

have to import eggs and poultry for home consumption. Thus writes an exchange.

The two-year old son of C. H. Keys of Leadville, Colo., was playing under a sleigh in front of his father's house and in some manner knocked down the board that held the shaft in place. The board caught the little fellow's neck and squeezed him to death.

Charles Honwig, a miner in Big Evans gulch at Leadville, Colo., had a narrow escape from death in his cabin on Wednesday night. He was thawing out some giant, when the stuff exploded, throwing him violently to the ground, badly cutting his head. He will recover.

Gray wolves are reported as becoming numerous and bold in the vicinity of Byers, Colo. Within the last week one stockman has lost two head of cattle through their depredations. To show what fierce animals these wolves are, one of these cattle was a large two-year-old steer.

There is a band of about twenty deer on Wood river, just above town, trying to make their way to the valley, says the Ketchum (Idaho) *Keystone*. The law regarding the killing of deer is respected here by true sportsmen and it would be expensive sport to any one caught slaughtering them.

Mrs. Le Grand, who went to Salt Lake City several days ago to have an operation performed for cancer, arrived home yesterday, says the *Hailey (Idaho) News Miner*. She consulted three physicians, and the verdict was unanimous that her case was hopeless, and no operation was performed.

J. E. Hennessey, one of the leading educators in Northern California and principal of the Oroville High School, was found dead in bed on Wednesday. A bottle containing morphine was found in his pocket. He left a note to the landlord, indicating that his death was premeditated. He was insured for \$14,000.

An instance of the danger which besets pedestrians at San Francisco at night is the sandbagging of Robert McArthur, the leader of the Olympic Club of that city, who is still under the doctor's care. About 12:30 o'clock last Saturday morning he was given a terrible blow on the head, and the wonder is he is now a live man.

The Kansas City *Star* asserts that three years ago a Lawrence reporter was getting nine little dollars every week and going without a shave between Tuesday and Saturday. Now he owns a daily paper at Cripple creek, Colo., has an interest in a gold mine and draws a salary of \$2,500 a year as a county officer. That's why the spirit of mortal should be proud.

The house of A. L. Jackman, of Levan, was broken into and burglarized about 3 o'clock a.m. December 2nd, says the *Manti Sentinel*. The burglar carried away two barrels of wine and a box of empty flasks. He proved to be George Deming, formerly of Colorado, and the stolen property was found in his possession. He has been held to the grand jury in bonds of \$500.

Arthur Chadwick, a San Francisco messenger boy 16 years old, fell from the fifth floor to the bottom of the elevator shaft in the telephone building

on Bush street, Monday, and was killed. The elevator was a little above the fifth floor when he jumped through the door, missed his footing and tumbled under the car. He was employed by the telephone company in the building.

On Wednesday night three men, armed with revolvers and knives, entered the cabin of a man named "Frenchy," a machinist in Baxter's foundry, adjoining Boise City, Idaho, held him up and robbed him of \$100 in money, a gold watch and chain, a Winchester rifle and a shotgun and marched him up the hill, threatening to kill him. They then went off down the river.

Frank Atherton, the man who was recently held up in his bedroom at Colorado Springs, has positively identified two of his assailants and has suspects of two others. The four safe blowers and hold-ups, who worked Pueblo Saturday night and were arrested at Salido, were seen by him in the county jail Tuesday. He says he is sure of two, and Marshal Dana saw all of them in Colorado City the night before the hold-up.

Dr. Parsons, assisted by Dr. Hamilton, performed an operation on the head of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Beaudoin's 17-months-old child, says the *Laramie (Wyoming) Boomerang*. The operation was for hydrocephalus. The child's head was 21½ inches from ear to ear and 21 inches around the head. Fourteen ounces of water were taken from the head. The little one is now doing as well as could be expected. It has been growing gradually worse for a year past and was in a critical condition when the operation was performed.

A farmer living near Perth, Fulton County, says the *Montgomery (Cal.) Reporter*, helped steal his own hog the other night. He was awakened from his sleep in the middle of the night and asked by two men to assist them in loading a hog which had tumbled out of the crate in their wagon. He willingly gave a helping hand and then returned to quiet slumbers. The next morning he went to feed his porker, but there was no porker to feed. It then dawned upon him that he had helped load his own hog in the wagon the night before.

Christian P. Neilson met with a painful accident the other day while hauling posts from the Cedar hills. The Mount Pleasant *Pyramid* says he was dragging the posts behind a wagon, and was walking on the lower side. The ends of the post butting a large boulder, weighing a ton or more, and started it rolling down the hill. It caught Mr. Neilson, and knocking him down, passed over his left arm, breaking it just below the elbow, and bruising and mutilating the flesh badly. Dr. Woodring attended to the injuries and the patient is resting comfortably.

Twelve-year-old Henry Duck is locked up in San Francisco on a charge of murder. Trying to load a pistol which he was going to sell it went off and the ball passed through the heart of his little six-year-old brother, Jesse, killing the child instantly. The sad accident happened at the Duck home. All accounts agree with the story of Henry, which is to the effect that he

was fitting cartridges to a Colt's revolver. The shells were too large, and, as Henry endeavored to force one into the magazine, little Jesse stretched across to reach another cartridge. At that moment the trigger slipped and the hammer striking home sent the ball through Jesse's heart.

Jake Winter, a convict at the Colorado state penitentiary, is very sorry he stole a bicycle in October, 1892, and writes the board of pardons to that effect. He has made every reparation in his power, he says, having sold his watch and chain to reimburse the man he sold the wheel to, he has served over half of his two year term and would like to get out. If he should be solemnly promises to go back to his parents' Kansas home and "live an honest and industrious life the remainder of his days." He adds that since arriving at Canon he has been troubled with fits and paralytic strokes and "excoriating pains" in his head, and fears he may die. Secretary Gabriel has written for more particulars.

Considerable interest is being taken in the case of Mrs. Annie L. Cameron, on trial in the superior court at San Francisco, on a charge of attempting to murder M. J. Laymance, a well known real estate dealer in Oakland. The gentleman had a narrow escape when he was attacked, and he owes his life to the fact that the cartridge in the pistol snapped and did not explode. Mrs. Cameron is a well known society woman in East Oakland. She is the widow of Duncan Cameron, who died recently, leaving a very large estate, nearly all of which went to Mrs. Cameron. When she came into the possession of the fortune that was left her she made a number of investments that proved to be disastrous. Then she had some trouble with her children, and all these things tended to change her disposition and make her a different woman. Now she has to answer a charge of felony.

Rev. J. H. W. Harris is a minister who has been struggling against fate, says the *San Francisco Chronicle*. For years he has been engaged in various kinds of business, but he could never seem to strike it rich. Then he went into the watch club business, but this did not suit his taste, and after a brief career as a drummer he returned to gospel work. At Golden Gate, after a spirited contest with some opposing ministers, he succeeded in building a little church by the roadside. Here he tried to make a success at preaching. At last his congregation commenced to drop off one by one and join the opposing church until it was a hard matter for the minister to get along. His salary days were few and far between and so the church had to close. The minister had to eat—and he had to go out and hustle at another business. A short time ago he turned up in Oakland and conducted a series of meetings at the corner of Seventh and Market streets. He made a plea for the laborer and did a great deal of work among the poor. Then he became manager of a hard times department and distributed articles among the needy. At last he was caught by hard times himself, and has now filed his schedule in insolvency in the Superior court. Harris says his liabilities will amount to about \$5,000 and he has no assets.