DAZED HIS DUPES WITH TALK.

GRAND CENTRAL PETE USED NO WEAPON BUT HIS TONGUE.

Yet He Was One of the Most Daring and Successful Rogues New York Has Known—As Adroit in Evading Their Punishment as in Effecting His Crimes.

Peter Lake, alias Grand Central Pete, the bunco steerer who was arrested in front of the Barge Office one day last week on suspicion of being about to work off a gold brick or a package of green goods on an unsuspecting immigrant, is one of the old school confidence men, very few of whom are around nowadays. As an enemy of society, Grand Central Pete doesn't amount to much any more, but there was a time when he was one of the most successful thieves in the city of New York. That was in the days of a crook known to the public as Hungry Joe. Hungry Joe was much exploited in the newspapers because of his peculiar methods of robbing a countryman when he got one in his toils, and because his abnormal appetite for food and money gave the storytellers a magnificent field for the play of their imaginations.

Old-time detectives, and many of the old-time thieves who are still around, say that Peter Lake was a more successful and more skilful operator than Hungry Joe, and that some of his exploits put into the shade anything ever done by the better-known bunco man with the appetite. However that may be, it is a fact that the man who declares that the Vanderbilts named their big railroad station after him, was a most successful criminal, considering that he never carried a weapon, never approached a man any other way than face to face, and depended entirely upon his tongue, his personality and his skill as a student of human nature, in looting his victims.

A racetrack man who knew Lake in his palmy days described his peculiar powers in this somewhat exaggerated fashion the other day:

"Peter would approach a man who had money in his pocket and would talk that money from the man's pocket into his own. It was all done by the power of the tongue. I sometimes think that he never used his hands in his operations at all. It wasn't necessary, because that tongue of his could coddle the money from its owner to himself. One thing I know, because it was told to me by a man who saw it done, and that is that Lake frequently talked his victim into getting his money out of his pocket and then putting it into his own, the whole operation being done by the victim. In this particular case, the victim came to before Peter had had a chance to get safely away. But when the case came into court the victim simply had to admit that he took the money from his own pocket and put it into Peter's. Result, Peter was discharged, and that, too, without giving up the money."

It appears to have been Lake's method to go at a man on the rapid fire plan. He would hurl words at the victim so fast that the man couldn't squeeze in a remonstrance. His eloquence would counteract the first impression of impudence that a man would get. Then would come a familiarity that from any one but a man gifted like this one, would be simply astounding to the victim and would be speedily resented. With Lake it rarely happened that his victim failed to succumb to his eloquence. Next, by any one of a thousand different schemes he had at hand he would annex all the victim's cash, and then take his departure. He wasn't averse to taking checks. Sometimes he demanded them when the spare cash wasn't up to expectations. It was in the matter of a check, drawn from a man under its spell, that Lake demonstrated in amazing fashion the persuasiveness in his tongue.

With what ready money the victim had, Lake managed to depart from the scene of his operations, with a check as well in his pocket. It was quite a large check and when the victim came out from under the spell he realized that something was wrong with the transaction he had just taken part in. He was quite convinced that something was wrong a few minutes later when a station agent told him that his late friend was a notorious bunco steerer and he hastened to the bank and stopped the check. For once in his life Lake had put too much confidence in himself. He figured that the victim would be longer coming to and so didn't hasten to the bank with the check. When he did come he found the man standing by the paying tellers' window, smiling. Lake was equal to the emergency.

With a cheery "good day," he shoved the check into the teller's hands. It was handed back with an explanation that Mr. Blank had stopped it. Mr. Blank smiled. Peter smiled. Mr. Blank accepted an invitation to go in a corner and talk the matter over. Just what Peter said no one but him and Mr. Blank will ever knew, but in less than fifteen minutes the pair were back at the teller's window and the dupe was ordering the teller to honor the check. Peter went out smiling and the stranger actually shook hands with him. It is said that an hour after this the man was heard using very violent language around the bank and declaring that because he was an ass there was no reason why every official in the bank should be an ass too.

It very often happened that the spell Lake threw over his victims passed away too soon for the comfort of that individual, but it had to be a very difficult predicament that he could not talk himself out of. One condition of affairs Lake could not abide. He was willing enough to settle matters with his victims, but outside interference exasperated him mightily, because it wasn't always possible to hypnotize two or three persons at once. And so when a hard handed policeman would come around and "butt" into an affair of Peter's he would simply throw up the sponge on the spot, because there was just one person that he could not talk up to and that was a policeman.

His own explanation of this was that a victim only suspected him of being crooked and suspicions were easy things to talk away. With a policeman or detective, though, it was different. What the other fellow suspected the policeman knew, and when it was a case of actual knowledge Lake regarded it as a waste of his superb talents to argue the matter.

Beside that he had a better way of settling things of this kind. He had friends who saw to it that any person who had him arrested, was amply reimbursed for his loss and trouble. With his money back in his pocket and a railroad ticket for home in his hand the victim was only too glad to leave town, and let justice go. Although arrested about three hundred times in his day Lake never served more than six months in jail, although the full penalty for many of his crimes was ten years. In 90 per cent. of his arrests he didn't do any time at all, save the few days in a district prison waiting for a hearing in his case. He differed from Hungry Joe in that liberty was dearer to him than money. Joe would hang onto a dollar like grim death. Rather than square a matter with a victim he would hold the money he had stolen and fight the case. And so he did many a day in jail that Lake should in common justice have shared but did not, because he knew a more pleasant way of spending the time.

