

Above the Himalaya Peaks. Exciting Instalment of the Remarkable Cruise OF JULES VERNE'S FLYING MACHINE. BEGIN IT WITH THE SYNOPSIS IN TO-DAY'S EVENING WORLD.

PRICE ONE CENT.

LAST EDITION. WHERE DID HE GO?

Frank Raubischeck's Friends Do Not Believe He Killed Himself.

Theories of Elopement and of Complicity With Counterfeiters.

Weak Points in the Letter the Missing Artist Left for His Wife.

The whereabouts of Frank Raubischeck, the stinging artist, who disappeared Feb. 13, still remains clouded in mystery, though his friends are still following every possible clue.

About six weeks ago Raubischeck, with his wife, went to Europe and stayed at Munich for a period of two years. Then he returned



FRANK RAUBISCHECK. (The Missing Artist.)

to this country, and after staying here a year or so again went to Munich, this time alone. He stayed there ten months.

Upon his return to this country, he purchased a house in Mount Vernon, paying \$2,000 cash and leaving \$4,000 on mortgage. The deeds of this house were in his name, and his signature is necessary before his wife can dispose of it.

Four or five days before his disappearance, he drew from the bank \$3,165, leaving \$835 in deposit for his wife.

This money he carried with him until Feb. 2. On the morning of that day he appeared to be nervous and distracted. He told his wife that he intended to take his latest sketch to Boston for the purpose of selling it. It was a masterpiece, and he had already been offered no less than \$1,000 for it.

He kissed his wife good-bye, jumped aboard a car, and that was the last ever seen of him. His wife again went to Munich, and on going to his room found a letter, which reads as follows:

New York, Feb. 13, 1889. My dear Marie: While I am writing these lines my heart is heavy, and I am sure you read them there will be a great, great, abiding, abiding between us. So far it had to come! With how much hope did I look at you, at my return from Munich; how happy I thought we would live in our own home and how different it has turned out. My dear Marie, when you read these lines I will have no more, my schicksale ordains it.

How about our young luck was! And I strove and tried to have it to the end of our life. I must admit to you the grounds that drove me to this desperate deed were very pressing ones. First, the business prospects were much more than I described them to you.

Our future is flooded with clouds and my work very cheap, and so the prospects of the future were bad, very bad; so what would I do if I had not my money?

This thought troubled me day and night, so I tried a risky remedy—I speculated, thinking in the way soon to make more money than I could at a steady, but luck was against me. I lost, lost all but the \$835 that were left on my bank account, so far, my dear Marie, when you read that money was to remain for you and our children.

My dear Marie, don't give way to unnecessary grief. Do not think of me as a child. What would become of me if you should also despair?

Our furniture sell at auction; best, I think, at the house. I think you will realize from \$400 to \$500 out of it. Then go and see a lawyer and tell him you have to dispose of the house so as to realize your money out of it.

Do this immediately, that is, before the interest on the mortgage becomes due. For the Marie, now or never, get me again free, free from you who troubles you with a good nature. You will again come to new life when you realize your happy people, you are yet so young, and should you intend to marry again do select a rich man. But, my dear Marie, I am unqualifiedly in favor of your coming back to me. You can get the money from Mrs. Clark for the sale of the house. I think she can give you the best price.

Marie, dear Marie, I ought not to have been. How hard I tried to convince at our parting to control myself so as not to betray myself to you, kiss my poor, poor children many thousand times over. Give my regards to my little Elin, also my regards to the family.

Farewell, my dear Marie. Think of me often, and let me hear from you. I am unqualifiedly in favor of your coming back to me. You can get the money from Mrs. Clark for the sale of the house. I think she can give you the best price.

Can you forgive me?

He would lead a person to believe that Raubischeck intended to commit suicide.

He speaks about trying the plate around his body and jumping overboard. He says that the weight of the plate would hold him down, when as a matter of fact, it only weighed thirty pounds and would not hold him down a day.

His intimate friends also say that he hadn't been enough to commit the deed.

His business was good, he had been offered handsome prices for his work, and he had a house and money in the bank; so where was his motive? say his friends.

He says he speculated and lost. Brokers

ON TO WASHINGTON

Everything in Readiness for the Presidential Party.

Gen. Harrison Will Make a Farewell Speech.

