WHEELS FOR NEXT YEAR.

NEW FEATURES IN THE MANUFACTURE OF BICYCLES FOR '98.

Advent of Chainless Machine Will Bring About a Conversion to Incased Gearing—More Varieties of New Models and Mechanical Wrinkles Than for Years—Range of Prices.

A greater variety in bicycles will be offered next year than has been the case in four or five years. Less than fifteen makers have arranged at present to make a bevel gear or chainless bicycle, while all the others have been working with different ideas of how to produce and successfully market a wheel to compete with this new machine, the appearance of which has created so much talk. There are more than two hundred manufacturers who produce a well-known brand of bicycle, and will present something new, great or small, for 1898. If there was to be a bicycle show this winter similar to those which have been held in the past, it would be an exhibition of far greater diversity than any seen in recent years.

It now being understood as settled that there will be no show of national scope, bicycle riders and intending riders are likely to find the coming winter and spring a trying season for them. Heretofore they have had the rich opportunity of being able to contrast and compare under one roof the varying virtues and defects in the product of all the standard makers, not to mention "freak" machines. Without a cycle show how are they to make a satisfactory selection of a new mount from among all the different styles of wheels that will be offered in 1898, except they fall back upon their own resources as judicious shoppers?

In the heat of the show-or-no-show controversy the question of the rider's interest has come near being lost to sight, if, in fact, it has not been quite ignored. The show argument has practically hinged upon its expense and the worth of it to manufacturers and dealers. The rider has not been considered, and now that the makers have set their faces resolutely against any show, their would-be customers must go from shop to shop in order to learn what is being offered. As a substitute for the big show, a thorough canvass of the trade has been made, and a summary of its result is found to be full of information and suggestion for intending purchasers.

The appearance of the chainless wheel has spurred every manufacturer onward, and within a couple of weeks all the makers of prominence will have samples of their 1898 models on exhibition. The next thing to be noted is that through a great diversity of pattern, both in the lines of the wheels themselves and their driving mechanism, there is a pronounced tendency toward the adoption of some form of protection for the gearing. There will be several varieties of chainless wheels on the market, and probably not a few which will be classed as "freaks." All of these will have their driving mechanism inclosed, but further it is found that those makers who will put out chain wheels will almost universally adopt a gear case, and offer it either as a regular model with inclosed chain, or else will offer some kind of chain case on option at extra charge, and recommend its use. Thus the advent of the bevel gear wheel promises to accomplish a complete conversion of the American mind to the idea of encased gearing, which has for years been accepted across the ocean. There will, however, be a marked difference between the American gear case and the English type hitherto known as being unsatisfactory. This seems to mean that the gear case has had to come to America to find its perfect expression.

A wheel which will figure most prominently as a new model next year will be one with a gear case, or "inclosed chain," as some makers intend calling it. Considering that the gear case is not a new device, this situation is at first somewhat surprising. The gist of the matter lies, however, in the fact that a number of manufacturers have been at work on the improvement of gear cases, and claim to have attained perfection. The leather, celluloid, and metal cases which have been brought from England have been far from satisfactory, because of their being heavy, unsightly, and, above all, failing to thoroughly exclude dust and water. Yankee ingenuity has introduced aluminum alloys and light steel with rubber for joints, so that it seems unquestionable that the American gear case of to-day is an article far superior to its English cousin.

During the past year the American type of case has been gaining in favor through trials by century riders, military men, and other long-distance cyclists. Starting with the premise that a perfect gear case is obtainable, the advocates of inclosed chain wheels contend that it gives all the advantages claimed for bevel-gear wheels, plus those of a flexible driving mechanism.

Besides the bevel gear and the inclosed chain or gear-case models, there are several new styles of driving gear to be offered for 1898. As well as a number of plain chain wheels which will look very much like the accepted type for 1897. An Indiana manufacturer will offer a combined cog and chain gear, entirely inclosed, with a crank of variable throw. This machine will be put out in large quantities. It consists of an axle with spur teeth on the end of it, which is revolved by means of teeth on the inside of a gear ring that is continuous with the crank. Thus when the crank is on the downward thrust the rear surface of the ring is in contact with the axle cogs and gives a long leverage, while on the upward throw the ring has revolved so that it touches the axle in the rear at the end of the crank and thus shortens its return throw. An ordinary sprocket is stationary on the axle, and revolving with it moves the chain, which travels over a rear sprocket the same as in an ordinary wheel. A reduction of lost motion and the variable crank throw are the chief virtues claimed for this invention.

