STARVED OUT THE ROBBERS.

THE STORY OF THE BOLTON ROBBER BAND OF WILDCAT MOUNTAIN.

They were Veritable Lords of the Greenwood, and Had a First-class Cave to Live In, but Were Finally Brought to Book.

NORWICH, Nov. 17.—This is a story of romantic robbers who dwelt in a cave in the wildwood, high up in the Bolton Mountains, in eastern Connecticut. They pillaged the country all about them, and had high old times in the cave. The cave robbers were seven in number, namely: James Wilson, 19 years old; Jerry McCormack, 28; Joe Quincy, 42; Jim Daly, 30; Buck McCartney, 20; Jack Feever, 21, and another outlaw whom nobody knows. They have all been captured by brave Constable Cowles of Bolton, except the robber whom nobody knows, and are behind the bars in Tolland county jail, in Tolland village.

Bolton town is the wildest and loneliest nook in Connecticut. It is in the southern part of Tolland county, which is set like a wedge in northern Connecticut, between Hartford county on the west and Windham and New London counties on the east. It is a land of great green valleys and rugged mountains, which traverse it from Massachusetts on the north to Lebanon and Colchester towns in this county on the south. In Bolton, which is half way between Willimantic and Hartford, the earth is heaved up in massive granite ridges, sweeping eastward and westward. Everybody has heard of Bolton Notch in the northern part of the town. A good many years ago the old Hartford, Providence and Fishkill Railroad now a branch of the New York and New England cleft its way with drill and blasting powder straight through these flinty hills at the Notch, a lonesome little mountain hamlet among the ridges. It sliced a deep dark cañon between seamless blue granite walls. Among the gloomy hills, a mile or so from the Notch, is the cavern of the robbers.

The story of the robbers is like a ballad of the days of Robin Hood. For many months singular robberies and other crimes have been perpetrated in almost every town in Tolland county, and there was not a clue to the culprits. The farmers in half a dozen towns were in terror on account of them. Barns were looted and burned at night, houses broken into and despoiled in the daytime while the inmates of them were away for a day's visit to friends, farming tools and poultry were stolen, and cattle were slaughtered, sometimes disembowelled, in their pastures. In Mansfield a dozen barns, many of them costly ones, were burned in six months, and once the flames of three fine barns reddened the midnight sky in that town. The marauders came and went and executed their mischief with the mysterious swiftness and apparent illusiveness of spectres. On one night a barn was burned in Mansfield and another in Coventry. The whole country was terrorized. Farmers watched their property at night with loaded shotguns and bulldogs, and by daylight their wives took turns at doing guard duty. Women were afraid to go along the lonely country roads after nightfall, and children hurried to the distant red schoolhouse among the hills casting frightened glances behind and expecting momentarily to see a bandit leap out of clumps of roadside bushes. The people of beautiful Mansfield village on a hilltop had three town meetings to take specific measures against the common foe. First they appointed a town guard of a dozen men, who patrolled all the country roads all night with guns and rifles; next the town offered $500 for the arrest of the robbers. At the third town meeting the reward was increased to $1,500, and city detectives were hired to take the field. Country sheriffs and constables toiled incessantly, but accomplished nothing. No one accomplished anything. Some one saw one of the robbers or stumbled on the trail of one. At times, when the officers of the law and the people were most active and vigilant, the campaign of outlawry was interrupted, sometimes for a few weeks. As soon as the popular excitement subsided a little, the work of robbery was resumed. Now and then the brigands penetrated as far south as towns in the northern part of this county, fifteen or twenty miles from Bolton, and last summer they slaughtered cows belonging to Salem farmers west of this city in their fields. In one instance they stole in broad daylight from a Salem man two grain cradles from a grain field, and is presumed, flung them into their wagon and whirled them away out of the county.

Not infrequently, it is inferred, they went with wagons to and from the scenes of their depredations. The teams they took from farmers at midnight, and having perpetrated their robbery left them by the roadside. The period during which they operated with such extraordinary secrecy, astounding daring and success is not less than two years and a half or three years.

Early this fall the bandits, who hitherto had confined their criminal operations to the plundering of farmers, began to vary them with occasional attacks on stores and rural Post Offices. In doing that they took the first steps in the way that ended in their exposure and arrest. Several stores in Bolton and adjoining towns were mysteriously plundered, and the robbers escaped. Their success made them bolder. On the night of Sept. 20 the store of Mrs. Rose at Quarryville, two or three miles from Bolton Notch, was entered while the woman slept on the floor above it, and a miscellaneous lot of goods, that had been put up the evening before to be sent out next morning in the peddlers' carts, was stolen. It was valued at $200. Apparently the thieves had left no trace that could betray them, and no arrest was made at the time.