The Train to Move at About 3.30 O'Clock.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.) INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Feb. 25.—All is in readiness for the departure of the President-elect.

The details have all been arranged, and the family are waiting as patiently as the multitude about the house will allow for the hour of departure.

There is a holiday air about the city. A number of the Hoosiers from interior districts are on the scene and making things lively.

The general will be escorted to the Denison House with some slight ceremony. He will make a farewell address there to the assembly.

The party will then be driven with pomp to the railway station, whence the train will leave at 3.30 o'clock.

The procession from the hotel will be headed by the George H. Thomas Post, G. A. R., to which the President-elect is attached.

Following the carriages will be a large number of Grand Army organizations, including many from out of town.

The local Republican campaign organizations will also turn out in a body.

The most luxurious accommodations for the party are at the Denison House.

The private car that Gen. and Mrs. Harrison will occupy has a fully equipped kitchen, dining-room, parlor and sleeping apartments.

The train will run as a section of the Atlantic express, and will include three Pullman cars in all.

A detail of United States Secret Service officers are sufficient to keep the train safe.

Large military escorts will precede and receive the party upon their arrival in Washington.

MRS. FRANK LESLIE SELLS.

W. J. ARKELL GETS HER ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR \$400,000.

W. J. Arkell, of Judge, has bought Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper for \$400,000; \$300,000 was paid for the edition printed in English and \$100,000 for the German.

The papers were signed and the sale consummated this morning.

But the height of my ambition is to run a big daily newspaper. I sincerely hope, and, indeed, expect, to own and edit one some day.

Why I wouldn't go out of the publishing and newspaper business even if I was able to be the printer's devil. You see, I like it so much. It's perfectly fascinating to me.

The purchase includes only the name and good will of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

The plant still remains with Mrs. Leslie. On May 1 she will remove from her present quarters in Park place to the new Judge Building, Sixteenth street and Fifth avenue.

She will occupy the second and third floors, which will afford ample room for her many literary ventures.

Mrs. Leslie is too modest to tell what wonders she has accomplished in the past eight years.

The paper which she sold this morning was then \$300,000 in debt, and in the hands of her husband's assignee. To-day she has not only paid off all her husband's indebtedness, but has accumulated a large fortune by the exercise of her wonderful brains and industry.

While getting out her famous Garfield edition, Mrs. Leslie stayed continuously at her office, encouraging her workmen. She slept on bundles of paper.

Leslie's weekly will be first issued under the new ownership May 1.

SALOON-KEEPERS IN LUCK.

Three Discharged in Special Sessions Because the Policemen Couldn't Remember.

In the Court of Special Sessions to-day three complaints for violation of the Excise law were dismissed because the complainant, Officer George B. Grimshaw, of the Steamboat Squad, failed to identify his prisoners.

The accused were James Collins, John Troy and Luke Dunlevy. The arrests were made on July 25, 1888, on board the barge Vanderbilt, which the latter was returning from an excursion up the Hudson.

The men were arraigned in the Tombs Police Court on the following day and held for trial. Five days later the papers were sent to the District Attorney's office, where they remained piled until Dec. 12 last, when they were transferred to Special Sessions by request of the accused.

Officer Grimshaw explained to-day that the long time which had elapsed since the arrests were made prevented his swearing to the identity of the prisoners.

Two Lives Lost by a Lamp Explosion.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.) SCRANTON, Pa., Feb. 25.—A lamp on the ground floor of a miners' boarding-house at Monks' Run, in the Moosic Mountains, exploded yesterday morning and destroyed the building.

The explosion was caused by the carelessness of the servant, Patrick Sweeney, a miner, who slept in rooms on the second floor, were burned to death.

Woman's En Route to Zanzibar.

(BY CABLE TO THE PRESS ASSOCIATION.) ALEXANDRIA, Feb. 25.—Capt. Wissmann, the German Commissioner to East Africa, has arrived here on his way to Zanzibar.

BEGINNING A LONG FAST.

MAY BE YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THE PROCESS IS.

There Isn't Anything Particularly Startling About It—You Say, "I'm Ready to Begin," and the Thing's Started—Mr. Van Dusen is Going to Fast for Forty Days, Which is Nothing to Him.

