

estuary. One of his arms accidentally caught in a cogwheel and in an instant it was crushed to a jelly. The machinery was stopped as soon as possible, but not until the wounded man had passed through great agony. The injured limb was amputated near the elbow.

N. R. Hudson brought to the city today a mountain lion skin, says the Laramie *Boomerang*. He shot the animal recently near Laramie peak and he says there are others there. This one measured six feet three inches in length. Mr. Hudson also brought in a grey wolf pelt. He says there are a great many wolves in that section and thinks they have been driven down there by the hunters who are after them in the counties north.

The grand jury at Boise, Idaho, have commenced the investigation of the criminal charges against Badger and McCarthy, lawyers of that city, and Mrs. Abbott, the former for subornation of perjury and the latter for the crime of perjury in a matter connected with the General Land office here. It is intimated that sensational matters will develop in the defense, implicating prominent parties in Boise and elsewhere.

The mystery of the cold-blooded murder of Postmaster Beam, of Lansing, Colo., is about to be unveiled, says a special to the *Denver News*. A party of detectives have been working on the case and it is understood that the guilty parties have been located. As thought from the first, there are three implicated in the affair, as a party of that number was seen to ride toward the store of Postmaster Beam at about the time the murder was supposed to have been committed.

On Monday evening a masked robber went to the station of the Southern Pacific railroad and found the agent ready to quit work for the day. He was ordered to open the safe and was covered with a pistol at the same time. The agent obeyed and gave up all the money, \$150. As soon as the robber got it, he told the agent to be "a good boy" and left the building. He was closely masked and wore a rubber coat and overalls. A few moments after leaving two shots were fired, evidently to give some signal to a confederate.

Quite peculiar are the circumstances of the suit of Mrs. Christina Pfummer vs E. W. Pfummer, entered in the district court at Pueblo, Colo. Plaintiff alleges that she gave the defendant \$3000 with which to start a chattel loan business, and although he has had the use of the money two years, he persistently refuses to give an accounting. She prays the court to compel him to make a statement. The parties are husband and wife, and the suit makes no apparent change in their marital relations.

Two burglars broke into the Nevada jewelry store, Market street, San Francisco, on Sunday night, attempted to chloroform W. H. Straus, son of the proprietor, who slept in the store, and stole diamonds, watches and other jewelry worth \$4000. Straus was very badly hammered about the head and face, and was covered with blood when released. The jewelry was afterwards recovered, wrapped up in a sealskin sack, where it had been dropped by

the robbers in their haste to elude the officers.

Those who happened to be near the railroad coal bins the other day, says the Yuma, Arizona, *Sentinel*, saw the battle of the season, between two factions of the Cleveland boomers, that now travel as tourists on the top of box cars. Some ten or twelve of them were well filled with whisky, when upon being accused by another faction of trying to break open a car, they sought to settle the dispute in the fistful arena. Being about evenly divided in numbers they fought like demons. Blood freely flowed. Eyes were blackened, clothing torn, hair pulled out, faces scratched and otherwise mutilated and the crowd rather badly marred. At the close it was a drawn battle.

Miss Gussie McCord and Albert Newell were to have been married two days ago at the home of the bride's mother, some miles north of Napa, Cal., but the groom failed to appear at the appointed time. He has not yet been heard from. His mother and sister arrived on Wednesday last to be present at the marriage. The wedding feast was prepared and the clergyman was present, but Newell was not. Great anxiety is felt for the safety of the young man, as he is said to have been of exemplary habits and much devoted to Miss McCord. No marriage license was issued at Napa, and it is thought that some accident or foul play kept him from coming there.

A police officer who is stationed at the east approach to the Madison street bridge, had an experience recently that came very nearly causing a vacancy on the police force, remarks the *Portland Telegram*. As it is, he is still able to do duty, but he knows more about the effects of electricity than he did yesterday. While walking on the bridge he placed his right hand upon one of the iron uprights. About five minutes later he picked himself up ten feet away from the upright. By some means the upright rod became electrified, and the officer received the full force of the current that operates the electric cars. He was rendered unconscious, and it was several hours before he was fully recovered from the shock.

A daring attempt was made on Tuesday night to rescue Scott Bruce, serving a sentence in the military prison on Alcatraz island for an attempt to murder a fellow soldier while stationed at Army Point, Benicé, says the *San Francisco Chronicle*. In some way it was learned that a project was afoot to aid Bruce to leave the island, and the sentries were instructed to be on their guard. About 10 o'clock last evening, Sergeant Lampkin, who was on duty, heard the splash of oars off the bellhouse on the south shore of the island. He gave a low whistle, and a boat hove in sight and made for the shore. There were four men in the boat. They evidently thought the signal was from Bruce, and did not learn their mistake until they were quite near the island and were challenged by Sergeant Lampkin. Then they began to ply the oars with vigor to escape, while the bullets from the sergeant whistled around them.

Janitor Usherwood, of the court-

house, is the possessor of a remarkably sagacious dog, says the *Portland Oregonian*. The animal is of the water spaniel species, and not very prepossessing in appearance. He committed various petty depredations in a neighboring meat market, and it was thought advisable to dispose of him. He was given to a gentleman living on the East Side, but next day he was back at his old station. Sending him to Oregon City had no better result, for he was back within two days. Amazed at this manifestation of canine eagacity, Mr. Usherwood decided to keep the dog. A few days ago the janitor decided to apply to the county court for sponges with which to clean windows, but meantime the dog had raided a livery stable and brought a large sponge to the janitor. The latter then proceeded to clean the windows, but before he had got fairly started his attention was called to other matters, and he placed the sponge in a tub. On returning a few minutes later he found that both dog and sponge had disappeared, and on making an investigation he found that the animal had returned the sponge to its rightful owner.

A mysterious affair is recorded by the *Sheridan (Wyo.) Post* as having occurred at that town. A box about four feet long by three feet wide, consigned to John D. Boiles, of Sheridan, and shipped by Charles Jones, of Omaha, Nebraska, was unloaded from the express car and stored in the depot at that place, as all express matter is, and locked up without attracting any attention. In about half an hour Agent Woods discovered that the lid had been forced from the box and that the contents were gone. He at once notified the officers, and a thorough investigation was commenced. When the box was critically examined there was found to be no evidence on the outside that any tool had been used in loosening the cover, but on the inside, at one end, were plainly to be seen the prints of a man's feet. Further investigation revealed the fact that the sliding door to the express room had been unfastened from the inside, and stood ajar just about enough to allow a man to squeeze out. That the box contained a live human being on its arrival there can be no doubt, but no trace of where he has gone to, who he was or what his object could have been, has been obtained. There are many theories, however, and the true facts in the case may yet come to light. Some think that the occupant of the box was an escaping criminal; some believe that it was simply an ingenious plan of beating the railroad company out of the fare from Omaha to this place.

Millard County Blade: James C. Owens, once an old and esteemed resident of Millard county, has returned to Fillmore with his family from Arizona, and will again make his home in this county. During his absence, Mr. Owens has resided in Snowflake, where he was Bishop for several years. During the early days he was an active worker in repelling the frequent attacks of the Indians, and has ever been an earnest and consistent citizen.