NEWS OF THE WEST.

Mother and Two Children Killed by a Runaway.

RABBITS SPREAD DIPHTHERIA.

Tarantula in His Nest—Crush of Under a Rock—Dead Man Found—Whisky Seized.

It is reported that the Dove Mofferyndicate of Denver is trying to acquire the whole claim in the White Hillcamp, Mohave county, Arizona.

Mrs. Virginia Redfield, the Spanish woman who is self-desired killer in Indian to San Bernardino, Cal., on the night of October 3, was on Saturday discharged from custody.

The first carload of this season's crop of oranges was shipped from Los Angeles, Cal., Tuesday to Chicago, not weeks earlier than ever before. The fruit is from the Cahuenga Valley.

The line separating the Dove Creek and Ralph from the San Carlos Indian reservation in Arizona will be about forty-five miles in length, marked by stone monuments one-half mile apart. The price to be paid for the work is $12 a mile.

The body of an unknown suicide—a rendered man was found in the mountains near Calabasas, Cal., Tuesday morning. By his side was a revolver, and there was a bullet hole in the head. The body was disemboweled, and so far has not been identified.

A Webster City, Iowa, dispatch says that suicide have caused an epidemic of diphtheria in the eastern part of this county, and it has spread to Dows, Iowa Falls, Jewell Junction and Alden. No fewer than a dozen deaths have been reported.

The heavy rain which visited Tucson, Arizona, one afternoon last week was preceded by quite a fall of hailstones, some of large as small marbles and perhaps larger. Congressmen, says the Star, for a short time recently did a large irrigating canal with a full load of water in it.

Henry Nauer, a prominent grower of Petaluma, Cal., while spending a hot sweltering summer Tuesday night, felt something run up his shirt sleeves, up his shirt and coat sleeves, finally removing his coat, he at first could find nothing, but finally saw a movement in the lock lining of the coat. He took it open and found a half-grown tarantula.

At Cheyenne, Wyoming, the jury impaneled to inquire into the cause of the death of Fred Stabler, rendered a verdict Wednesday afternoon, finding that Stabler came to his death by means of a gunshot wound inflicted by one Louis S. Tressel, and that the act was done purposely and with premeditated intent. The young wife of the dead man is in a very critical condition, being utterly prostrated with grief.

Word has been received of a terrible accident that occurred thirty miles from Portland, Oregon, Tuesday. A span of horses belonging to Will Davis, attached to a wagon containing his wife and children, ran away, overturning the wagon, killing two of the children and fatally injuring the mother. In their flight the horses ran against a tree, breaking the wagon tongue and turning the wagon over. Mr. Davis was not in the wagon, but had tied the horses to a fence, from which they broke away.

An educational custody was discovered last week by County Superintendent Stewart of Spokane, Wash. He was officially visiting the public schools in the western part of the county and dropped in to see Miss Nowack's interesting little flock in the joint district on the line between Spokane and Lincoln counties, thirty miles from the city, on the banks of the Rock Spokane. In the school room an only sight meets purple and all are satisfied in abundance. Up to date there has been only one case of measles and no child has yet received a mark for tardiness.

In discharging the damaged cargo at Port Townsend, Wash., Tuesday, from the steamship Umatilla, which recently ran on the rocks near that port, another Alaska smuggling scheme was exposed. In the cargo was a large consignment of barrelled sugar destined to a leading Alaska firm. The action of the salt water melted the sugar, and in the center of each barrel was found a large case of spirits. An investigation reveals the fact that in recent months a large quantity of supposed sugar has been shipped to Alaska, and it is now believed that thousands of gallons of whisky and brandy have been smuggled into the territory in this manner. Customs authorities are investigating.

David Ross of Spokane, Washington, was killed last Thursday at his farm, in the foothills of Little Baldy mountain, east of Hillyard, under singular circumstances. He was excavating to bury in his field a stone that weighs apparently about two tons and required six horses to remove. It tipped over and crushed him to death. The two men were home from the spree and his body was otherwise mangled. His left home last Thursday, and on Friday Mrs. Ross went out to see him. The door was open, and she supposed took he had gone to the house of one of the neighbors. She came home, but went out again Saturday. There was no evidence that anything had been disturbed, and she communicated the fact to the neighbors. Search was made, the man was seen standing in the well, presuming he might have fallen in. Mr. Ross and daughter went out again Sunday morning and found that the body had been discovered by a little 12 years old.

BE MARTYRS—A GIFT.

I. Ferdinand Bejed, an English soldier, for treason, life and death in a foreign hospital, turned by the sisters who devote their lives to works of mercy.

But all their kindness could not reconcile me to the world. Hitches by before me I swooned. They gave me no hope that I should not be blind if I lived, and from the aching depths of my soul came the thought had left all that made life worth the living.

