EVENTS IN THE WEST.

A Record of Occurrences in Neighboring States and Territories.

BRUTAL ASSAULT TO BE INVESTIGATED.

A General Rain-Fall Throughout Colorado from Worse Destroyed — Important Water Decision.

Rain Springs, Idaho, is agitating the subject of snow on the west.

The Union Iron Works of Noel, Mickle & Co. of San Francisco, Cal., have been destroyed by fire which started in the engine room. Loss $5,000, insurance $3,000.

Mrs. J. P. Campbell of Boise, Idaho, will undergo a second trial for the murder of her husband who was recently found dead. The more than partially the Bell Lake mystery deepens.

Reports from nearly all parts of California indicate that the rain which began falling Saturday and still continues is great throughout the state. There was a heavy fall of snow at Summit, creating much joy to the miners, as does the rain on the farmers in the valleys. The protracted drought further caused such apprehension of an unbearable season.

A. D. Vandervant, retired general of Texas, has requested Governor Gold of California to have an investigation made into the facts surrounding an assault made upon Henry Dornecker, a miner in Inyo County, and which resulted in a gash for Miss Rose William Jones on Christmas day. Dornecker is in a precarious condition and Jones is at liberty. The governor will investigate the affair.

Judge Houghing of the district court at Lovelock, Nev., Tuesday, rendered a decision which will be of much interest to localities where furrowing is carried on by means of irrigation. The case was one brought to restrain a farmer from digging a ditch between his premises and a canal and the river to intercept the seepage before it could reach the canal. The court granted the restraining order, holding that no one is entitled to the use of water unless it is taken from the river in the usual way.

The Gazette of Reno, Nev., has this: J. Gregory, late undertaker at the Walker Lake Indian reservation, was killed at an early hour Monday morning in Wadsworth, it seems. He was in his office at the time and his men came into the room. One of them held him down, while a gang of men, with the sheriff, blew from the room, containing $50 in greenbacks and a good watch, and in a few moments carried away the prisoner amid their resinge. Mr. Gregory afterwards said he was not with the watch in the pocket, but the $50 was gone.

The Citizen, Nov. 26, speaks in chronicling the death in San Francisco recently of Miss Rose Dolan, a native of Virginia City, Nev., and a sister of Mrs. Dr. Cleveland, Mrs. Dolan was for many years the favorite actress at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, and Virginia City. She was of lively disposition, good-hearted and a great favorite. The opera-house was in her time difficult to pack the house. As a rule, she was not expected as the leading soubrette of the coast, and had been engaged at Barbier's theatre in San Francisco, when she died, to fill parts on the stage when she dressed.

EAT MUSH NO LONGER.

Mush and milk! What a dainty dish for breakfast, especially to the individual who has been from old Dalgleish, where health foods are especially are the order. If you don't like mush for breakfast you are not English. If you refuse to accept a bowl of "porridge" with either sweet or "sour dook" you are certainly not a Scotchman and so are throughout the entire British Kingdom. Who is there from Burns's bonnie brae who doesn't like this tempting article? Why it's a part of their very being—life without it would be impossible.

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Astonishing as this peculiar subject brings to mind a circumstance that occurred in this city just a week or so ago. A certain family living in the elite Avenues district, in the northwest, was certainly fond of mush for breakfast. It was a dish they worshipped in fact, but hard as hard as they couldn't get along without it. Flakes, nuggets and shavings, they had tried to perfection, but these was one brand they had failed to secure, and that was the one they expounded to be the real thing, the only stuff.

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Saturday night came and the good lady of the house made her purchases. She was right out of oat-meal and must have a package by all means. So Michael, the man who had never failed, was order was at once given, and the goods delivered post haste. The careful housewife felt proud of her harmless whim (?) when she came to the breakfast table to see the exterior which told plainly that inside that it was the Highlander's delight. Carefully cooked away in the corner of the pantry on a shelf sufficiently high to keep the mischievous boy away, the good woman placed her oats, and on other things she had all hands to bright and early so as to dress in their mush and do other little odds and ends before Sunday school. The water was boiling and everything ready for the meal, when Mrs. B. opened her package. It was intact, so much so that the good woman had some difficulty in tearing it asunder, but once exposed to view the oats were ready for the kettle, and to they went, handful after handful, until that left in the package seemed to look rather stripped. The new boiled a little peppered but that was easily explained—the black specks usually accompanying the grain had been allowed to remain in the product, for as they were a healthful attachment, Mrs. B. paid no particular attention, but kept on stirring up her mush.

