

NEWS OF THE WEST.

Charles Egley, of Montpelier, Idaho, while on the work train at Cokeville, fell from the train and was instantly killed. He leaves a wife and two children.

At seven o'clock on Sunday morning, while a freight train was passing through a tunnel between Hamfork and Fossil, a cave-in occurred. About forty tons of debris has fallen, caused by dampness. All trains were delayed. No one injured.

Birdie Clayton has taken her life at Ashland, Or., by cutting her throat with a razor, at her room at the depot hotel. The suicide occurred in the presence of Jack Clark, a railroad engineer, whose mistress she is generally supposed to have been. The only reason assigned is that Clark asked her to wait until the next day for a small sum of money with which to pay her board bill.

While Victor Bean was leading a pair of young mares to the pasture the other day they became excited about their young colts, and after considerable pulling, in an endeavor to get loose, both began kicking Bean at the same time. He escaped serious consequences for some seconds, but one of the animals finally gave him a terrific blow in the back. Curiously enough he was able to walk around the next day after the accident.

Miss Carrie Harker, a young woman about 18 years of age, jumped from the Stark street ferry boat at Portland, Ore., on Monday evening and was drowned. The girl was alone and when midstream she climbed over the railing and jumped into the river before she could be prevented. No cause is known for the act.

Harry S. Rogers, who says he is a bookkeeper and that his home is in Cincinnati, was arrested on Sunday at Pueblo, Colo., for passing a forged check for \$50 on a business house of that city. When found he had all arrangements made for leaving the city, expecting to go east on an evening train. He had been in Pueblo but three weeks.

Firebugs seem to be holding a jolly love feast in Denver, says the *News*. Houses are being destroyed with remarkable rapidity in different portions of the town, and the origin of fires and the identity of most of the fiends remain a profound mystery in most cases. Chief Hopkins's men are on the alert and now every blaze is being investigated.

George W. Bowers, a pioneer and well-known mining man, died in San Francisco on Friday after a long and painful illness. Mr. Bowers was a large owner in mining properties in Arizona and elsewhere on this coast. He was one of the principal owners in the Harqua Hala mines in Arizona. His estate will probably run into the millions. Deceased was sixty-four years of age.

John Hall, a young man who has at various times been employed in local theaters, was sent to the home of the inebriates at San Francisco on Friday afternoon. He has been a confirmed morphine fiend for some time, and at

last his mind gave way under the influence of the deadly drug. At the request of his wife he will be examined to see whether or not he is insane.

Reports received by the Montana Stock Grower's association in answer to inquiries to the effect that ranges all over the state are in splendid condition, with plenty of grass and water. Cattle for the last few weeks have been putting on flesh rapidly. Montana will send East this year as many cattle as last, and stockmen expect at least \$1 more per 100 pounds. The loss in some parts of the state last winter was large, but by enhanced prices it is believed that it will more than make up for it.

The Douglas (Wyo.) *Budget* reports that there is a party of wolf hunters on the Powder river who hunt wolves with hounds. The other day they brought into Sundance fifty-six hides, the bounty on which came to \$448. This represented one month's work. These hunters came from Illinois, and have some of the finest dogs ever brought to this section. The wolves have been killed off rapidly since the bounty was increased to \$8. In former years these pests have killed thousands of dollars' worth of calves on the range.

Thomas Kendrick, son of the proprietor of the Kendrick cottages at Glenwood Springs, Col., shot himself on Sunday night. He had been to church with his mother and sister, and had been in his room but a few minutes when the report of two shots, followed by a heavy thud, was heard. Rushing to his room, he was found lying on the floor on his side with a .38-caliber revolver still in his hand. But one bullet took effect, the other going through the roof. The bullet, that will undoubtedly cost him his life, entered the breast a trifle below the left nipple, and traveling downward, came out some three inches below the shoulder blade. The lung was penetrated, and a dent of the bullet showed that it had shattered the bone. When he recovered his senses he asked: "Well, do you think I can make a life of it?" He has been depressed and nervous for some time past and threatened a month ago to take his life. The Kendrick family are prominent people at Glenwood, and the attempted suicide has created a sensation.

A dispatch from Fresno, Cal., says that as the raisin-picking season is drawing near vineyardists are considering the question of help. The experiment tried last year in the Lamarietta vineyard promises to lead to more extensive experiments. The Lamarietta vineyard last season brought two carloads of boys from San Francisco and set them to picking grapes. The boys' age, ranged from 14 to 18 years. Some of them ran off and some landed in jail, but the general result was satisfactory. They picked more grapes than an equal number of Chinese, and for less money. This season is found that a large number of San Francisco boys want to come. D. W. Parkhurst, the proprietor of the Lamarietta vineyard, has already received many letters from boys who want to come, not only those who were here last year, but

many others. It is believed that 4000 willing boys can get work after a while picking grapes, but no boys should come unless work was promised. Last year an agent was sent to San Francisco and employed them.

Chief Natchez of the Plutes in Nevada, who is eighty years old, but whose mind is yet as clear as a bell, has been to San Francisco for a day or two in company with one or two other Indians of his tribe. A lot of old settlers and Indian fighters of the Sagebrush state have claims against Uncle Sam for houses burned and stock destroyed, as well as for supplies furnished United States troops in times past, and they got Chief Natchez down here to tell how the torch was lighted and the extent of the damage. Special Attorney Ball of Washington, D. C., has been listening to the stories told about the damages and endeavoring to get at all the facts, so as to pay the bills after this long period. The old chief, having finished his story, left for home yesterday. He attended one of the theaters while here and said it was almost as good as some of the experiences he had when some of his people were on the warpath. Natchez's head is a tangled mass. He has never combed his hair, and it looks somewhat like the tail of a Nevada broncho full of hurs.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

John Sparks has a pet antelope at his place on the Truckee meadows, says the *Reno (Nevada) Gazette*. A few days ago the animal was running in the lane near the house, while Mr. Sparks's little four-year-old son was playing in the grove on the other side of the fence. Suddenly the antelope leaped over the fence and attacked the child, knocked him down and then commenced prodding him with his stubs of horns. A brother of the little fellow, a few years older, rushed to the rescue, and with a croquet mallet tried to drive the animal away, when the brute turned upon him, and but for the timely arrival of Mr. Sparks and a stout Swedish domestic, the children would probably have been badly hurt. As it was it was with the greatest difficulty and after most obstinate resistance that the animal was forced to discontinue its attack upon the child. It is seldom that an antelope evinces a vicious disposition, and this was the first time that this one had manifested such a spirit. The animal in the future will be confined in a corral with a number of elk and deer which Mr. Sparks has on his place.

Several times during the past week the highbinders in Chinatown, San Francisco, says the *Chronicle*, have created disturbances, and on two occasions at least the timely arrival of the police has averted a street fight between the opposing factions. About 7 o'clock Sunday night about twenty drunken and quarrelsome hatchmen began a fight at the corner of Baker and Sullivan alleys, and when Sergeant Price and posse arrived on the scene knives and pistols had been drawn and the Chinese not engaged in the row were flying in all directions to get out of gunshot. There were so many in the fight that arrests were out of the question for the time being, so the police lay about them with their