traveling printer, met with a serious accident at Carter station Monday morning at 4 o'clock. He attempted to climb on the truck of the sleeper just after it had started and while it was going at the rate of five miles an hour. In trying to swing himself on he swung himself too far and his left leg got caught in the wheels and ran over just below the knee. His cries for help brought a crew to the rescue. He was carried to the station, where the flowing of blood was stopped by means of a rope just in time to be brought to Evanston on Conductor Clark's freight. On arrival here he was taken to the Rocky Mountain hotel and Drs. Hartman and Hocker, who had been summoned, placed him under the influence of chloroform, and amputated the limb about four inches above the knee. The limb was so badly shattered that it was impossible to save the knee. The patient is resting quietly now, and is not suffering. The probabilities are that it will be a month before he will be able to be about. While under the influence of chloroform he begged for the free lunch counter and other places of resort generally patronized by the printer, and gave numerous evidences of an unusual amount of grit, and a strong constitution.

San Francisco Chronicle.—That San Francisco did not have a genuine lynching yesterday in the very heart of its most thickly populated district is due to the timely arrival and prompt action of Police Officer Leonard, of the new City Hall station, who rescued G. W. Dondson from a thoroughly enraged and determined crowd of citizens at the corner of Kilte and Leavenworth streets.

The cause of the trouble was a brutal and murderous assault committed by Dondson on two little boys, Daniel and George McGee, aged respectively 9 and 11 years.

The policeman quickly reserved his prisoner from the scene and conveyed him to the central station, where he charged him with an assault with a deadly weapon.

The boys who were assaulted live with their parents at 317 Leavenworth street, where a Chronicle reporter found them last night. The younger of the boys, Dan, was lying unconscious in his bitheart, while his brother George was tossed restlessly on another couch. He is a bright little fellow, and in spite of the pain which he endured was able to tell the following story of the assault:

"This morn Dan and I went at the cable crossing on Hill and Leavenworth streets playing. As one of the cable cars on the Leavenworth street road came down the hill and stopped, we—Dan and I—jumped on the third end. As Dan jumped on the west side Dondson pulled to him in broken Dutch to 'pump off' the car. This made Dan laugh, and he mocked Dondson. Then Dondson rushed at my brother and hit him over the head with a long, heavy book which he used to lift up the lever. He raised the book again and said it into Dan's head and jerked him down on to the ground.

"I picked up a small rock and threw it at the switchman. He then left Dan lying senseless on the ground and rushed at me, striking me over the small of the back with the book.

"By this time there was a big crowd of people all around us. They grabbed Dondson and were about to take him to a lamppost when the policeman came."

The brutal assault was witnessed by several people in the Hotel Montana, who rushed down from their rooms to the street below and lifted the bleeding bodies of the little boys and carried them to hotel. Drs. Vasquez, Lake and Cleveland were called, and after a hasty examination of the boys' injuries they pronounced them to be of no serious character to admit of a hurried diagnosis.

The surgeon stated, however, that one of the younger boy's kidneys was shattered, while the symptoms of the younger boy were such as to lead them to believe that the little fellow had received a serious concussion of the brain and possibly a fracture of the skull. His scalp was deeply cut by the sharp point of the switchman's hook.

The injuries of George's back were temporarily dressed, while several stitches were necessary to close the gaping wound in Dan's head.

At a late hour last night the younger boy's symptoms were alarming, and it was deemed advisable to administer opiates to relieve his sufferings.

A Chronicle reporter called on Dondson at the central station to get his story of the affair, but the man was found crouching in one corner of his cell and showing all outward signs of extreme fright. When asked why he had struck the boys he refused to make any word or sign of reply.

It is obvious that counterfeits presuppose a real value in that which is counterfeited. In this sense it is that hypocrisy has been characterized as the homage which vice pays to virtue.—*Sunday School Times.*

THE MAN WITH THE SICKLE.

They are building in Babel was built, in the
Brick death and confusion of speech;
They are piling up monument towards and
Lofty
To pile a few souls out of reach;
And the monument's some thousand and of its
place,
In a village not worth of room,
But whoever is that man, I am sorry and
Tears on the cheek of his tomb.

But I'd will pass from this city of mourning,
This sad hill overshadow and sickle;
Pass by where the harvest and brooms lock
down,
With their fast frosts as cross of life;
Or, out of the meadow rise to touch the
glory
Of the flying crowns and gold
Find and in the sense of the sacred and the
glorious,
But the man with the sickle is cross.