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Finally it was cooked and found its way, steaming and spattering, into bowls provided for the occasion. The black specks were still in evidence and that to a marked degree. The family boxed and looked but neither, it seemed, dare speak of the matter. Dad explained the matter beforehand and had pronounced everything O. K. Presently the more outspoken than the rest declared that the specks were bugs, another old thing in fact, but that denominated by the mother, and in disgust the child cast it away and declared that it would forego the pleasure of a dish of mush that morning.

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A neighbor stepped in during the discussion of the oat problem. He was a gentleman "fear the fand o' the heather" and being such was considered an authority in mush and "porridge." The mother, bent on carrying her point, in the contention that it was just a speck from the grain, appealed to the neighbor for a ruling. The Scotch looked it over and with a broad, sweet-smile expression gave vent to the following in his native tongue. "Ayeeh, that's it fell, it's the bonnie little black speck fear the oats—it's bird seed—bird seed." Confident that she had won a victory the good lady of the house laughed and tittered, while the wise neighbor left feeling he had solved a problem.

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Taking up the package containing the remaining oats, the housewife confined an air of further convincing the family that the black specks were harmless particles, and opening it she bringing the careful inspection of its contents. "Why, can't you see it? It's alive! Look, look, they're crawling!" says one, rise as you're born," says another. "She others scanned the idea and decided that the opinion that the specks were "black jacks," "bird seed," etc., had over the slightest semblance of causation.

A WOMAN OF FORTUNE.

The Remarkable Success Which Came to the Wife of a Gamekeeper.

The Duchess of Sutherland, though a woman of unconventional habits and excellent position in English society, has had a life strewn with thorns that passed by any fiction writer. None but the hardiest of her spinsters would dare to spin her life in a plot. The world first heard of her as the wife of a game keeper on the preserves of the Duke of Sutherland. Every year the news was so smoothly and her attempt to conceal her origin so pathetic that it touched his heart. Years after, when himself widowed, he saw the wife of the game keeper again, and all the world knows how he promptly put her family cares and society to carrying her.

The Duchess of Sutherland has been one of the most maligned women of Eng-

THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

She is the Handsomest and Most Fascinating Woman in England.

duke went there to hunt, and the game keeper's wife took great pride with her husband in keeping the preserves well stocked. But she never saw his grace the duke except at a distance.

To her he bore a charmed life, living in the great wealth of Paris in winter and adorning London society in spring. Millionaires he hunted.

One day the Duke of Sutherland lifted his rifle and he downed—not the game but the game keeper. Unwittingly he shot his faithful servant, who was out roaming the birds for his lordship's pleasure.

The Duke of Sutherland was one of the finest specimens in Europe in the old sense of the word, as his immediately went and sought the wife to tell her what had happened and make apologies. She came to the door all smiles and expectation, for the visit was an unexpected honor. His grace, the duke stammered and hesitated, finally blurting out, "Madam, I have shot your husband."

Her manner in receiving the bad news was so womanly and her attempt to conceal her grief so pathetic that it touched his heart. Years after, when himself widowed, he saw the wife of the game keeper again, and all the world knows how he promptly put her family cares and society to carrying her.

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Finally a novel scheme was decided upon. They must try something more unusual, so taking a handful of the precious oats into a quantity of cold water, the onlookers awaited developments. It was not long until the little things proved their true identity, as one after the other freed itself from its flaky bondage and crawled up the side of the vessel sharing in mute astonishment at the crowd of curious spectators crowding its advent into the open. This testimony was convincing, the family threw up the discussion, and all else entered upon the philosophy of the thing, why such stuff should be sent on to the public for their consideration at breakfast time. As the family was in a quandary to know why such things should be, a letter was sent to the manufacturers, or preservers, rather, and this is the reply sent back:

"In explanation we will say that these living things are worth against which no package of cereals is proof. It is a common if all to find them in packages of cold grain. They are developed by age and more particularly by day and warm weather conditions. In fact they grow in the grain and if it takes to the package they are sure to come through. Your grocer has no doubt delivered from a package of grain that he had in stock for a long time, and that between old. We do not, nor does any manufacturer, guarantee grain to keep for all time. We guarantee every package of our goods to reach the place we agree to deliver it, customers' place of business, but further than this we are not responsible.