A couple of the best known incidents in the career of this remarkable thief will serve to illustrate just what his methods could accomplish, both in the matter of robbing a victim and in the more complicated matter of extricating himself from a difficulty into which the too sudden revival of the victim had plunged him.

For many weeks Lake had noticed a portly, well-fed man sitting in the second-story window of a building on Forty-second street, not far from the Grand Central station. The man appeared to be well enough endowed with the good things of this world to be worth some attention at the hands of a bunco steerer. On going to this office in the morning and on leaving it at night, this man was always accompanied by some one, which made it impossible for Lake to do business. Finally he decided to beard the man in his office, and this is how he did it:

He took into his confidence a youth of 16, who had acted more than once as an assistant to older thieves and was very clever in his way. One morning Lake dropped into the office with this boy. He didn't wait to be announced, but brushing all the clerks aside, he soon stood in the presence of the head of the establishment, the boy beside him. Before the intended victim knew just what had happened Lake had plunged into a greeting, the effusiveness of which took the business man's breath away. Lake soon made the man think he was an old friend. He tried to invite him to sit down, but Lake had already done so and so had the boy.

The man tried to say something, but Peter drowned his feeble utterances in a deluge of words which soon had the man bewildered. From the shower of words that he was hurling at his victim like shrapnel from a gun, Peter managed to make it clear that he was an old and honored friend, that he had started out that morning to take his boy to the Grand Central Station and see him off for New Haven, where he was a student at Yale, that he had come away without any money, that he must have $500 at once and that the victim had better produce it under penalty of forfeiting his friendship.

It is hard to conceive how such methods could be successful, but then no one ever did succeed in figuring out how Grand Central Pete managed to do what he did. Least of all was a victim ever able to explain why he had allowed a man to talk him into allowing himself to be robbed. At any rate Lake and the boy left the Forty-second street office with $300 of the man's money in good cash, and it was two days before the victim realized what he had done. Then he got after Lake and of course the minute he told his story the police knew who the thief was. But Peter didn't mind being arrested in this case. He had a better way of getting out of the trouble than by reimbursing his victim. He had a little talk with the man and told him quite plainly that every newspaper in town would have the story the next day if he prosecuted him, and the victim let the matter go rather than be held up to public ridicule.

On another occasion Lake had accepted from a victim quite a sum of money, but just after he got it a detective spotted him and he made tracks. He got on a Broadway car going downtown and the detective followed on the car behind. The detective wasn't sure whether Lake realized that he was being followed or not and so he kept his distance until the time should be ripe for an arrest. He had the man whom Lake had just plundered with him and he thought there was no hurry.

At Broadway and Leonard street, Lake decided to make a desperate effort to get away. He jumped from the car, but the detective saw him and was after him in a second. Lake couldn't dodge him. There seemed no escape for him. The detective smiled when he saw how he had cornered his man. Then to his amazement Lake calmly walked into one of the biggest dry goods jobbing houses in the city which was near by. The detective went after him, but Lake walked into the private office of the head of the firm before the man in attendance there could stop him. When the detective tried to follow the attendant held him up, and no amount of persuasion would induce him to let the officer through.

When he did finally make the matter clear and succeeded in getting into the merchant's office, a sight greeted him that made him stare. There was the great merchant seated at his desk smoking a cigar, and in a chair beside him, also smoking a perfecto, was Lake. When the detective stammered out his business, the merchant gave him a look of pity and then touched a bell. A salesman came in and the merchant told him to see the detective to the door. The detective remonstrated and made a fight, but he was finally put out. He got the policeman on the beat and was back with him in less than five minutes, but meanwhile Lake had made his farewells to the merchant and slipped out into Leonard street by a side door.

Before Lake burst so unceremoniously into his office the merchant had never seen the man before in his life. But by the rapid-fire conversation method the crook soon made him believe that he was an old friend. And it was not until weeks afterward when Lake was arrested on another charge and the merchant saw him at Police Headquarters that he would believe that he was a notorious thief and swindler.

A WEAPONLESS HUNTER.

Chokes Bears and Wildcats to Death, and Hunts Small Game With Stones.

EDGEVILLE, N. Y., Nov. 16.—Bob Brown of Fox Hollow is a woodsman who gets much game, yet uses neither gun nor knife, nor any other weapon except occasionally a club or a stone.

He has a record of choking bears to death, and even a wild cat is among his trophies that he bagged in that way. His manner of hunting bears is to trail one to its feeding grounds, get to the windward of it, creep stealthily upon it, and, when near enough, throw a horse blanket or sometimes his coat over its head.

While the bear is blinded and its fore paws entangled in it, Brown jumps in, finds the bear's windpipe with his right hand, clutches it with a grip like a vise, and actually chokes the bear to death. At least, he has succeeded in killing two in this way. One of them weighed over 200 pounds and one was a 150-pounder.

The wildcat that Brown choked to death leaped at him from a hollow stump where she had kittens concealed. Brown, who is a powerful man, seized her by the throat while she was still in the air and held her at arm's length until she was dead, with her hind legs drawn clear up to her breast.

He killed a woodchuck once with a single blow of his fist, crushing the animal's skull.

