BLACK HILLS RAILROAD WAR.

BURLINGTON-NORTHWESTERN CONTEST COSTING MILLIONS.

Lead City and the Homestake Mine the Objective of Two Broad-Gauge Lines Now Under Construction—Black Hills People Reaping the Benefit of the Millions Spent in This Bitter Rivalry.

DEADWOOD, S. D., Oct. 5.—That the ancient warfare in Nebraska between the Chicago and Northwestern system on the one hand and the Burlington system on the other has abated none of its fierceness is being plentifully demonstrated in these days to the students of railroad development in the Black Hills. The two railroads are fighting now for the priority of entrance into Lead City with broad-gauge lines. Both systems have had for some years ample facilities over narrow-gauge branches for doing all the railroad business that Lead seemed to demand. But since Aug. 15 the two systems have jumped out of their apparent neutrality and there is now in progress the construction of about twenty miles of broad-gauge track that will cost in the aggregate about two and a half millions of dollars. The fight on both sides is being pushed with all the energy and ferocity which have characterized the antagonistic operations of President Marvin Hughitt of the Northwestern and Manager George Holdredge of the Burlington since they first crossed purposes in Nebraska years and years ago.

Mr. Hughitt is an enthusiast aobut the Black Hills. It will be remembered that Mr. Hughitt is not noted for his spontaneous expressions of enthusiasm. His most bitter antagonist has never accused him of being of the sort who slop over. He said of the Black Hills at a New York banquet a year or so ago that he thought them the "richest hundred miles square in the United States." There were folks in the Northwest as well as in the East who thought then that for once Mr. Hughitt had become a victim of enthusiasm. But as the years and months have gone by they have realized that he was nearer right in his estimate of the value of the Black Hills' resources than the scoffers. The dividends paid by the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Railroad, the thousand-mile trail of broad gauge track which taps the Black Hills for the Northwestern system, have been eloquent confirmation of the general justice of Mr. Hughitt's estimate.

When the Elkhorn was built Deadwood was the only really important settlemen in the hills. The road ran along the foothills on the eastern side of the mountains to Whitewood, and then by a switchback and a sharp upgrade entered Deadwood. Later shrewd dwellers in the hills encouraged Mr. Hughitt to extend the line from Whitewood to Belle Fourche to tap the last of the cattle ranges. Belle Fourche is now about the most important cattle shipping point in the Northwest.

Meantime, the Burlington folks started from down in Nebraska for Deadwood. They struck into the hills on the southern side and came right in over the mountains. Speaking roughly, they may be said to have followed the old stage road by which Deadwood gold was shipped out into the world in the bonanza days when the Black Hills folks worried more about Indians and road agents than they did about railroad lines. The Burlington road cost a lot more than did the Elkhorn. Where the Elkhorn slid over the low foothills, its adversary followed a snaky path along the mountains taking grades and curves that made Eastern engineers who saw the right of way before the road was built gasp in dubious astonishment. Once in Deadwood the Burlington was on a fair competing basis with the Elkhorn as far as public facilities went. Only the insiders know what disparity there actually was between the cost of operating the one and the other.

Mr. Holdredge felt pretty fine when he had caught up with Mr. Hughitt at Deadwood and was encouraged to build a spur at Englewood to Spearfish. Through no fault of the Burlington manager that spur has turned out to be of small value except for the purpose of exhibiting scenery to Eastern mine investors. If the Boston folks who promised to build a great smelter at Spearfish had kept their word there would have been another story to tell, but as matters stand to-day the Spearfish spur hardly pays for the axle grease that is used on its cars. Its grade is so severe that two loaded ore cars make a train.

With the development of Lead City, however, the situation broadened. Of all the mines that are being worked for gold within thirty miles of Deadwood none has been so great as the Homestake at Lead. The Homestake is to-day the biggest gold mine in the world. It is bigger than the biggest mines of Alaska and South Africa. It is perfectly safe to talk about the Homestake in these terms without incurring suspicion that somebody is trying to hoem the stock of the mine—there is no stock on the market. There is more ore in sight down under the Homestake's many claims than can be dug out in a hundred years at the company's present rate of work.

The profits to the mine's principal owners, Mrs. Phebe Hearst, J. B. Haggin and one or two others, amount to about $4,000,000 a year. The Homestake plant is in the middle of Lead City, which is in a gulch between three mountain peaks. It is about three miles from Deadwood and 1,000 feet higher. Recently the Homestake people cut a tunnel, running from their principal digging in Lead City right through the mountain, to the west. It came out near Terraville, about two miles away. The tunnel was cut through solid free-milling ore that assays $4 a ton. The Homestake has stamp mills with 800 stamps which run days, nights and Sundays, Christmas, Fourth of July and all. It may, therefore, be easily understood why Lead has passed the other Black Hills towns in recent development.