Mr. Bolton is a wiry, active, middle-aged person; A. W. Cowles, constable, cool, silent, and of modest demeanor. If Mrs. Rose called to her store on the morning following its robbery, and the constable looked the place over, took mental notes of a lot of things no one else had noted, and went away without saying much. He had no clue to the robbers, he admitted, but he went to work quietly and sagaciously. Now and then he took a trip into different towns in Tolland county, sought out all sorts of odd characters, cultivated friendly relations with them, and discreetly led them into conversations bearing on the robberies in the county. He made several visits to Willimantic and was seen in familiar talk with shiftless persons, hangers-on of saloons. In some way, no one knows how, and after exhaustive investigations, he learned that there was a den of robbers in Bolton Mountains, near the top of a lofty, rugged peak, locally known as Wildcat Mountain. Then the next thing for the constable to do was to find the robbers' retreat in the intricate deflles of the desolate hill, and he began to explore the wild region. Thereafter the officer was not at home in the day much. He was prowling all day in the Willimantic and other sheep hill-sides, peering into fissures in the vast granite ridges, scrutinizing mountain paths, scouring the wooded valleys.

One day not long ago, while strolling about the wildest part of Wildcat Mountain, constable Cowles descried something curious in the woodpath a few feet ahead of him. He pounced upon it with an expression of exultation. It was a half-eaten cookie. He picked it up and examined it carefully. A semicircular piece had been bitten out of it; the print of a man's teeth were in the border of the gash. He put the cookie into his overcoat pocket and went on eagerly and hopefully. The path he was following led diagonally up the precipitous side of Wildcat Mountain. He had not gone far before he came upon another thing, a singular one in an almost untrodden wilderness, miles from human habitations. The second curious object was a whole box full of cookies lying beside his path. A little further he discovered a bag that had been buried in the brown leaves, with three forked sticks set in the sod in pyramidal shape, the forked ends meeting above the buried bag, to mark the spot. In the bag was an overcoat, in a pocket of which was a memorandum book with the name of Frank White on its title page. The constable was in high glee, and though he was all alone in the great silent wilderness, he smiled and congratulated Constable Cowles in his mind.

It was a great day for Constable Cowles. He pressed on swiftly. He had almost reached the peak of Wildcat Mountain, which impended in a jutting cap, soaring above him. He halted at the base of the cliff, precipitous and unscalable. On the ground under the overhanging rock he found a lot of trifling country grocery store articles, odds and ends that had been taken from the store of Mrs. Rose. There is a narrow shelf of rock and soil at the foot of the curving cliff where Cowles stood, which is the peak of Wildcat Mountain. A row of thick white birches curtains the base of the cliff. Cowles slipped behind this natural screen, advanced a few steps along a smooth rock floor, and found himself in a spacious recess carved out of the blue granite hill. It is a natural cave, open to the world except for the curtain of birches, the cave of the Tolland county robbers.

The constable sat down on the floor, communed with himself, exulted. In the cave, which he saw at a glance had recently been tenanted, was an almost new oil stove, with a supply of oil in it, an oil can, a stool or two, a few articles of clothing, and grocery articles, while the whole place was bestrewn with feathers of domestic fowls. Though the robbers themselves were not at home, it was evident the constable thought that they were likely to return at any moment, certainly at nightfall. So he tarried not long, but, having gathered a few articles, with which the cavern was stored, and placed them in his capacious pockets, he withdrew from the cave and slided down the mountain by another route and disappeared into the trackless woods.

Next day Cowles was on the trail of Frank White, and after a long and difficult search, lasting several days, arrested him on Friday, Nov. 4, at Chestnut Hill village, in Windham county, about twenty miles east of Bolton. He lodged him in the little antiquated Tolland village jail on the evening of that day. Frank White was frightened, immediately confessed in part, and implicated Charles Brewer of Willimantic, who is commonly called "Gobe," as being a member of the bandit band of Wild Cat Mountain. Cowles arrested Gobe next day in Willimantic, and Chief of Police Hills of that borough, having searched his boarding place and the home of Gobe's mother, recovered a lot of tobacco, packages of canned goods, spices, soap, groceries, and a pair of overalls, all of which had been stolen from Mrs. Rose of Bolton. Brewer also was locked up in Tolland jail. He broke down, made a partial confession, implicating "Cap" Maddox and Frank Cheney, both residents of Willimantic, well known young laborers there. Maddox was arrested in a saloon known as the "Stone Row." He was taken to Bolton, tried by a Justice of the Peace there one day last week, and bound over to the Tolland county Grand Jury on the charge of grand larceny. He was committed to the Tolland jail. Cheney is still at large. Among the stolen goods recovered from Frank White were a shotgun and a pair of overalls, his share of a robbery perpetrated in October in the town of Lebanon in this county.