Ruffed grouse, or partridge, as they are called by the natives, will tree when flushed if they hear the barking of a dog. Brown hunts partridges by imitating the bark of a [illegible], when the birds rise.

When they tree he brings them down with stones, with which his aim is almost unerring. He is said to be able also to kill a running rabbit by stone throwing.

ATHLETIC CLUB FOR WOMEN.

NEW YORK TO HAVE ONE ON THE MODEL OF CHICAGO'S.

Good Features of the Chicago Club—Need of Such an Organization in New York —Feminine Devotees of Boxing —Women Who Should Take to Athletics.

New York women are delighted over the news that the much talked of athletic club for women is to be an established fact before another year has passed. The success of the great club for women in Chicago has prompted the managers to consider the project of forming an association of similar clubs which are to be established in the principal cities of America. There is talk of two branch clubs, one in London and the other in Paris.

Membership in any one of these clubs is to form a passport to the others here or abroad. The clubs are to be exclusive. This has been the rule with the Chicago organization and much of its success is attributed to the rule of keeping out the objectionable people who always endeavor to push their way into an organization of the sort.

New York women have grown accustomed to having promises made to them which are not carried out. The project of a woman's hotel has been in existence for any number of years and women who looked forward to its realization have grown gray without seeing anything more definite than an architect's plan.

In the mean time bachelors' apartment houses have gone up by the dozen throughout New York. From these of course women are excluded. Thus women are forced, if they have any desire for home life, to keep house on an expensive and elaborate scale or else risk the coöperative flat plan which is not always so pleasant in reality as it appears to be in the stories in the women's magazines.

Mrs. Pauline Lyon, manager of the Chicago Woman's Club, has just returned to that city after a trip to New York, where she sought to interest New York women in the project. She says that New York is to have a magnificent building, well equipped and furnished with taste and luxury. Membership will be limited to women of standing and social position, and the management will be on the lines of the finest of the men's athletic clubs of the city.

The Chicago club boasts of many interesting features, among them a large swimming tank in connection with the excellent Turkish baths, which are a part of the establishment. Around the room in which the tank is built there is a gallery where members may sit after a bath and enjoy refreshments while watching the bathers.

Then there is a finely equipped gymnasium, a restaurant, dressing rooms, lounging and reading rooms, sprays, showers and all the most modern appliances for the comfort and pleasure of the athletically inclined woman. Instructors in swimming and fencing and various other exercises are connected with the club.

An instructor in athletics at one of the fashionable clubs in New York said in regard to the new club for women:

"I am indeed glad to know that women at last are to have such a fine club. This will be a club that will mean something more than social meetings or literary discussions.

"I have long wondered why it was that women did not organize something of the sort, and several years ago I tried to induce a woman writer on health and beauty topics to join me in a plan for an immense establishment a little bit out of town with gymnasium, baths and a rest cure, similar to the Muldoon place for men, but intended for society women worn out after a season of entertaining.

"Take the wretched Turkish baths that are provided for women in New York. At most places they are open to women a few hours in the morning, while the rest of the day is given over to the men patrons. At other establishments the crowd is so great that it is unpleasant and of course at all of these places it is impossible to keep them exclusive as to the patronage.

"The new club will supply the lack that has existed for years. New York should have the finest baths in the world for women.

"I think this will be the real outcome of the woman's club movements. Women give a great deal of time to clubs nowadays, to judge from the papers, but what do they accomplish besides organization? Women have been advancing steadily in athletics for the last ten years, and it looks now as though they would leave men behind them in their accomplishment in this field.

"Women take to these clubs, I think, when they begin to find themselves dropping out of things. Women who are not in society and who have no special vocation or fad speedily begin to feel the deadly dulness of their lives and they seek these clubs for diversion. But do they get it? A woman's club reception is very little more than an imitation of a society junketing. In fact, it is often more stupid.

"The Chicago Athletic Club was the realization of a dream of an ideal club for women, one where they could seek and find health and beauty through exercise, and that when they wished it.

"Fencing, swimming, rowing, boxing are all on the list of women's sports to-day but, unfortunately, the women who most need the tonic of exercise are barred through lack of time. It is the society woman who is going in for the sports, for fencing and target practice and, of late, boxing.

"The women who really need exercise are the women who work in offices and indoors at sedentary pursuits. But they find that when released from the shop or the desk they are too fatigued to take up the foils or the dumb bells even. I am glad to say that many of these girls have begun to indulge in long walks to and from their schools or offices.

"It has been very interesting to me to watch the steady progress of women in athletics, for I can remember the time when women did absolutely nothing in this way. They were a different race of women, it would almost seem, to look at the splendid specimens of womanhood that one sees to-day without a nerve to trouble them and with arms hard from golf and riding.

"They have taken up hunting of late with a will, and at Lakewood last week I noticed numbers of women among the hunting parties that went out mornings with their guns. They wear jaunty little gowns with Norfolk coats and soft felt hats and high boots. This fad has come from England, where the women all shoot with the men at the country house parties.

"I think the idea of keeping the club exclusive is an excellent one. What would we do, for instance, in the men's clubs if we didn't have arbitrary rules of the sort? It gives a surety of surroundings that is very pleasant, and I should think it absolutely necessary in a club of ladies.

