SACRIFICED MILLIONS TO WED THE MAN SHE LOVED.

Wealthy Quaker Father of Annie E. Gibbons Has Disowned Her for Marrying George Armstrong Elliott, of Wilmington, Del.

While in Europe She Wrote Home Regularly, but the Stern Old Man, Deaf to Entreaty, Never Made Reply.

MRS. ELLIOTT (NEE GIBBONS.)

GEORGE A. ELLIOTT.

WILMINGTON, Del., Aug. 9.—Miss Anne E. Gibbons, daughter of Millionaire Richard P. Gibbons, sacrificed the great fortune that would have been hers for the man she loved.

Her stern old Quaker father has disinherited her, his only child, and has vowed that he will never look upon her face again. She is the bride of George Armstrong Elliott and the Four Hundred are awaiting their home coming from Europe. They will receive a hearty welcome from everybody except the white-hatred occupant of the old-fashioned red brick homestead at 1311 Market street.

Reared under the sombre influence of the Friends' Society, her yearnings for excitement suppressed, the young woman, ten years ago, rebelled and declared that she would put aside the garb of her sect. Elliott was smitten with the fresh young Quaker maiden's charms and became her gallant on all possible occasions.

But the old Quaker father looked unfavorably upon the suit of the dashing lawyer and forbade him the house. Love, however, outwitted the stern parent and clandestine meetings were arranged.

The denouement came last June, when the demure little Quakeress capitulated and consented to a clandestine wedding.

After the marriage the couple sought a reconciliation with the father of the bride, but fruitlessly. Thereupon they departed for Europe.

Now comes the cruel announcement that Richard P. Gibbons disinherits his only child, and will never look upon her face again.

Mr. Elliott inherited $100,000 from his father. He has served as City Solicitor and is the sworn enemy of the Addicks faction of the Republican party. He is a fine cross-country rider, an ardent sportsman and is President of the Journal Publishing Company. He is forty-five, his bride thirty.

It was on June 11 that they were wedded.

Bishop Coleman was prevailed upon to unite them. At 5 o'clock Elliott, accompanied by his brother, J. C. Elliott, walked past the Gibbons homestead and turned up Fourteenth street. A few steps brought him to Bishopstead, the picturesque residence of the Bishop of Delaware.

He loitered a few moments under the trees, and was joined by Anne Gibbons and Miss Virginia Jackson, her dearest friend. The little party passed into the tiny private chapel, where the Bishop and Archdeacon George C. Hall, rector of St. John's, were awaiting them. Ten minutes later the bride had renounced her religion, her family and her father's fortune for the man of her choice.

The little party walked to the handsome residence of the Elliotts, on Delaware avenue, and a message praying for forgiveness was sent to the bride's parents. For three hours they awaited an answer. None ever came. The father had renounced his child.

Without attempting further parley, the bride and bridegroom boarded a train for New York, and the next day sailed for London. For two months they have been seeing the sights of the Old World. Each week the bride has sent a dutiful letter to the stern old millionaire, but no acknowledgment has ever been returned.

Richard Gibbons attends to his daily round of duties. He is prompt at the bank, keen at a bargain, but no man dares ask him a second time how fares the daughter of his house, for the old man is terrible in his scornful anger.

SHOT THREE AT A HOTEL

Rabiner Killed His Brother-in-Law, Shot Father and Then Himself.

Joseph Rabiner, who killed his brother-in-law, Isaac Stein, and shot his father and himself on the piazza of the Holland House, Rockaway Beach, yesterday, is dying at St. John's Hospital, Long Island City. His father, who lay in an adjoining cot, was progressing so favorably that it was announced that unless complications developed he will recover.

Although very weak, Rabiner has made a statement to the police:

"I was dying of consumption anyhow," he gasped, "and my father left me to shift for myself on $6 a week.

"It was not enough to secure for me the attendance of which I was in need, and I told him so. I told him that he and all the other members of the family were down here enjoying themselves, and that he should either increase my allowance or let me join them there.

"My father paid no attention whatever to my remonstrance. Last Friday I bought the revolver because I had fully made up my mind to commit suicide, but one thing and another made me postpone the carrying out of my intentions. I went down there yesterday to have a last talk with my father about the matter before I ended my life. When we left the hotel together he told me harshly that he would not give me another cent or as much as a pair of socks beyond the $6 a week.