Another concern will come out next year with an improved chain and sprocket driving gear, not inclosed, which it is claimed will be as indifferent to the attacks of mud and dirt as any housed gear. The device will consist of an improved roller sprocket, similar in appearance, but different in detail, from one which has been on the market during this season. The sprocket has a double rim with small solid disks of steel, which each revolve on an individual axis, fixed at regular intervals. The links of the chain in passing over the sprockets engage with these rollers instead of with fixed teeth, as in the ordinary sprocket. The rotary action of these novel sprocket teeth prevents any accumulation of mud or dirt, so it is claimed, and under tests made with a dynamometer some surprising results have been obtained. By applying a brake to the rear wheel a revolving resistance was obtained, and then by shovelling sand and mud into the chain and sprocket a test of the chain pull was made. With the old form of sprocket the chain pull varied from 48 to 150 pounds, while with the same rolling resistance the pull on the chain with roller sprockets varied only from 49 to 53 pounds while the sand and mud were being added.

A manufacturer in Ohio will bring out in about two weeks a chain wheel with some entirely novel bearings, also a chain wheel with a cushion frame, and he will offer gear cases on option. About the first of the year this same maker will place on the market a chainless wheel of entirely new mechanism. It will be without bevel gear or spur gears, clutch, or friction action—a wholly original method of power transmission—although it is not claimed that it involves any new mechanical principle. In external appearance it will resemble the new bevel gear wheel, except that the box at the crank axle will be larger and of different shape, and there will be a box at the rear smaller than the one in front and different in shape from it, as well as being different from the inclosement of the bevel gear. What the internal mechanism is is not likely to become known until the maker chooses to exploit it, although it seems certain there must be a revolving driving shaft running inside the rear fork.

A peculiar driving gear will be put out by a New York manufacturer which comprises wheels with spur teeth at the crank and rear axles, with a flexible driving rod moving longitudinally between. This wheel, however, is intended to figure only in a secondary character with the chain wheel of the maker. In the line of old ideas revived, a manufacturer who is not among those in the first row has developed a driving method using a series of balls which move in a channel around the rear and crank axles in much the same elliptical fashion as a chain, one ball forcing the other and all rotating as they move.

A chainless wheel without bevel gears that has been exhibited in New York for several months past will be put out in a small way by its inventors, but may figure quite largely because of the possibility of the mechanism being attached to the ordinary bicycle frame by removing the sprockets and chain. It is what mechanics call a spur gear, having direct cogs engaging parallel from one wheel to another. There is a sprocket wheel on the crank considerably larger than the ordinary front sprocket, with its teeth cut more square, nearly rectangular. On the rear hub is a sprocket of about the ordinary size with similar teeth. Between these sprockets is one large enough to fill the space and have the teeth on its periphery engage with those on each of the others. Only the rim of the centre sprocket revolves, the major part of the sprocket being held stationary by means of bolts passing through it and the rear fork. The rim on which the teeth are cut is sliced free from the other part, leaving a space between the thin outer rim containing the teeth and the other portion of the sprocket sufficiently large to contain small ball bearings on which the rim revolves. The action of this centre sprocket can be pictured in the mind by imagining the tire of a wheel separated from the felloes or rim by a series of marbles and the tire revolving, while the rim remains stationary, the tire having on it the teeth necessary for power transmission. This entire mechanism is inclosed and it has many good points, the objections urged against it being on the theoretical ground that it involves more friction than chain transmission and is likely to be rendered inoperative when the wheel is thrown a little bit out of alignment.

A New York manufacturer has devised a wheel with an adjustable frame so that it can be adapted for a rider with any length of limb. It can be converted from a diamond frame to a drop frame and changed from a wheel having a 22-inch seat-post mast to one of 24 or 26 inches, at pleasure. In fact, the entire lines of the wheel can be altered to suit the owner's fancy. The inventor of this has also produced what he calls a revolving chain cover to be used as a substitute for a gear-case. It is made of thin rubber, moulded in the shape of a hollow square. It fits over the chain and travels around with it, being opened at the sprockets automatically by a spreader. Within the last two months a pneumatically driven wheel and one with hydraulic power have been worked out, but it is doubtful if they are put on the market in any quantity next year.

Summarizing the different styles of wheels, there will be ten, and possibly two or three more, bevel gear cycles made on the same pattern. Each of the makers of these bevel gears will also produce wheels with the ordinary chain transmission. One of them will offer an inclosed chain as a regular model, while two others will offer gear-cases as an option with extra charge. The leader in this company of ten, who is the holder of the patents for the bevel gear, will produce a chain wheel without brazings, the joints being screwed together so that any rider can dismember the frame.

Omitting all those makers of the ties previously mentioned, and considering thirty other prominent cycle builders, fourteen of them will put out a wheel with improved details of bearings and finish and will offer a gear-case on option, while nine will offer an encased chain wheel as a regular model, the difference being that the fourteen will inclose the gear only when requested to do so and will charge extra for it, while the other nine will catalogue the wheel with protected gear and charge nothing extra for the casing. Four of the thirty will offer a wheel with a cushion frame.

Brakes will be more frequently offered, which means that salesmen will be less given to talking their customer out of the "brake notion." Three of this designated lot will offer a new back-pedalling brake without extra charge, and several of them will probably offer on option any kind of brake that is practicable for their wheel. In saddles, also, the offerings will be more generous, and the more expensive saddles for which riders have previously had to pay extra, will be offered on option by a number of makers.