"New York has always been behind the times in supplying the demand that women have made of late years for athletic exercise. There are physical culture classes, of course, and fencing classes, and there used to be a most excellent club at the Berkeley Lyceum, but there was not sufficient room for the work. Then, of late there has been a well-patronized school of physical education, but none of them has supplied the need as this new club will.

"Women have taken up boxing with a will within the last two or three seasons. I think it came about principally through the interest that fathers and husbands and brothers took in the sport.

"They began by punching the bag at home, and then one of my pupils said his wife wanted a few lessons. So I went to her house and found that he had already given her instruction, and now she is very handy with the gloves.

"After that I got more pupils, and now my private pupils among women number a great many of the leading society women of the city, while the children are beginning to take it up also. It is a splendid exercise for women and girls, none better, and brings every muscle in play, causes the blood to circulate and is one of the greatest of reduction cures that I know of.

"Women make good boxers and are quick and light on their feet and very graceful. Their blows lack steam, of course, but they acquire the science of it quickly and sometimes surprise their husbands with their skill. Women in boxing wear a padded shield and the gloves are different from men's and reach up about the wrists.

"When the new club becomes a fact there should be instructors in all these sports, and I think it would take women's minds off the dressmakers and the shops if they had a place like that to go to. I've never wanted women to have any more rights than they have at present.

"They about run everything as it is. But I have always wanted to see them get ahead in athletics, and I think they will accomplish wonders within the next few years in this field."

EAGLE AND GERMAN CARP.

An Odd Mix-Up in the Shallows of the Susquehanna Flats.

"The shallow waters of the Susquehanna River above Havre de Grace are alive with the big, hoglike, worthless German carp that some crank of a pisciculturist introduced to American waters some years ago," said a Maryland man. "They root in the mud in droves, and farmers spear and trap them by the ton for fertilizer and feed for their hogs.

"Ospreys by the score constantly turn their sharp eyes upon the carp from far up in the air, coveting the meat that is on them, but no osprey has as yet ventured to test its strength against the bulk of those swinish fish.

"Eagles, which are still numerous along the Eastern Shore and of tremendous size, in turn keep watch on the ospreys, so that if one should at last pluck up courage enough to drop down and set its talons in a carp, and should have the strength to lift it, they might pounce upon the bold bird, rob it of its plunder, and bear it away to feast upon it themselves—after the piratical habit of the bird of freedom.

"One of these eagles, a big, bald-headed fellow, having at last despaired of any such attempt on the part of an osprey and being pressed by hunger, determined one fine day recently to capture one of these carp himself and shame the faint-hearted ospreys, and it dropped down upon one of the rooting piscatorial monsters in the shallows.

"Such is the opinion, at least, of Capt. Jesse Popler, who, while cruising in his little yacht over the Susquehanna Flats that day, saw at a distance a great commotion in the water, heard the unmistakable shrieks of something in trouble and presently saw a splendid specimen of the American eagle speeding along like the wind over the surface of the water, propelled by no effort of its own. In fact the eagle was using all its efforts to stay its progress and to rise from the water.

"Capt. Popler turned his yacht, headed off the speeding eagle, and succeeded in grabbing it by the neck, although the bird fought fiercely against it with beak and wings.

"When Capt. Popler got hold of the eagle he discovered why it was taking that strange journey against its will. The eagle's talons were buried in the back of a big carp, buried so deep that the bird could not get them out. The carp being too heavy for the eagle to rise with, and the eagle being too much weight for the carp to sink deeper into the water with, the situation to both was unfortunate.

"The eagle would doubtless have been eventually drowned, and the carp must have died in the clutch of the eagle, if Capt. Popler had not interfered. He was unable to loosen the eagle's talons from the fish, so he lifted them both into the boat, where he cut the eagle loose and let it go. The carp he knocked in the head.

"'I don't know but what I should have killed that eagle, too, or at least locked him up for life,' said Capt. Popler afterward. 'He deserved capital punishment. Just think of the great American eagle disgracing himself by tackling a mud-rooting German carp.'"

ELK FOR CANADA.

A Proposal to Stock the Forests of Quebec With Them Once More.

QUEBEC, Nov. 9.—The proposal to stock the woods of the province of Quebec with the Canadian wapiti, or American elk, is finding great favor. At one time the wapiti was abundant throughout this province, so that there is not the slightest doubt as to the adaptability of the woods of Quebec for its habitat.

Less than a century ago it was very plentiful in the Saguenay district, where the Indians hunted it to such an extent for its skin that it became extinct. It is improbable that it was similarly destroyed in all parts of the province, and another reason is given for its disappearance.

One of the peculiarities of the various families of the deer tribe inhabiting this northern part of the continent, is their tendency to change their habitat from time to time; not simply by roaming backward and forward, but by deserting entirely a whole province or other large tract of territory, in which they were formerly very abundant, and making their appearance in localities to which, for at least a long time past, they had been absolute strangers. The departure of the wapiti from the whole of eastern Canada within the last century is an illustration of this peculiarity.

Another is furnished by the recent appearance of red deer in large numbers on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, where they had not been seen for many decades. They have long been plentiful upon the south shore from Maine to the St. Lawrence and have lately taken to swimming across the river, as well as to wandering down east from the Ottawa and Gatineau districts. Some people think that the large increase in the number of wolves in northern Quebec may have something to do with the migration of some of these animals.