The fact that White and Cap Maddox had been arrested was kept from the public for several days. The most important operation in Constable Cowles's campaign against the robbers was yet to be accomplished, namely, the arrest of the robber band in Wildcat Mountain Cave. Said Mr. Cowles this week: "There were seven men in the gang; I was certain of that, and I knew that they first assembled in the cave in Bolton Mountain, not far from the Notch, early last spring. The cave is very difficult of access. You have to approach it along the edge of a ledge, where to lose one's foothold is to be precipitated into a rocky gorge seventy-five feet deep. Before the robbers took quarters there I am satisfied that it had been a rendezvous for tramps for many summers. The cave is 25 feet square, from 8 to 15 feet high, and is entered through an aperture that is about the size of an ordinary house door. The doorway is completely concealed by a growth of birches.

"Here the robbers, it is needless to add, had lived sumptuously on the booty they had plundered from Tolland county farmers. They robbed granaries, chicken roosts, killed cows and cooked parts of them in the cave, stole horses from barns and fields, frightened children, intimidated women, and perpetrated burglaries until a real reign of terror possessed half the county.

"One of the gang's crimes was the robbery at midnight of the house of Deacon Hezekiah Androse at Bolton Station not long ago. There the robbers got gold and silver watches worth $250, a lot of money, and legal documents.

"To take the robbers in their almost impregnable fortress, above a frightful precipice, in the fastnesses of the mountains," added the constable, "of course was a difficult, perhaps an impossible, undertaking by a direct attack on it. Only a few men could get a footing on the narrow ledge at the front of the cavern. I decided to capture them by strategy. I knew they were ignorant of the arrest of their accomplices in Chestnut Hill and Willimantic, and had no fear that the birds would take flight, not immediately, at any rate. So I enlisted a corps of farmers, all of them stalwart, nervy men, some of them being veteran hunters, familiar with the wilderness, armed them with shotguns and revolvers, and posted them about the mountain at a time when I knew all the robbers were at home. The guards I stationed at a distance from the cave, but each man was within shooting distance of his neighbor at his right and left. There we kept guard for two days and two nights before the robbers made a break to get away, my purpose being not to attack them aggressively, but starve them into surrendering. Of course it didn't take them long to find out that they were invested, but they kept mighty shady. Not a sound was heard from them. It was dreary work enough keeping guard, but then the excitement of the situation, the momentary expectation of a grand rush on the part of the band, buoyed us up.

"Finally the robbers were literally starved out. It was about the middle of the afternoon that, according to a preconcerted compact on their part, of course, they made a desperate rush for freedom. In anticipation of the event we had massed about all our men at the beginning of the narrow ledge that leads along the crest of the precipice to the mouth of the cavern, knowing well enough that all the robbers must make their break along that path, since there was no other means of advance for them. First we heard a rustle in the neighborhood of the cave, like the hurried rush of cattle over a gravel road, and the next moment they came pellmell upon us. But they were poorly armed, and as soon as the troop came up with a few rods of us—a dirty, haggard lot they were—and saw with what force they were beset and how evidently impossible escape was, they made no further hostile demonstration, but came right down on their marrow bones and surrendered. A couple of my men were detailed to take charge of each prisoner, seven in all, and in single column we descended through the thick woods for Bolton. We landed them all safe in the temporary prison at the village, with the exception of one, the unknown robber, who broke away from his captors in a thick, brushy part of the forest, eluded leading into a copse and escaped into the remote recesses of the mountains. It is not probable that he will be retaken, unless he returns to the cave and undertakes to resume the business of a robber outlaw.

"I should say here that, on a late visit to the cave, I recovered there Deacon Andross's papers, a lot of silverware that had been stolen from the house of Mr. Black, a Tolland citizen. We recovered from the prisoners $30 worth of tobacco and stolen watches. A lot of stolen liquor in bottles was also found in the cave. All the prisoners had a preliminary hearing before a Justice, were bound over to the Superior Court for trial, and lodged in the little county jail. With the exception of the local offenders, all the robbers are unknown in Tolland county, and the presumption is that they had gathered into their organized cave gang from various parts of the country. Some of them, no doubt, were previously professional tramps. With the three or four local robbers, the band numbered ten or eleven hardy, tough, determined outlaws. How deeply the former were concerned in the depredations it is, of course, impossible to say definitely as yet. The cave robbers are taciturn and secretive, and probably intend to say nothing that will incriminate each other."

Soon after the prisoners were locked up in the Tolland jail—a frail and ramshackle structure—they made a daring attempt to break prison. In making his usual morning round in the jail the other day, Jailor Kibbe saw that the back wall of the prison, near an addition that is being made, had been partly broken. His further investigation revealed that one of the prisoners, with an old jack knife, had cut out several bricks at the back of his cell and pierced the wall. The first (inner) layer of bricks he had carefully replaced, but the interior material of the wall, which he had removed, was under the prisoner's mattresses. But for the jailor's discovery the whole band would have escaped easily on the ensuing night.