Wheels will be more highly finished as to nickelling, enamelling, and decorative striping. Chased silver tips on the grips will be used by a number of makers, and several will give expression to the idea of putting a sprocket on each side of the rear wheel hub, which originated with a Chicago manufacturer three years ago. This enables riders to change their gear from a lower to a higher ratio simply by taking out the rear wheel and reinserting it reversed. Crank hangers will next year be dropped still lower with relation to the rear hub, probably to an average of 2½ inches. The same size and gauge of tubing will be used, but there will be a general strengthening of fork crowns.

There will be a great deal to interest the student of bearings in next year's models. This will be not only in the way of new angles of contact, but also in some marked departures in the relative relations of cups and cones. A tendency toward the use of smaller balls and relatively more of them within larger races will be noted. The craze for large balls is believed to have overreached itself. The theory that two balls under 500 pounds of load will bear proportionately 250 pounds each, while four balls of half the size will bear only 125 pounds each, and therefore roll more freely and do less cutting on the surface of the races appears to be gaining ground.

Prices will vary from $35 to $125 in 1898. The $125, of course, is for the bevel gear wheel of the licensed maker. Quite a few makers will put out a $100 wheel. They will not make many of them, and the cataloguing of them will be done chiefly to emphasize their claim that a truly high-grade wheel cannot be made to sell for less than $100, and that they make a strictly high-grade wheel. A number of makers will catalogue their racing wheel at $100, while listing their regular road wheel at $75 and a second grade at $60 or $50. These are manufacturers who have not made more than 50 or 100 racing wheels in past seasons, and expect to make fewer next year. Altogether prices will vary greatly; the most popular price among the best known makers is likely to be $75, with a few varying it from $70 to $80, but there will also be a number of manufacturers who conceive that the popular demand is for a reliable wheel at $50, and will endeavor to meet it.

The National Horse Show.

That popular equine and society function known as the National Horse Show is again within hail and promises to be even more successful than heretofore. The coming event, which will be held at Madison Square Garden on Nov. 15 and the subsequent days of that week, will be the thirteenth annual exhibition. The total number of entries is estimated at 1,300. The promoters confidently anticipate an unusually representative muster both inside and outside the tanbark arena.

The entry list shows a large number of new exhibitors, including candidates from the South and West as well as from England. Nearly all the old exhibitors are again in line, and the total of candidates for the coveted ribbons is said to be fully 100 in excess of last year's grand array, while the quality of the horses entered is also claimed to be above the usual standard.

The thoroughbred class is light, but trotters of high quality promise to be very much in evidence. The produce prize, for which the association added $1,000, bringing together a choice lot of animals by Mambrino King, Quartermaster, Russia, and others. There is a marked increase in the number of entries for ponies in harness and under saddle, and also in the classes for harness horses. The hunter and special classes have not lost any of their attractive material, and the programme will be brimful as ever of spectacular features.

A STRANGER IN HIS BUNK.

Capt. Paulson of the Yacht Orion Finds a Sleeping Burglar.

Lawrence Paulson, the Captain of the yacht Orion, lying at the foot of Thirty-fourth street, Brooklyn, returned to his yacht at 3 o'clock yesterday morning, and found a strange man sleeping in his bunk in the cabin. The Captain summoned a policeman, who arrested the intruder. He said he was John Murray, 22 years old. He refused to tell where he lived. He had gained access to the cabin by breaking through the skylight. In his pocket was a revolver containing three blank cartridges. Murray had used a yawl boat sixteen feet long to get to the yacht. An owner is wanted for the yawl boat. Murray was locked up, charged with burglary.

John B. Ward Found Dead in His Room.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Oct. 31.—John B. Ward, a lawyer, was found dead this morning in his apartments at 173 Olive street. He had expired during the night of rheumatism of the heart. Ward was a Yale graduate. He practiced his profession but little. Some months ago he had a strange infatuation for Mme. Calvé, the operatic star, and one night created a scene in New York by attempting to obtain an interview with her.

New Officers of Williamsburg Sunday School Association.

The Eastern District Sunday School Association of Brooklyn, composed of the schools of forty-seven churches, has elected the following officers: George R. Valentine, President; S. H. Macdowell, Vice-President; Howard James, Recording Secretary; H. H. Reynolds, Corresponding Secretary, and George E. Moulton, Treasurer.

The Weather.

An area of high pressure covered the Atlantic States yesterday and made the day delightful throughout that region. An area of low pressure was central over Minnesota and created cloudy and threatening conditions with some rain from the Dakotas east to Michigan and in the central States. This disturbance is moving eastward, and at its present movement is likely to reach this section by Tuesday and make a disagreeable day.

It was generally warmer in the central States, thence eastward to the Atlantic, and colder, with freezing temperatures, in the Northwest.