Long before the real richness of the Homestake mine became known, and when its stock was being sold for fewer cents than dollars are offered for it to-day, the rival railroads realized the importance of going to Lead. They were a little slow about putting their schemes into operation, however, and so Senator Hearst and Mr. Haggin built their own railroad. It was a narrow-gauge line and it ran from about the highest point in Lead City down to Piedmont on the Elkhorn. It was called the Black Hills and Fort Pierre Railroad. Perhaps some of the legislators who granted its charter had a notion that the Homestake people really meant to extend the railroad from Piedmont over the prairies to Pierre, but nobody in the Black Hills was impressed with that expectation. Incidentally, it is rumored that the charter for the unconstructed part of this road is still in existence, and with the phenomenal development of the Black Hills resources it will surprise no one out here to learn that rails are being laid from Pierre to Rapid City or Piedmont under that almost forgotten license. And this only goes to show that it is not likely that the present battle is to be the last in which the Elkhorn and Burlington are to be involved.

The Black Hills and Fort Pierre line gave an easy connection between the Elkhorn line and Lead city. The Narrow Gauge was plentifully able to take care of all the business that Lead had to do with the outside world. But the Burlington, of course, had to have an entrance to Lead. The Deadwood Central was built. It was also a narrow guage and it ran from the B. & M. station in Deadwood to the lower border of Lead City. Thus both railroads were in Deadwood with ample narrow gauge connections with Lead and the Homestake property. The war, so everybody thought, was over. The Elkhorn folks seemed to feel secure in their virtual control of the Piedmont narrow gauge. True, it was not theirs, but the Homestake had built it to connect with the Elkhorn and it was of no apparent use to anybody else. "Why buy a thing that nobody else can use?" was their apparent reasoning.

The Elkhorn tunnel turned its attention to Central City, a small settlement up Deadwood Gulch in which were many small stamp mills in the days before the Homestake got possession of the water rights in the vicinity. From Central City the Elk-Horn went on with narrow gauge extensions which run all through the mountain tops in mazes that are perfectly inexplicable to the understanding of a tenderfoot railroad mind. The B. & M., using the charter of the Deadwood Central, also went mine hunting and as matters stand now there is hardly a mine or a prospect hole in the mineral belt of the Hills that has not a narrow gauge track within comparatively easy access.

The faith on which these zig-zag steel trails were built has been justified within a few years—one might almost say months—by the application of the cyanide process to the gold ores which are not free milling. Within six months, for instance, the Dakota Mining and Milling Company at Portland has found that the cyanide process can be profitably applied to its Gunnison ores, which had laid neglected for twenty years; and lo! both the B. & M. and the Elkhorn tracks pass within a hundred feet of the mouth of the mine.

The general prosperity of which this was an isolated instance seemed to promise an area of the utmost good feeling. There were even rumors among the optimistic that the B. & M. and the Elkhorn were going to enter a "community of interest" agreement and swear off pursuing one another among the gulches and the cliffs. These roseate views dissolved with startling suddenness on Aug. 15. It was announced that the Burlington had bought the Black Hills and St. Pierre narrow gauge from Piedmont to Deadwood from the Homestake mining people for a consideration understood to be a large part of $1,000,000. The Elkhorn was then absolutely cut off frym Lead.

Men in the confidence of the Burlington managers gleefully whispered that the Burlington was going to pull up the tracks of the B. H. & St. P. for two miles out of Piedmont, to make the separation physical as well as sentimental. Then the plan was changed and it was announced that the rates from Piedmont to Lead City (a distance of twenty miles more or less) were to be made so high to be prohibitive for Elkhorn traffic. As a slight indication of what the Elkhorn might expect the time tables of the trains out of Piedmont were altered so that passengers and mail coming for Lead from points on the Elkhorn were delayed from six to twelve hours. The Burlington folks said with great suavity that they were sorry to seem to discommode the patrons of the Elkhorn thus, but that their own broad guage road into Deadwood crossed the B. H. & St. P. near Englewood and they were bound to make connections for their own passengers rather than for those approaching by another route.

As was to have been expected, the Elkhorn management, from Mr. Hughitt down, did not regard these proceedings with equanimity. There was quick thought and action almost as quick. The first thing done was to put on a free stage passenger and mail line from Deadwood to Lead. The Post Office authorities at Washington were persuaded to authorize the routing of the Lead mails by way of Deadwood, instead of through Piedmont. Nowadays the arrival of the Elkhorn trains in Deadwood is announced by the departure of a series of hacks, which go galloping up Whitewood Gulch to Lead, carrying free passengers and successfully keeping up with the Deadwood Central train, plugging up along its 8 per cent. grade.