You are invited to see Mr. Hiram Van Dusen, the young man the city papers have devoted columns to, and, beyond doubt, a most wonderful individual, who will undertake a prolonged fast—abstaining from food of all kinds for a period of over forty days longer, he claiming to have already fasted for forty days.

The fast will begin at 10.30 A. M. on Monday, Feb. 25, in the Grand Museum.

This unique invitation was in the mail received at THE EVENING WORLD office this morning.

There were lots of people who would begin to fast at the hour mentioned, and as the process of beginning a fast might be somewhat novel, an inquiry was ordered.

The fasting editor had not arrived, being out late at a wine supper last night.

For want of a better man, the "special correspondent," at big dinners, was despatched to the museum.

It is located on Grand street.

On the way the reporter decided that Mr. Van Dusen was going to undertake his protracted fast on Monday for breakfast or just before dinner, or perhaps at an hour exactly between meals.

On arriving at the museum the reporter addressed a living skeleton as Mr. Van Dusen, whereat the New York man very indignantly said: "I want you to understand, sir, that I eat three square meals a day, and my name is not Van Dusen."

The reporter was at first at a loss, and, looking away from the man, he saw a young man, well-dressed and looking like a man.

He apologized again, and decided to enter into an unobtrusive conversation with this unknown until he could recover his breath.

"Pretty thin you are," he began.

"Why this man Van Dusen, who claims that he has fasted sixty-five days already and will fast forty more. Why, it is easy enough to break a fast, if a man has enough to eat. I have seen a man eat, and he will undertake a protracted fast, voluntarily giving up food. I think there is something funny about it, don't you?"

"You don't? Why don't you?" asked the reporter.

"Because I am Van Dusen, and intend to do just what I say. Now, look here, sir. But the reporter fled, and never said another word until he found George Peck, who had been pointed out to him as one of the projectors of the fast. The reporter was chary of addressing him, and said:

"Are you Mr. Peck?"

"Yes."

"You're?"

"Positively no doubt about it?"

"Positively."

"How can you prove it?"

"Peck raised a rowl of papers, and showed a number of letters addressed to himself. Thereupon the reporter felt relieved and mutual explanations ensued.

Peck declined to explain how a man went about undertaking a prolonged fast.

"Not being crippled, Mr. Van Dusen would in here on two feet, this morning, should be able to walk, and, at least, I mean he should have with me all the curiosities—and then said: 'I am ready.'"

"To fast?" I asked.

"For forty days?"

"Aye, or forty days," he replied.

"You have no doubt that it is sixty-five days since he ate anything, and I am going to let him fast here for forty days more. He gets a good supply for fasting. He can drink a bottle of whisky a day."

Chicago, Ill., Feb. 25.—The reporter, Mr. Van Dusen and the reporter.

The faster told the reporter confidentially that he was twenty-three years old, single, and had been married for forty days in the Grand Museum. He says he did not stop eating food deliberately, but stopped, because when he ate anything at all it gave him a headache, and he would not eat.

Two hospital nurses will watch him night and day to see that he does not break his fast. He will lodge in the museum and will have no board to pay.

The Quotations.

Table with columns for various commodities and their prices, including American Cotton Oil, Sugar, and other goods.

To Open Its New Rooms with Felat.

That politico-social club, Senator Jacob Cantor's "Stevens," has furnished its rooms at One Hundred and Sixth street and Third avenue in elegant style. Their opening will be celebrated with a reception on the 27th of March.

Wissmann En Route to Zanzibar.

(BY CABLE TO THE PRESS ASSOCIATION.) ALEXANDRIA, Feb. 25.—Capt. Wissmann, the German Commissioner to East Africa, has arrived here on his way to Zanzibar.

BY AN INCENDIARY.

Attempted Burning of an Eldridge Street Tenement-House.

A Young Woman Tenant and a Fireman Seriously Injured.

Kerosene on the Stairways and in Pools on the Hall Floors.

A lodging-house at 129 Eldridge street was entirely gutted by fire this morning.

A woman and a fireman were seriously injured.

The police have evidence to show that the fire was the work of an incendiary.

Fire Marshal Frank is investigating the case.

The flames were discovered about 6 A. M. by Lizzie Wright, a young unmarried woman, who roomed with another girl on the second floor front.