In this city the day was fair; highest official temperature 51°, lowest 37°; average humidity 53 per cent.; wind southeast, average velocity 10 miles an hour; barometer corrected to read to sea level, at 8 A. M. 30.30, 3 P. M. 30.32.

The thermometer at the United States Weather Bureau registered the temperature yesterday as follows:

	1897.	1896.		1897.	1896.
9 A. M.	45°	69°	6 P. M.	50°	66°
12 M.	50°	71°	9 P. M.	50°	64°
3 P. M.	52°	70°	12 mid.	50°	60°

WASHINGTON FORECAST FOR MONDAY.

For New England, fair in the morning, showers in the evening or night; easterly to southerly winds.

For eastern New York, eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware, increasing cloudiness and rain; easterly to southerly winds.

For the District of Columbia, Maryland, and Virginia, threatening weather and rain; increasing easterly winds.

For western New York, light showers and generally cloudy weather; fresh southerly winds, shifting to easterly, and cooler.

TRIED TO KILL OCHS, TOO?

FRITZ MEYER IDENTIFIED AS CONSTANTINE STIGER.

Strong Testimony That It Was the Murderer of Policeman Smith Who Lured the Wealthy Brewer to a Hut at Ridgewood, L. I., and There Tried to Kill and Rob Him.

Fritz Meyer, as the murderer of Policeman Frederick Smith chose to call himself, will be placed on trial to-day in the criminal branch of the Supreme Court on an indictment charging him with murder in the first degree.

It will be remembered that the church burglar refused to give any information to the police in reference to his life, but stubbornly maintained that he was a common thief, who had managed to escape arrest for fifteen years, during which time he had lived by stealing, and that he had resided in Philadelphia until he arrived in New York and tried to rob the poor boxes of the Third Street Catholic Church, where he killed the policeman who tried to capture him. But Police Captain Lees and Detectives Miller and Becker of Williamsburg succeeded yesterday in having the prisoner fully identified as Constantine Stiger, a Williamsburg Anarchist, who tried to kill half a dozen persons, and probably succeeded in killing several, one of whom was George Stelz, the old bellringer of Holy Trinity Church in Williamsburg. The police believe that he strangled the old bellringer to death, and the evidence which they collected yesterday, they say, is sufficient to convict him of that murder if in any way he succeeds in escaping the electric chair for the murder of Policeman Smith.

Aside from this, Capt. Lees and his detectives learned yesterday that the murderer in the Tombs is the same man who lured Ernest Ochs, the Williamsburg brewer, to a hut in Ridgewood for the purpose of robbery and murder. It proved a hard day's work for Capt. Lees and his men, for in weaving their net about the murderer it was necessary for the police to bring twenty-seven persons to the Tombs, all of whom identified him as the man who had figured in one crime or another. Among the persons brought to the Tombs was the murderer's son, Henry Stiger, who is 19 years old. When the father and son met two detectives were hidden in cells within earshot of the murderer. The son walked up and said:

"Hello, father, I thought it was you who was locked up here under the name of Meyer."

"My God!" exclaimed the murderer, "you here, Henry? How did you find me out?"

Then in German Stiger asked his son to pretend that he did not identify him.

"Say you don't know me," he remarked, "swear it for my sake. If you don't the police will prove that I killed Stelz in the Williamsburg church. Swear you don't know me. Save your name disgrace. Say you never saw me before."

"I cannot do that," said young Stiger. "You have murder on your hands, and you might as well confess to all of your crimes. The police have your record. Mother and sister believed at the time of the Williamsburg murder that you killed Stelz, for they read in the newspapers that the bloody imprint of a hand with a finger missing was on the church wall. They knew you were in the neighborhood, and they knew you had been robbing the churches over there. It's all up with you. There's nothing left for you but to confess all."

Then the father broke down and wept.

"I cry like a child," he said. "I'm a murderer, and I feared nothing. But your face, Henry, is the face of my child. My child, whom I once loved. You, too, want to see me executed. Well, so you shall. To-morrow they put me on trial. But come here two weeks later, and I'll tell you all. As I took you in my arms when you were a little child I was then a good man. Remember this and deny that I am your father."

"I cannot," said the young man, as he turned and walked out of the cell corridor, weeping.

The detectives had witnessed the scene from their hiding places. They had heard all. But they questioned young Stiger and he repeated truthfully the story of what had happened.