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The question to whom this letter was sent was very much puzzled in learning that the animation discovered was "not in mouth," but in that as it may they have never left calling much, fearing as they do that some day it will germinate within them and they be found suffering from the "cramps" or something of that kind. Besides, they wonder how old the oats covered must have been, as the grocer from whom they were purchased delivered them on the shelf the very day they were bought, directly on receipt of them from the mill dealer. It appears to be no easy matter buying "grain in a box," as the Scotchman would say, as the poor, unsuspecting public has no way of ascertaining the genuineness of the goods bought, until the Sunday morning meal is a-preparing.

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Breakfast of fresh, pure and otherwise, remains one of the expensiveities of life, some goods and packaged delicacies put up for the consideration of the hungry to this far western metropolis. It is common to report that half the goods so prepared for the consumption of man, is "stuff" of the rankest kind. It only for the order and then not a very delicate one. The sale of such coffee has a special bearing here, while the current news from San Francisco of the cooking of rotten and putrid fish seems to also appear. The moral is that people should be more careful what they eat and drink in this enlightened age of the world's history, and that disease will be scattered to the four winds, and men and women will live long, yea to the great age of a tree. BOBBIE BURNS.

Wild Roses

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Fettered by Treaty.

Let us assume that, technically speaking, Mr. Chevalier's report from Mr. Frelinghuysen's position, the Clayton-Bulwer treaty is, in international law, what its terms declare it to be, perpetually binding upon the United States. Does it follow that, in the interest of the national question which is already under way, and which may acquire enormous momentum in the twentieth century, we ought not to have the treaty? Is it morally justifiable for one generation so hardheaded and with such other, which, in respect of political and economical conditions, may be regarded as being in no somewhat remote sense? To each an exercise of antiquarian expression is most to possible to plead in the future of international equity a statute of limitations. The sensibility mother of an infant commencement should not be suffered to strangle a service to be matured. Such was the argument of the Clayton-Bulwer. Never was there a treaty more antiquated from the ethical viewpoint than that concluded in the Crimean war. Yet Great Britain and the French government, for reasons the consideration given was the assistance indispensable to the achievement of certain ends, agreed to abrogate that, for every years had passed after the signing of that convention when our fathers established the constitution, Hundreds of them, perhaps, were living with the true treasures of the union. On its face and in its essence, the Jay treaty with Great Britain was intolerable. Yet it had not made many years before with France. Again, it may be said with truth that treaties, sacred as they are, are no more binding upon the dead than the living. Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, not only the whole Federalist party, but a large proportion of Jefferson's friends, and, what is more to the point, Jefferson himself, considered the purchase of the Louisiana territory of very doubtful constitutionality. Nevertheless, President Jefferson, in the belief that he could not purchase the territory, because he believed in the union states republican government, and because he held that the people of Louisiana should be asked to by our generation because of future exigencies ought not to the the hands of the successor. In the history of every nation, there are remarkable developments, the time has come when it has repaired the action imposed upon it by treaty. Where would Hawaiian sovereignty be if Dole and his associates had adhered to the compact by which Prince Liliuokalani was proclaimed queen of Maria Teresa? The only ally Italy would call to mind, if she had adhered to the Eternal compact made in 1870 the treaty made with Napoleon III. which made the Papal state unassailable by the contingent of the Italian kingdom. Many treaties has England broken in the course of her splendid progress to world a world-dominion empire? From the international viewpoint, the position of the United States in 1898 differed by almost the whole diameter of actual and aspirational being from the situation which our predecessors found themselves in when they ordered the Alabama and the Florida to be destroyed. The sensibility mother of an infant commencement should not be suffered to strangle a service to be matured. Such was the argument of the Clayton-Bulwer. Never was there a treaty more antiquated from the ethical viewpoint than that concluded in the Crimean war. Yet Great Britain and the French government, for reasons the consideration given was the assistance indispensable to the achievement of certain ends, agreed to abrogate that, for every years had passed after the signing of that convention when our fathers established the constitution.