There is little limestone in Connecticut, and deep and commodious caves are rare. The den of the robbers is a seamless chamber, rough hewn by elemental forces in some convulsion of nature in a prehistoric age of the world. It is curious and wonderful in the rectangular symmetry of its architectural construction. It is a huge, solid stone sarcophagus. Its ceiling, walls, and floor are the massive pillars of the mountain.

Its floor is smooth, even rock. Its shapely doorway, with straight frame of granite, cleft in the face of the hill in a freakish mood of nature, is like the portal to a stone palace, as described by travellers in the dead city of Petra. In the stone chamber the human voice has a subterranean tone that reverberates strangely but not loudly.

In this cavern the robbers spent the day, whence they set out after nightfall on their marauding forays. They slept and ate there and drank stolen whiskey. They smoked and played cards and told stories. When they wished to overlook the world they stepped to the shelf in front of the cave, and from their lofty eyrie looked down on undulating mountain ridges, and valleys with villages and farmsteads. They were in a way to enjoy life in the free old feudal way, and evidently were men to appreciate their advantages.

Gamb er Cronin's Unlucky Can of Beer.

An agent of Gerry's society saw a sickly looking little boy come out of an Eighth avenue saloon last night carrying a can of beer. He followed the child to 307 West Thirtieth street, where John Cronin, a race-track gambler, lives.

The agent, accompanied by two policemen, went into Cronin's rooms and found the latter and his wife drinking the beer. Telling Cronin that he had violated the law by sending his boy for liquor, the agent was about to take the child away when Cronin seized a hatchet and rushed at the intruders.

The sight of a pistol calmed him. He was taken to the West Thirtieth street station. Mrs. Cronin and the boy followed. When the agent again demanded the youngster from its mother she struck the officer a stinging blow in the face. She was locked up with her husband, and the Gerry society took charge of the child.

Where Yesterday's Fires Were.

A. M.—1:50, 5 Morton street, damage $10; 4:20, 8 Clarke street, unoccupied, damage slight; 4:25, 8 Chrystie street, Max Zellerfriend, damage slight; 6:45, 182 Columbus avenue, Michael J. Dwyer, damage $25; 10:45, 635 West Forty-sixth street, John Gordon, damage trifling.

P. M.—1:50, 22 East Forty-ninth street, Mrs. Boyd, damage $25; 8:03, 40 Beach street, John McLoughlin, no damage; 7:15, 154 and 156 West Nineteenth street, George A. Flint, damage trifling; 8:35, 4 Fletcher street, E. B. Estes & Son, damage $7,000.

The Southwestern Express

of the Pennsylvania Railroad is the new solid vestibuled night train for Cincinnati and St. Louis. Its fast time and superior equipment have already established its popularity.—*adv.*

MR. CLEVELAND DIDN'T DAMN

A CHORUS OF DENIALS FROM GUESTS AT THAT DINNER.

"No Swearing and No Pledges," Says Richard Croker, and Others Say No, Too—Looks as if a Telephone Girl or Some One Else Had Imposed on Mr. Shearman.

If Sunday School Superintendent Thomas G. Shearman expected to create any great sensation among the Democrats of this town by the anecdote he told the Single Tax Club on Wednesday concerning some alleged profanity of Mr. Cleveland, he had a woful disappointment to nurse yesterday.

Mr. Shearman's anecdote was about the private dinner given at the Victoria Hotel on Sept. 8, at which Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Croker, Mr. Whitney, Mr. Dickinson, Mr. Sheehan, and Edward Murphy, Jr., alone were present. Mr. Shearman alleged he had positive information of what passed between these gentlemen at the dinner. He related that Mr. Sheehan asked Mr. Cleveland to make certain pledges as to the distribution of the offices to the machine, the suppression of the Mugwumps, and various other matters in the event of his election. In reply to this, according to Mr. Shearman's tale, Mr. Cleveland said he would be "damned" if he would give any pledges to any one, and would be "doubly damned" if he would give Mr. Sheehan the pledges asked for by him.

Mr. Shearman's eyes snapped with glee when a SUN reporter asked him for some backing for the story, in order to make it hold attention over night. At the single tax dinner Mr. Shearman contented himself by simply declaring that his story was true, and adding, after the manner of the "Arabian Nights" anecdotist, "Let us say that I was in telephonic communication with the room when the dinner was held and heard what was going on." Of course, this was fine humor, as Mr. Shearman was in Switzerland when the dinner was held.

"I haven't anything to add to THE SUN'S account of what I said last night," said Mr. Shearman yesterday. "Except, indeed, that it didn't quite give the emphasis to the remarks that Mr. Cleveland did when he uttered them. Mr. Cleveland was most deliberate and emphatic. He didn't say 'I'll be damned if I give any men any such pledges,' but 'I will be damned if I will give any men any such pledges,' etc. There was nothing careless or slipshod about either the language or the manner of the statement."

Mr. Shearman absolutely declined to say anything about the source of his information. "All I will say," he remarked, "is that the story is absolutely authentic, and I unreservedly vouch for its authenticity. I am assured of the reliability of my information, but where it comes from I won't say. But it didn't come from Mr. Cleveland.

