

# PAUL KRUGER IS DEAD

## "Lion of the Transvaal" Breathes His Last at Clarens, Switzerland.

Paul Kruger, former president of the Transvaal republic, died at Clarens, Switzerland, July 14, from pneumonia and supervening heart weakness. His daughter and son-in-law were with him at the time of his death. He had been out only once since his arrival at the beginning of last month.

Mr. Kruger, who was staying at the Villa du Bois, had been gradually failing for a long time, but he was able to attend to his affairs, read the newspapers and receive visits until Saturday. He became unconscious Monday and remained so until his death. Besides the Klotz he was attended by his own physician, Dr. Heyman, and by his secretary, Mr. Redel. On several occasions Mr. Kruger had expressed a desire to be buried beside his wife in his own country.

### Widespread Regret in France.

The death of Paul Kruger has aroused widespread regret in France, owing to French sympathy for the Boer cause and personal admiration for the ex-president. When he recently left Mentone his health was gradually failing through old age, constitutional disorders and throat troubles, which threatened to extend to the lungs. However, his personal physician, Dr. Heyman, did not apprehend a speedy crisis, and Mr. Kruger himself resisted the idea that his physical powers were failing. He had arranged to return to Mentone next fall, again leaving the picturesque villa which he had occupied on the outskirts of the town.

Nevertheless, his near friends recognized that Mr. Kruger's once rugged constitution was gradually giving up pieces. Visitors described him as



PAUL KRUGER

being a pathetic figure of calm endurance. His eyesight had dimmed but he sat much at times with his Bible open before him, muttering well-known passages. He avoided references to the Boer war, but he was occasionally mentioned if he showed no resentment and expressed the belief that Providence would eventually render justice to the Boer cause.

Mr. Kruger received few visitors, but waived his usual seclusion to permit the presentation of the French gift, raised through popular subscription, expressive of the republic's admiration, and he also received private gifts, one being a considerable legacy from a Boer admirer. But before leaving Mentone he returned the legacy to relatives of the decedent.

### Kruger's Remarkable Career.

Stephans Johannes Paulus Kruger, who was the central figure in the late Boer war, and in many respects one of the most remarkable men of his time, was born in Cape Colony in 1825. He joined his family in the "great trek" of 1834-6, when more than 6,000 Boers left British territory and trekked northward into the wild and mountainous country where the Transvaal republic was afterward founded.

Kruger was born with a love for adventure and while yet too young to handle a gun became expert with the bow and arrow. While still a mere boy he was famous for his courage and skill with the rifle. He was barely in his teens when he took part in the great battles which drove Mosellekote, the father of Lobengula, and his warriors north of the Limpopo river. He had received little education, his only book in his boyhood being the Dutch family Bible. He read with delight the stories of the Israelites in their escape from bondage and their early wars, and finding a counterpart in his own experiences increased his ambition for military glory. He believed that to spoil the enemy was a cardinal duty. He was distinguished by his success in the wars of the Boers that at the age of 20 he was a district commandant. He rapidly rose through all grades of the service until he was not only first-

mander-in-chief but president of the republic.

Miraculous stories are told of his strength and prowess as a hunter. When he was 16 years old his father sent him home with an empty oxcart and span of oxen. His little sister was with him. "Paul, take good care of your sister," said his father at parting.

Five miles from home a full-grown panther sprang from the bush. The frightened oxen bolted, nearly upsetting the two-wheeled cart, and throwing out the little girl. Paul jumped after her and, although unarmed, grappled with the panther. He seized the beast by the throat and by main strength strangled it to death. Bleeding from his encounter with the panther, he carried his sister home in safety. This exploit made him the hero of the Transvaal.

Another story is of an elephant hunt, in which Kruger outwitted two famous hunters. They did not think much of Paul's horse and started to turn the quarry back, leaving Kruger to himself. They were on the trail of an elephant and soon heard Kruger calling, "Why don't you turn the beast?" But the elephant was too fleet for them. Kruger called again and they redoubled their efforts, but in vain. Then Kruger, who had ridden up side by side with them, said calmly, "I'll see what I can do," and he shot ahead and was soon out of sight. The crack hunters heard several shots and when they reached Kruger they found him with five dead elephants as trophies of the chase.