Of course this sort of competition is expensive. But, even more, it is humiliating. It was therefore, expected by the admirers of the Northwestern system that something new might happen. These expectations were fully justified. By the first of September, within a fortnight of the snatching out from under the Elkhorn's nose of the B. H. & St. P., surveyors and linemen and axemen and chainmen made their appearance on the mountain sides between Central City and Lead. It soon leaked out that the Elkhorn had bought a right of way from the Central City to Lead at a cost of about $250,000. And such a right of way! The dotted lines on the accompanying map is not intended to be topographically accurate; it is merely representative of the general tendency of the engineering of the undertaking. So far as can be understood from the work of the surveyors and the contractors which have already been let the Elkhorn is going to run a broad guage extension from Central City to Lead.

The gulch at Central City is so narrow that a broad gauge train coming from Deadwood cannot be turned in the width of the cañon. The trains will run into Central City and then will back out across a trestle and go hind end foremost, around the spurs of the mountain side to Lead. The actual length of the track from Central to Lead will be about five miles or about twice the distance between the two towns as the crow flies. No attempt has been made to illustrate the contour of the country in the map. It is enough to say that the walls of every creek and riverlet gulch rise almost perpendicularly and that when the track leaves the bed of Deadwood Creek at Central City it will be carried over obstacles that almost defy the efforts of the hardiest of mountain climbers to-day.

The new line will enter Lead over the tops of the hills which the Hometsake's tunnel penetrates and will cross into the middle of the growing little city on a trestle from which Mr. Hughitt's engine men may, if they wish, chuck coal and odium down upon Mr. Holdredge's Deadwood central station. The public estimate of the cost of this Central City-Lead City extension is $1,250,000, exclusive of the price already paid for the right of way. And when it is remembered that as the crow flies the distance from Deadwood to Lead is but three miles, it can be understood that it is not to be spoken of as a trivial undertaking.

With a broad gauge Elkhorn line into Lead City, the Burlington with its old narrow gauge and its newly-acquired narrow gauge would not cut a particularly formidable figure. So the Burlington is going to have a broad gauge road into Lead, too. It will run over the B. H. & St. P. right of way from the crossing near Englewood to the B. H. & St. P. station on Lead City heights. It will not be as expensive to build as the Elkhorn extension because it will run over a path already partly prepared. But broad gauge tracks cannot follow narrow gauge grades and curves, and the B. & M. engineers have almost as much figuring to do as is being done on the other side of the mountain. The estimated figures as to final cost of the B. & M. broad gauge extension into Lead City (including the original cost of the B. H. & St. P.) just about reach the million-dollar mark.

To summarize then, the Black Hills are to have the benefit of the expenditure of about two and a half million dollars by the two railroads. Lead City is swelled with pride. Even Deadwood has forgotten the spirit of rivalry with its younger sister to join in the general rejoicing. Whether the rejoicing will extend to the lessees of the Burlington lines, who have guaranteed 8 per cent. dividends on its stock, is another matter. But the Black Hills smile up at the azure skies of autumn and are content.

MARY AND FRIEND TAKE A SHINE.

Also Please a Crowd at the Post Office—Demonstration in Stripes.

Prof. Tony, who fills and also attends on the chair of bootblacking on the south side of the Post Office Building, was considerably embarrassed by the introduction of coeducation to his classes on Saturday evening. Two nicely dressed young women stopped in front of his stand about 5 o'clock. One of them climbed into the chair and placed her foot on the rest.

"Shine," she said sweetly.

Tony dropped on his knees and took up the whiskbroom with which he brushes the bottoms of his customers' trousers. Then he hesitated and meditatively scratched his head. The young woman tapped her foot impatiently on the rest. That settled it. Tony put down the whiskbroom and started in to shine.

The sight of a woman in a bootblack's stand is so unusual in the lower part of town that the professor had hardly applied the preliminary coat to the first shoe before a large and critical crowd of spectators had gathered on the sidewalk.

"Say, it must take all kinds er time ter lace dem," commented a citizen whose shoes were the sort with elastic sections running up the sides. "Dey don't have no hooks at all. Dey've nuttin' but eyeholes all de way up."

"The stripes seem to run up and down this year," an over-dressed youth remarked to the man next to him. "I've seen some that run round, though."

"Aw, wa'cher givin' us?" replied his neighbor. "Run around yerself. Dem shoes ain't got no stripes."

"I wasn't talkin' of shoes," said the over-dressed man contemptuously.

By the time the professor had transferred his talented attention to the second shoe the clerks in the Post Office became aware that there was something doing outside. The door near Tony's stand was open and by looking from one of the mailing windows a fair view of the performance could be obtained. The clerks were not slow to take advantage.

The young woman in the chair evidently had not bargained for the crowd and she soon began to bite her lip and blush. When at last the professor politely indicated with a wave of his hand that her sitting was at an end she seemed greatly relieved. She quickly dropped a dime in his hand and told her friend that she was ready to start.

"But, Mary," protested the one who had been waiting, "I wanted to get my shoes done, too. And it surely won't make it any worse by waiting a few minutes longer."

"Why, it won't make it a bit worse," came from the crowd. "It will make it even better."

