

Royal

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

HOW EDDINGER DIED.

The California Murderer Threw Up His Hands With a Pistol in One.

The particulars of the killing of F. S. Eddinger, the man who robbed Teamster Otto Hampton of Jose & Elery's freight money and the murderer of his employer, E. W. Jose, whom he had shot and fatally wounded on the night of June 10 at Lewiston, Trinity county, while the latter was trying to arrest him for the robbery, show that the fugitive was shot through the heart with a rifle ball fired by Deputy Sheriff Chase.

After Jose had been shot Sheriff Bowie of Weaverville, Trinity county, took up the trail of the murderer at Lewiston and tracked him to within five miles of Redding. He came into Redding and notified the officers here that he was certain that the robber was heading for the railroad, and that he was positive that he was on the right track.

Constable Fleisch and Deputy Sheriff Chase took the trail, proceeding to Cottonwood, Shasta county, until within a mile of that place, where the road crosses the railroad track, where they stopped, each taking one side of the road. Soon they saw Eddinger coming down the road and commanded him to halt. When the robber stopped, Chase said, "Throw up your hands."

The robber answered, "I have done nothing."

There came a shot from Fleisch's gun over the robber's head and again the injunction, "Throw up your hands."

The robber threw both hands up and at the same time his pistol. Chase could not see the pistol in his hand. The robber remarked: "There! My hands are up and nothing in them."

There was a fence between Chase and the robber, and Chase was obliged to climb over. When he had got over, he noticed the pistol in the robber's hand. Leveling his rifle, Chase said, "Drop that pistol," when the robber lowered his hand and at the same time commenced firing.

After two shots Chase fell on his knees, and the robber, thinking he had killed his pursuer, turned and commenced shooting at Fleisch. While in this condition Chase took deliberate aim with his rifle and sent a bullet through the robber's heart, killing him instantly.—Redding Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

QUITE A CHARACTER.

Death of the Last Slave Sold at Auction in New Haven.

Mrs. Lois Tritton, colored, died at her home in this city Monday at the age of 95. She has long been a local celebrity from the fact that she was the last slave sold at public auction in this city in 1825. The original papers of this transaction are in the possession of ex-Governor Ingersoll and show that his purpose was to give her her freedom. The sale was by the sheriff under an execution issued on a former judgment against her owner, human goods and chattels having been levied on to satisfy an execution. The sheriff's return is dated March 10, 1825, and recites that on the 8th of March, 1825, by virtue of the execution, he sold Lucy, the mother, and Lois Tritton, the daughter, as the property of the defendant, to Anthony P. Sanford for \$10. A deed of manumission from Mr. Sanford accompanies the documents.

Mrs. Tritton was born in Halifax on Christmas eve, 1790, and visited this city with a family named Tritton in 1820. It was from this family she received the name of Tritton. She returned to Nova Scotia, but came to New Haven again in 1824 or 1825, and after being sold to Mr. Sanford was given her liberty. She has resided here ever since and was a member of Trinity Episcopal church.—New Haven Special.

Loyal Deputation of Thieves.

Manufacturing popular support for royalty has awkward effects sometimes. The other day a so-called loyal deputation of subjects waited upon the king of Serbia to thank him for trampling upon their liberties by suspending the constitution. According to the ancient custom, they were entertained at a luncheon, at which slakdo, the national dish, was served to them on gold plates. After their departure it was discovered that some spoons, which were also of gold, had disappeared. The men were followed, and the spoons were found in their pockets. It seems that the deputation consisted of men picked up on the highways, who were paid by the police to play the part of admiring subjects.—London Letter.

Those Ancient Coins.

The treasure in ancient coins lately discovered by masons at Monleverd is believed to be important, the coins belonging to the last centuries before the Christian era and being extremely diverse in character, representing all the emblems of the ancient colony of Tarentine. The treasure seems to have been that of an army on the march, probably that under Hannibal, and from the different coins it contains the route of the army can be determined, as money was requisitioned on the way.

Drums of Aluminium.

The uses to which aluminium is put are constantly extending. Thus far three entire regiments of the Prussian guards are furnished with big drums made of the new metal, and not only are a number of regiments of the line shortly to be provided with them, but it is expected that they will gradually be introduced into all the military bands. Aside from the important advantage of lighter weight, they have proved to emit a fuller and richer sound.

A PECULIAR CASE.

PHYSICIANS PUZZLED IN THE CASE OF MRS. BOWEN.

The Episcopal Hospital Said She Had Consumption and Gave Her Proofs in Substantiation.

From the Record, Philadelphia, Pa.]

