

BURIES HER ALIVE

California Murderer Hides Breathing Victim In Sand.

SON MAKES AWFUL DISCOVERY

Mme. Castine, After Having Drawn \$6,000 From Bank, Is Killed—Her Brother-in-law Has Confessed to Brutal Crime.

Los Angeles, Cal., Aug. 18.—Otto Schultz, young brother-in-law of Mme. Frieda Schultz Castine, who was brutally murdered on her ranch at Lancaster, has been arrested and has confessed that he committed the crime. When captured he was trying to get out of the city.

"I killed her because she called me a dirty bum," said Schultz. Mme. Castine's body was found in the front yard of her ranch, where a shallow grave had been dug. A dog unearthed the body, and an examination showed that the murderer, who hit the woman in the back of the head with an ax, had crowded the body into the grave while his victim was still alive.

Mme. Castine's young son found his mother's body. The woman hadn't been seen since last Friday, when she went to Los Angeles to draw \$6,000, which was a legacy from relatives in Germany. Schultz disappeared the same day.

Otto Schultz came to California recently to take charge of the ranch.

From facts obtained by officers and surgeons it is believed the murderer lay in wait for Mme. Castine and struck her down as she alighted from her carriage. The soil of the ranch in the vicinity of the house is sandy, making it an easy matter to dig a grave, but the slayer was in such haste that he not only did not wait for the death of his victim before interring her, but covered the body with only a scant six inches of sand and loam.

Young Castine did not discover the ghastly work of the murderer until he had gone to neighbors in search of his mother. When he returned from his fruitless quest he entered by the front yard and came upon the body suddenly, the dog having scratched away the sand and exposed the remains.

Mme. Castine was formerly a prominent figure at the imperial court of Germany. Her son, Lieutenant Emil Schultz, a protégé of the crown prince of Germany and formerly in the German army, is in a precarious condition at a hospital from the shock of the discovery and from blood poisoning contracted through kissing his mother's remains.

NABBED AS SAFE BLOWER.

Police Think They Have the Leader of a New Jersey Gang.

Paterson, N. J., Aug. 18.—Detective Sergeant William Lord arrested Michael L. Teeling as the leader of a gang of safe blowers who have been successfully operating in this part of the country for more than a year, and in that time have cracked, the police say, not less than a score of safes.

Lancashire Humor.

There was a Lancashire collier who went out on Sunday with his wheelbarrow because, as he said, "I've lost my dog, an' a felly looks sich a fool gooin' a-walkin' bi hisself."

Then there was the workmen's club committee which wanted to endorse the accounts "audited and found correct and tuppence over" and the customer who, on being told that the price of candles had gone up owing to the war, asked whether they were "feightin' bi candle leet."

Also one recalls the laggard Lancashire lover who, when asked for a kiss, said he was "gooin' to do it in a bit," and the old ladies who praised a certain Darwin clergyman as "a grand burier," and of the orator who translated "Dieu et mon droit" into "Evil be to him what evil thinks!"—"Lancashire Life and Character," by Frank Ormerod.

Making a Lawn.

On his English tour an American was admiring the velvety smoothness of a certain sward, and, being possessed of land and an overpowering confidence that with money all things are possible, he asked the head gardener how to produce such a lawn. And the gardener said: "It's easy enough, sir. All you need do is to remove all the stones, plow up the ground, plant it with grass seed and roll it for 800 years."

The Adirondack Plateau.

The average height of the Adirondack plateau is about 2,000 feet, although there are many peaks that are over a mile high.

WILL SOON LEAVE HOSPITAL.

Mayor Gaynor's Son Predicts His Departure Within Ten Days.

New York, Aug. 18.—Surgeons attending Mayor Gaynor confessed to a fear of just one thing, a secondary hemorrhage that might occur along the path torn by the bullet. A secondary hemorrhage is bleeding twenty-four or more hours after a wound has been inflicted. In Mayor Gaynor's case it would mean that the bullet had so abraded the wall of some artery that the pulsing blood had broken through. Such a hemorrhage must be checked within a couple of minutes if death is to be averted.