For ten years previous to the war of 1881 Kruger was a member of the executive council of the Transvaal. He planned the uprising which in

# THREE MEN ARE KILLED WHILE RACING IN AUTO

## Attempt of Occupants of Tourist Car to Outspeed a Passenger Train Brings Death to Trio.

### Board of Road Dealer at Buffalo Then Shoots Himself in the Head.

# WRITES LETTER TO PARTNER

## Misive Is a PITHY Appeal to His Friend to Forgive His Rash Act, Requesting Leniency in Judgment and Declaring Repentance.

Buffalo, N. Y., dispatch: One of the most shocking tragedies that ever occurred in this city came to light Friday when the dead bodies of Edgar T. Washburn, member of the grain firm of Heathfield & Washburn on the board of trade; Washburn's wife and his daughter, Gladys, 15 years old, were found in a bedroom of their home, 210 West Pine street. Mr. Washburn had shot and killed his wife and daughter and then turned the weapon upon his own head and killed himself.

It is believed the deed was committed while Mr. Washburn was suffering from a fit of insanity. He had written a letter to a relative recently in which he was having the letter business. As far as is known by the members of the family had not had any trouble among themselves.

### Spent Night in Gayety.

Thursday evening was spent by the Washburn family at the house of a neighbor. There was music and games and all the members of the Washburn family appeared in a jovial mood.

A letter written by Washburn to W. G. Heathfield, his business partner, was received at the latter's house during the day. In this letter, which was very long, he had written the intention to commit suicide, but no reference was made to his wife or daughter.

The letter made numerous references to things going wrong in different business affairs, but Mr. Heathfield said he had been unable as yet to look into the matters referred to; that while some of his business deals had not been successful, yet on the whole, their business had been profitable.

He said he did not know whether Mr. Washburn had any separate business deals outside of the firm.

"Mr. Washburn and I have been in business since Jan. 1, 1907," Mr. Heathfield said. "I never saw anything that would cause me to imagine such a terrible act on his part. He was 49 years old and his wife was some years younger. He had one son, Dr. E. P. Washburn."

### Kills Wife and Daughter.

The tragedy was discovered by a relative who called at the Washburn home shortly before noon. When the police arrived, they found Mr. Washburn and her daughter lying dead, side by side, in bed and Washburn was dead on the floor at the foot of the bed. Evidently Washburn shot the girl first as she lay in bed. When Mrs. Washburn aroused by the shot, partly raised herself in the bed Washburn fired the second shot, the bullet entering the woman's left temple and causing instant death. Washburn then picked up a mirror and, taking aim, shot himself in the right temple.

The news of the tragedy had the effect of practically closing the Grain Exchange for the remainder of the day.

### Letter Is Pithy.

Washburn's letter to his partner was most pithy. It said in part: "I am about to take a step which will be a severe blow to you and to all who have ever held me in regard and esteem. I have striven hard to make a success of life here, but there seems to be something that forever upsets my plans. I have hoped that I might succeed in business, not so much for the sake of the money as for selfish purposes as that I might do a good work in the world.

"Do not think I feel that I am getting old easily. My belief in a future life teaches me that I must suffer untold agony, but I am a blight upon those whom I love and upon those who love me and it seems best that I should die. I hope that the souls of earth's children and perhaps some in heaven, somewhere in the future, may be permitted to work myself into a niche in life where I may be able to atone for my errors.

"Be lenient with me for I love you as a brother, and if I had 10,000 lives I would give them all to save you from the pain and misery that you must suffer through me.

"It grieves me to lose the esteem of my associates and it is there in anyone whom I have wronged it has not been intentional and I hope that they may forgive me as they would be forgiven, for I am sincerely repentant of any wrong that I have done."