Last July the Episcopal hospital admitted a woman whose pale and emaciated face and racking cough proclaimed her the victim of consumption. She gave her name as Mrs. Sallie G. Bowen, wife of Wm G. Bowen, residence 1849 Meighan street, Philadelphia. The case was diagnosed and she was told plainly that she was in an advanced stage of consumption. The examining physician even showed her the sunken place in her breast where the cavity in her lung was supposed to exist. She went home to her family a broken, disheartened woman, with death staring her in the face. That was the beginning of the story. The end was told by Mrs. Bowen, who no longer expects to die, to a reporter who visited her home.

"The first symptoms of consumption came in the form of terrible sweats, both night and day. From April until September I was constantly cold and kept wrapped up in blankets through the hottest weather. A terrible cough took possession of me, my breast was sore to the slightest touch, and my limbs were like cold clay. The hardest rubbing with the coarsest towel would not create the slightest flush, and the least exertion would so exhaust me that I could barely gasp for water."

"I went to the hospital in July and they diagnosed my case as above stated. It was when the clouds were the darkest that the first glint of sunshine came. Mr. Shelmerdine, a friend who lives at 1844 Clementine street, said to me one day, 'Mrs. Bowen did you ever try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People?' I had never heard of the medicine, but in my condition could not turn a deaf ear to anything that offered relief. It was after considerable thought and investigation that I concluded to discontinue all the medicine I was taking, including cod liver oil, and depend entirely upon Pink Pills. I began to take the pills, at first with but little encouragement."

The first sign of improvement was a warmth and a tingling sensation in my limbs. Finally the cough disappeared, my chest lost its soreness, and I began to gain flesh until I was fifteen pounds heavier. All this I owe to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I cannot praise them too highly."

Mrs. Bowen is a kindly faced lady of middle age, a church member well known and highly esteemed. She looks today well and strong, and it seems almost impossible that she was ever given up by eminent physicians as an incurable consumptive. Yet such is the case beyond all dispute."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50c per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

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HER SILVER SPOONS.

THEY REMAINED HER PROPERTY, BUT WERE VERY COSTLY.

After Buying Them Three Times She Refused to Risk Them Any More—A Little Story Bearing on the Question of the Wife's Property Rights.

The following story was told in a paper read by Mrs. M. J. Coggeshall at a meeting of the Woman's Suffrage Society of Des Moines and published in The Saturday Review of that city:

Today, when we women have not outgrown the pretty fad of collecting souvenir spoons, the great variety and beauty of which were unknown to our grandmothers, allow me to recall the story of a great aunt of ours who also loved spoons, but whose plain cupboard drawer contained no sets of dainty after dinner coffee like those from which we love to sip as we sit in our clubs and talk of culture.

This aunt when a young woman was a teacher in a country school until she had saved enough money to indulge her great desire for a set of silver spoons. She was married soon after to the young man of her choice. Six years passed by—years of hard work and economy for both, happy years, though no children had come to bless their union—when by a sudden illness the husband was taken away. The day after the funeral the grieving wife was surprised by the entrance to her home of the two brothers of her husband, bringing with them the village lawyer. They told her they had come to set a value upon their brother's property, in order that she might know what part of it was hers.

She held her peace as they set down the worth of each article of furniture in the little home, until they finally came to the box of spoons.

Then she spoke and said: "These are mine. I bought them with my own money before I was married."

"Yes, ma'am," said the lawyer, "but you know, ma'am, that after a lady is married everything belongs in law to her husband."

So all the little property was divided, the brothers taking half, and she took the spoons with the rest at the price that had been set upon them. But it obliged her to give up the home, and she, with her few effects, went into rented rooms and began life anew. Occasionally teaching a school and always sewing when possible, she supported herself very comfortably for about three years, when a lifelong friend of her husband, an excellent man, offered her his hand in marriage.

She liked him well, and her friends told her it was the best thing to do, and she thought with pleasure of again being mistress of a home. So they were married.

In a few years her husband's health declined, and for many months she gave him most tender and unceasing care. She had a few times spoken to him about making a will, but as it seemed an unpleasant subject she had ceased to mention it. Finally the end came. There had come to attend the funeral his nearest relative, a nephew from New England, whom she had never seen before. In a day or two he brought two men to the cottage to appraise the property, and again was there a price set upon the well preserved spoons. On the evening of that day as she was preparing supper the nephew entered the kitchen and said: "Aunt Liza, I am disposed to be very easy with you. The worth of all of uncle's property has been carefully estimated, and I will allow you to include in your half of it any article of furniture you may choose."

And again she paid the price of her first darling purchase of silverware, but there was not enough left after the half was taken for her to keep the house and lot, so they went into the hands of strangers, and with her cat Aunt Liza again went into cozy, but hired rooms. She was a pattern of thrift and tidiness, as a smart widow of the neighborhood was well aware, and in less than a year he made a call upon the comely matron. He was wise enough to make his first visit short, but lingered a moment in the door and suggested that in the near future they become better acquainted.