At all events, there is no other reasonable explanation of the disappearance of the wapiti, or elk from both the provinces of Ontario and Quebec within the last few decades. The only localities wherein it is now known positively to exist upon this continent are the foothills of the American and Canadian Rockies and the country stretching away thence across the mountains to the Pacific Ocean. In this habitat it is still plentiful enough to afford the finest and most exciting sport.

If the Government adopts the suggestion to reintroduce the elk into this province it is probable that a number of the animals will be brought alive from the Rocky Mountains and liberated in the Laurentide National Park, a large preserve maintained by the Government, to the northeast of Quebec.

GREAT WILD HORSE HUNT.

An Expedition Sent to Central Asia by a Dealer in Wild Beasts.

In recent years the catching of wild animals for zoological parks and circuses has by no means deteriorated as an industry. In July of last year Carl Hagenbeck of Hamburg, the wild animal dealer, sent an expedition to Mongolia for specimens of the wild horse to be found there.

The special kind of wild horse that Mr. Hagenbeck was after was more than usually swift and elusive, and to overcome the difficulties in the way of its capture his men hired seven troops of Kirghiz horsemen, numbering about 1,000 in all, and mounted on animals almost as swift as the wild horses.

The latest reports received here are that the agents have secured forty-six colts, nearly equally divided between males and females. Brood mares had to be taken along, one for each colt, to serve as adopted mothers for the young captives.

When the expedition gets out of Mongolia it will have to travel more than two months through a rough country before it reaches the nearest station on the Central Siberian Railway. After that the captive horses will have to travel by rail nearly 3,000 miles to reach Hamburg.

Several of the captives have been sold already, it is said, at about $1,000 a pair, a price that will buy a pretty good blooded horse of almost the best domestic stock.

All bearing . . . Women . . . abroad read the . . . published Wednesdays and Saturdays in This . . . Society and fashion are . . . leading features.—Adv.

COL. BUMPY'S FATAL AMBITION

DESIRE FOR FAME GOT HIM INTO THE HOTEL BUSINESS.

Story of His Life Told to His Fellow Clerks —As an Editor in Georgia He Enjoyed Success Till He Hired an Amateur Detective to Expose Crime.

It was at the last regular meeting of the Hotel Clerks' Social, Outing, Life Saving and Benevolent Association on Friday night that Col. Early Bumpy, proprietor of the Grand View Hotel in Georgia, told this story of his experience with an amateur detective.

"Some men," said the Colonel, as he threw out his white shirt front until the diamond in it was out of the shadow of his chin, "are born to the hotel business, others acquire it, and a few like myself are forced into it. By training and inclination I am a journalist.

"I changed the *Weekly Whirl*, left to me by my father, into the *Daily Whirl* and I may say modestly that it was the most influential organ of thought in Georgia. With the assistance of my father's revolvers and my own discretion I ran that daily paper safely for two years and then I became ambitious.

"I wanted to be talked about beyond my own county and I planned to make the name of Bumpy as familiar in the State as Hoke Smith. As I was thinking about plans for pushing my paper I happened to see a copy of the New York *Yell*.

"It told how one of its own detectives had unravelled a crime so that there wasn't anything left of it. The result was small, but the reading matter about it was mighty entertaining and I sent to the *Yell* a polite request to recommend to me an amateur sleuth for newspaper exposures.

"The man who came down from New York to work for me impressed me very strongly. He had been trained on the *Yell's* detective stories. He was the most mysterious chap I ever met.

"When he came into my office he carefully closed the door behind him. I did not know who he was and I pulled out the drawer where I always kept father's revolvers.

"My visitor stood still, however. He made a minute examination of my office and its furniture and then fixing his piercing eyes on me said:

"'You are Col. Early Bumpy?'

"'I am,' said I.

"'Can you prove it?'

"'I don't have to' said I, for I was a leetle angry. 'Who are you, by the way?'

"He saw that the door was closed tight, and then in a low tense whisper he said:

"'I am the sleuth reporter from the *Yell*.'

"I closed my pistol drawer with a bang and said:

"'You're just the man I'm expecting. I'm Bumpy, all right. If you doubt that I am the real thing in this office I will call the head office boy in and sass him good and hard.'

"That convinced him and after testing a chair carefully he sat down. He was mysterious right up to the limit and when I thought of all the crime I was going to expose in my county I mentally bought a new newspaper office.

"I had to argue with him for five minutes before he would tell me his name. It was D'Arcy Bingen. We came to terms at once and when I began to tell Bingen of some of the mysterious crimes that offered a field for investigation he interrupted with:

"'Col. Bumpy, you need make no explanation. I can pick up my own stories. Coming down on the train I detected a clue to one of the biggest mysteries this town has ever heard of and with your permission I will work it up for a spread for next Sunday's paper,' and before I could say 'scat' he was out of the room.

"Well, gentlemen, I placarded the county with posters advertising a sensational exposure in next Sunday's paper. Bingen's methods were so mysterious that the whole town wondered who he was. He would stand in the main street for half an hour without moving.

"Suddenly out would come his note book and his pencil would work like mad. He trusted no one and he even talked out of one side of his mouth so that the other side would not know what he was doing.

"Some one started the report that he was a short-card man and as he declined to tell who he was I had to come forward and vouch for him as my friend. I tried to pump him about his story. He replied:

"'Sh! You must leave this entirely to me. I know my business. I was trained on the *Yell*. You must not even see the proof of this story. Just trust me and I'll make your next Sunday's paper the most talked about in Georgia. I have uncovered the most astounding collection of crooks that ever was described.'