"Please wait, Mary." "Don't be mean."

Mary blushed in three or four shades, hesitated a moment and was lost. Her friend was already in the chair, and her shoes were undergoing the professor's skilful treatment.

"There, what did I tell you?" broke forth the over-dressed youth, triumphantly. "Some stripes do run round."

The performance held the spectators' attention to the end. Then, when it was over and the two young women were about to leave, Mary suddenly caught sight of the peeping Post Office clerks.

"Rubber, rubber, rubber!" she cried angrily, rushing toward the window. "Do, now! Rubber, rubber, rubber! Do you hear me?"

The clerks had heard, and they quickly found business in other parts of the office. Prof. Tony put up his brushes, the crowd melted away, and the two young women started for Brooklyn—with their shoes shined.

NEEDS OF THE PHILIPPINES.

Prof Haupt of Johns Hopkins on the Exclusion of the Friars.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 6.—Prof. Paul Haupt, head of the new Philippine department at the Johns Hopkins University, is outspoken in his suggestions for reforms on the islands. He said to-day:

"I do not believe that there will ever be peace in the islands unless the friars, in accordance with the enactments of the Council of Trent, are excluded from parochial incumbencies and prohibited from holding benefices. There are a sufficient number of secular clergymen, and the native Catholic priests should be excluded as much as possible. Nor should the parish priests be ex-officio inspectors of primary schools. English instead of Spanish should be taught, and chairs of English and of American Constitutional history in the Dominican University of St. Thomas in Manila are all-important.

"Roman Catholicism is the form of Christianity most successful in proselytizing uncivilized races. You must appeal more to the eyes than to the understanding. Therefore, Protestant missionaries had better be kept out for some time. A knowledge of different Christian doctrines will only lead the natives to immeasurable bewilderment. Ecclesiastical preponderance, however, should be stopped, especially the oppression of native tenants at the hands of ecclesiastical landowners.

"It would be exceedingly unwise to start unnecessary reforms solely for the benefit of the natives. They are indifferent about them. In the beginning, it would perhaps be better to let slavery and polygamy and natives alone."

Prof. Hault declares that it is all important for the Smithsonian Institution to extend its work in the islands.

"Our excellent bureau of ethnology," said he, "should extend its work in the islands and make provision for a number of American Orientalists, who have some training in Malay, Sanskrit, Arabic and in Mohammedan law, and to study the languages and the customs of the natives in our new Oriental possessions. The presence of a scholar familiar with native prejudices may often prevent a great deal of mischief at comparatively little cost."

GIRL TO RUN WHEELBARROW.

And Wheel Her Girl Friend Because the Shamrock II. Lost.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., Oct. 6.—Six young women of this town are to take part in a wheelbarrow ride some night this week, as a result of the recent yacht race. Annie Fink and Fannie Kahn are the leaders of the event, it having been agreed between them that if Shamrock won Miss Fink should wheel Miss Kahn from Orange street to Bloomfield Centre and return, and Miss Kahn should perform the same service for Miss Fink if Columbia won.

Miss Kahn is to carry out her agreement some time this week. The wheelbarrow is to be decorated with the Stars and Stripes and the shamrock. Alongside of the victor, carrying flags, will be Lillian Monk, Marietta Huether, Annie Youth and Martha Coyle, who were the witnesses to the agreement.

MALARIAL FEVER UPTOWN.

It Is Very Prevalent, and the Symptoms Are Unusual in Character.

The physicians of The Bronx, Bedford Park and Westchester say that a great many persons in these districts are suffering from a malignant form of malarial fever. Its attack is followed by dysentery and complete exhaustion. Several deaths have resulted in the last few days. Dr. J. G. Simmons of Westchester says that he has had more than 100 cases in the last week, and that the symptoms are unlike anything he has seen before. The disease will not yield to the treatment usually prescribed for it. The supply of water for these districts comes from Westchester and Kensico, and at present it has a decidedly coppery taste.

STRONG-ARM MEN AT WORK.

THEIR FIELD IS THE BROOKLYN END OF THE BRIDGE.

Complaint of One Victim Who Was Knocked Down and Robbed Ignored—The Police of Brooklyn Apparently Negligent of the Safety of Night Travellers.

That most dangerous article in the hands of a criminal, a piece of lead pipe, is coming into use again, and during the past two or three weeks nearly a dozen men have been robbed on the streets of Brooklyn, apparently by thieves from this borough, after being felled with this brutal weapon. A few cases of the kind have already crept into the columns of the newspapers, despite the attempts of the police to keep them from becoming public property, but for every one that is brought to the attention of the public in this way, there are three which are kept under cover, owing to the efforts of the police.