"Oh," he continued, "there were altogether too many people around there for anyone not to know what was going on. Why don't you ask some of the gentlemen who were at the dinner about it? I said to one gentleman, 'Well, I understand you had quite a breezy time.' 'Why, yes,' he said, 'there was some rather strong language used.'"

Beyond this Mr. Shearman had nothing whatever to say. He emphasized the phrase "double damned," with, sometimes, the addition, for emphasis, "and then dug up and damned over again." Mr. Shearman wouldn't know this.

Mr. Richard Croker declined at first to discuss the matter, but he finally said:

"Mr. Shearman's statement is entirely incorrect and really not worth noticing, but I can say that his story about Mr. Cleveland's profanity is untrue. Mr. Cleveland didn't say anything of the kind. There was no friction at the dinner about anything. It was a most sociable affair. In fact, a more sociable dinner I never attended. There was no profanity used at any time during its progress. There was no swearing and there were no pledges. That is all I have to say."

Lieut.-Gov. Sheehan arrived at the Hoffman House in Albany yesterday morning. He read Mr. Shearman's story and said: "Isn't it funny? The only trouble about it is that there is not a single word of truth in it. As a guest of Mr. Cleveland at the time it would not become me to say more."

Mr. Whitney had nothing to say. His occupation as the finest all-round Fool Killer on earth was gone on election day. Mr. Whitney's friends said that he could not be expected now to attempt to continue the job. It was too almighty big an undertaking.

Thos. Nov. 17.—THE SUN correspondent saw the Hon. Edward Murphy, Jr., Chairman of the Democratic State Committee, this evening and showed him the statements published relative to the Victoria Hotel dinner, at which President-elect Cleveland was the host. After perusing it he said:

"I don't know that I care to discuss the matter, but this much you can say: No pledges were made by Mr. Cleveland, nor was he asked to make any by anybody. Such a suggest was not broached. I certainly did not hear Mr. Cleveland use the language attributed to him by Mr. Shearman."

DINED WITH MR. CLEVELAND.

Forty Guests Around Henry Villard's Table at Sherry's.

It has been repeatedly asserted since the election that Mr. Henry Villard is ambitious to step into the shoes of William Walter Phelps as Minister to Berlin. From time to time there has been mention of a dinner that Mr. Villard intended giving to Mr. Cleveland. Mr. Villard himself has not been responsible for these reports, and he has shown anxiety to keep the dinner quiet, refusing even to tell where it was to be eaten, or to mention the name of a single guest.

The dinner took place last night at Sherry's, and there were forty guests present. This large dinner was preceded a week ago by a ten, which has heretofore escaped public notice. The tea was given by Mrs. Villard to Mrs. Cleveland, and a number of other ladies present. The ices were made in the shape of a grandfather's hat, badly bruised and crushed on one side, and with a rampant ice cream rooster on top, crowing.

Last night's dinner was called for 7 o'clock. One of the big dining rooms on the third floor had been especially fitted up for it. The front part of the room was filled with huge palms and other plants. There were growing plants also around the sides and at the rear of the room. The table was oval and was hollow in the centre.

The centre was filled deep with palms, ferns, and yellow and white chrysanthemums. Yellow and white predominated in all the ornaments of the room. Around the inner edges of the table was a garland of yellow and white roses entwined with smilax, and there was a yellow and white boutonnière at every plate.

The guests were late, and it was half past 7 before they were all seated. Mr. Villard sat at the head of the table. On his right sat Mr. Cleveland and on his left Mr. William C. Whitney. Next to Mr. Cleveland sat Carl Schurz, the candidate of the *New York Times* for United States Senator to succeed Senator Hiscock. Next to him were Francis Lynde Stetson, E. Ellery Anderson, C. C. Baldwin, John E. Kennedy and Rignal R. Woodward, anti-snappers; Daniel S. Lamont, Congressman W. C. P. Breckinridge, Congressman John DeWitt Warner, Judge Morrison, director-in-chief of the Democratic National Committee, Lawrence R. Godkin of the *Evening Post*, Mr. H. G. Davis, W. L. Garrison, Dr. Joseph H. Spenser, J. Y. Solomon of the *Jewish Advocate*, Horace White, and Mr. Williams. These were on the right of the table. At the end facing Mr. Villard was Don M. Dickinson. Next to him was Calvin S. Brice, C. P. Bacon, Walter Stanton, Mr. Barber, Mr. Leon, Spencer Trask, McKay Garrison, George P. Wheeler, anti-snapper; Charles R. Miller of the *New York Times*, Mr. Andrews, William Frank Harrity, the Chairman of the Democratic National Committee; Congressman Ashbel P. Fitch, William Steinway, Grosvenor P. Lowrey, Mr. Bullet, William B. Grace, the boss of the anti-snappers; Oswald Ottendorfer of the *Staats Zeitung*, Wayne MacVeagh, and Congressman William E. Wilson of West Virginia. This was the menu, condensed:

Oysters.
Green turtle soup.
Cuenelles au jambon à la Yorkshire with Olives, celery, radishes and other relishes—Chablis Montan.
Saddle of lamb, timbale.
[Most et Chandon Cuvée Impériale, 1884.]
Terrapin.
Canvas back ducks.
[Chateau Lafitte, 1877.]
Salads, ices, cheese, fruit.
Coffee and liquors.