"'Are you sure of your facts?' said I.

"'Sure of my facts? Well, that's good. All over the office where I was trained is the caution to be accurate. I'll make your paper famous, sir, or my name is not D'Arcy Bingen.'

"I trusted that young man, gentlemen, and I retired on Saturday night without having seen the proofs of my Sunday paper. When I received it on Sunday morning, if it had not been for the title line I would not have known it. Across the top in the biggest type in the office ran the heading 'Crimes Will Out.'

"As I glanced hastily down the first page seeing here and there a familiar name coupled with the most dastardly adjectives my eyes nearly popped out of my head.

"You must know that down in my country are acres of swamp land of no earthly value except to map and sell to Northerners for town sites. This is one of our chief industries, in fact, and I held a little stock in one of these submarine real-estate companies myself. We believe that we are justified in separating Northerners from their money in this way because when they marched to my country during the War they took everything in sight.

"If some of our broad boulevards on the map happen to indicate the bottom of a river or a swamp that's their lookout. The land is there all right and the water privileges are thrown in.

"Some of our most substantial citizens have been members of these land companies. The president of the particular company in which I was interested was Col. Hicks, and he was the quickest man in the State with a gun.

"That new sleuth reporter of mine had selected this land business for his first sensation and more than half of the church members in town were called swindlers and cheats in my newspaper that beautiful Sunday morning. Many of the victims of this dastardly outrage were men with such quick tempers that they would shoot first and then ask for an explanation.

"I didn't wait for the shooting to begin. I sent a nigger boy to tell Bingen to get out of town the best way he could. I saddled a fast mare and left myself.

"What happened? Well sir, the Charleston earthquake was a baby's rattle compared with it, so eye witnesses have told me. Within an hour after I left the streets were filled with armed men. No church service was held. Bingen doubted my messenger, but when he heard the shooting begin at my newspaper office he dropped out of the w[illegible] and skipped for the swamp.

"When the mob discovered that I had gone it calmly burned my newspaper office and then started dogs after Bingen. He escaped by great good luck and he had the nerve to send me a bill for his services.

"It took me three months to patch up that little affair. I wrote personal letters to every man in town explaining how I had been imposed on and a town meeting was called to discuss the subject. It finally voted that I might come back if I would stay out of the newspaper business.

"I had to live and I started the Grand View Hotel which is the best three-dollar-a-day house in the South. I find some outlet for my literary genius in preparing the menus, but I steer clear of the newspapers.

"If any of you doubt this story come down and see me and I will give you the best rooms in the house and show you where my printing office once stood.

"Let's wet again. This experience always makes me thirsty."

MURDER OF AN EXPLORER.

The Tragic Fate of Mr. Mencke and Some of His Comrades on a Cannibal Island.

Dr. Heinroth, one of the scientific members of the Mencke expedition to the Pacific Ocean, has just returned to Germany with particulars of the massacre of the leader and some other members of the party by the cannibals of St. Matthias Island. The tragedy seems to have been due to neglect to take the most ordinary precautions while among savages of whom practically nothing was known. The island where they live had never been explored.

Mr. Mencke, a German of wealth and education, was desirous personally to contribute to geographical knowledge; so he fitted out his yacht Eberhard for a cruise of three years with the intention of exploring Pacific islands which are least known and of making scientific collections. After he reached the German islands he added forty natives to his party. They were all well armed, and he hoped that they would greatly strengthen his small force if difficulty should arise with the savages he expected to visit.

In March last the party landed on the shore of St. Matthias Island, which is east of New Guinea. The island is only about twenty miles long and ten miles wide. A high mountain in the centre is its most conspicuous feature. Nothing else is known of the island except that it is inhabited and heavily wooded. No attempt has been made as yet even to outline the shores except along a part of the north coast, which is fairly well charted. No trader has ever lived there, though a few Europeans are stationed on small islands a little south of it. Native villages are seen along the coast by ships a few miles away.

When the expedition landed an entrenched camp was formed. The natives watched the proceedings quietly from a distance, but did not come near the camp. In a few days they seemed to gain confidence, and though they retired when any attempt was made to communicate with them their curiosity led them to approach nearer the camp. They also paddled in their canoes around the yacht. They displayed no evidence of hostile feeling; but the sequel shows that they were not lacking in cunning and were merely waiting for a good opportunity to attack the strangers.

The forty blacks who had been taken on the yacht were practically worthless for protective purposes. They had not been well trained in the use of firearms and it was found that when their help was really needed some of them scarcely knew how to shoot.

Toward the end of March the Eberhard steamed about fifty miles southeast to Matapi, the German settlement on the island of New Hanover, to take on coal and food supplies. The yacht returned to St. Matthias on March 31 and found that the natives had improved the opportunity to attack those left at the camp. Dr. Heinroth thus tells the story:

"The natives have been so quiet and peaceful that we had no apprehension of danger. They had not visited the camp, but had shown not the slightest indication of hostility. One morning I went walking some distance from the camp. Mr. Mencke was writing in his tent, assisted by his secretary. His black servant was also with him. Our armed men were dispersed along the shore. Most of them were engaged in cleaning their guns, which were unloaded.

