

tiary. In prison Roda had made a good record, and he is now 52 years of age.

Frank Kauffman, a Sonoma, Cal., farmer who lay in a stupor for three days, died on Saturday. He had been practically dead since Wednesday, but though the extremities were cold the body in the region of the heart was still warm. At the inquest it was brought out that Kauffman had the first attack of his trance-like trouble eight years ago, and the affliction returned when he became despondent. The feeling began to come over him early last week, and he went to Stockton from Sebastopol to be treated by the physician who had helped him before. He was melancholly and apparently out of his head when he got there. The jury brought in a verdict of death from congestion of the lungs.

City Marshal A. E. Cook, of Como, Colo., was shot in the head and instantly killed on Friday night by a shoemaker named Levi J. Streeter. The only reason given by Streeter for the shooting is that Cook entered the shop and ordered him to throw up his hands and give him his money. This is not believed as Cook had always been an honorable and upright citizen of the country for the past ten years. He was foreman of the car shops for the Union Pacific at that point for the past eight years and was very prominent among railroad men as well as throughout the country. He was re-elected last Tuesday as marshal of the place. Streeter is well known in this vicinity, having resided here about six years. He has always been given to eccentric notions, but never considered dangerous.

The death of M. C. Sullivan, the well-known detective, was announced in a dispatch received from Tacoma last night says the *Portland Oregonian*. The dispatch stated that Mr. Sullivan had an altercation with Sheriff Matthews of Pierce county, about 8 o'clock in the evening. Both men became very angry and the sheriff slapped the detective across the mouth. Sullivan retired to his room in the Tacoma hotel in a high state of excitement and died shortly before ten o'clock. Heart disease, superinduced by the excitement, was the cause of his death.

The deceased was a noted hunter of criminals. He took part in every strike and labor trouble which happened in the Northwest, and particularly in the Chinese agitation in Portland in 1885; in the Chinese agitation in Washington; in the introduction of negroes into the Northern Pacific mines at Roslyn, and in the mining troubles in Idaho in 1892.

James H. Wallis left on Sunday for Montana, observes the *Montpelier (Idaho) Post*, where he goes to secure the property interests of Henry Todd, his wife's brother, who was drowned in the Illinois river at Kerby, Or., in February. A telegram received from Oregon by Mr. Wallis just before leaving stated that there was suspicion of foul play connected with the disappearance of Mr. Todd, and as he had \$800 on him at the time, there may be room for this suspicion. The body of Mr. Todd has not yet been found, although the boat in which he was supposed to have started across the river at the time, was picked up several

miles below. Mr. Todd has valuable mining property in Montana and spent the winter in Oregon to avoid the severity of the Montana climate. After Mr. Wallis has attended to the securing of his brother-in-law's interests in Montana, he will proceed to Oregon and investigate into the mysterious disappearance of Mr. Todd, and endeavor with the aid of the authorities there to find the body.

Officer John W. Flynn, one of the oldest and bravest officers on the police force at Helena, Mont., was murdered by burglars between 4 and 5 o'clock on Wednesday morning in the Northern Pacific depot. The crime was not discovered for an hour or more, and the assassins left no trace as to their identity. The indications are that they had almost completed their work preparatory to blowing open the office safe when Flynn came in, suspecting no danger. One of the cracksmen felled him with a blow on the head with a heavy chisel, and then in rapid succession four shots were fired into his body from a 44-caliber revolver. One of them went straight through the top of his head and must have caused instant death. Two other shots took effect in his body, while the fourth went through his clothing. The burglars left their tools, which had all been stolen from an adjoining blacksmith shop, with one or two exceptions. They got no money, as they did not complete their work after the murder of the officer.