She answered, "I am living here very comfortably, and I think, Mr. Johnson, that it will not be worth while for you to call," and closing the door hastily she returned to her cat and said:

"No, Tommy, I have bought those spoons three times, and I don't intend to risk them any more."

Bought the Ship That Brought Him.

An interesting anecdote is told of the late Captain Theodore Julius. Some time ago Captain Julius went over to a shipyard in Camden to take a look at the old packetship Tonawanda, which was being converted into a coal barge. The captain took a particular interest in the old ship, because of his having served as mate aboard her in the early sixties. While he stood watching the old vessel, a tall stranger approached him and asked, "Isn't your name Julius?" The captain replied in the affirmative. "You were a mate on that ship in the summer of 1863?" "Yes," said the captain. "You don't remember me," continued the stranger, "but I remember you very well. I was a steerage passenger on the Tonawanda at that time, being on my way to this country. I've been pretty prosperous, and I've just bought the old ship and am going to make a coal barge of her. Strange, isn't it, that I should come to own the ship that brought me, practically penniless, to this country?"—Philadelphia Record.

Praised For a Kick.

Nothing so stirs up the indignation of the average adult as to see a little child abused by a grown person, yet when Fireman Nelson kicked a 2-year-old boy in Elkton, Md., a day or two ago, so hard that the mark of his boot remained on the child's forehead for hours he was praised by all who saw it and warmly thanked by the little one's parents. Nelson was standing on the pilot of a swiftly moving locomotive when he kicked the boy, and his kick knocked the child off the track and saved its life.—Exchange.

From Omaha to Scotland by Water.

George Sheppard of Omaha has constructed a steam yacht and launched it upon the Missouri river and has started upon a journey by water from this city to his old home in Scotland. He is a wealthy stockman who was formerly a sailor.—Omaha Dispatch.

To Keep Sunday Whole.

Effie—Please, Uncle Arthur, do come and play chess with me. Uncle Arthur—Oh, Effie! Don't you remember? It's Sunday. Effie—Well, we can let the bishop win.—Pall Mall Gazette.

AN ABLE JOURNALIST.

Career of Horatio W. Seymour, Publisher of the New Chicago Chronicle.

Horatio Winslow Seymour, the publisher of Chicago's new Democratic newspaper, The Chronicle, is a very successful journalist and enjoys the reputation of being the greatest writer of sensational headlines in America. Since The Times-Herald changed hands and politics at the same time there has been an excellent field in Chicago for a Cleveland organ, and Mr. Seymour and Martin J. Russell will endeavor to fill the want.

Mr. Seymour was born July 29, 1854, in Cayuga county, N. Y. When he was 9 years old his father died and he was educated by his uncle, Hon. H. G. Winslow of Racine, Wis. Young Seymour began his newspaper career on the Racine Advocate, and on the Racine Journal acquired a thorough knowledge of the printer's trade. In 1873 he became city editor of the Milwaukee News and in 1875 became telegraph editor of the Chicago Times. In that capacity Sey-

mour wrote sensational headlines that were soon the talk of the entire country. Some of them were poetical, some were humorous, not a few were next door to irreverent, and all fixed the attention and evoked the comment of every reader.

He became night editor of The Times in 1879, and after eight years of hard work in that position he became an editorial writer on The Herald, then a young and struggling newspaper. Four years later he became managing editor, and under his expert guidance the paper speedily became one of the great journals of the west. Mr. Seymour is married and has three children.

Martin J. Russell is collector of the port of Chicago and one of the best editorial writers in the United States. He was chief editorial writer on The Times and helped to found The Herald. Later he returned to The Times and remained until the paper's policy toward President Cleveland compelled him to withdraw. He is editor of the new Chronicle.

A STOLEN SECRET.

How Minister Jewell Learned to Make Russia Leather.

Jewell, like all men brought up to learn a trade, and who afterward gained prominence in affairs, made now and then unconscious revelations of his early training. During one of the campaigns in which he was engaged he found himself at a country hotel where the table was boisterous, but the rooms few and small. It was necessary in order that the whole party might be housed for each bed to be occupied by two persons. The governor's roommate was a young politician, who could not hide his surprise when the governor just before retiring rolled the sleeves of his night shirt even as far up as his shoulders, and then bathed his arms in cold water.

"You wonder why I do this," said the governor. "Well, I couldn't sleep unless I did. When I was a youngster learning the tanners' trade, I used to have my arms in the vats all day long, and at night my skin would smart as though I had been stung by nettles. I could not bear to have any cloth touch them. So I got the habit of rolling my shirt sleeves as far as I could, and thus I have slept ever since."

