

on the surface. The skull was fractured in two places and there is strong suspicion that the man was murdered and thrown into the shaft.

H. Martinette, a Frenchman, was arrested Thursday for cruelty to his five-year-old daughter, Mary, at Walnut Creek, Cal. Martinette compelled the child to get up early in the morning and deliver milk to customers, after which she herded cows while they grazed all day along the public roads. During the snow and sleet storm, a few days ago, the little one was out all day and suffered severely from the cold and wet.

Mabel, the three-year-old daughter of Alexander Keith, at Jacksonville, Cal., was drowned there Tuesday. The little one and a companion wandered down to the river bank, and little Mabel fell in and was swept down the stream. When her mother went to search for her the other child was found near the water looking into the stream, and when asked where Mabel was pointed to the water, saying, "She's in there."

St. John, Kansas, News: Elder Richards, just from Salt Lake City, Utah, who has been stopping in St. John the past few days visiting his brother Elders and friends, left Monday evening on a southern mission. Elder J. C. Lyon started for his home in Salt Lake City on Wednesday, having completed his mission. Mr. Lyon has been in St. John most of the time since September last and his many friends regret his departure.

Rocco Polidori, the Italian who was shot in the forehead on Monday, at New Castle, Colo., by Glorj Chello, an Austrian, is still living and displays a wonderful strength considering the nature of his wound, when the physicians declare it fatal. Polidori was able to hear the railway ride to Denver, where it is anticipated the other boys will be brought into requisition to determine the location of the bullet within the skull.

A coroner's jury at Rock Springs, Wyoming, called to investigate the killing on Saturday last at H. P. Kline of Mrs. Martha Null, by Frank Deltare, Monday rendered a verdict that the shooting was accidental. Deltare, the man who told the shooting, was assisting the Null family, who were moving, to pack their household effects and picked up an old revolver which he thought was unloaded. While trying to raise the hammer the gun was discharged, the bullet striking Mrs. Null in the side.

Lee See, a Chinese servant, formerly employed by Colonel Pico of Temescal, was arrested on a charge of larceny, at Oakland, Cal., Tuesday night. Colonel Pico was aroused by a noise at the back door and investigated. He threw the door open and found his Chinese servant kneeling there. The Chinaman spatoned at the colonel's watch, which hung in his unbuttoned vest. A scuffle ensued, and the heavy chain parted, leaving the watch still in the colonel's possession. The Chinaman fled, but was overtaken.

A. J. Chalmers and Fred. Gould, surveyors, returned Friday evening from the site of the old town of Galena, three miles northwest of what remains of the once prosperous city of Washoe, Nev., and report the finding

of the body of Evan Davis dead on the floor of his cabin. Investigation showed that death was caused by starvation. Not a morsel of food of any description could be found in or about the place. Davis was a wood-chopper, and had long since grown morose and sour toward the world and did not mingle with his fellows.

The striking lathers in San Francisco have committed another murder in killing Charles A. Marre, who worked at a job when they said he should not. He was not working for less than union wages. The strikers wanted all work stopped, and as they came up to him said, "Old man, you have worked enough for one day." Immediately an assault was made on him and he was severely handled. He managed to walk home, but the only words he was able to speak, uttered while his wife was dressing his wounds, were, "Mamma, this I received for trying to earn bread." The deceased leaves a wife and seven children.

Monday morning about 1:30 o'clock Otto Johnson, a laborer employed at the Selby smelting works, was killed by a freight train near Port Costa, Cal. Johnson was on his way home, and although not supposed to have been intoxicated, he had evidently spent the evening in some of the saloons in the vicinity, as he had a number of cigars in his pocket and but 15 cents was found in his purse. As soon as the engineer saw that he had struck a man he stopped and the injured man was brought to Port Costa, where he died two hours afterward without recovering consciousness. The accident was the result of Johnson's own carelessness.

One result of the Industrial army movement of two years ago came to the notice of General McComb of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children at San Francisco, Monday, when Officer Graham brought Philip Muuz, aged 15, and his sister Emma, 12 years old, to his office, with a request that he endeavor to provide a home for them. The father of the children, Philip Muuz, left San Francisco two years ago, when he went East as a soldier in Kelly's commonwealth army, being detained at Ogden by the Utah militia under Governor West. The last heard of him was from St. Louis as the army was leaving that place on its tramp to Washington. After Muuz left his wife, by striving hard, managed to feed and shelter her two children, but last Friday she died, leaving young Philip and Emma, who are very bright children, practically penniless. General McComb will ask for the guardianship of the Muuz children. Then he will see what he can do in the way of a home for them.

A special dispatch from Benson, Ariz., says word has just been received there of a murder committed last Friday at a mine on Lone mountain in Huachuca, near the Mexican border, and far away from any settlement. The mine was owned by an erratic old prospector named Harper. A few weeks ago there arrived at the mine a nomad, who gave the name of Elhart. Elhart has gone to Tombstone and given himself up, saying that he killed Harper. His story is that Harper had given him an interest in

the mine and that they quarreled over the division of the profits, and while in front of the cabin Harper attempted to shoot him and Elhart took his pistol from him and shot him in the breast. This story is not credited. Harper would not, it is claimed, give away an interest in his mine, and furthermore the bullet entered the back coming out lower in front, indicating that Harper must have been leaning over and was shot from behind. The deed was committed in the cabin, where blood stains were found, and not outside, as claimed by Elhart. The body has been brought into Benson for the coroner's inquest. Harper was 50 years old and leaves a family in Woodland, Cal.

Henry C. Bunner, the well-known editor of Puck, is quite ill at his apartments in the Occidental hotel, San Francisco. Mr. Bunner arrived in the city a fortnight ago in quest of health, but his stay here does not seem to have benefited his physical condition. Three days ago he was compelled to take to his bed. The patient's condition, while serious, is declared to be no more alarming than it has been during any one of the many sick spells he has experienced since he found it necessary to abandon literary work and seek a tonic for his wasted frame in travel and rest. He spent some time in the semi-tropical climate of southern California before coming to San Francisco, but his stay in the southern part of the state did not improve his health very materially. He had a hacking cough when he arrived and in the pleasant days when he went out to get a little fresh air and exercise he always took great care to return to the hotel before 5 o'clock. During his illness his wife, who is his only traveling companion, is carefully looking after all his needs. She has hopes that his present indisposition is not of a serious nature, and expects him to resume his travels in the near future.

It is quite common for drunken men to meet with accidents that result fatally; but occasionally a drunken man meets with what seems a miraculous escape. Followlog is an instance of the latter kind: William Mullery, a waiter, collided with an electric car at 10 o'clock Thursday night in Sacramento, Cal. He had been out during the evening with some friends and, being of a companionable nature, he had had a social cup or two. This being the case, he did not care for a street car or anything else, loaded or unloaded, and when he saw a car coming he set his hat on one side of his head and drew a bee line for it. They came together like a couple of butting goats, and the car being more heavily loaded than Mr. Mullery, won the knock-out. The good-natured waiter went down like he had been kicked under the only by a mule and before he could regain his feet for a renewal of the attack, the car took hold of him and rolled him over and over and toyed with him for a distance of twenty feet or more. When the car got through with Mr. Mullery, it stopped, and Mr. Mullery crawled out from under the wheels with his hat in his hand. He refused to his feet, and after gazing at the car a moment in evident admiration, he started down the street, apparently none the worse for the encounter.