### Fatal Fight Over Woman.

Peoria, Ill., dispatch: William Freeman and Samuel Suter are in the cottage hospital suffering from wounds inflicted in a fight over a woman. Freeman, who is also Suter's sister, and no hope for the recovery of either is held out.

### Dredging Concern Falls.

Boston special: The New England Dredging company has assigned for some five years ago. Among the lords of Greenland, he points out, ardent constant sunshine and a dustless and permanent atmosphere.

New York dispatch—Three men in a touring car were run down by a Long Island train at the foot of what is known as "Dead Man's Hill." Two were instantly killed. "Dead Man's Hill" is located at the crossing of the Merick road, between Rockville Center and Lynbrook. Two were dragged across the hill, and when they reached by rescuers both were dead. The third man survived only a little while.

It was some time before the identity of the victims was established, but it is now said they were James Snyder of Brooklyn, Frank J. Correll of Monticello and J. W. Jewell of Brookville.

The Merick road and the railroad tracks run for a long distance side by side. The automobile with occupants was apparently racing with a passenger train and was ahead as it approached the crossing, where an acute angle is made. Persons familiar with the road made the race expected the car to slow up, but instead its speed was increased. The flagman at the crossing waved his flag as a warning, and the engineer of the train reared up on his whistle, but the automobile shot on into the turn and upon the track.

# IOWA DEMOCRATS NAME TICKET

Convention indorses nominees and platform of St. Louis Convention. Secretary of state—Charles A. Dickson. Treasurer—Henry Higgins. Attorney general—W. H. Conner. Railroad commissioner—J. P. Mastrey. State auditor—W. H. Conner. Directors at large—W. O. Schmidt, J. B. Ransom.

Iowa City, Ia., special: The Iowa democratic state convention Tuesday nominated a state ticket and indorsed the nominees and platform of the St. Louis convention. A message of congratulation was sent to Judge Parker, who replaced him as chief justice of the democracy of this state. The conservatives were in control at all stages of the proceedings, and, having secured control of the state nominating convention, were disposed to be generous to the Hearst following for the sake of harmony.

# TICKET OF IOWA REPUBLICANS

Convention indorses the Platform. Secretary of state—H. Martin. Auditor—H. P. Carroll. Treasurer—H. P. Carroll. Attorney general—H. P. Carroll. Railroad commissioner—N. R. Ketchum. Directors at large—O. T. Owen.

Des Moines, Iowa, July 21.—The Republican state convention Wednesday nominated a ticket and indorsed harmony as the new Iowa idea. The feature was the nomination of Judge Parker as chief justice of the state, in place of the late Chief Justice, and the nomination following a speech by Temporary Chairman Hepburn that the party could not be trusted to deal with the state's affairs. The nominees and platform were indorsed.

# "JOHNNIES" TO MEET "YANKS"

G. A. R. Post Suggests Reunion and South Thinks Idea is Good. New Haven, Conn., dispatch: Believing that the time has come for veterans of the civil war of both Union and confederate armies to forget past animosities, the members of the Admiral Foote Post, G. A. R. of this city, have sent a communication to the G. A. R. of the confederate states, suggesting a reunion of Union and confederate soldiers in the near future, or at least a portion of those bodies. The Tennesseeans have responded, stating they appreciate the suggestion.

# FLORENCE MAYBRICK IS FREE

Leaves England for France, to Reside With Her Mother. Truro, England, cable: Mrs. Florence Maybrick is free. She left here Wednesday on her way to France. She is not freed unconditionally, but is out on ticket of leave. To all intents, however, she is as free as any other person, can go where she will and will not have to make a report to the authorities. The baroness de Buns, who is the living of a nobleman, prepared at Bosen for her daughter's reception at the baroness' quiet home there.

# DROWN WHILE MEN WATCH

Lads Had Fooled Workmen, Who Rescued to Go to Their Aid. Peoria, Ill., dispatch: Tricked by the boys on several occasions by false cries for help, section men on the railroad idly watched Paul Firt and Samuel Craig, both 14 years old, struggling in the Illinois River and screaming for aid. Before the men realized the seriousness of the lads' plight both were drowned.