The next person led in to see the murderer of Policeman Smith was Leonhardt Kober of 153 Evergreen avenue, Brooklyn. He picked the murderer out of a dozen prisoners, saying:

"This man is my brother-in-law. For trying to kill my wife and me while attempting to commit a burglary in our house he was convicted and sentenced to Sing Sing Prison for a term of six years and two months. His name is Constantine Stiger. Eleven years ago he lived at 131 Central avenue, Brooklyn. He was married in the Church of the Most Holy Trinity twenty-four years ago. That was the church where Stelz was murdered. Mrs. Stiger and her children are attendants there. They are very respectable folks. For a time Stiger worked in the breweries of Bushwick and supported his family. But he finally joined an anarchistic society and became bitterly opposed to the Catholic Church. He often threatened to blow up the churches of Williamsburg. His family feared him, for he talked of murder in a matter-of-fact way, as if it were nothing to kill a man, providing the murderer could escape with some money after doing the job. On the morning of Jan. 5, 1888, he got into our house. I was then living at 94 Harman street, Brooklyn. He broke in. My wife had just arisen and was making the fires when a woman rested on in years. Stiger believed that we had saved money and had it in the house. While my wife was getting the fire ready to cook breakfast Stiger sneaked up behind her and tried to strangle her. Then he struck her on the head with an iron bar. She screamed when he tried to strangle her. I went to her assistance just as this man here struck her on the head with the bar. He knocked her senseless. Then he turned on me and hit me with the bar and escaped. I managed to crawl out of the house and obtain assistance. My wife was taken to St. Catharine's Hospital, where for three months she lay at the point of death. Stiger believed he had killed both myself and wife, but I recovered sufficiently to tell the police his name and address. Detective Miller went to his house, on Central avenue, and placed him under arrest just as he was changing his bloody clothes preparatory to leaving the city. The detective told him he had killed my wife. He said: 'Then the only way out of this scrape is to commit suicide.' But the police kept watch over him. He was placed on trial in the Kings County Court of Sessions before the late Judge Moore, convicted and sentenced on July 13, 1888, to six years and two months in State prison. When he got out he turned up in Williamsburg again and his wife and family refused to live with him. A friend next told us that he had been seen coming out of a church in Middle Village, L. I. That church had been robbed, and people who knew Stiger informed the town constable that Stiger was the church robber. This was in June, 1893. He next turned up in Flatbush, where he robbed a church and got away. We then heard of him again, when he was arrested for another burglary in Williamsburg. This man here who calls himself Meyer is the same man—Constantine Stiger."

Moses Mayer, a dealer in dry goods at 226 Bushwick avenue, was the next man to identify the murderer of the policeman. Mr. Mayer walked up to Stiger in the cell corridor and said:

"Well, Stiger, I see you're in a tight box this time. Do you remember the night you tackled my place in Williamsburg and tried to strangle me in the cellar of my store? That was seven or eight years ago; do you remember it?"

"It was six years ago," answered the prisoner. "I didn't attempt to strangle you; I simply hit you in trying to escape."

"But you caught me by the throat and kicked me so that you ruptured me," said the dry goods man.

"Well, that was six years ago," said the murderer.

"It was Nov. 15, 1893," said Mr. Mayer. "Just about four years ago."

"I thought it was six," said the murderer coolly; "you weren't badly hurt, though, and I got the worst of it."

"I guess you did," continued the dry goods man. "I see you don't deny that you are the same old burglar."

"How can I?" answered Stiger; "the police have my picture in the Rogues' Gallery, and I guess it's all up with me now."

"Well," continued Mr. Mayer, turning to Police Captain Lees, "this is Stiger, the burglar who tried to strangle me. On Nov. 15, 1893, at 9:30 o'clock at night, I went into my cellar, at 226 Bushwick avenue, Williamsburg. I went down there to close a window that I noticed was open. I found this man Stiger there with a lighted candle and I grabbed for him. He blew out the light, caught me by the throat, and in going up the stairs to get away he kicked me. I ran into the street and yelled 'police!' Policeman Fletcher Tracey of the Bushwick avenue station ran after him and caught him after a chase of two blocks. When taken to the station and searched he had two jimmies in his pockets with a two-pound leaden slung-shot. That's so, isn't it Stiger?"

"Yes," said the prisoner, "but that's got nothing to do with the shooting of the policeman, for which crime I am here."

"It just shows the way you are going," said the dry goods man. "You were sent to Sing Sing for that and got out of prison in July last. Then you returned to Williamsburg again."

"Hello, Stiger," said George Damm of 71 Evergreen avenue, Brooklyn, as he approached the prisoner. "I saw you in Williamsburg the last time you got out of prison, in July."

"So did we," echoed a chorus of Williamsburgers who had been taken to the Tombs by Capt. Lees.

"Why, you used to work in the Budweiser brewery," said one man.

"I know I did," said the prisoner.

"And you worked with me in Huber's Williamsburg brewery," said another man.

"Everybody who ever knew me comes here to rub it in on me," remarked Stiger.

"Well," said Capt. Lees, "you worked at one time for Brewer Ernest Ochs, and you swore you would kill him after robbing him. You took that oath fifteen years ago, and you tried to fulfil it on July 28 last by luring Mr. Ochs to a lonely hut in Ridgewood. Do you remember that?"

"I want you to let me alone," said the murderer. "Ain't you satisfied with knowing I'm Stiger? What's the use in trying to rake up things which I did not do? I didn't commit that murder in the Montrose avenue church. That's one thing I didn't do, for I wasn't in Brooklyn during the month of August, and it was in August that Stolz was—was done. See; I wasn't there in August."