It was not intended—by the guests—that there should be any speeches. They had ordered their carriages for 10 o'clock. At that time the dinner was hardly over. There were calls for a speech from Mr. Cleveland, and he responded very briefly. Some four or five other informal speeches were made. It was almost midnight when the party was ready to break up.

Instead of leaving the building all at once, or in parties of half a dozen or so, the guests came out one by one. Those who had carriages drove off rapidly. Those who didn't hurried away as quickly as possible, as if fearing the reporters might ask questions. Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Stetson were among those who were without carriages. They walked up Fifth avenue to Fifty-first street, where Mr. Cleveland lives. They studied Orion, the Pleiades, and the Great Bear.

DEACON RICHARDSON SELLS OUT.

His Brooklyn Horse Car Lines Go to the Clark Syndicate for Three Millions.

Deacon William Richardson of Brooklyn, who has been known for years as a king among the street railway owners of the country, has agreed to sell out.

"I am going to retire," he said last night, "and enjoy myself like Jim Crow. You remember what he said?

"If I was President
Of these United States
I'd eat molasses and sugar
And swing upon the gates.

"An agreement has been entered into for the sale of all the stock of the Atlantic Avenue Railroad Company at $125 for each $50 share, and $250,000 has been put up by the purchasers to bind the bargain.

"The agreement was made between myself and William A. Read of Vermilye & Co. of New York, he acting for and by authority of E. W. Clark & Co. of Philadelphia and J. & W. Seligman & Co. of New York, H. B. Hollins & Co., and their associates. They agree to purchase all the 24,000 $50 shares of the stock of the company at $125 per share or for three millions and have deposited the $250,000 forfeit in the hands of Vermilye & Co. Every stockholder has the privilege of selling his holdings to them at this price and upon the terms agreed upon by filing a notice of his desire to do so on or before Dec. 15. The terms for the purchase are that one-half of the purchase price shall be paid on Dec. 16 and the remainder on Jan. 16, 1893. Upon our part we agree to sell a controlling interest in the road.

"There was a meeting of the directors this morning at 10 o'clock, and the agreement which I had signed was ratified by the directors, and every one of them signed an individual agreement to sell all of his holdings. The directors and their intimate friends and business associates hold more than a majority of the stock.

"The sale will involve an entire change in the officers and Board of Directors of the road. The purchasers are already the owners of the Buffalo City Railway, the Rochester City Railway, the Lynn and Boston Railway Company, the Philadelphia trolley lines, and the Philadelphia electric lines, and control more lines in Pittsburgh. They have no connection with the Metropolitan Traction Company, which owns the Broadway and other lines in New York city, or with the purchasers of the Reid avenue line in this city.

"The sale of a majority of the stock of the Atlantic Avenue Railway Company carries with it the ownership of about forty-two miles of track in Brooklyn, comprised in the Atlantic avenue, the Fifth avenue and Fifty-ninth street, the Bergen street line from Rochester avenue to South Ferry, the Cross-town line from the bridge through Adams street and Boerum place to Hamilton avenue ferry, the Hicks street line from the bridge to Hamilton avenue and the Butler street line, Fifth avenue and Boerum place and Adams street line, the Seventh avenue line from Ninth avenue and Twenty-fifth street to the bridge and Fulton Ferry, the Park avenue line from the bridge to Broadway and Central avenue, and the Vanderbilt avenue and Ninth avenue line.

"It carries with it also the ownership of the steam line of horse railroads operated by the Long Island Railroad Company under a lease and franchises to build various other lines, aggregating about eighteen miles, in this city. One of these is through Douglas street, East New York avenue and Liberty street to the Queen's county line. The new owners will undoubtedly adopt generally the trolley system."

Mr. Richardson has been in control of the road for twenty-five years, or since Nov. 17, 1867, when he took possession as lessee of the Brooklyn and Jamaica Railway Company's property.

SUPERINTENDENTS IN SESSION.

They Pass Resolutions Favoring Compulsory Education for Children.

YONKERS, Nov. 17.—The School Superintendents of New York State held their annual session in the high school building at Yonkers to day. They began arriving in the city last night, and a large number were present at the opening session.

The Hon. J. F. Croker, late State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and Melville Dewey, Secretary of the Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York and also Director of the State School Exhibition to the World's Fair, were among those present. The session will end to-morrow night.