She was awakened by a sense of suffocation. She sat up affrighted in bed.

"The house is surely on fire," she exclaimed, nudging her friend in the side.

"Nonsense. Go to sleep," returned the other, sleepily.

Miss Wright sprang out of bed and opened the blinds. A little smoke was struggling into the room under the door.

Then she opened the door leading into the hallway, when a rush of smoke sent her coughing back into the room.

She dragged her friend out of bed and without waiting to dress, the girls grabbed as much clothes as they could in their arms and ran out, screaming "fire."

Through the smoke, they dashed down the two flights of stairs to the street, where they dressed on the sidewalk and will yelled out the alarm.

Their shrieks awoke the other women and a few minutes a crowd of half-dressed men and women were struggling into such articles of clothing as they had picked up in their flight on the sidewalk.

Policeman Warner, of the Eldridge street station, heard their cries and sent out an alarm of fire, which was shortly followed by a fire engine.

Warner tried to get in the house by the front way, but could not do so, as the flames had reached great height.

He went around to the rear of the house, through a hallway from Broome street, and got there just in time to see a fair-haired young woman standing on the sill of a window on the second floor.

She was making preparations to jump.

"Stop. Don't jump. I will save you," called out the policeman frantically. The woman heard him and paused.

Warner rushed into a tenement near by, burst into some one's room, rushed into a bedroom like a cyclone, grabbed a big bed tick in his arms, and was off again like a flash.

Just as he got back to the yard, a body flashed by his head. The woman had jumped.

Warner looked up. The window at which she had been standing was enveloped in flames.

He had been a second too late.

The girl lay quivering and unconscious at his feet. He rushed from the window to the fire house, where the officer summoned an ambulance and she was sent to Gouverneur Hospital.

Her name is Tessie Hannon, her age nineteen and she is unmarried.

When the firemen arrived the building was burning fiercely, but they got to work promptly and soon had the flames under control.

George Cusack was playing a stream of water on the fire in the rear of the house, when the stairs on the second floor, on which he was standing, gave way and he went down with the tints to the ground floor.

His companion rushed in and dragged him out, wet, gray and severely injured about the head and neck.

At first it was supposed that the fire had started in the cellar of the building.

The ground floor was divided into three stores, occupied by the Penny Provident Fund, M. R. Muller, plumber, and Wah Lung, a laundryman. They lost about \$50 each.

Cusack, the injured fireman, is forty-two years old, married, and lives at 24 East Fourth street.

BLAINE DECLINES THIS.

WON'T BE A DELEGATE AT THE CENTENNIAL INAUGURATION.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.) AUGUSTA, Me., Feb. 25.—Gen. Burleigh has received the following letter from Mr. James G. Blaine:

Washington, Feb. 25.—Dear Sir: I hereby resign my position as a member of the delegation to represent Maine at the Centennial of the inauguration of George Washington as President of the United States.

I respectfully request that you will inform me as promptly as you can the result of the selection of a man who will be certain to discharge the duties required of him and be present in New York at the appointed time. Very respectfully yours, JAMES G. BLAINE.

Gov. Burleigh has appointed ex-Gov. Connor, who has been acting Chairman of the Maine Commission.

Many Clergy at His Funeral.

St. John's Chapel, Varick street, was crowded this morning with mourners, who attended the funeral services of the Rev. William Henry Cooke, assistant pastor of Trinity Parish.

About one hundred clergymen, including nearly all the members of Trinity Parish, were present, and fifty of the clergymen took part in the services. Bishop Potter was assisted by Dr. Morgan, rector of Trinity Chapel; Dr. Swope, of Trinity Chapel, and Dr. Mulcahy.

SENSATIONAL DEVELOPMENTS IN THE SUGAR FRAUDS.

Secretary of the Treasury Said to Have Important Information.

Strange Allegations of Crookedness in a Sugar Ring.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.) WASHINGTON, Feb. 25.—The Secretary of the Treasury has been placed in possession of information of a very sensational nature.

If it is substantiated it will add another chapter to the famous New York sugar frauds which have for so long been the means of injuring the Boston refiners.

The information comes to Secretary Fairchild from a very trustworthy source.

It is believed to be reliable. The matter is now being carefully investigated.