I know who I will look and find above
Where he hid in the Lamb of God;
That the pass between man that lay down to
sleep
Was only a place in the bright
Over which some shield pass in a flash
That shed the light of the high mark shall
shield
Then lands curves by an evening mark,
But the man of the sickle is gone
I know him! All through life he goes and
the sod
Bent, unfolded and sickle free.
But I judge, as I trust Christ has pulled the
place out,
For divide with him sickle to and
In the sickle of sin is the harvest's reason,
Life check and the reaping mark,
And he does with the sickle that lay down
on the line.

He need it still ground is an hundred
Upon the sickle of sin and death
In the school from of the line,
You will take for your home the sun of
morning,
But the man of the sickle is gone

There is peace in the Blue under grace of the
Bow
Thy cross when the day's work is done,
And meet with the reaping, who some the
Lamb
Lie asleep in the sheet of the sun,
But the man of the sickle is gone
Then I will take for your home the sun of
morning,
But the man of the sickle is gone

There is peace in the Blue under grace of the
Bow
Thy cross when the day's work is done,
And meet with the reaping, who some the
Lamb
Lie asleep in the sheet of the sun,
But the man of the sickle is gone

Then I will take for your home the sun of
morning,
And death will be end to the tomb.
—Millennial Star.

THE SON OF GOD.

"His Name Shall Be Called Wonderful." Isaiah ix. 6.

He was begotten as need but virtuous as God, such commended us to trust and be of good comfort; because to God nothing is impossible. Matt. iv. 1-11.

He was hungry, but fed many thousands, descending from heaven as the living bread. John vi.

He was athirst, but he drank, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." John iii. 29, vii. 37.

He was weary, but to the weary that come unto him he promised rest. John iv. 6; Matt. xi. 28.

He trusted, yet he answered prayer. Mark xiv. 35; Matt. viii. 3.

He wept, but he wipes away all tears. John xi. 35; Rev. xxi. 4.

He was sold for thirty pieces of silver, but he redeemed the world at a great price. Matt. xxvi. 3; 1 Peter i. 18, 19.

He was dumb like a lamb before his shearers, yet he is "The Word." Isa. liii. 7; John i. 1.

In his thirst he was given vinegar to drink; yet he changed the water into wine. Luke xxiii. 36; John ii. 7-10.

He gave up the ghost, yet he had power to resume his life.

He died, but he lives, and by death shattered death. John xix. 30; xx. 19, 26; Rev. i. 18; 2 Tim. i. 10.

He was buried, but he rose again. Matt. xxvii. 59; see xxviii. 6.

Rightly, therefore, is his name called Wonderful, for he is full of wonder, and does wonderous things wondrously. Isa. ix. 6.—World-Wide Missions.

Children Who Work Too Hard a Day.

Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, looks upon the employment of young children to increase the income as a serious evil.

"There are no statistics," said he, "to show the number of children under fourteen years of age thus employed, but it must be large. I believe that some children toiling night and day are employed in decorative houses, and I know that their wages seldom exceed two dollars per week, while for a single day's work in these sweatshops such sums than a single day's pay. The average pay is probably not more than $1.50 per week, and many small children receive but one dollar per week. There has been no attempt to organize children into labor unions because the thing is impossible. They could not act of their own volition. The hours of children in decorative houses are ordinarily from 7:00 a. m. to 6:00 p. m., but in the holiday season as late as 10 p. m. Many such children are set to work not so much from the need as from the greed of parents."—New York Recorder.

Fellowship with Christ.

The word fellowship seems to imply equality. We have fellowship with one another, brother with brother, workman with workman, friend with friend. There is not much fellowship between superiors and inferiors. They are at arm's length and generally feel distant, unsympathetic, perhaps suspicious and hostile.

We call Jesus Lord, and the word implies mastery, especially that kind of relation which, with us at least, forbids fellowship. He is one to be obeyed and feared, but how can there be fellowship with our Master? Great distance.

The twelve called him Lord and Master, and yet they had fellowship with him. He was that sort of a master who treats inferiority superior to his disciples that he did not hold himself aloof from them. His dignity and superiority were beyond question, and he could afford to be very tender and affectionate with them and give them real fellowship. He had sympathy with them and could not only lead and teach them, but he could give them love and self-love in return.

Fellowship implies equality, and there can be no real fellowship with a superior who has superior somehow puts aside that superiority and puts himself on an equality of some sort with his inferior. This is precisely what Jesus has done. He calls us his brethren, his friends. "I have not called you servants," he says, as if we were his inferiors, "but I have called you friends."—Independent.

We Must Work with Christ.

As long as we refuse warm, loving sympathy with Christ's missionary purpose, and hold aloof from earnest cooperation with him in missionary enterprise, we shall have a poor, stunted spiritual life, and be faithless to the great work that God has put into human hands.—Rev. George Wilson.

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