

When a boy of seventeen years of age, in the year 1850, N. Newell, who now resides beyond Nichols' ranch and is now over sixty years of age, was cut hunting and ran in his knee what he supposed was a thorn, says the Grass Valley Union. It broke off so deep in the knee that the wound closed up and all search failed to locate it. Mr. Newell finally concluded that he was mistaken, and everybody told him his troubles were caused by rheumatism. Of late the old gentleman's knee got to be so bad that he had it lanced several times and was treated for rheumatism. A few days ago the thorn worked its way out and was found to be half an inch in length. Mr. Newell says after suffering untold misery for forty-three years he now feels easier with the thorn in a little bottle instead of in his knee.

Several prominent Napa (Cal.) men a few weeks ago determined upon a camping trip, and arming themselves for the expedition, they set out. According to the report of one of the party they pitched their camp in a jungle that is literally alive with mountain lions and panthers. They had retired to rest and were dreaming of tiger hunts, bear spearing, bear trails, etc., when one of the party was awakened by a noise. Rising on one elbow he peered into the darkness and could make out the lines of a glowering, blood-thirsty panther. It was a case to do or die, and he resolved to do right away. He didn't like to do it alone, so he aroused a companion and told him all about the proximity of the animal. Both reached for their trusty rifles and blazed away. But the panther only snorted and continued to advance, at least that is what they thought. Their two companions awoke suddenly. Bang! bang! Still the intruder was there. Four rifles now spoke repeatedly again and again and again. Said one, "He must be dead." "No doubt about it," replied another. The dawn of day was anxiously awaited, and with the first signs of morning the slayers pounced upon their prey. It was a steel-bound, big-buckled valise, containing clothes and underwear. Both the valise and its contents were riddled beyond recognition.—*Napa Register*.

Lewis Sweat, of Center ward, while hunting deer in the mountains near the head of Center creek, says the Wasatch Wave, came across a track in the snow which he at first took to be that of a bear. He took up the trail, and had not followed it far when he came to the conclusion that he was tracking a mountain lion instead of a bear, and that the lion was tracking him as well, for he had made a complete circle and was back on the trail again, which he and the lion had made but a few moments before. While walking along as watchful as possible, Mr. Sweat stopped to look around a little, for fear that the cunning beast might be lying in wait for him. His imaginations were only too true, for just a few steps ahead, on the limb of a large pine tree, and directly over the trail, he spied Mr. Lion, ready to pounce down upon him when he came along underneath. Mr. Sweat drew from his belt a cartridge, in case the one he was about to fire from his gun should not prove fatal, when he took a good aim and fired, the

ball striking the terror of mankind directly between the eyes, killing him instantly. The lion proved to be a monstrous male. He measured 9 feet from tip to tip, weighed 150 pounds, had a forearm that measured 17½ inches around, and his tusches and toenails each measured 1½ inches in length. We consider Mr. Sweat had a very narrow escape from a struggle with the brute whose life he so suddenly put to an end.

Some peculiar facts have been developed at the trial of Clara Armstrong at Los Angeles, Cal. She was arrested for opening her husband's letters. From these letters, which were read in court, it would seem that the husband has been plotting with a magnetic brunette, Allie Leach, by name, to secure his wife's imprisonment in the state prison, after which he would get a divorce and wed the damsel from Santa Barbara. Armstrong thought that if his wife was in jail she could not appear in a divorce suit which he intended to begin as soon as he got out of the state. Mrs. Armstrong stated that over a year ago she met Armstrong, who made love to her and finally married her. Soon after the marriage he began to abuse her, and not one penny has he provided since the marriage for their support. He lived on her earnings, and was several times arrested for failure to provide and for attempting to defraud his mother-in-law. Several letters written to Armstrong by the fascinating brunette of Santa Barbara were introduced in evidence. Miss Leach is no doubt a young woman of education as well as beauty, says an exchange. There are the letters that Mrs. Armstrong intercepted and for which she was prosecuted by her husband. In one of the letters she outlines the plan of action on the part of Armstrong to get his wife out of the way and elope with her. During the reading of the letters Mrs. Armstrong wept copiously. The case has been taken under advisement.