Some time ago Dr. Leary, the chemist in charge of the New York sugar laboratory, had reason to believe that his sugar testing instruments were being tampered with.

The evident object of such interference was to cause a lower grade of sugar than was proper.

If this was done, the ring would be able to claim that Dr. Leary had followed in the footsteps of his predecessors, and that the charges of fraud in wrongful classification made against the New York refiners, had no existence in fact.

It is understood, however, that Dr. Leary discovered the crooked work before any such chief had been done, and the facts were immediately reported to the Secretary of the Treasury.

It is believed that a very crafty plot was devised to entrap Dr. Leary for two reasons: First, as already stated to vindicate the sugar ring, and secondly, because the doctor is a Irishman.

It is understood owing to the efforts of the Boston refiners that the New York sugar ring was broken up.

Ever since Dr. Leary has been in charge of the New York office he has been subjected to petty persecutions.

But this last attempt to drive him away is bolder than anything that has yet been done. It is believed that a very good chance of getting their just deserts.

Suspicion points very strongly to two or three men who were at the head and front of the conspiracy.

There seems to be evidence enough already secured to convict them.

Until the investigation is concluded the Sugar Trust is making preparations to jump.

"Stop. Don't jump. I will save you," called out the policeman frantically. The woman heard him and paused.

Warner rushed into a tenement near by, burst into some one's room, rushed into a bedroom like a cyclone, grabbed a big bed tick in his arms, and was off again like a flash.

Just as he got back to the yard, a body flashed by his head. The woman had jumped.

Warner looked up. The window at which she had been standing was enveloped in flames.

He had been a second too late.

The girl lay quivering and unconscious at his feet. He rushed from the window to the fire house, where the officer summoned an ambulance and she was sent to Gouverneur Hospital.

Her name is Tessie Hannon, her age nineteen and she is unmarried.

When the firemen arrived the building was burning fiercely, but they got to work promptly and soon had the flames under control.

George Cusack was playing a stream of water on the fire in the rear of the house, when the stairs on the second floor, on which he was standing, gave way and he went down with the tints to the ground floor.

His companion rushed in and dragged him out, wet, gray and severely injured about the head and neck.

At first it was supposed that the fire had started in the cellar of the building.

The ground floor was divided into three stores, occupied by the Penny Provident Fund, M. R. Muller, plumber, and Wah Lung, a laundryman. They lost about \$50 each.

Cusack, the injured fireman, is forty-two years old, married, and lives at 24 East Fourth street.

DOCKING TAILS HIS CRIME.

BERGH IS AFTER BANKER MORGAN FOR MUTILATING HIS HORSES.

Edwin D. Morgan, the young millionaire and banker, is liable to find himself in hot water before long, as the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is about to take him to task for docking the tails of thirty horses, which he has on his stock farm near Hempstead, L. I.

In accordance with the latest duty style, Mr. Morgan gave orders to his hostler to amputate the animals' tails, and to that end the horses were placed in a frame constructed for the purpose, which prevented them from moving.

Each horse in turn had his tail chopped short off, and a red-hot iron applied as a cauterizer to the bleeding stump. Their wounds have not yet healed, and meanwhile all visitors are excluded from the grounds.

Mr. Henry Bergh has signified his intention of taking action against Mr. Morgan on the ground that the mutilation of the horses was unwarranted and in violation of the law.

Horses with docked tails are very common on the streets, and Mr. Morgan's action is a precedent for the future.

It is believed that a very good chance of getting their just deserts.

There seems to be evidence enough already secured to convict them.

Until the investigation is concluded the Sugar Trust is making preparations to jump.

"Stop. Don't jump. I will save you," called out the policeman frantically. The woman heard him and paused.

Warner rushed into a tenement near by, burst into some one's room, rushed into a bedroom like a cyclone, grabbed a big bed tick in his arms, and was off again like a flash.

THE LOGIC OF FIGURES.

NO. OF ADVERTISEMENTS IN YESTERDAY'S WORLD... 4,433

NO. OF ADVERTISEMENTS IN YESTERDAY'S HERALD... 3,218

Draw Your Own Conclusion.

PRICE ONE CENT.

LAST EDITION.

SIBERIAN EXILE.

An American Citizen Threatened With It by Russia.

Born in the Land of the Star, but Bred Under the Stars and Stripes.