"Yes you were," said a man in the crowd. "The night before the murder I saw you on Ewen street, two blocks from the church."

"I saw you at the corner of Broadway and Ewen street, in Williamsburg, on the Tuesday preceding the Stelz murder," said another man. "I also saw you in Ridgewood on the day of my lodge picnic, July 25."

Mrs. Mary Waterson, who lives at Cypress avenue, Ridgewood, was the next person to identify Stiger. After getting a glimpse at the murderer's face she said to Capt. Lees:

"On July 25 this man came to my house in Ridgewood and hired the hut to which Brewer Ernest Ochs was lured. He is the man whom I described to the police at the time. He hired the little house, paying me $3 rental in advance, saying he would pay the remainder of the rent, $7, at the end of the week. With another man he brought several yards of rope to the house. He also had an iron bar there, which, as I afterward learned, was to be used on Brewer Ochs's head. On July 28 I saw this man Stiger leave the hut. He returned with the man, whom I afterward learned was Mr. Ochs, President of the Etna Brewing Company. Mr. Ochs entered the hut with this man, and a minute later came out calling for help. By the time the Town Constable got to the house this man, who had hired the place, and a companion had escaped through a rear window and started toward Brooklyn. The police searched the house and found the rope and iron bar. This man got Mr. Ochs to go the house by telling him that his (Ochs's) father-in-law had been injured and had been taken there after a railroad accident. The police learned that the men intended to strangle Mr. Ochs and take what money he had with him. This man Stiger is the man who hired the hut from me and paid me $3 on account. I never could forget that half finger of his, because I noticed it when I gave him $2 in change for a five-dollar bill which he handed me in paying the rent for the hut."

John Schadd, clerk in the Etna Brewery, identified Stiger as the man who had brought the decoy note to Mr. Ochs and who had lured the rich brewer to the Ridgewood hut for the purpose of murder and robbery, as the police believe, since the men in the hut tried to get a slip noose about the neck of the brewer after they had got him into the trap.

Other Williamsburgers identified Stiger as a man they had seen hanging about the Montrose avenue church on the night of the Stelz murder.

Stiger will be visited to-day by other Williamsburgers, who believe they can connect him with the Montrose avenue church murder.

WILD WITH HUNGER.

A Young Man Staggers Into a Troy Police Station on the Verge of Starvation.

TROY, Oct. 31.—William Clark, a good-looking young man, staggered into the Second precinct police station late last night and told Sergeant Ryan, who was at the desk, that he was dying of hunger and that he wanted shelter. Clark's face was haggard, and a strange look was in his eyes. He was taken downstairs into the lodgers' room by a policeman and told that he might remain there the rest of the night. Thomas Gilfoyle, the only other occupant of the lodgers' room, was so startled by Clark's wild appearance that he retreated to the furthest corner of the room in fright.

"I'm dying for something to eat. I have not had anything to eat in four days," moaned Clark.

Suddenly his gaze fell upon a mouldy biscuit that lay in a corner of the room. It had been thrown away by some previous lodger. Clark pounced upon it like a famished animal, but it was so hard that he was unable to bite it. He soaked the biscuit at the water faucet and then swallowed half of it. The unpalatable food caused him to fall to the floor in convulsions. When revived by Sergeant Ryan he hugged the remaining portion of the biscuit tightly and then patted it tenderly, crying all the while half deliriously.

"Bread, bread; good, nice bread."

Later he fell on the floor in a stupor, where he lay until this morning, when he was sufficiently strong to leave the station house. He told a policeman that he had been tramping about the country in search of work for several weeks. He said he was too proud to beg and had lived upon scraps that even dogs had refused to eat.

FLOATING DERRICK SINKS AT PIER.

Had 200 Tons of Stone for Cargo—Escape of the Five Persons on Board.

The floating derrick Albert sank without warning near the foot of Wall street last evening, and before the two children, the woman, and the two men aboard of her got ashore the deck was covered with water.

The derrick came into the slip adjoining the pier at about 4 o'clock, when the tide was beginning to go out, and Capt. Samson left her shortly after, with the engineer, Fred Paulson, the engineer's wife, and two children, and a deckhand, Sam Nelson, aboard getting ready for supper.

Just as they were about to sit down there was a crashing of timbers and the boat heeled up and began to settle. Paulson, realizing the situation instantly, yelled, "Jump ashore." The woman and two children hustled to the deck, and Nelson, leaping to the pier, pulled them after him. Last of all he grabbed Paulson, who was in the water by this time.

There were 200 tons of dressed building stone aboard of the derrick intended for new Broadway buildings, the Manhattan Elevated Company's at Rector street and Broadway among others.

Investigation of the derrick's sinking discovered that as the tide went out, a pile, which had been sawed off at low water, came up through the boat's bottom. She sank in less than two minutes. The boat is 160 feet long and 32 feet beam. It will cost $2,000 to raise her and repair her.

BICYCLIST EDGERLY'S INJURIES.