The public can get the facts by applying at the Adams street station house, Brooklyn. If a willing sergeant be on duty there, for each case is recorded in the station house book, although as little mention is made of the contents of this book as possible. Of course, it isn't only in the precinct ruled from the Adams street station that crimes of this kind are being committed, but that station house gets most of the cases, for it controls all the territory near the Brooklyn end of the Bridge, and careful investigation has shown beyond a doubt that most of the criminals go over from this borough on the same cars with their victims and rob them at the first favorable opportunity on the Brooklyn side.

Everybody who reads the papers knows that last week Albert I. Mann, an elevated railroad ticket agent, was knocked unconscious by a weapon, undoubtedly a lead pipe, at Flatbush avenue and Fulton street, Brooklyn, and that a few days before a bookmaker named Delaney was similarly treated not a great distance from the same corner. Both of these men were assaulted and robbed at points where only thieves absolutely secure in their act would dare to do such a thing. Not anywhere in Brooklyn is there a more frequented corner than the one where Mann was knocked out. It is the junction of three streets, and there are always people in the neighborhood. Not twenty yards away from where the crime was committed a switchman in the employ of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company sits all night on duty. In these cases the victims are still in too bad condition to tell very much of what happened to them. All they know is that they were struck from behind, that they fell and that before they got their senses again their assailants had departed with every portable article of value they had on their persons.

The week before last a typical case was reported to the police of the Adams street station. It went down on that mysterious book already mentioned, and there it is yet, for in this case the police have accomplished absolutely nothing, and the victim has grave doubts that they ever tried to do anything for him. The man in this case must be nameless, but as the case is a matter of record in the Adams street police station the police there can give it out if they want to. The week before last this man dined well downtown, and at 11 o'clock started across the Bridge on a Fulton street trolley car. He was feeling pretty good, he admits, but his dinner had not been so good that it had effected his equilibrium or the processes of his brain. He decided to go to the Turkish baths on Clinton street, which are just a short half block from the corner of Fulton street, where he left the car. He had $85 in bills in his trousers pocket, $250 in bills in the inside pocket of his waistcoat, a watch and chain and several other small pieces of jewelry. Now, if a man can't feel safe from attack on Clinton street, Brooklyn, at 11.15 o'clock—it was about that time—when his destination is not a minute and a half from where he left the street car, he cannot feel safe any where. There is an all-night drug store on one corner, a bank which employs an all-night watchman at another corner, and the baths, which are always open, just ahead. On the other side of the street is the Crescent Athletic Club, which is open until 1 A. M., the members of which go up and down this street at all times of the day and night.

The man in question had not taken twenty steps along Clinton street when he was hit on the left side of the head, just across the temple, with a piece of lead pipe. He wasn't knocked out entirely, but he reeled and as he did so he heard a voice say:

"Soak him again, Rufe."

Rufe soaked, but this time with his fist. The blow struck the victim on the left side of the jaw and he fell at once. A heavy body jumped on top of him, and as his senses departed he felt a man kicking at his ribs. He got one glimpse of the face that leaned over him as he fell and thinks he could recognize the man. When he came to, he was in very bad shape. His $85 and his watch and chain were gone, the big roll was safe. He remembered afterward that in attempting to ward off a second punch on the jaw he had folded his arms across his face, and now he thinks that he kept them folded and the thieves could not get in his waistcoat pocket in the short time they had to go through him. Five of his teeth were so loosened that he could have pulled them out with his fingers. His head swam frightfully and there was a great swelling where the lead pipe struck him. His side ached, too, from the kicking, but he managed to get to the Adams street station house, where he delivered himself of a few remarks which sent chills up the back of the sergeant on duty.

"I don't expect you to do anything, of course," he said, after relating his experience, "but I want the matter to go on record. Maybe you people will accidentally get one of these strong-arm men some of these days, and if you do I want to be sent for to get a look at him."

That's all there is to this story, but it illustrates what is happening every week. As long as the Brooklyn police are not vigilant to prevent these assaults, and not over-energetic about following them up, after they have occurred, the thieves are going to have a rich time of it. The slightest sign of vigilance on the part of the police would put a stop to it, for the strong-arm man has a wholesome dread of jail, and will confine his operations to remote districts when there is danger in doing it in the central part of the city. The best advice for Brooklynites going home late at night is to keep one eye behind them when they leave the cars. If they don't they are apt to get the lead pipe.

WEDDED ON HIS VACATION.

Young Mr. Shepherd Surprises His Folks on Returning From Washington.

Walter Shepherd, the son of Mr. and Mrs. George Shepherd, who live in an old-fashioned mansion on Bainbridge avenue, near Sherwood street, in The Bronx, went to Washington about a week ago for a vacation. He returned on Friday and surprised his father and mother by telling them that he had been married in Washington. They forgave him. His bride was Miss Elizabeth Pratt of Washington, he said. She is 20 years old and pretty. He is 26. He is employed by the North River Savings Bank and is a member of several clubs in The Bronx.

Auditor Raich Dies on the Umbria.