# Toadstool Pore Fatal.

Carbondale, Ill., dispatch: G. F. Greenfield and John Firt, both 14 years old, are dead, and several relatives of the two families, are fatally poisoned as the result of eating toadstools gathered in mistake for mushrooms.

# New Governor in Morocco.

Tangier cablegram: Kaid Benhaman, chief of police, has been appointed governor. General satisfaction is expressed over the removal of the late occupant of the governorship, which was one of Raisuli's stipulations.

# CZAR'S LIFE WAS HIS

## TRAVELER TWICE HAD OPPORTUNITY TO KILL MONARCH.

### But Circumstance Showed That, Though Seemingly Unguarded, the Safety of the Russian Ruler Was Well Looked After.

The very first thing I learned in St. Petersburg is that in Russia the czar is everything—literally everything—his will is law, conceived as such by his subjects by heavenly inspired right; all the land and all his subjects are absolutely his to dispose of wholly as he chooses. To understand anything about Russia it is first necessary to understand that this is the fundamental principle of czarism and that even in trade, industry and commerce the czar is supreme. Every good or bad thing in commerce, as in every other field, therefore, is done in the name of the czar.

The popular fancy pictures the czar as one never seen by his people, save when he deigned to appear in public, guarded, thus protected from the bullets of would-be regicides. To show, however, how easily any king killer could accomplish his nefarious mission in St. Petersburg to-day, I may state that on two occasions had I been an assassin "selected" to the job I could have shot his imperial majesty, Nicholas II.

The first such opportunity presented itself one evening as I drove in a droshky sled past the winter palace. In the second-story corner window, directly over the guard station below, in a room which all St. Petersburg knows to be the czar's study, the monarch sat by a gasolene-lamp, reading. Some palace servants had been ordered to lower the blinds and there sat the master of 100,000,000 subjects in full view of the hundreds of droshky sleds that were passing as they crossed the quay, an easy mark for a sharpshooter.

The second opportunity was in the Nevsky Prospekt, the widest street in the world, compared to which Broadway is an alley. Suddenly I saw every man in uniform—and half the men in St. Petersburg wear uniforms—take a step to the sidewalk, face the roadway and hold his hand to his cap in salute. The czar was coming. He was a bundle of furs in a troika and sat beside him a noble who was simply another bundle of furs. His troika, drawn by three magnificent, matchless horses, galloped at a mad pace in true troika fashion, passing so close to my droshky that I could see the smile lurking in his young and by no means careworn face. I even perceived that his beard was as white as the hair of his head. He was wearing a blue frock coat and a blue hat. He then turned round and made the horse trot. I wanted a nearer look at the most powerful human being on earth, and I did not get it. A mounted officer of some sort raised his hand to indicate that my driver was to stop.

"Fardon," said the officer politely in French, "you must go back."

"But I have business in this direction," I protested with equal politeness.

"What are you doing here?" he retorted sharply.

"By this time a great, silent crowd surrounded us.

"What is your business anyway?" the officer went on without giving me time to answer. "You are a stranger! Where are you stopping? I must see your passport."

"My passport is already in the hands of the police," I interposed.

Meanwhile he had looked up the Nevsky—the troika had turned on its heels and was gone.

"Fardon," said the horseman, returning to his original politeness now that all chance of following the troika was gone. Then he spoke in Russian and I understood him. He said that he had followed the troika and had seen the czar's face. He said that he had seen the czar's face and that he had seen the czar's face.

"Could Make His Own Inference." William C. Bryant recently told the story of two soldiers—one of the Union and one of the confederate armies. The latter was promoted to be a sergeant. Upon his promotion he conceived a very excited impression of his rank and became quite offensive in manner to his former associate. His attitude caused great resentment in camp. One day the bilious soldier approached him and said: "What a damned fool! The private called the sergeant a damned fool!" He will be arrested and court-martialed," responded the sergeant. "Suppose he simply thinks he is a few feet tall and does not say that!" "There is no punishment for that!" "Well, let it go at that," replied the private.—New York Times.

