

a severe accident. He was riding home on a load of wheat when the loose wheat slipped toward the front of the wagon, throwing him immediately under the horses' heels. One of the horses kicked him in the face, mangle his nose and mouth fearfully. Two doctors dressed his wound. The little fellow refused to take either stimulants or anesthetics and bore the severe operation without a murmur.

A wagon load of peaches brought in last week from the Hagerman farm, on the Pecos river, seventeen miles below Eddy, N. M., sold for \$42, at ten cents per pound, and the second load brought in sold for about the same amount. These peaches came from but five trees, all lighter bearers than some trees there, which will ripen finer fruit later in the season. Thus five trees five years old, it will be seen, brought about \$15 each above the cost of hauling to market. One hundred such trees per acre would yield \$1,500.

According to the *Idaho City World* the Rev. Joseph Wilson, superintendent of the Bella Mining company, holds services at the Edna mine every Sunday, which is a rest day for the miners. The board bill of the employees of the company on Sundays is paid by the company. The workingmen get a rest on the seventh day and their board on that day is free. There are but few superintendents like Mr. Wilson. It is needless to say that he has the respect and good will of every man in the employ of the company.

On Wednesday morning there was a clash between the municipal and Federal authorities at Raton, N. M., which came near resulting in bloodshed. The city marshal asked one of the deputy United States marshals, who was walking around the streets heavily armed, his authority for doing so. He made an impudent answer and attempted to draw his gun. The city marshal was too quick and got the drop on the deputy, when another deputy came up with a Winchester and the city marshal was taken into custody to answer a charge of contempt.

The mining men of Manti have been more or less excited during the past week over reputed wealthy gold finds in Salina canyon. Assays show that the black sand of Red creek contains over seventy-five dollars per ton in pure gold. Several locations have been made and many people are rushing to the gold fields in the hope of being able to stake off rich claims. The ground is placer and is located on Red creek about thirty-five miles southeast of Salina. Wm. Funk, in the employ of O. F. Coolidge, discovered the treasure.—*Messenger*.

This is how the Rawlins (Wyo.) *Republican* summarizes some of the effects of the strike: Rev. Leal is away on a visit and cannot get home. C. E. Dodge is strike-bound, it is believed in Rock Springs, hence he is pretty well satisfied. Mrs. W. E. Russell and children are waiting for a train on which to leave town. They are going to the Hadrell ranch at Elk Mountain for a month's visit, thence east to Iowa for the summer. A wedding in Rawlins booked for today has been postponed on account of the strike. No mail from the East since Monday evening. No fruit or vegetables in town, and if the end doesn't come

soon there will be general scramble for something to eat. A couple of carloads of flour, however, were received about a week ago.

Idaho Daily Statesman: Thomas Cahalan Jr., youngest son of T. D. Cahalan, was killed a few days ago while running with Rescue Engine company No. 1, of which he was a member, in one of the firemen's races. The Rescue boys were coming down Eighth avenue like the wind, when Cahalan, who was putting forth all his exertions, stumbled and fell to the road. The wheel of the heavy hose cart struck him in the back, rolled him over and passed over his chest. He was picked up in an unconscious condition and expired about five minutes later. Death resulted from internal injuries which brought on a hemorrhage.

The indications are that the winter range is going to be better than usual this year, according to the Rawlins (Wyo.) *Republican*. The grass got a good start and there has been plenty of rain all along to keep it growing. The rain last week, which was heavier than is usually seen at this time of the year, was just what was needed to finish the grass and hay crop. There is plenty of feed for stock and everything on the range is fat, but prices for horses, cattle and sheep are demoralized with no signs of an improvement. When feed on the range is good, prices are away down, and when prices are good there is no feed to fatten the stock. And thus the world wags.

The heavy rain storms in the vicinity of Byers, Colo., ever since the Fourth are reported to have done an immense amount of good to the country, and there are strong hopes that we will have a good crop of hay, which at one time it was feared that we would not. The Bijou has been on the rampage and has been higher than at any time within the last two years. All the sheep around there have been sheared of their fleeces and now the ranchmen have the wool for sale. So far only one clip has been sold in Byers and the price realized was low, but it is generally conceded by most sheepmen that if they sell at all, they will have to sell cheap. The clip is said to be this year tolerably clean and should fetch more than the wool buyers are offering.

The Boise (Idaho) *Statesman* says that the hop industry is a new one in Idaho, but that it has already attained respectable proportions is attested by the fact that growers cannot secure sufficient pickers to harvest their crops. The yield is reported to be very large and the quality excellent. There is no longer any doubt that the western valleys of this state are especially adapted to the production of this important crop. The future of the business would have been assured had not Congress determined to cut down the hop duty. Owing to the cost of labor, particularly for picking, this reduction may prove a very serious drawback, but its full effect can be determined only after a practical trial. In the meantime the hops will be entertained that the prolific yield will enable the business to be developed under the adverse conditions imposed upon it.

When Andy Anderson came in from a trip to Green river one day last week,

says the Rawlins, Wyo., *Republican*, he was somewhat surprised at not finding his wife and two little girls at home. On the table, however, he found a note from his wife telling him that she had received a message direct from God to the effect that she must be with her brother down in Iowa at once. She procured a cent a mile ticket and with her two little girls aged about five and seven left for the east on the Monday evening train. On Wednesday Mr. Anderson received a telegram from the sheriff of Pottawattamie county, Iowa, stating that his wife and two little girls were in Council Bluffs, held by the authorities, the mother being crazy. Mr. Anderson left on the first train for the east and no word has been received from him since his departure.

J. C. Wixom informs the Brigham *Bugler* that the sides of the mountains and adjoining lands southeast of Brigham are literally alive with grasshoppers. There are millions of these destructive hoppers. They are of many varieties, colors and sizes. They are found in all sizes from that of a small house fly to half as large as a man's finger. There are evidently numerous breeds, but all seem to work harmoniously together to the end of destroying all vegetation that comes in their way. They appear disinclined to leave this vicinity, most of them having been hatched there on the sunny mountain slope. They can hardly be driven out of the lucern fields, vegetable gardens and orchards, where they are creating sad havoc. Several other places near by have also suffered from their visits. But the tract over which they have spread so far is comparatively small and has affected but few people.

J. McMillan, a wealthy ranchman of Carlton, ten miles west of Granada, Colo., tells a thrilling story of his Fourth of July experience. Mr. McMillan decided to hunt wolves, of which there are many near his ranch, and set out on horseback. He soon started a gray wolf, and not having much ammunition, but a good horse, determined to ride the animal down and rope it. After a long chase over hollow and hill, valley and plain, until horse, rider and wolf were almost exhausted, the prey took refuge in a shallow water-made cave in the bank of a gully. Mr. McMillan at once dismounted and saw the game could get but a short distance in the cave, so he drew his revolver and shot the wolf, or supposed he did. He crawled into the hole and tried to pull out his game, but was unable to do so. He then tied his saddle rope to its hind leg and told his horse to move up. The horse's strength was too much for the wolf and it had to come out, but it came out fighting. As soon as the horse was told to stop the wolf sprang upon Mr. McMillan and a fight for life began. He was unable to use his gun and for some time could not get his knife out of his belt. At last he succeeded in getting a good hold on the beast's throat, and being a strong man pushed it away far enough to get out his knife. Although now almost exhausted he succeeded in cutting the wolf's throat. Mr. McMillan was pretty badly used up but feels thankful that he was able to escape as well as he did. The wolf was a good sized one.