W. A. Raich, auditor of the Atlantic Coast Railroad, died of gastritis on Friday morning aboard the Cunarder Umbria, in yesterday from Liverpool and Queenstown. His body was brought to port and will be taken to his home in Wilmington, N. C., by his widow, who accompanied him. Mr. Raich was 54 years old.

GEBHARD SUES FOR DIVORCE.

He Files Suit in South Dakota Where He Has Lived for Six Months.

SIOUX FALLS, S. D., Oct. 6.—When Frederick Gebhard of New York, arrived here early last April with a dray load of trunks and a valet, it was rumored that he had come here for the purpose of remaining the six months necessary in order to establish a residence in the State so he could make application for a divorce from his wife. At that time he stated he had been travelling around and liking Sioux Falls had decided to remain for a time.

Now, however, through his attorneys Bailey & Voorhees of this city, he has filed a suit in the State Circuit Court here praying for an absolute divorce from his wife, Mrs. Louise Morris Gebhard. The suit will probably be without sensational features as it is based upon the simple ground of desertion. If the customary procedure is followed, as it doubtless will be, it is probable that within the next two weeks the hearing will be held and the divorce granted.

Since coming to Sioux Falls last spring Gebhard has occupied a suite of rooms at a local hotel. He has lived very quietly, his only recreation being to participate in the sports arranged by local associations. Soon after coming to the city he joined a local gun club besides becoming a member of other sporting and social organizations. He positively declines to discuss his divorce suit or his plans for the future.

Mr. Gebhard married Louise Hollingsworth Morris of Baltimore on March 14, 1894. The late Rev. Maltbie D. Babcock, at that time pastor of the Brown Memorial Church, married them. The bridegroom was then 37 and the bride 22. Mrs. Gebhard was known as one of Baltimore's "big five," a quintet of the most beautiful women in the city. She is a daughter of John B. Morris. She met Gebhard at Narragansett Pier in 1892. Mr. Gebhard became very devoted and there were periodical rumors of their engagement.

Mr. Gebhard's earliest love affair of record was with Miss Leonie Jerome, afterward Mrs. Jack Leslie. They were engaged for a year, until Lily Langtry came here in 1892 with Mrs. Labouchere as chaperone. Oscar Wilde introduced Mr. Gebhard and Mrs. Langtry. Gebhard's infatuation interested both continents. He followed Mrs. Langtry throughout her tour, taking his horses with him from city to city and even abroad. Gebhard and Mrs. Langtry lived at the same hotels and Gebhard had several rows on her account. The chaperone early in the game decided to unload her responsibilities and went back to England.

The Gebhards have lived apart for a long time.

WHISKEY FAMINE COMING?

Statistics Which Give Promise of High Prices to Kentucky Distillers.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Oct. 6.—President John B. Thompson of the Kentucky Distillers' Association has completed statistics, taken from Government reports, which show that the consumption of Kentucky whiskies has increased since the fiscal years of 1897 to 1902, 67.6 per cent., and that in comparison with the use of all distilled spirits in the United States it has increased, for the same period, 21 per cent. over all. This means that the total consumption of distilled spirits in the United States has increased 6.6 per cent.

The statistics show that if this consumption of all goods over three years old is maintained for the coming fiscal year these goods will be entirely exhausted before 1902 and 1903. Mr. Thompson's figures show further that Kentucky whiskies have advanced in price more than 150 per cent. and that there is an impending whiskey famine which will carry the price of all matured goods at least 50 per cent. higher than it is to-day.

LUTHER S. BEDFORD TURNS UP.

Now in the Insane Ward—Said to Have Been Smoking Cigarettes to Excess.

Luther S. Bedford, the former editor of 63 Grove street, who was reported missing on Thursday night after he had failed to keep an appointment with the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, turned up last night.

A man who said he was John N. Gitterman, a lawyer of 83 Washington place, took Bedford to the East Thirty-fifth street police station. He told the sergeant that Bedford, who was an old acquaintance of his, had been acting strangely, and he thought that Bedford ought to go to a hospital. Bedford was sent to Bellevue and put in the insane pavilion.

W. W. Coe of 58 Lenox avenue, who sent out the alarm for Bedford Friday night, said that Bedford had been smoking cigarettes excessively. He had applied to Dr. Parkhurst for money to take him to Texas.

SENT TO A DIVE FOR A JOB.

Slav Girl Accuses Employment Agency Clerk of Abduction and He's Held.

Frank Hetter, an employment agency clerk, of 178 Second street, was held in the Centre Street police court yesterday on the charge of abducting eighteen-year-old Kate Regrut, a Slav girl. It is alleged that he sent the girl to a disorderly house in First street, when she applied for a place at the employment bureau, and that she was detained for ten days against her will. Hetter was remanded to Police Headquarters pending examination to-day.