One day had seemed more bitter than any of its predecessors. A comrade had died near me. And I lived! A blackness of darkness was upon me. I could not look. I could not—I dare not—for the fear that they might die to partake of. I even wept—I, a soldier. Then I prayed to die.

In the midst of that prayer a strange thing happened to me. Light a form took shape. Unknown to persons of a death as exact as now seen day. Two lips softer than rose leaves pressed a kiss upon my closed eyelids and a soul-tinged voice my fancied:

Devotionality I spoke and both my hand. Recognize a mother's fingers. They wrench at themselves from me, but left to my claw a rose.

"Wait in this," I cried. "Come back! Tell me. What to this?"

Then was no answer. I heard a soft, retreating step and nothing more. The woman who had kissed me, whose one night for, was gone.

I slipped the ring on my finger and fell into a reverie. Who could this have been? Whose lips had touched my lips. Whose hand had I held? Sister Agatha was large and about not sixty. Sister Estelle was kind and true, and her hands were always as cold as ice. Then, were men and given to the wandering of prayer.

I questioned Sister Agatha after awhile as to who had visited the hospital. "Only the mother of Alsacia," she said, but I knew that those lips, those warm, fluttering lips, had, were not those of my nun's mother.

It was a little hackneyed, but it explained my hand for the day. You laugh, but you haven't to understand work and trial and far from home and kindred to know the value of a woman's kiss and of a pretty rag.

For one or two days I listened for the return of that gentle mother. For one or two nights I dreamed of her. Then I stopped dreaming. Life dare not come for me. I tapped my eyes my morning and saw a world of light. I crawled from the cots to see faintly and dimly the outline of the long room. I was no longer blind. I should be myself again.

Hope healed my wounds. I grew well immediately. But I left the hospital I asked for dead Sister Agatha of the Sacre.

She looked at me seriously and fell to crossing herself.

"My child," she said, "it was the Madonna. It is a miracle. She has looked you."

"But the ring!"

"The Madonna gave some to St. Catherine. Why not a ring to you?" she said. "Let the ring be your talisman." The hospital I knew that I had left a mortal hand in mine, and that living human lips had touched me, but she would have blighted her own or poor Sister Agatha's reputation.

Five years had passed. The war was over. I was in my native land again. I had almost forgotten my period of suffering in the hospital, but I had not forgotten that kiss. I still wore the ring upon my finger, and I still hoped, absolutely certain, to know one day to whom it had belonged. I was resolute to a memory regret as it was beautiful.

About this time my brother Henry married and brought home his wife, a lovely girl, who was our beauty at once. She had had no living relatives, a sister who had been educated abroad, and who was coming to visit her very soon. She was said to be beautiful, and Henry spoke of her often.

"It would be a lucky thing for you if you could win her heart," he said. "She is almost an angel."

I smiled and shook my head.

"Yet that last could be easily done," he said. "Louis is a strange girl, she refuses every offer. She is rich and twenty now and has been left secure, but I know she has that she will never marry until she gets over a queer fancy of hers. You'll keep it to yourself if I tell you, Ferdinand?"

I promised.

"The girls are orphans," said Henry. "And Louis was attended at a convent in Paris. Of some strange neglect she remained there during the whole of this last terrible war. The convent was safe enough, and she had no fear, but it was outrageous. Well, to cut a long story short, there was a hospital at ——, and it was filled, of course, with wounded soldiers. The girl, just 17 then, took an interest in one with the name, and, promised by their confessor, to the hospital. One, a beautiful young officer who had lost his sight, attracted her attention. She used to watch him from afar and think of him when she left him until she fell in love with him. At last, one day, when he had been suffering very much and had, as she thought, fallen asleep, her feelings overcame her. The sisters were busy elsewhere, and she crept up to him and kissed him. He was not asleep, it seems. He caught her hand, and she, in pulling it away, lost a ring from her finger.

A week after this I went to meet the evening train from London, commissioned to escort Lady Lucia Lee to our castle.

When I met spoke to her, she looked at me in a singular way and her color came and went rapidly. As for me, it seemed that I had known her all my life. How I hold her the story I do not know, but tell it I did on my way home. And the ring that I had snatched from her hand adored it again—a beautiful ring—when we reached the threshold of home together.

Once—a year or two ago—my wife and I visited the continent, and, stopping at ——, went to the hospital. A sister who was quite unknown to us showed us through it. Over one cot were a little shrine and a picture of the Madonna.

"Wed now," said the nun, "that Our Lady graciously performed a miracle. Her blessed eyes the cause of a blind young English soldier and lift to his hands a ring."—Exchange.

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CATARRH

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