"It made me so angry that I had pulled the revolver and fired before I was aware of what I was doing. I had no intention whatever of hurting my brother-in-law and I feel very sorry that I killed him. I am sorry, too, now that I shot my father. As to myself, I am perfectly satisfied to die and the shots I fired at myself are the only ones I do not regret."

The senior Rabiner, a wealthy insurance broker and real estate man, lives with his family at 317 East Seventy-ninth street. His wife and three children—Hattie, Goldie and Ralph—were at the hotel with him.

Stein, who married Miss Rabiner, was a wholesale twine and paper dealer, living at 224 East Seventy-ninth street.

Joseph Rabiner was twenty-seven years old at his last birthday and lived at 49 East Third street. He is a consumptive, and owing to a difficulty with his father had been forced to leave the family home last January. He was supplied with enough money to pay his expenses if he were frugal, but it was over a dispute in regard to this allowance that the tragedy was enacted.

Rabiner glanced at his victims and then turned the pistol on himself. He pressed it against his breast and fired, falling beside the others.

JAMES BUTLER
FINE GROCERIES.

STORES EVERYWHERE. 91 RETAIL BRANCHES.

Our output is greater than that of any other wholesale and retail grocery concern in this country, so naturally a business of such magnitude secures every advantage in the matter of quality and price—you profit by this, as an ability to buy right and sell cheaply means better groceries for less money than it is possible to obtain elsewhere. Look these prices over; it will pay you.

Lemons, fine large juicy fruit, per dozen	8c	**Catsup,** Liberty Brand, fine ripe tomato flavor, ½ pint bottle	5c	**Potatoes,** finest Long Island, per basket	10c
Root Beer Extract, Peerless Brand, per bottle	5c	**Farina,** made from finest selected wheat, per 1-lb. package	4c	**Peas,** Hubbard's Early June, sweet and tender, per can	9c
Lemonade, Eiffel Tower, makes 10 pints	9c	**Vanilla Flavoring,** Peerless Brand, triple strength, 15c. size for	9c	**Salad Dressing,** Campbell's Brand, large bottle	8c
Cocoa, W. H. Baker's Best, per can	9c	**Gelatine,** Peerless Brand, better than imported, for	8c	**TEA,** the very finest grades, all kinds, per lb	39c
Rolled Oats, Caledonian Brand, made from best white oats, per package	5c	**Olive Oil,** best imported, pint bottle	25c	**COFFEE,** highest grade of Mocha and Java, per lb	23c

The BUTLER STORES are on every important thoroughfare in New York (Boroughs of Manhattan, Brooklyn, Bronx and Richmond), Jersey City, Greenville, Bayonne, Hoboken, Union Hill, Elizabethport, Paterson, Long Island City, Astoria, Flushing, New Rochelle, White Plains, Mount Vernon, Yonkers and Tarrytown.

JAMES BUTLER

PIRATES HELD; QUEEN SAD.

Katie Griffen Missed Her Chance When Burns Boys Were Caught.

Katie Griffen, of 114 Second street, Jersey City, was to have been a pirate queen when John and Jimmy Burns, her playmates, flew the Jolly Roger over their low and rakish craft.

John was old enough to hold a job where he had an opportunity to steal $95 to fit out the expedition which was to bring him fame and fortune in tropical seas.

The disappearance of the money interested the Jersey City police and they captured the pirates bold through a letter John inadvertantly dropped. In it he had acquainted Katie with the location of the pirates' tryst.

For months past the boys have been planning a piratical expedition. They got the idea from drunken sailors' tales heard on the wharves of Jersey City.

John Burns is seventeen years old. He worked in the Jersey City office of the Lion Brewery, of New York. He was so well thought of that he was given the combination of the safe. Thousands of dollars have been at his mercy over night, but he never took a cent until the craze for becoming a pirate took hold of him.

Brother James, three years John's junior, followed him implicitly. With three other boys to act as members of the pirate crew the conspiracy was formed. The details were worked out from what the boys could glean of piratical procedure as outlined in dime novel literature, to which the Burns boys were strongly addicted.