Wagner Bust Presented to Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 6.—In the presence of 40,000 persons the Wagner bust, won by the United Singers of Baltimore at the Brooklyn Saengerfest last year, was unveiled and presented to the city at Druid Hill Park this afternoon. There were hundreds of singers massed upon the mall many of them being from out of town. The event included in its significance the fact that the saengerfest of 1903 will be held in Baltimore. Post President L. H. Wieman presented the bust, which was accepted on part of the city by Mayor Hayes.

Honolulu's Mourning for McKinley.

HONOLULU, Sept. 30, via San Francisco, Oct. 6.—Never before has Honolulu shown such general mourning as over the death of President McKinley. Last Saturday was set aside as a day of mourning, and all business was suspended. At Kawaiahao Church there was a great meeting. In the United States Court Judge Estee and leading lawyers paid their tributes to the dead President.

A movement has been started here to erect a monument to his memory.

The Weather.

The pressure continued yesterday to be high over the middle from the Ohio Valley to the Middle Atlantic States where the weather was fair and a stiff northwest wind was blowing toward the low pressure area which was over the south Atlantic coast. It was fair in nearly all districts, except for a few scattered showers over the Lake regions and the central West.

It was colder in the Atlantic and upper Mississippi States and the upper Lake regions, with freezing temperatures and frost in these sections.

In this city the day was fair and cooler, brisk to high northwest winds average humidity, 57 per cent.; barometer, corrected to read to sea level, at 8 A. M., 30.11; 3 P. M., 30.16.

The temperature as recorded by the official thermometer, and also by THE SUN's thermometer at the street level, is shown in the subjoined table:

	Official.		THE SUN.			
	1901.	1900.		1901.	1900.	
8 A. M.	54°	52°	1 P. M.	61°	57°	
12 M.	57°	52°	4 P. M.	64°	57°	
3 P. M.	58°	55°	12 Mid.	47°	54°	

WASHINGTON FORECAST FOR TODAY AND TOMORROW.

For New England, eastern New York, eastern Pennsylvania, Delaware, New Jersey, the District of Columbia, Maryland and Virginia: Cloudy and colder to-morrow; fresh northwest winds also colder.

For western Pennsylvania and western New York: Fair to-day and probably to-morrow; warmer; variable winds becoming fresh southeast to-morrow.

PAUL REVERE RELIC TO GO.

House Where the First Paper Colonial Money Was Made to Be Torn Down.

BOSTON, Oct. 6.—The old Paul Revere house at Watertown, where the first paper money used in this country was engraved and printed, is about to be demolished. The house is the property of heirs of Mrs. I. Morse, who wish to make certain improvements on the land. On May 3, 1775, the Provincial Congress, then assembled in Watertown, empowered the Treasurer of the Colonies to borrow £100,000 and issue colony securities for the same, payable about two years later, with interest at 6 per cent. Paul Revere was then the only first-class engraver in the country, and through negotiations with the Congressional committee signed a contract to take full charge of the work necessary to the successful execution of the contract.

The first issue of notes was of a less denomination than £4 sterling and there being a greater demand for a smaller denomination, Congress ordered the Treasurer on May 20 of the same year, to issue notes for 6 to 20 shillings in value. These were called the "soldiers' notes." This issue amounted to £200,000 sterling.

The second issue of notes was the famous "sword in hand" notes. They were so called because on the back of each note was engraved the figure of an American with a sword in his right hand with the following inscription suspended from it:

"*Petit placidam sub libertate quietem.*"

On the left hand was "Magna Charta." On the scroll around the figure were three wreaths on which were inscribed:

"Issued in Defence of American Liberty."

Congress appointed Capt. Bradgon and Col. Thompson to stay with Paul Revere night and day until the work was completed. Congress also sent a committee on June 21 to call and request "Paul Revere that he does not leave his engraving press exposed when he is absent from it."

The work was done in a house in Watertown, owned by John Cook and occupied by his family. It is on record that Congress passed a resolve "that there be paid out of the Public Treasury the sum of 12 shillings to John Cook, for the use that Paul Revere made of his house whilst he was striking off the treasury notes therein."

BURGLAR PAIR IN THE BRONX

Nicely Dressed Young Couple Robbing Houses—Fusillade From One Home.

Burglars who have been operating in The Bronx for the last few months are becoming bolder, yet the police seem unable to catch them. While Mr. and Mrs. William Hobson of 2436 Morris avenue were out visiting on Saturday afternoon a nicely dressed young man called at their house with a young woman. He asked the servant if "Miss Madden" lived there. The servant said she knew no such person. She went away a few minutes later.

When Mr. and Mrs. Hobson returned they found that nearly every portable article of value had been taken away. Thieves had forced open the kitchen door with a jimmy. Several neighbors saw in the back yard the young couple the servant had spoken with, but paid no attention to them, thinking that they were friends of the Hobsons.

A few nights ago thieves entered the residence of Deputy Tax Commissioner Stephen Nugent at Webster avenue and 170th street, while the family was asleep and made off with over $300 worth of silverware and clothing.