At the session to-day President Andrew McMillan presided. The subject of compulsory education was discussed. The same subject was also discussed last year and finally submitted to the Legislature, but was tabled.

The following resolution was to-day passed relative to this subject:

Resolved, That the Committee on Compulsory Education be empowered to prepare a bill for a compulsory statute amended so that all children between the ages of 7 and 12 shall attend school throughout the school year, and between 12 and 14 years shall be legally employed; and also that local authorities be authorized to raise money to appoint officers and make regulations for the execution of the law.

Resolved, That the city and village superintendents of New York prepare exhibits for the World's Fair and make provision for the exhibition thereof.

WINNERS AT DUPLICATE WHIST.

Much Interest Taken in Brooklyn's Interclub Tournament.

The fourth series of games in the Interclub Whist League tournament, Brooklyn, was played this week at the houses of the Carleton, Hanover, Brooklyn, Oxford, and Union League clubs. The contests resulted as follows:

AT CARLETON CLUB.

Carleton—E. T. Baker, the Hon. N. H. Clement, Dr. Thomas White, H. Van Vleck, Captain, Robert H. Weems, general scorer, Robert J. Stewart.

Hamilton—D. G. Leggett, William B. Davenport, T. V. Sabin, Jr., Captain, William B. Kendall, general scorer, Dr. J. A. Blanchard.

Score—First round: Carleton, 107; Hamilton, 101. Second round: Carleton, 105; Hamilton, 103. Third round: Carleton, 106; Hamilton, 102. Total, Carleton, 322; Hamilton, 302.

AT BROOKLYN CLUB.

Brooklyn—The Hon. William C. De Witt, Stephen Condit, Dr. C. Talmage, A. Josephson, General scorer, E. Snediker.

Excelsior—D. Chauncey, H. B. Leckler, W. H. Clapp, S. Y. Chadwick, Captain, Dr. Wm. Wallace, Jr., General scorer, Jay Stone.

Score—First round: Brooklyn, 103; Excelsior, 105. Second round: Brooklyn, 102; Excelsior, 103. Third round: Brooklyn, 106; Excelsior, 99. Total, Brooklyn, 314; Excelsior, 310.

AT HANOVER CLUB.

Hanover—Frederick H. Evans, T. W. Weeks, A. Miller, Dr. H. J. Bahn, General scorer, Mr. Jacobs.

Lincoln—R. F. Rowe, Dr. S. Watt, J. McDermott, J. Scringeour, General scorer, Jay Stone.

Score—First round: Lincoln, 103; Hanover, 105. Second round: Lincoln 104; Hanover, 102. Third round: Lincoln, 113; Hanover, 96. Total: Lincoln, 320; Hanover, 303.

AT OXFORD CLUB.

Crescent—C. E. Biglow, F. C. Parker, E. W. Biglow, Howard Horton, General scorer, F. A. Marten.

Oxford—Dr. J. Barnes, Dr. Thomas H. R. Chester, R. G. Barclay, J. S. Johnson, General scorer, T. Hadwen.

Score—First round: Crescent 104; Oxford, 104. Second round: Crescent, 111; Oxford, 97. Third round: Crescent, 106; Oxford, 102. Total: Crescent, 321; Oxford, 303.

UNION LEAGUE CLUB.

Montauk—The Hon. Alfred C. Chapin, John M. Rider, F. L. Bassett, Dr. W. E. Stratton, General scorer, Major George Bliss.

Union League—Ethan Allen Doty, G. P. Davidson, C. A. Barrow, W. R. Robinson, General scorer, M. L. Stephens.

Score—First round: Montauk, 105; Union League, 101. Second round: Montauk, 103; Union League, 103. Third round: Montauk, 104; Union League, 101. Total, Montauk, 312; Union League, 305.

The next meeting will be on Nov. 21. The scheduled games are as follows: Hamilton vs. Hanover, at Hanover Club; Crescent vs. Brooklyn, at Crescent Club; Excelsior vs. Union League, at Excelsior Club; Montauk vs. Oxford, at Montauk Club; Lincoln vs. Carleton, at Lincoln Club. The following is the record of the clubs to date:

	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.	Points.
Crescent	3	1	.750	1,284
Excelsior	3	1	.750	1,264
Lincoln	2	2	.500	*1,356
Carleton	2	2	.500	1,325
Brooklyn	2	2	.500	1,254
Hamilton	2	2	.500	1,240
Union League	2	2	.500	*1,240
Hanover	2	2	.500	1,237
Oxford	1	3	.250	1,242
Montauk	1	3	.250	1,235

*Played an extra round to decide a tie; scores are 104 points above an average.

New York and Brooklyn Should Rule the World at Whist.

The whist players throughout the country are heart and soul with their New York and Brooklyn brethren in their attempts to successfully organize inter-club leagues, such affairs add a stimulus to the game, and the clubs of these two cities should have some local pride.