Several weeks ago John Burns, out of his own savings, sent a boy to Savannah to look over a suitable craft. He wrote back several letters, and yesterday, with all plans completed, John and James set forth on their travels. About 12 o'clock Mr. Oscar Krieg, Jersey City agent of the Lion Brewery, dropped into Mr. Burns's saloon and inquired why John had not come to work.

Mr. Burns was not aware of the boy's absence. Then it was discovered that both boys were gone.

Searching John's room, his mother found letters from the boy in Savannah which made plain the entire plot. Bills found with the letters showed that the boys had bought an arsenal full of weapons.

Mr. Krieg returned to the saloon shortly to report the disappearance of the $95 which he had left in the safe the previous evening. His collector got $4,000 in later, but John did not know of it and overlooked it.

BATHING SUITS STOLEN.

Pinkerton detectives have been stationed at the new Parkway baths between Brighton and Coney Island to prevent the wholesale abstraction of bathing suits by patrons of the establishment. More than 200 suits have disappeared within a few days. Both men and women have walked off with the suits, hiring them to bathe in.

[illegible] Island have been heard [illegible] (three suits in their

POLLY TELLS HOW SHE CAUGHT THIEF.

POLLY HALLOWITZ, Heroine.

Polly Hallowitz was the proudest parrot in town this morning, for being a woman bird she is not insensible to flattery. It is scarcely to be wondered at that she was puffed up with pride, for since Tuesday last she has heard her praises sung night and day.

It is given to few birds to have such an exciting adventure with a burglar as that which befell Polly Hallowitz.

The chronicle sets forth that Polly met the intruder with such a stern face and bellicose attitude that he beat an inglorious retreat. His name was William Wilson. The fact that Polly swore volubly in German is not to be overlooked.

Polly lives at 326 East Eleventh street and the best is none too good for her. When an Evening World reporter informed her this morning that Mr. Wilson had been held in $2,000 bail for trial, she scratched her head and said:

"Aw! Aw! Aw!" Her intonation was one of loty condescension.

"Were you afraid when you discovered the burglar?"

"Werde you afraid when you discovered the burglar?"

"Hoelle!" answered the parrot. "Sweitzer Kase und grosser Maginnis—nisnis."

"And that was your first experience with burglars?"

"Hooray for Sulzer, noch einmal!" promptly answered the parrot. The Congressman is very popular in the district. Even the ladies lisp his name.

"Suppose the burglar made a fight, what would you have done?" Polly was asked.

"Verdamdter! Verdamdter! Ein bier! Already! Already yet! Pumpernickel! Aw! Aw!"

"You were not the least nervous, were you?"

"Du bist ein narr," said the parrot. "Fool, foolish—ish—ish. Frankfurters! Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!"

"Your mistress, Mrs. Hallowitz, was sleeping in the front room at the time, was she not?"

"Hallowitz," assented the parrot. "Hallowitz! Gehe raus!"

"What was the first thing you said to the burglar?"

"Going to Coney to-day! Rats! Donnerwetter!"

"Then he beat a retreat, did he?"

"Donnerwetter—ter—ter—wetter! Pretty Poll!"

"Do you feel proud of your achievement?"

Polly looked herself carefully over and then, looking the reporter full in the eye, frankly declared:

"Raus mit ihm—ihm—ihm—ihmiemer—Guggenheimer — eimer — eimer! Aw! Aw!"

"This is the first time you have talked for publication, is it?"

"Gehe zur Hoboken," answered the parrot. "Hoboken—ken—ken. Great Heavens, I haven't done my marketing yet, already yet."

"How does it feel to be a heroine?"

"Ice! Ice! Ice!" ingenuously replied the parrot. "Gemeiner dieb! Dieb! Oh, rats!"

HUNGRY, SHE STOLE BREAD

Hard-Hearted Driver Would Not Withdraw Charge.

Mrs. Emma Hodgkins, of 1831 Seventh avenue, stole two loaves of bread from a baker's wagon at One Hundred and Twelfth street and Seventh avenue this morning.

The driver, Walter M. Xerk, of 2165 Eighth avenue, who is employed by Cushman, called a policeman, who arrested the woman. Even then she clung desperately to the loaves.

"My husband and children are starving," she cried.