A romantic and somewhat peculiar marriage has taken place at Fresno, Cal. A young man named Cupid Stephen Fresh, who is on his deathbed with consumption, was married to Miss Zoa Daniels, daughter of Rev. E. P. Daniels. Mr. Fresh has but a few more weeks to live says a special dispatch to the *San Francisco Chronicle*, and the marriage was the fulfillment of troth plighted each other in happier hours. The bride is not unknown to the people of the state through notoriety gained nearly three years ago in a suit for slander against Moses J. Church, who was deacon in her father's church and one of the wealthiest men in Fresno. The suit was tried in Stockton and she obtained a judgment against Church for \$25,000 but never received any money, for the grand jury of Fresno county indicted her father and another member of the church for conspiracy, and they were both found guilty and that seemed to end the suit. From that time until the present Miss Daniels has not been much heard of.

When Cora Belle Fellows was wedded to Chaska and came with her dusky liege lord to Nebraska, says the *Nebraska State Journal*, the skies seemed bedecked with a constant aurora and the little log hut seemed a palace to Cora. Months passed and a cloud grew above the horizon in the form of a squaw, and those women are "pizen." Her eyes were as dark as the dismal hereafter, and her hair was as straight as a 2x6 rafter. The stout heart of Chaska succumbed to her graces, for an Indian knows what an elegant face is, and they met when the moon the calm atmosphere mellowed, nor cared for the heartache of Cora Belle Fellows. One night when the storm king the coal scuttle looted this Chaska put on his red blanket and

scooted away to the north with this maiden, nor tarried till he and fair Minnekadinctum were married. And Cora she waited and bore his abuses and hoped he'd return to his wife and pappoose, but weeks rolled by till the looks of her cupboard reminded her sorely of Old Mother Hubbard. Then Cora, disheartened, disgusted and gaunted, deserted the home that her Chaska once haunted, and mingled once more with her friends, broken-hearted, and Cora and Chaska forever are apart.

T. E. Prouty was arrested by Deputy Sheriff Greenwell yesterday morning, on a charge of stealing two bicycles in Salt Lake City, says the *Idaho Falls Times* of the 12th inst. It appears as though the young man and his accomplice, who signs his name as Richard Dowe, stole two bicycles in Salt Lake City and packed them together with some other things in a large box, took them to the Union Pacific depot, paid the freight on them to Idaho Falls, and young Prouty came here on the first passenger. Before the box was shipped, however, the theft was discovered, the owners proved the property, took the bicycles out, and allowed the box to be shipped through as a trap to catch the thieves, and it worked admirably. In the meantime Agent Changnon and Deputy Sheriff Greenwell had received communication from Salt Lake City, and were in readiness for their man when he should demand the box. Prouty had arrived and rented a shanty in the north end of town, hired a drayman to haul his gold machine, as he called it, thereto. When he appeared at the depot and had signed the express bill, Greenwell arrested him. He was completely paralyzed, and afterwards said he was acting as agent for someone else.

A dastardly attempt to burn the residence of James Lyttle at Meeker, Col., has been discovered. The house, which is one of the finest in town, had been occupied by Byron McKeown and family up to a few months ago, when they went East, but leaving all their effects in the house. Friday evening near midnight, a light was seen by a neighbor in one of the rooms, but nothing was said about it until later developments disclosed a most diabolical plot. Last week Lyttle received word from his tenant that he would stay in the East indefinitely and wanted his effects sent to him. Mr. McKeown's furnishings consisted mostly of gold and silverware, mainly wedding presents, and their value was very great, as McKeown has a million or more in his own right. On Monday morning Mr. Lyttle intended to comply with the request, and upon his going into the house found everything in disorder. He immediately sought Marshal Tooley, and together they made a tour of inspection. Ingress had been made by breaking in the rear door, and everything of value and little bulk was missing. In one room the air was filled with kerosene smell, and a lamp without a chimney was found in the bottom of a closed cupboard still burning, but nearly burned out. The shelf over it was badly scorched, but fortunately did not catch fire. Robbery was the object, and attempted incendiarism was resorted to to cover up the deed. No one is suspected.