

A CLUB TO THRASH THE ARBUCKLES WITH.

How the Sugar Trust Gets Even With Its Opponents.

Spends Over a Million in Order to Carry Its Point.

It Buys Out the Woolson Spice Company of Toledo to Run Opposition and Scare Them Out of Building a Sugar Refinery—The Woolson Company Forced to Sell by Threats of Opposition in the Coffee Line—Preparations for the Inaugural Ball.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20.—If the report that the American Refining Company, known as the sugar trust, has secured the Woolson Spice Company of Toledo be true, it is not improbable that the result may be a deal between the trust and Arbuckle Brothers. The Arbuckles may abandon their intention to build a sugar refinery, in consideration of the sugar trust turning over to them the Woolson Company.

The Arbuckles proposed to build a refinery of 2,000 barrels per day capacity or practically 600,000 barrels a year. This is a big trade to lose. There would be more money in it for the trust to keep it than to go into the spice business in opposition to the Arbuckles.

A SECRET DEAL.

How the Sugar Trust Forced the Woolson Company to Sell.

CHICAGO, Dec. 20.—A special from Toledo, O., says: The immense deal by which the sugar trust comes into occupation of the Woolson Spice Company has been closed and the money paid over. Notwithstanding the fact that Havemeyer's agents have been in Toledo for over a month, nobody but the directors of the Woolson Company was aware of the fact.

INAUGURAL BALL.

Great Preparations Being Made For It in Washington.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20.—The inauguration committee has fairly got down to work and preparations for the inauguration ceremonies of March 4th next are being rapidly completed.

BARCELONA ANARCHISTS.

Eight of Them Sentenced to Death by the Court-martial.

BARCELONA, Dec. 20.—Eight of the anarchists who were convicted of complicity in the bomb throwing that occurred here in June last have been sentenced to death by the court-martial before which they were tried.

NEGRO SHOT BY A MOB.

He Attacked a White Man, and They Settled Him.

MAYFIELD (Ky.), Dec. 20.—A mob of white men broke into the cabin of George Finley, a negro, near here, late Friday night, and the leader fired two charges of buckshot into the negro's stomach as he jumped from bed, and died after five hours of terrible agony.



YOU ARE BEHIND IF YOU HAVE NOT SEEN THROUGH THIS AD. BEFORE.

SUSPENDED BY THE CLEARING-HOUSE.

National Bank of Illinois to Close Its Doors.

Resolutions Passed by the Clearing-House Association Committee.

Statement That the Bank Has Made Unwarrantable and Injudicious Loans, Imperiling Its Capital—Business Failures Expected in Consequence—Sunday Duel Near Knoxville, in Which Both Are Killed—Whole Family Burned in New York.

CHICAGO, Dec. 20.—The National Bank of Illinois has been suspended by the Clearing-house. It is said the bank will not open its doors in the morning. One or two State-street stores are known to be heavy depositors in the bank.

A FAMILY CREMATED.

Five Persons Burned to Death by the Explosion of a Lamp.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20.—A family of five persons were burned to death in their home, 114 East Fifty-eighth street, to-night. The dead are: Aaron Goldsmith, 45 years old, wholesale liquor dealer; Mrs. Katilda Goldsmith, 53 years old; Bertha Goldsmith, 10 years; Hattie Goldsmith, 10 years; Frank Goldsmith, 6 years.

A SUNDAY DUEL.

Two Tennessee Young Men Kill Each Other in It.

ATLANTA (Ga.), Dec. 20.—A special to the "Constitution" from Knoxville, Tenn., says: A Sunday duel with revolvers, in which both participants were killed, occurred to-day in Campbell County. The scene of the duel was nine miles out.

Fire at Cambridge.

WORCESTER (Mass.), Dec. 20.—Fire at Cambridge early this morning destroyed four large business blocks. The loss is about \$10,000.

Granted an Audience.

ROME, Dec. 20.—The Pope at noon yesterday gave an audience to Bishop Keane, late rector of the Catholic University at Washington.

Henry Curtis Tallman Dead.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20.—Henry Curtis Tallman, Lieutenant-Colonel U. S. A., died yesterday.

KIND, BUT FORGETFUL.

A Woman Tells of a Birthday Present She Received.

A half dozen Washington women were talking the other day about the kinds of people they knew—which, by the way, women very seldom do, and how these happened to be doing so in this instance is not explained in this chronicle—and one of them called the attention of the others to a prominent woman at whose house three or four of them had met the day or so before, relates the Washington Star.

Progress of the Indian.

"Don't scalp me," yelled the trapper when the Indian got him down. "My dear sir," answered the chief, "you are evidently not aware of the progress civilization has made among the red children of the forest. We merely advertise to remove superfluous hair."

A Privilege.

"It is said that kissing breeds disease," said the first sweet thing. "Wouldn't you like a chance to get sick?" asked the second sweet thing, rather spitefully.—Chicago Post.

Liberal.

"O, what did her father give the bride?" "I think I heard you say." "His heart o'erflowed in a generous tide. And he gave the bride—away." —George Birdseye, in Up-to-Date.

COMES UP IN THE SUPREME COURT TO-DAY.

Durrant's Case Will be Heard on Briefs.