"It was just at this most favorable moment for an attack that about sixty of the savages, armed with spears, suddenly sprang into view from the neighboring forest and rushed upon the camp, which they reached in about a minute. As they ran brandishing their spears they shouted 'Kanakas! kanakas!' This is the name applied to the blacks who are taken from the islands of the South Pacific to work on the sugar plantations of Queensland, Fiji and other parts of those regions. The fact that these natives made the word a battle cry seems to indicate that they regarded the Eberhard as a recruiting ship which had come to their island to take on board a load of natives and carry them away as laborers.

"Every member of our party was taken by surprise. As the soldiers were caught with their guns unloaded they could do nothing immediately to defend themselves and their comrades. Mr. Mencke's secretary was killed on the spot. Mr. Mencke received a spear thrust in the back and was terribly wounded. His black servant was also killed.

"When I heard the shrieks of the wounded men and the din of the fight I ran as fast as I could toward the camp, began to fire at the savages, and was able to keep on fighting, though I received an ugly wound from a lance. Meanwhile some of our soldiers had partly recovered from the fright that at first made them utterly useless, managed to load their weapons and began so sharp a fusillade upon the natives that they were soon put to flight. When we counted up our casualties we found that we had four dead and ten wounded.

"Unfortunately, Mr. Mencke's wound was mortal. We carried him in a canoe to an island six miles away, where two European traders were living. After two days of suffering Mr. Mencke died and we buried him on the little island. The flight of the natives was not so precipitate that they failed to carry with them the bodies of our men whom they had killed. As they are cannibals they undoubtedly ate the bodies of their victims."

The savages, who were wholly unaccustomed to deal with the whites, of course regarded the visit as an intrusion that threatened their own security. More watchfulness and tact would probably have averted this latest tragedy in the Pacific.

SALOONS AND DRUNKENNESS.

Relation Between the Two as Indicated by the Number of Arrests.

The total number of arrests for intoxication in New York State in 1895 was 80,000, and last year, although the growth of population had been considerable in the meanwhile, the total number of arrests for intoxication was 70,000 only—10,000 less. The number of saloons was 33,000 six years ago and is now 27,000, or 6,000 less.

According to the theory of the State Department of Excise, there is a direct connection between the number of saloons and the amount of drunkenness. In the six years since the establishment of the Raines law, the number of arrests for drunkenness in New York county has fallen off 4,000, the number of saloons has decreased 1,500.

In Brooklyn the arrests for drunkenness decreased 4,000, the number of saloons decreased from 4,100 to 3,100. In Buffalo, Albany and other large cities, the decline in the number of arrests for drunkenness kept pace with the decline in the number of saloons and in a few places, where the number of saloons increased, the number of arrests for drunkenness did also.

Thus, Allegany county, one of the very strong temperance counties of the southern tier, increased the number of its saloons from 66 to 74 in the six years between 1895 and 1901, and the arrests for drunkenness in the same period increased from 36 to 116. There is a similar record in Suffolk county on Long Island, long known as one of the temperance counties of the State.

HUNTING ELKS IN COLORADO.

TWELVE DAYS OF EXCITING SPORT FOR THE HUNTSMEN.

From Near and Far They Flock to the Big Game Country—Regulations That May Save the Elk From Extinction.

From the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The elk season, briefest and most glorious of all in the estimation of the true hunter, is on in the Rockies and hundreds of Nimrods from every section of the United States are now in Colorado seeking coveted antlers.

For the open season lasts only twelve days, from Oct. 25 to Nov. 5, and all the rest of the year the elk is under the protection of laws that are rigidly enforced. Naturally, with such a brief time limit, the elk hunter must harvest his crop of antlers while the sun shines—and that crop is limited at the best, for the law says that the kill shall be but one elk per man, even in the open season. Such an array of legal difficulties to be overcome, in addition to the skill required to stalk and bring down an elk at this season only results in whetting the elk appetite of sportsmen. Men from New York, from San Francisco, and even from England, flock into Colorado every year and are in the big game country promptly at midnight of Oct. 24, when the season opens. They do not come out until the last hour, and many of them return empty handed, but others bear the magnificent spreading antlers that tell of success, the value of which cannot be measured in cold dollars and cents.

Colorado is the natural home of the elk in the United States. In no other State are the magnificent animals to be found in such numbers. The hunting country in which President Roosevelt sought mountain lions and bobcats early in the year is their favorite grazing ground. This is the heart of the big game region, where railroads have never penetrated, where stage drivers often wrap their reins around the brake and take a shot at a bear or deer, and where bands of elk have roamed for generations.

A few years ago the elk was threatened with extinction. Hunters killed indiscriminately, until the State of Colorado stepped in and limited the open season to twelve days. This gave the elk a chance for his life. The dwindling bands began to increase, until now it is estimated that there are more elk in Colorado than there were five years ago. Such a limitation of the elk season was necessary owing to the habits of the elk—habits which made the animal an easy prey. The elk feeds as high up in the mountains as he can, only coming down into the valleys as he is forced down by the deepening snows. Hunters knew that a heavy snowstorm would invariably catch a lot of elk near the timber line. An active man on snowshoes could catch up with a band and shoot every one of the animals before they could flounder out of the deep snow into better footing. In consequence the season is now closed before the heavy snows of winter set in. This makes it necessary for the hunter to stalk the elk through forests that are carpeted with dry twigs and rustling leaves. Inasmuch as the elk's sense of hearing is equalled ony by his acute eyesight or sense of smell, the hunter's chances are indeed narrowed, and he earns every pair of antlers that he brings out of the Rockies to grace a dining room or an Eastern hunting lodge.