Both Feet and One Leg Amputated—His Companion Escaped Uninjured.

Walter E. Edgerly, who, while riding a tandem bicycle, was struck by a Long Island Railroad engine on Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, on Saturday night, went under the surgeon's knife yesterday at Seney Hospital. It was found necessary to amputate the right leg at the thigh and the left leg above the ankle. His condition is critical.

Edgerly is 30 years old, strong, and muscular. He is a clerk, and lived with his parents at 183 DeKalb avenue. He had been a member of the Brooklyn Bicycle Club and one of the famous "quad" attached to the club. He was probably one of the best known wheelmen in Brooklyn.

Edgerly's companion on the tandem at the time of the accident was Ensign Horace McFarland of the United States gunboat Helena. Ensign McFarland said yesterday that he could not account for the accident. He heard Edgerly say, "To the left," but for some reason the steering gear failed to work, and as the tandem dashed by the swinging gates of the railroad, which were down at the time, the engine struck the wheelmen. Edgerly fell under the engine and McFarland was thrown about twenty-five feet across the street, but escaped without a bruise.

Fell Dead of Heart Disease.

TROY, Oct. 31.—William Donovan, 35 years old, while walking along Fourth street opposite the Post Office this evening was seized with an attack of heart disease. He fell upon the steps of Keenan's café, where he died before aid could reach him. He was well known throughout the city.

JUST ABOUT TO LYNCH HIM.

NARROW ESCAPE OF A YOUNG MAN FOR A FAKE MURDER.

Crowd Said Lynching Was Too Good for Him and Decided to Hang Him Three Times—Strung Up by the Heels First—Then He Makes a Statement That Proves His Innocence.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Oct. 31.—John Bryant, the eighteen-year-old son of a farmer living near Slatonville, just inside the Indian territory, on the Sebastian county (Ark.) line, just escaped lynching early on Friday morning at the hands of a mob determined upon avenging a murder with which young Bryant was charged. He was accused of murdering John Edwards, Jr., for the purpose of robbery. There was reason to believe that Edwards had been dragged from his pony by two highwaymen while riding along the road, knocked senseless with a club, after which he was killed, the body robbed, and thrown into the river.

On Wednesday last Edwards sold his horse, bridle, and saddle for $35, after which he returned to John Bryant's home, near Slatonville, where he was in the habit of stopping. He collected some money there and borrowed a pony from John Bryant to ride to his father's house. He showed young Bryant $55 in gold and told him he would return to his home that night, and Bryant agreed to accompany him to Fort Smith next day. Edwards rode to his father's home, told his parents of his arrangement with Bryant, showed them his money, and started to return to Bryant's house. That was the last seen of Edwards.

Next day the pony Edwards rode was found wandering in the road, the saddle being covered with blood. In a lonely spot a short distance away there was evidence of a terrific struggle, and appearances indicated that a body had been thrown into the river.

Suspicion pointed to John Bryant, and the mob took him in charge. When confronted by the evidence against him, Bryant defied the mob to prove anything against him. The angry crowd decided to deal summarily with him. The leader mounted a stump to address the crowd.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you have seen everything for yourself. You know what's been done here. Now what shall we do with this prisoner?"

"Hang him," came the chorus.

"Gentlemen," resumed the leader, "hanging is too good for this fellow. I move that we hang him three times over."

The proposition was met with a roar of approval and Bryant was seized and first suspended by the feet, head downward. When he was let down Bryant was asked if he wanted to make a confession. Bryant protested that he had not killed Edwards. The statement was received with jeers. Bryant then told the leader that he wanted to make a statement and he was allowed to do so.

"Gentlemen," Bryant began, "I never killed John Edwards."

There was a chorus of groans and cat-calls.

"Gentlemen," yelled Bryant, "John Edwards ain't dead. He run away."

Bryant then declared that Edwards was under bond to appear at court and that the two young men had pretended to kill another man in order that Edwards might disappear and his bondsmen be released from liability.

"Where did all that blood come from then?" demanded the leader. Bryant declared that a beef had supplied the blood. He led the crowd into the brush and there lay the dead animal, just as he had described it. Bryant was released. Edwards's bondsmen will have to pay the bond forfeited by the man they thought was murdered.

SHOT WHILE SKYLARKING.

Stansbury Said His Revolver Wasn't Loaded, So His Friend Fired at Him.

ELIZABETH, N. J., Oct. 31.—As the result of accidental shooting at Linden, near this city, this afternoon, William H. Stansbury is in the General Hospital here, and Robert Langdon, who did the shooting, is in the county jail, committed to await the result of Stansbury's injuries. According to the story told here, Langdon and Stansbury with several acquaintances visited a saloon in a thinly settled part of the town. During the afternoon some athletic contests took place, including a wrestling bout between Stansbury and Langdon. While wrestling Langdon pulled a revolver from the hip pocket of Stansbury's trousers. Backing away from Stansbury he levelled the weapon and said he guessed he would shoot.