All the way to the station-house the woman clung to the bread. She told a pitiful tale.

She said she had been employed as a waitress, but lost her position. Her husband, who formerly earned good wages, has been sick several months and was unable to work.

"Besides him," she said, "I have two children at home too small to work."

The Sergeant and the policeman after hearing Mrs. Hodgkins story, suggested to the driver it would be a charitable act to allow her to go home.

"No, I won't," yelled Xerk. "She stole the bread, and if I lost it I would have to pay for it. I want her punished."

Much against his will Policeman Sullivan marched the woman to the Harlem Court. There the good-hearted policeman explained the case to Magistrate Zeller. The latter called the driver to the bench and advised him not to make a complaint. The man, however, was obstinate.

When Mrs. Hodgkins was arraigned she was crying bitterly. Magistrate Zeller was affected, and leaning forward told her to dry her tears. He listened to her story.

"For two days, Judge, I hadn't tasted food. My husband isn't work and my children are starving. I stole the bread because I wanted to take it home to my husband and children. Oh! please let me go home."

When she finished her story, all those who heard it, with the exception of the driver, were visibly affected. He, alone, was unmoved.

"Don't you think this is a case where mercy can temper justice?" Magistrate Zeller asked him.

"No, sir," was the reply. "She took the bread."

"Well," thundered the Magistrate, who, at this remark has jumped to his feet, "I think it can. I'll see your employer about it. I'll parole this unfortunate woman until to-morrow and I assure you it will take a very great amount of evidence for me to hold her."

Mrs. Hodgkins promised she would return to court to-morrow morning. Investigated, and if she is found to be worthy will endeavor to aid her and her family.

MAN DIED IN A FIT

Victim of Epilepsy Found Dead in the Bathroom of His Home.

Richard Bookharloner, thirty-five years old, a German, was found dead in the bathroom of his home, 224 East Tenth street, this morning.

Bookharloner was subject to epileptic fits, and it is thought he died in one of them.

VEILED WOMAN
WITH MYSTERY IN LIFE
SILENT IN DEATH.

MISS MOORIE E. BETH

A legal contest impending in Bridgeport, Conn., for the $35,000 estate left by the mysterious woman who died in the Polyclinic Hospital, 214 East Thirty-fourth street, and was buried yesterday in Bridgeport, whence she came to this city for treatment, may lift the veil from her past life. None of those who knew her during her latter years seems to know more than that she was "Miss Moorie E. Beth," the name she gave when admitted to the hospital and which was engraved on her coffin.

She had never told anything of her past save what might be inferred from vague hints. This habit of reticence clung to her to death's portals and prevented her from affixing her name to a will that she was urged to sign. This has led to legal complications that will doubtless result in the very disclosures she seemed to dread.

BLIGHTED IN LOVE.

By putting two and two together, Mrs. A. E. Dickerson, who keeps the boarding house in Broad street, Bridgeport, where Miss Beth lived for nineteen years, gleaned that her mysterious boarder was the daughter of a once wealthy Southern family; that she had loved a young man, but that her marriage had been thwarted by her mother; that she had left her home penniless, worked for twelve years for a bare pittance of $5 a week and finally, when her hair was grizzled, had fallen heir to a portion of her father's wealth.

"She was a strikingly handsome woman," said Mrs. Dickerson to an Evening World reporter in Bridgeport to-day. "She was tall and queenly in her bearing, her hair was black and her eyes dark and piercing. Every feature was clean cut. There was something about her we could never understand—she would never go without putting on a heavy veil.

MOTHER'S MEMORY BITTER.

"She began to learn to play the piano, but finally gave it up because she said it made her feel so lonely and blue. She was a great reader, love stories being her favorites.

"She earned only about $5 a week, but kept at her work for twelve years and never missed a day.

"One day about eight years ago she told me she was going away. When she came back she had several thousand dollars, which she said she had been twelve years getting on account of litigation.

"When she spoke of her mother, which was seldom, it was with bitterness. Her father's name she revered, and always wore a watch he had given her.

A LOVE ROMANCE.

"I think Miss Beth had loved a young man and that her mother had opposed the union.

"She once said that she had a brother in Philadelphia and she used to speak of the darkies in the old home where she was born.