### Rich Gold Deposits in Bolivia.

In the bed of the river San Juan de Oro, in Bolivia, South America, a discovery has been made of a deposit of what is described by experts as the richest gold deposits in the world. The gold is not found in quartz rock nor as a naturally occurring deposit, but lies in large masses in the bed of the river itself. It is intended to work this deposit by the system of dredging, which has long been in vogue in the late in countries where large river bed deposits exist, notably in New Zealand.

# Gaumont Baking Powder

Perfect in quality. Moderate in price.

# AT THE WRONG END OF DAY.

Mistake of a Bilibus Business Man Who is Now "Now" the Wagon? Here's a story which a downtown woman tells on herself and it contains a temperance lesson: One night he was at the club until late. Instead of going straight home when his first had been soothed by a plentiful supply of liquid refreshments he called at several speak-easies, and by the time the wee sma' hours were at hand the babbler was about sixteen sheets in the breeze and still sailing. How he got home he cannot remember, but some friend evidently piloted him there.

When he awoke he discovered that he had been too stupid to retire and had dropped into a chair, where he had slept with his clothes on. He had a glorious headache and his tongue felt like a piece of chamois skin. He glanced at his watch. It was not yet 6. Closing the door, which he had left ajar, he washed his face, brushed his hair, changed his soiled and wilted collar for a clean one and mused the bed to make it look as though it had been occupied during the night. Then he went into the sitting room, congratulating himself upon his good fortune in awakening before the hour of 6. His cheery "good morning" was rather coldly received, and, realizing that something was radically wrong, the guilty gent slunk back into his bedroom and re-acted. During the course of these reflections darkness commenced to settle down.

It then dawned upon the business man that instead of being morning it was 6 o'clock in the evening. Developments proved that he had staggered into the house about daylight and being unable to arouse him, the family had in disgust permitted him to snore away in the chair. He mutely acknowledged the error and mounted the water wagon, upon which vehicle he is now riding.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

# A Strange Accident.

Some time ago a man fell dead in a crowded street of San Francisco. The hospital surgeons were astonished to find that he had died of what appeared to be a bullet wound in his temple. A hundred people who witnessed the accident were ready to testify that no firearm had been discharged at the time.

An examination exposed a small pebble in the man's brain. For a long time the case was a mystery, until an ingenious detective solved it with an explanation which he proved by experiment.

The wheels of a heavy dray had jammed the pebble against the steel rail of the car track, and then disengaged it into the air with such terrific force that it crashed into the brain of the passer-by as if it had been a bullet.

# BACK LICK

## Settled the Case With Her.

Many great discoveries have been made, and things better than gold mines have been found in this way, for example when even the accidental discovery that coffee is the real cause of one's sickness proved to be a bullet wound in his temple. It locates the cause and the person has then a chance to get well.

"For over 25 years," says a Missouri woman, "I have suffered untold agonies in my stomach and even the best physicians disagreed as to the cause without giving me any permanent help, different ones saying it was gastritis, indigestion, or some other ailment, so I dragged along from year to year, always half sick, until finally I gave up all hopes of ever being well again."

"When taking dinner with a friend one day she said she had a new drink which turned out to be Postum and I liked it so well I told her I thought I would stop coffee for awhile and use Postum."

"So for three months we had Postum in place of coffee without ever having one of my old spells but after a while I said to myself, 'I wonder if I could get well if I used Postum for a year, always half sick, until finally I gave up all hopes of ever being well again.'"

"The result of a week's use of coffee again was that I had another terrible spell of agony and distress, proving that it was the coffee and nothing else. That settled it, and I said good bye to coffee forever and since then Postum alone has been our best meal-time drink."

"My friends all say I am looking much improved, and my complexion is worlds better and my digestion is all right. All the other members of our family have been benefited, too, by Postum in place of the old drink, coffee." Name given by Postum Co., East Troy, N. Y.

Ten days trial of Postum in place of coffee or tea is the wise thing for every coffee drinker. Send a trial to the exact same coffee where coffee is not expected.

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."