"All right, go ahead," answered Stansbury, "it is not loaded."

Langdon pulled the trigger and there was an explosion. A bullet was sent into Stansbury's neck. The injured man fell unconscious, and at first it was thought he had been killed. He is conscious to-night, and there are hopes of his recovery.

Langdon gave himself up to the police and was taken to jail.

POST OFFICE SAFE BLOWN OPEN.

The Explosion Supposed to Be the Firing of a Cannon Near By.

SOMERVILLE, N. J., Oct. 31.—The Post Office in Raritan, one mile from here, was robbed last night. It is in the Cain building, in the heart of the town. The big safe was blown open with dynamite. The explosion awakened the inmates of the building, some of whom live directly over the Post Office. They believed that Hallowe'en merrymakers were firing a cannon in the street and gave the matter little attention.

The robbers took packages of registered letters, stamps, valuable papers, and a small sum of money. All the mail matter in the private letter boxes was removed and carried away in sacks. The thieves carried off this booty with the aid of a fast road horse and a wagon which they stole from the stables of Morgan Long, near the Post Office. The horse was found to-night tied under a shed at Bound Brook. Postmaster Hickey cannot estimate the loss.

Death of the Last Shawnee Chief.

WICHITA, Kan., Oct. 31.—Charles Bluejacket, the last Shawnee chief, died last night in the Indian Territory, aged 80 years. He made a pilgrimage a short time ago to the grave of the noted Shawnee, Chief Laulewasikaw, the prophet, and contracted a fatal illness. He ruled his people well, and his death has thrown the whole tribe into deepest mourning. He was born in Michigan in 1816. His boyhood was spent in Ohio. He brought his tribe from Indiana to Kansas in 1826. His widow and ten of his twenty-three children survive.

Oklahoma's Winter Wheat.

PERRY, Okla., Oct. 31.—The winter acreage in wheat is nearly double that of last year. At this time it is certain that the Territory has produced 25,000,000 bushels this year, and if the yield per acre next year equals that of this year, the crop will reach 50,000,000. Nearly 200,000 acres have been sown in Noble county alone and the wheat sowing was finished two weeks ago. Kay county, adjoining Noble on the north, raised nearly 5,000,000 bushels this year. It is said to be the greatest wheat county in the United States.

Sousa's Sunday Concert.

Sousa's Band gave a concert at the Metropolitan Opera House last night before a large audience. The programme included numbers by many well-known composers, but none were so much applauded as Mr. Sousa's own marches.

DISAPPOINTED AN AUDIENCE.

The Red Band of San Severo Wouldn't Play at the Metropolitan Yesterday.

The Red Band of San Severo did not play at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. A good-sized audience was in the theatre, and shortly after 8 o'clock, when neither Sig. Sorrentino nor his musicians had arrived, Max Hirsch, leading Carl Rosenfeld, stepped on the stage and announced that there would be no concert, owing to a disagreement between the band and its managers, the Messrs. Rosenfeld. Then Mr. Hirsch went around to the box office and added several more gray hairs to his premature supply in the effort to see that the audience got its money back. This proceeding lasted several hours, and it was after 10 o'clock before the audience had been dismissed.

The refusal of the band to play was the result of a series of disagreements which began the day after the Italians made their first appearance here. They demanded more pay, and it was said that they had finally been able to come to an understanding with the Rosenfelds. This continued for awhile, but last week there was more trouble, which reached its culmination late yesterday afternoon. Sig. Sorrentino, while the audience was getting its money back, was at the Normandie Hotel across the street, and his lawyer, A. P. Astarita gave this account of the trouble:

"When the band arrived here," he said, "every man was to receive $2 a day. Out of this 20 cents was taken to pay for $1,200 advanced by Mr. Rosenfeld before the men left San Severo, and also an amount was deducted to pay for their new uniforms. They had been told that board could be had for 40 cents a day. Instead of that, the cheapest to be found cost $1 a day. With these deductions from their pay and the expense of living, only 20 cents a day was left to each man. Mr. Rosenfeld saw that this was outrageous. He had been paying under the old contract $142 a day for the band.

"He volunteered to increase that to $175, which gave to every man 60 cents more. It was agreed last week that a new contract should be drawn up. It was to have been signed on Saturday, but we found that it contained a clause giving the Rosenfelds permission to cancel the contract at one week's notice. It also said that the men need not be paid if concerts were not given. In addition to that they are required to play twice a day, and that is too much. They are not able to play so frequently and they were assured by Mr. Rosenfeld abroad that only twice a week would afternoon performances be given. Instead of that, they are compelled to play in one town in the afternoon and in another at night.

"The men refused to play last night because they were not assured that the one week's notice clause would be omitted. Signor Sorrentino says that he was perfectly willing to play, but could not persuade his musicians to. The original contract, which was drawn up in Italy, was signed by Signor Sorrentino and not by the men of the band, and they cannot be held under it. What will be done is not yet known."

Carl Rosenfeld said that the failure of the band to give the conc