"One day Miss Alice Reynolds, who worked beside Miss Beth in the corset factory, gave her a book to read. It was entitled 'Three Old Maids,' and when Miss Beth read it she was frequently seen crying.

"'Twas something that brought back the past to me, that's all," replied Miss Beth, as she raised her handkerchief to her eyes and sobbed aloud.

WOULD NOT SIGN WILL.

When she came to this city Sunday for treatment for cancer Miss Beth appeared to be thirty-eight or forty years old, but her hair was gray and her cheeks sunken.

"There was mystery about her from the very outset," said Dr. Bosher, house physician at the hospital, to an Evening World reporter. "Her manner was at all times that of a recluse—one who was trying to die with her life shrouded in secrecy.

"Mysterious as all this appeared to us, there was something still stranger about the appearance at the hospital of a man and his daughter who tried to get the patient to make a will before she died.

DIED WITH SEALED LIPS.

"In fact, at one time they even sent for a lawyer and had the will ready for her signature. And yet, at the last moment, she shook her head when the pen was handed to her to sign the will, and signed, turning her head away.

"No one was with her when she died except the physician and nurses. Her last moments of consciousness were spent in the same strange silence. Her body was consigned to the man and his daughter. She seemed fond of the young woman and called her "Hattie."

Miss Beth's visitors were Mr. Seward, of Fairfield, Conn., and his daughter, Hattie.

CAMMEYER'S SHOE STORE

Greatest of All

Summer Clearing Family Sales

Is Still in Progress

IN OUR BASEMENT.

Shoes for each member of the Family. All New, Fresh Goods. Taken from main floor to make room for incoming Fall stock. Come at once and get the best bargains ever offered.

4,000 pairs Women's Russet Kid and Russia Calf Button and Lace Shoes, Welt and Turn Soles, all sizes and widths, former prices $3, $4, $5 and $6, At $1.50 Per Pair.

2,500 Pairs Men's Russet Kid and Russia Calf Lace Shoes, Welt Soles, former prices $3 and $4, at $1.50 Per Pair.

3,000 Pairs Women's Russet and Black Kid Oxford Ties, all styles and all sizes, former price $1.50. At 75c Per Pair.

800 pairs Misses' large size Russia Calf Spring Heel Shoes, former price $3.50 and $4.00, sizes 2½ to 6, per pair.... **$1.50**

500 pairs Misses' large size Russet Kid Spring Heel Shoes, former price $2.00, sizes 2½ to 6, per pair.... **$1.00**

500 pairs Little Gents' Russia Calf Spring Heel Lace Shoes, sizes 9 to 13½, **$1.00**

We shall also place upon our bargain table 1,000 pairs of Children's and Misses' Russet Shoes, former prices from $1.25 to $2.00, to be sold at 75c. and $1.00 per pair.

This sale is not intended for retail shoe dealers, but only and exclusively for our customers.

Store Closes at 1 P. M. Saturdays During August.

ALFRED J. CAMMEYER, 6th Ave., cor. 20th St.

FOUND DEAD IN THE WOODS

Maher Was Driven Insane by Injuries Received July 4, When He Mysteriously Disappeared.

George Maher's friends found him wandering insane in the woods near Canarsie, where he has lived since he disappeared mysteriously on July 4, and he is to-day in the Flatbush Insane Asylum.

Maher was driven mad by injuries caused by a dynamite torpedo exploding in his hands on July 4. It was given him by a friend. The explosion burned out his left eye and caused excruciating pain.

Crazed, he left home and was not seen until found by the rescue party yesterday. He was yardmaster at the East New York station of the Kings County "L" road and lived with his mother at East New York.

Quick service through Sunday World Wants. If you've got all summer, don't use World Wants. If in a hurry, do.

OVER THE BRIDGE.

No One Who Has Crossed It Has Failed to Find What He Wanted.

There are two classes of people—those who want help and those who want work. They are widely separated, and one seldom comes in contact with the other. But communication is necessary, and The World has built a bridge between the two. It is called The World Want Column, and no one who has crossed it has failed to find what he wanted on the other side—within reason, of course.

If you have anything to say to the class who hire assistance or the class who sell assistance, try The World Want Bridge.