W. E. Wrisley on Tuesday afternoon visited the cottage occupied by his wife, Estella Wrisley, at Riverside, Cal., and killed her in a most barbarous manner, crushing in her head with an iron weight and then repeatedly driving a dirk into her face and throat, cutting the arteries and windpipe. The murderer left the knife driven into the woman's body up the hilt, and going to the Park hotel close by, where he had a room, blew off the whole top of his head with a shotgun, the muzzle of which he is supposed to have placed in his mouth when he fired. Wrisley, who was about 31 years old, married his wife a year or two ago. She was a San Francisco girl, and 23 years old at the time of her death. The marriage was brought about through an advertisement and resulted most unhappily for both. Disputes were frequent and charges of infidelity common. Liquor and morphine also played an important part in their domestic discord. Some time ago they separated, and recently the house in which Wrisley was living was burned under circumstances which indicated arson. A warrant was issued for Wrisley, but he fled. It was said that he fired the house to destroy the clothing there belonging to his wife. A week or so ago Wrisley appeared in River-

side and was promptly arrested for arson. When taken before the court, however, it was learned that the case had been dismissed. Wrisley then declared that he had paid to P. A. Hall, the owner of the house, \$75 to square the case. This story coming to the ears of District Attorney Anderson he had Hall arrested on the charge of compounding a felony, and caused Wrisley to be rearrested on the charge of arson. Wrisley was released on a cash bail of \$300 last Friday, and immediately started to hunt evidence of his wife's infidelity. He watched the house where she was living till he saw a man enter, then summoned two policemen, and while they stood guard he burst in the door and secured ample evidence of what he suspected. The police allowed Mrs. Wrisley's visitor to go in peace, but she was compelled to appear in court Saturday and was fined \$25 for disorderly conduct. The fine, however, was remitted upon the condition that she leave town, which she was preparing to do when slain by her husband. Wrisley left a long letter addressed to the public, of which the following is an extract: "The fact of the whole matter is I have become the object of altogether too much notoriety. It is not pleasant to know that my name has been mixed in such a disgraceful manner. The fact of the matter is the one in whom I have placed my trust has proven to be false and also heartless. She no longer cares for me, but I love her still, and it is for her sake that I now lay down my life. With ut her life is not worth the living. What else have I to live for? While all the rest of you are living to enjoy yourselves I am left alone to face the charity of a cold, heartless world. You will call me 'fool,' but what of that? All right, that will not disturb or trouble me. If I am such, then I am not responsible for my actions." Before his marriage Wrisley is said to have been a steady, hard-working man. He was a teamster by occupation, and was in comfortable circumstances. Since his marriage he had become very dissipated, and during the past week had been acting like a crazy man.

There is now on exhibition in this city, says the Oroville (Cal.) Mercury, the gizzard of a chicken which, when cut open, was found to contain a specimen of gold worth 90 cents. The gizzard was brought down from Hurleton on Sunday by several Masons, who were at Forbestown the day previous, and was presented to them by S. H. Hurles. Smith brought it out and showed it to them, and therefrom develops a tale of peculiar industry. For many years past the chicken dinners at Hurleton have been far-famed. Not only were there chicken dinners, but breakfasts and suppers. In fact, a traveler could not go near without being asked to have a chicken bone. The gold in the gizzard explains the matter. Mr. Hurles has a gold mine which for some reason or other he cannot work. So he raises numbers of fowls to graze, as it were, over the mine. In their scratching they pick up the small pieces of gold, for the glitter of the metal has a fascination for the chicken. The chickens are killed and the flesh of the bird goes into the pot, while the contents of the gizzard are panned out.