The Attorney-General Has Prepared His Brief in Answer.

A Santa Barbara Citizen Commits Suicide—A Prominent Physician Drowned—Struggle for the Deep-Water Harbor Commences To-day—A Tacoma Pastor Who Advocates a Billiard-Room and a Bowling Alley in the Church Basement.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 20.—The Durrant case will come up in the Supreme Court to-morrow. The Attorney-General has prepared his brief in answer to the briefs of Durrant's attorneys, in anticipation of the possible setting aside of the order of submission of the court.

IN THE CHURCH BASEMENT.

Rev. Scudder Wants a Billiard Room and Bowling Alley.

TACOMA (Wash.), Dec. 20.—Rev. W. H. Scudder, pastor of the First Congregational Church, one of the most aristocratic churches in the city, has again started his flock by suggesting another up-to-date innovation.

PHYSICIAN DROWNED.

His Boat Capsized by a Breaker, Knocks Him Senseless.

SAN DIEGO, Dec. 20.—Dr. Joseph Rhodes, a wealthy and prominent young physician of this city, was drowned this afternoon at the little seaside resort of La Jolla. He had been out in a small boat fishing with his brother-in-law, and in trying to make a landing the craft was capsized by a breaker.

The Deep Water Harbor.

LOS ANGELES, Dec. 20.—The struggle for the location of the Southern California deep water harbor will begin in earnest to-morrow morning, when the advocates of Santa Monica and San Pedro will commence arguments in favor of their particular site.

A Thousand a Week.

TACOMA (Wash.), Dec. 20.—A Tacoma theatrical manager who claims to have had considerable correspondence with W. J. Bryan in an effort to induce the late candidate to embark in the theatrical business, to-day wired Mr. Bryan an offer of \$1,000 per week to go on in a Shakespearean revival.

Effort to Flood the Potrimpos.

ASTORIA (Or.), Dec. 20.—The wrecked German bark Potrimpos is resting easy on the sands to-day. An effort will be made to float the vessel to-morrow at high tide.

Would-be Cuban Recruits.

TACOMA (Wash.), Dec. 20.—Applications from would-be recruits for the Cuban army are pouring in daily from all over the coast. The indications are that a large number will be ready to join the Tacoma contingent as soon as they are ready to depart.

Suicide at Santa Barbara.

SANTA BARBARA, Dec. 20.—John Kreig, a respected citizen and prominent business man of this city, committed suicide by shooting himself this morning. Business reverses led him to take his life. He leaves a widow and two children.

Died of His Burns.

LOS ANGELES, Dec. 20.—The four-year-old son of C. Myers, who accidentally set fire to his clothing yesterday afternoon, died to-day from the burns which he received.

Mill Burned at Selma.

SELMA, Dec. 20.—The plant of the Selma Flouring Mill was burned this morning, entailing a loss of \$30,000, with 30 per cent. insurance. The mill will be rebuilt.

The love we have to God is realized in our love to men. It cannot abide alone.

Those who have thought to gain it by retirement and meditation have found it only a will-o'-the-wisp, save as it has issued in the love that seeks men and tries to do them good.—Herman Packard de Forest.

What Became of His Ancestors.

"The best joke I ever heard was on me," said J. D. Buford to a reporter. "I was in Wise County, Va., in the heart of the mountains, in the southwestern part of the Old Dominion. I am a Virginian, and in common with all loyal Virginians claim kinship to every one of my name in the State. The landlord saw my name on the register. 'So yo' name's Buford?' he said. 'Yes.' 'Uster be sum Bufords hyar.' 'Well, they must have been relations. My family are all Virginians.' 'Yaas, Yo' da favor 'em. Reekon yo' all air kin. Yo' look jess like Dave.' 'My father's name was Dave.' 'Thar was three—Bob, John and Dave.' 'I have uncles by those names. They are family names.' 'Yo' sho' air kin. I thought so, minit I looked at yo'.' 'You say the Bufords moved away?' 'Not zactly.' 'I thought you said they used to live here?' 'Thet's what I sed. Yo' see, John an' Dave was Bob's sons. Th' ole man was gwine ter marry agin, so the boys would'n' git th' property th' ole man had, an' they killed 'im, so we hung John an' Dave.' 'I did not trace the relationship or the family resemblance any further.'—Washington Star.

How the Postmaster Resigned.

In the early days of Pony, a mining camp in Montana, the Postoffice consisted of an old tea-box, into which all the letters were dumped, the citizens helping themselves, says an exchange. There were only forty citizens in Pony, and there being no money in the office it was with considerable difficulty that the storekeeper was persuaded to accept the postmastership. One day a stranger rode into camp and called on the Postmaster. "Don't you know," he began sternly, "that it is illegal to allow people to pick out their own letters like that?" "Waal, stranger," said the Postmaster, "I don't know that it is any of your business how this office is run." "But I am a United States Postoffice Inspector."

A Cannibal.

"Mr. Smiley, what is a cannibal?" "A cannibal? Why do you want to know, my boy?" "Cause last night when you said you favored carrying out the old principle of dog eating dog pa whispered to me and said: 'Oh, what a cannibal!'"—Cleveland Plaindealer.

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