Three attempts have been made in the last week to rob the home of Henry F. Metz, at 650 East 182d street. The first attempt was made last Friday night. Mr. and Mrs. Metz and their niece, Miss Grandon, took a trolley ride to Mount Vernon. They returned at 10 o'clock, and came upon the thieves, who had packed up in a bundle all the valuables they could find.

The thieves heard the family coming and escaped through the rear door. Several shots were fired after them by Mr. Metz, but they got away. An attempt was made again to rob the house a few hours later on the same night but the thieves were frightened away.

SUICIDE WITH JEWELS.

Man Kills Himself in a Chicago Park With $20 000 Worth of Gems.

CHICAGO, Oct. 6.—Under the shadow of the Grant Monument in Lincoln Park, Patrick W. Dickey, a Chicago jeweller, shot and killed himself last night. When he was found a moment after he fired the fatal shot four trays, each containing a dozen diamonds, a dozen opals and a dozen sapphires, were found in his possession. The jewels, now in the custody of the Larrabee street police, represent a value of at least $20,000.

Dickey was the representative of a large jewelry house in New York city. He gave the greater part of his time to the buying of pearls from pearl fishers along the Mississippi River and through Wisconsin. The pearls so procured were taken to New York and sold in their crude state to jewellers, who polished and dressed them for the retail trade.

The police are working to solve the mystery in the case, believing that the cause of the man's self-destruction may develop interesting disclosures. Up to a late hour to-night little could be learned of Dickey.

ADVENTURES OF BOBBY JONES.

Prentice Seaman Could Find Excitement Even in Perth Amboy.

Robert Ernest Jones, a fourteen-year-old apprentice boy on the British bark Selkirkshire, which has been lying near the foot of Counties slip, East River, for two weeks or more, deserted the boat soon after she landed, but was returned by a detective late Saturday night. Young Jones is the son of Henry Arnold Jones, who is at the head of a gold extracting company at Glasgow, and who is said to be wealthy. Young Jones was sent to sea to learn a useful trade.

The youngster says he slept on bricks two nights after he left the bark. Then he went to Perth Amboy and got a job in a grocery store, but didn't like it and "escaped." Tom Sawyer fashion, from his bedroom by a rope made of bed clothes. Then he worked in a saloon for a time and then washed dishes at $4 a week until one day a country detective came after him "on a load of hay."

OBITUARY.

The Rev. Jacob Henry Enders, a reformed minister, died yesterday at his home in Fort Hunter, Montgomery county, aged 67 years. He died in the house in which he was born and which has been in the family for more than a hundred years. Mr. Enders graduated from Union College in 1854 and Princeton Theological Seminary in 1861. He was Chaplain of the 132d Regiment, New York State Volunteers, from October, 1862, till October, 1865. He was in the Red River and Shenandoah Valley campaigns. He was assistant pastor of the Madison Avenue Church from 1881 to 1883 and from 1883 to 1888 was missionary superintendent of the part collar synod of Albany, his territory extending from Kingston to Buffalo. His widow survives.

William Hitchman, Mayor of Leal, N. J., died at his home in that place about 65 years. He was the most conspicuous citizen of Atlantic City, and had numerous real estate holdings in that place. He sold out his interest some years ago and was largely interested in the company which brought the river.

Newspaper Correspondent Dies Suddenly.

William H. Eckman, who for a number of years had been connected with the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* as its local correspondent, died of apoplexy last night on the street near his home at 131 West Twenty-second street. He was born in Pittsburg about 60 years ago. Mr. Eckman was for many years on the city staff of the *Plain Dealer*, was once editor of Winslow's *Magazine*, and was for seven years city clerk of Cleveland. He leaves a widow.

Customs Union With Lorenzo Marques.

(Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.)

LONDON, Oct. 6.—It is understood that Great Britain and Portugal are negotiating for a customs union between Cape Colony, Natal and Lorenzo Marques.

ANARCHISTS ARE BOLD AGAIN.

POLICE SUPPRESS DEMONSTRATION WITH THEIR CLUBS.

The Reds, With Bresel Buttons on Their Coats, Sang the "Marseillaise" and Started to Tear Down the American Flag—A Crop of Sore Heads the Result.

The police did some clubbing last night at a ball given by Anarchists in the Manhattan Lyceum at 64 Fourth street. About 1,000 reds were at the festivities. Many of them came from Paterson, N. J., and nearby towns. Acting Captain Place of the Fifth street police station was told that there might be some trouble at the ball and he had twenty policemen go there. It was said that John Most would speak, but he didn't appear. Most had evidently received a hint of the presence of the police. A number of those at the ball wore rosettes with a red centre and a black border. Some wore Bresel buttons.

The first sign of disorder showed itself when Sergt. Place left the ball for a few minutes. Then a couple of men went toward an American flag that had been put out from a balcony by John Vimberg, son of the proprietor of the hall. The policeman suspected that the men were going to haul down the fl