When Jewell was minister to Russia, he played a Yankee trick upon the Russians, the benefits of which we are reaping even to this day in this country. Like every other American tanner, he had long wanted to know the secret of the process of manufacturing Russian leather. He had experimented with a few dollars himself, only to learn that the secret was not to be discovered.

When at the court of St. Petersburg, he professed great interest in Russian industries and was shown through many of the manufactures there. By and by there came an opportunity to go through a factory where Russia leather was manufactured. Jewell was all smiles and courtesies and seemed profoundly interested in those things which really did not interest him and wholly blind to the very things he went to that place to see. But he was not so blind as they thought. When he came out of that factory, he had discovered, as he believed, the process, and he brought the discovery back to this country with him, so that by and by the United States began to turn out a very good article of leather resembling the Russian product.—Philadelphia Press.

Another French Enterprise.

Undismayed by their experience in the Suez and Panama enterprises, the French are undertaking to build another great canal. They have now determined to connect the bay of Biscay with the Mediterranean by a canal over 400 miles long, from 144 to 215 feet wide and from 25 to 34 feet deep and with widened passing places every eight miles. There will be 22 locks, each 650 feet in length and 80 feet in width. The cost is calculated at \$100,000,000. It is, however, safe to say that it will be much more.

It is claimed by its promoters that besides greatly expediting commerce this waterway will be of vast political significance. If it could only be kept open in war, Gibraltar, the strongest fort in the world, would be rendered useless, and France instead of England would hold the "key to the Mediterranean."—London Globe.

Will Make Speeches in America.

Keir Hardy, M. P., has decided to accept an invitation to take part in the labor campaign through the United States in the autumn. He will be the guest of the Independent Labor party and other industrial and political bodies. Frank Smith, member of the London county council, who has represented the Salvation Army at two or three conventions in America, will go too.—Cable Letter.

A HISTORICAL MYTH.

The Story of General Jackson's Cotton Bales Breastsworks a Pleasing Fiction.

There are few of the schoolboys of several generations preceding the present who do not remember being taught that General Jackson won the battle of New Orleans by throwing up a breastwork of cotton bales and meeting the British assault behind them.

A dramatic account of this was in all the school histories and several others, and the novelty of the affair appealed vividly to the imagination. The cold facts of later history prove this all to have been fiction. Henry Adams, in his history of Madison's administration, describes the battle of New Orleans and mentions no such feature. McMaster, in his latest volume, refers to the story in a note only to say that there were two or three cotton bales used in one place, and they were either set on fire or knocked out at once.

Jackson's line of breastworks was of earth irregularly thrown up and of varying height along its length. The trained sharpshooters of the west did great work as marksmen behind it and so galled the heavily laden British troops that they had no alternative but to be shot or retreat before the American line.

The schoolbook story used to be that the Americans lost six killed and seven wounded. McMaster places the figures of killed and wounded at 70. The British, it seems, were not all repulsed according to the popular story. The right line of the American troops was driven in, and the British led advanced a mile in the rear of Jackson on the way to New Orleans.

He was really flanked by this success, but the terrific slaughter he inflicted upon the British in the center, involving the death of the first and second generals in command, completely dispirited them and induced the return of that wing of their army that was on the way to the city.—Boston Herald.

THE KEYSTONE OF THE ARCH.

In the office of health is vigor, which means not merely muscular energy, but an active discharge of the various organs of the body, such as digestion, secretion of the bile, the action of the bowels, the circulation of the blood. Nothing more actively and the result of its use is a speedy gain in strength, together with the agreeable consciousness that the nature of life is being strengthened—that one is laying up a store of vitality against the unavoidable draughts which old age makes upon the system. For this purpose, the most reliable and most powerful agent is a reliable safeguard against malaria, rheumatism and kidney trouble. Appetite and sleep improve through its use, and it protects the system against the effects of colds and damp.

Mullins—They had no income tax law in George Washington's time. Stillmore—How do you know? Mullins—Well, George never sold a lie.

Old Rip Van Winkle went up into the Catskill mountains to take a little nap of twenty years or so, and when he awakened, he found that the "cruel war was over," the monthly magazines had fought it over the second time and "blown up" all the officers that had participated in it. This much is history, and it is also an historical fact that, it took the same length of time, for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to become the most celebrated, as it is the most effective, Liver, Blood and Lung Remedy of the age. In purifying the blood and in all manner of pimples, blotches, eruptions, and other skin and scalp diseases, scrofulous sores and swellings, and kindred ailments, the "Golden Medical Discovery" manifests the most positive curative properties.

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HOIT'S SCHOOL.

Nowhere are boys better cared for and more thoroughly taught than at Hoit's School, Burlington, San Mateo county, Cal. This school is in charge of Ira G. Hoit, Ph. D., and will reopen August 6th.—S. F. Chronicle.

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