The following letter from the President of the American Whist League to the President of the Brooklyn Interclub League shows how the movement is regarded in other cities:

AMERICAN WHIST LEAGUE, MILWAUKEE, Oct. 25.

"DEAR SIR: I am under many obligations to you for the papers containing interesting articles upon the whist revival in Brooklyn. I have always wondered why New York and Brooklyn, who should lead America, and therefore the world, in this great mental amusement, should have suffered country towns to take precedence.

"But if this has been true in the past, I predict that the following in a year or two will be regarding the movement which you have begun is faithfully followed up, as I have no doubt it will be.

"The whist players of America owe you a vote of thanks for your enterprise and zeal, but I have no doubt that you will find your chief reward in the satisfaction which it must afford you to witness the remarkable success of your efforts. Wishing you God speed, believe me, Yours very truly,

"JERAS B. ELLIOTT,
"President American Whist League."

Orphan Asylum Entertainment.

A large audience attended the annual entertainment in aid of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon and evening. Members of Augustin Daly's company, Donnelly and Girard, several of Harrigan's comedians, Tony Pastor, and others contributed to the programme.

Among those present were Archbishop Corrigan, Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, Richard Croker, John D. Crimmins, and Joseph J. O'Donohue. The receipts for the afternoon and evening were computed to be $9,000.

A Sensible Woman

She's putting the washboard where it'll do some good. She has suffered with it long enough; broken her back over it, rubbed the clothes to pieces on it, wasted half her time with it.

But now she knows better. Now she's using Pearline.

There's no more hard work, no more ruinous rubbing, but there's washing that's easy and economical and safe.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE. Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, he ought *send it back.* 352 JAMES PYLE, New York.

AMUSEMENTS.

Beethoven String Quartet.

The Beethoven String Quartet, whose members are Messrs. Gustav Dannreuther, Ernst Thiele, Otto Schill, and Emil Schenck, gave the first of their winter's series of concerts last evening in Chamber Music Hall. The acoustics of this delightful little hall seem perfect. Nothing could be better adapted to show off good playing than this environment, where every quality of tone and every shade of expression is held up to the clearest light of audition. The cheerful brightness of the place lends a charm also to all that is done in it. Last night's entertainment began in the most auspicious manner with a quartet for piano, violin, viola, and 'cello, by Anton Dvorak, whose genial music at one end of the room was supplemented by his genial presence at the other, the composer occupying the most unobtrusive seat in the very last row of chairs. Such enthusiasm as greeted his composition must have been in the highest degree gratifying to Dvorak. Even those of the audience who could not perhaps fully analyze and understand the clever originality and new turns of thought in the quartet were impressed by the beauty and suavity of its broad melodies, or excited to fresh emotional fluctuations by the endless changes of rhythm and the almost prodigious and kaleidoscopic variety in form and color, which the composer has distributed over it. A great part of the excellence of the Dvorak performance must be accredited to the young pianist, Mr. Ulysse Buehler. There was a sympathy, an intelligence, and a repose about his playing that bespoke a thorough and high artistic plane, though it must not be forgotten that the piano part is a grateful task, a good investment of time and labor. Like all of Dvorak's music, the meaning is healthy, bright, and cheerful, and there is not anything morbid or of anything else commonplace.

The performance of the club was absolutely flawless throughout the concert, but enjoyment was confined to the first two numbers, for with the exception of the quartet, opus 127, Beethoven, and with all deference to his great creations, it must be acknowledged that the quartet, opus 131, is tedious and monotonous beyond endurance. As counterpoint it may be wonderful, as music the highest and noblest, but it is dull and unprofitable when one is obliged to listen to its long phrases, even when they are played with taste and precision, as was the case in their rendition by the Beethoven Quartet.

BROOKLYN'S NEW DRIVEWAY.

The Commission Hears the Views of Property Owners on the Subject.

The Commission appointed in accordance with an act passed at Albany last winter, to lay out a driveway along the old shore road overlooking the Narrows, between Bay Ridge and Fort Hamilton, met last night in Brooklyn for the purpose of hearing the views of property holders and citizens interested in the project.

According to the various plans proposed the expense of the scheme varied from $250,000 to $2,000,000 or $3,000,000. When Mayor Boody appointed the Commission he intimated that no expenditure exceeding $250,000 would meet with his approval.

William B. Hill spoke last night in behalf of the Crescent Athletic Club, which, he said, favored the proposed improvement, provided the plans were not too ambitious. It was opposed to any widening of the present road which would result in the demolition of the fine old trees.

Joseph J. White said that at a meeting of the property holders thirteen voted for a 60-foot road, and thirty-three for a road not less than 80 feet wide. He is in favor of extending the road toward the bay, though nothing should be done which would necessitate the cutting down of the trees.

Ex-Park Commissioner Lascomb, President of the King's County Wheelmen's Club, said that the road should not be constructed so as to encourage the spe