Every other contingency conceivable to the alert surgical mind has been provided for. The mayor has received injections of antitoxin to ward off tetanus, the bullet has been viewed as it lies embedded in bony tissue in the roof of the pharynx, the wound has been dressed and aseptized and the mayor's blood tested twice a day for the germs of septicæmia, or blood poisoning. Of course, such precautions as may be taken to guard against a secondary hemorrhage, but wholly to guard against that is impossible.

That is why there is always at least one able-bodied doctor on duty with the mayor night and day. If a secondary hemorrhage were to come the doctor in the room would simply have to staunch the flow of blood with his fingers for a moment or two until ligatures could be applied.

But Rufus Gaynor, son of the mayor, has no fear that there will be a secondary hemorrhage resulting from the wound inflicted by James J. Gallagher, the would-be assassin.

"Ten days is a long time in the estimate when father will be allowed by the surgeons to leave St. Mary's," he said. "We have strong hopes that as a matter of fact he may be strong enough to walk out of the hospital inside of the estimated ten days. We would not be at all surprised were the physicians to release him within a week."

"It is father's wish now that he go to the Adirondacks to recuperate, either to Loon, Placid or Schoon lake. Many desirable camps have been already offered him by prominent persons for the period of convalescence, but none of these invitations has been accepted. We have already planned, with father's acquiescence, his going to the Adirondacks.

"After leaving the hospital father can be carried to the railroad station, three blocks from the hospital, and started on his way to the mountains with all comfort."

ANOTHER IS SHOT

Assassin Attempts Life of Georgia Reform Mayor.

CREEPS INTO HIS BEDROOM.

Blakely Official Awakened From Sleep by Armed Prowler Who Attempts His Life—Attack Follows Threatening Letter.

Blakely, Ga., Aug. 18.—Mayor C. B. Chipstead was shot and dangerously wounded while in bed by a would-be assassin.

The mayor was aroused from sleep to find a man standing over him with pistol leveled at his heart and about to pull the trigger. Mayor Chipstead knocked up the pistol and grappled with the intruder. In the struggle Mayor Chipstead was shot in the shoulder and fell to the floor. His assailant, evidently thinking the mayor was dead, fled.

The mayor says his assailant was a white man wearing a mask. Mayor Chipstead has incurred the enmity of the lawless element by rigid enforcement of law, and recently received several anonymous letters threatening his life if he continued to enforce the laws.

The mayor denounced the letter writers, and the attempt at assassination followed. A large reward has been offered for the arrest of the would-be assassin.

A Chance He Couldn't Afford to Waste.

"But I should think," she said, "you would wish, now that you are free again, to remain single."

"No," he replied. "I am determined to marry. If you won't have me I shall ask some other woman to be my wife."

"Why are you so anxious?" "I know where I can get a cook who will be willing to remain with us year after year."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Raw Potatoes For Cows.

Raw potatoes can be fed to cows in moderate amounts. As a rule we should not feed more than twenty to twenty-five pounds daily to each animal.

Reckless. "Aw, come on!" the little boy was heard to remark. "Be a sport. I'll bet yer any amount o' money up to 5 cents."—Harper's.

True Happiness. About the happiest man in the world should be he that, having a fad, is able to make a living at it.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The arrow that pierces the eagle's breast is often made of his own feathers.

Chinese Insults. The Chinese are curious folk. An educated Chinaman will take delight in using in conversation with a Western barbarian the adjective which is used only to qualify animals, though only his interpreter will discover the insult of which the person for whom it is intended remains supremely ignorant.

A China "boy" will enter your presence with his pigtail rolled round his head—a most intolerable rudeness—if he thinks the new arrival does not understand the insult intended.



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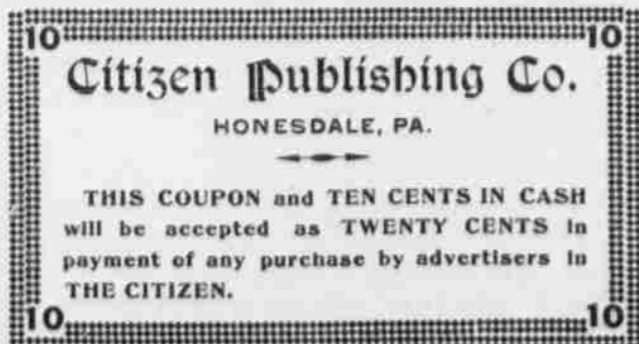
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