There is one band of elk in Routt county, Col., that numbers nearly five hundred. Late in the fall this band comes down and feeds in the head-waters of the White River in Rio Blanco county. There is a smaller herd in the same section of the State, and scattering herds are to be found all along the Great Divide. A few seasons ago two "tenderfeet" came near exterminating a band of elk near Steamboat Springs in Routt county. At the same time the hunters nearly signed their own death warrants. They had just arrived at Steamboat Springs and had loudly announced that they intended to have some big game hunting. On the night of their arrival a heavy snow fell. A band of elk was caught near the town, and the citizens of Steamboat Springs made arrangements to feed the animals until they could make their way to a lower level. The "tenderfeet" came upon the band, however, and were delighted. The hunters approached on snowshoes and killed the struggling animals with clubbed rifles. Half the band had been killed when a mountaineer arrived on the scene and informed the "tenderfeet" that they had made a mistake that was likely to prove fatal. Being fairly skilled in the art of using snowshoes, and having their feet winged with fear, the huntsmen managed to win the race to the Wyoming line and thereby escaped the vengeance their indignant pursuers were prepared to wreak.

The fallen timber tracts in the Rockies are the favorite grazing places of the elk, owing to the abundance of grass that grows between the down trees. These fallen trees afford the elk excellent protection. The animals seem to be able to run as swiftly in the tangled mass of timber as in the open, and snapping twigs almost invariably give warning of the approach of the stalker. During the last two years there has been a large increase in the number and extent of forest fires in the Rocky Mountain States, and this has increased the feeding ground of the elk in proportion. It is only by much riding and close watching of trails that the hunter is enabled to locate a band of elk in October or November. Even when he has managed successfully to stalk his quarry his task is not done, for his first shot must be an accurate one. If the elk is only slightly wounded he is off like an arrow, but if he has received a desperate hurt, and if there are any young in the band, he turns like a lion at bay. Fortunate the hunter in such an instance who has an available tree to climb, or who is a sure enough shot to administer the final pellet at close quarters! If either tree or bullet fails, the only resource is the hunting knife, and this is slight armament in comparison with those branching antlers and those sharp hoofs, every blow of which will cut through buckskin like so much paper.

The elk bears the same relation to the big game of America that the tarpon does to its game fish. The men who spend small fortunes angling for the shiny monster in Florida waters are usually the same men who turn to Colorado every elk season just as the Mussulman turns his face to the east in the morning. Every large city in the United States has its elk enthusiasts, many of whom are millionaires. Brokers, railroad magnates and manufacturers are represented in the brief quest of the antlers in Colorado every autumn, and it is safe to say that money would not buy the average elk head that is borne away from the Rockies.

Probably the finest pair of antlers ever secured in the United States now adorn one of Emperor William's hunting lodges in Germany. The elk that bore them was slain by an admirer of the German Emperor and the antlers were sent from Glenwood Springs. It is a question if even Colorado can produce anything to equal their magnificent spread.

There is only one thing that [illegible] ranking with the elk in the [illegible] the hunter, and that is the mountain sheep. But Colorado, in common with [illegible] Mountain States, has refused [illegible] open season for mountain sheep [illegible] the scarcity of the animals. It [illegible] difficulty that "Buffalo" Jones [illegible] cured a permit to capture a few [illegible] for scientific purposes. Like the [illegible] ever, the sheep promise to increase [illegible] Sportsmen hope that in a few [illegible] authorities will consent to a brief [illegible] son. In the meantime, however, [illegible] must be regarded as the most [illegible] the game, because the rarest [illegible] weaponless camera enthusiast [illegible] animal a delightfully elusive [illegible] wild game photographers who have [illegible] success with deer and other game [illegible] it practically impossible to get [illegible] "how pleasant." Unless an [illegible] helpless in a snowdrift about the [illegible] of photographing him successfully [illegible] until he is dead. And owing to the [illegible] kind of the killing season the [illegible] is under a great handicap.

Football Aftermath.

From the Philadelphia [illegible]

After the Harvard-Pennsylvania [illegible] had come to an end on [illegible] and the public was on its way [illegible] people began either to find [illegible] cover losses. The latter [illegible] posed of bettors.

When the ushers went [illegible] after the game they found [illegible] to fill a good sized [illegible] of great value. An inventory [illegible] with the following result:

Hatpins, all sorts and conditions [illegible]

Hair ribbons, varied assortment [illegible] enough a milliner [illegible]

Handkerchiefs, silk, linen [illegible] bandanas, 36.

Neckties, principally red and [illegible]

Pieces of chewing gum [illegible]

Umbrellas, all having [illegible]

Pairs of gloves, lost by [illegible]

Miscellaneous articles, [illegible]

Total number of articles [illegible]

Some of the things that [illegible] not found, however, and their [illegible] advertised their losses. Fully [illegible] the principal losses. The [illegible] has not yet been claimed, [illegible] bilities are that its owner will not [illegible] the facts in the case. This article is a [illegible] of pink ribbon with a jewel clasp.