

CLUBMAN TAILOR HELD UP IN THE WEST. How a Lone Highwayman Robbed a Coach Load of Passengers.

Not Satisfied with Little, So Passengers Kindly Contributed More.

Chased and Traced to His Lair in the Sierra Madre Mountains, and Captured.

SOME OF THE BOOTY RECOVERED.

But Mr. Tailor Mourns the Loss of a Tiffany Purse That Disappeared with the Man with the Winchester.

Fresh from a stage robbery in which a lone highwayman did the robbing, E. N. Tallor, clubman and raconteur, has returned from the Colorado and Yosemite wilds. He has avoided his clubmates of the Union, Union League, Tuxedo and Country organizations as much as possible, for he dreaded the unmerciful "guying" they would be sure to give him. But this could not last always, and last night, upon being cornered, he told his stirring tale.

When not at his home, No. 11 Washington square, North, Mr. Tallor is more frequently seen at the Union Club, but suspecting that the "boys" were in ambush for him there, he has been dining at the Fifth Avenue and other places. It was at the Fifth Avenue that he was cornered.

"Understand you are the hero of a stage robbery?" queried one of his friends.

"Well, yes," he replied, "I suppose that is true, although I cannot exactly call myself a hero. I was 'held up,' you know, believe that is the proper technical term to use in cases of this sort.

"It was in the Yosemite Valley, a few miles from Raymond. I had an inside seat, when suddenly, as we were bowling along nicely, we came to a stop. We all looked out, and one look was enough for us.

"There sat a man on horseback, who, in impudent language, ordered us to throw up our hands and to throw out all of the valuables we had. To humor him, each one of us, and we were fifteen, tossed toward the rascal our small change. I personally relieved myself of a Tiffany purse that contained, perhaps, ten or fifteen dollars.

"Even then he wasn't satisfied. He just sat there on his horse with his Winchester aimed at our heads, mine in particular, as I thought, and demanded more.

"And he got it. Most of us explored our raiment for other valuables. Some of us surrendered watches, some contributed more cash, and some parted company with their rings. They seemed to give willingly, too, because, as a matter of fact, they were only too glad to do anything or give anything to get rid of the chap.

"I think he finally became frightened at something, but just what I don't know, for none of us made any attempt to draw a weapon, although each one was armed. At any rate, the fellow seemed to proceed, still keeping his weapon aimed at our heads—mine in particular. The driver moved on, and I was getting out of range of his rifle when I saw him gather up our money, valuables and the express box, and gallop away.

"Most of us, I guess, felt as though that to be anywhere but at that stage were preferable. I am free to admit that I felt the same way. My first experience with an affair of this sort, and quite naturally I did what almost any other man would have done at the time.

"That's about all there is to the story, but as I shall go to Tuxedo in the morning, I suppose I shall have to cover again. My wife and daughter, who are in France for the season, have not, I presume, heard of the incident.

The lone highwayman disappeared in the Sierra Madre Mountains. Inspired by a reward of \$800, that was offered for his capture, Sheriff and his posse struck the trail, and it was days before they struck the trail, and then only after the hunt had continued for forty days.

The highwayman rode a horse that was shod with shoes of different sizes, and it was of a buckskin hue. Between the odd hoofprints and tufts of the horse's hair that were found clinging to twigs and bushes, the fugitive was finally traced to a hut in a secluded spot, where he was hiding. He was surprised and easily captured. Some of the plunder was recovered, but Mr. Tallor has not regained his Tiffany purse, nor other articles with which he parted company.

SICARD, TOO, WAS BLAMED. Commodore Taken to Task for Delay in Getting the Puritan Ready.

Washington, Aug. 7.—It has just leaked out that Lieutenant Commander Sperry and Constructor Bowles were not the only officers of the Brooklyn Navy Yard who were censured by Secretary Herbert, as a result of the controversy over the ordnance work of the Puritan.

As a matter of fact, Secretary Herbert took Commodore Sicard promptly to task about the time the findings of the court of inquiry were made public. Navy Department officials decline to make the text of the Secretary's communication public, but it is known that he told Commodore Sicard that there had been unnecessary delay in completing the Puritan, and that the delay was due to official differences between officers at the yard. He insisted that the controversy should cease at once and the vessel be got ready for service with all dispatch.

TRY TO OUST CAPT. SPURGIN. Commissary of West Point Cadets Meeting with Opposition.

Washington, Aug. 7.—West Point circles will be stirred up to learn that an attempt is being made to oust Captain W. F. Spurgin from his charge of the cadets' mess, which he has had for fifteen years, and order him back to his regiment. His relief is scheduled for about the same date that the new commandant of cadets is to be named.

The whole scheme to remove him has had its origin among a group of young officers who play the role of favorites around headquarters in the War Department. The place commands the pay of major, and one of these favorites hopes to land the plum.

Before Captain Spurgin took the place of the late Major General, the War Department officials were divided into two camps. The service was wretched, and the upper class men of the first call at the trenches, which reduced the plebs to a starvation diet. The pleb who had a limited supply of pocket money with which to obtain extra rations grew in this into a rascally, table-mannered man.

Captain Spurgin changed all this. He turned out to be a superb caterer, and, moreover, saw to it that all classes were treated with exact impartiality.

DIED A MARTYR TO WORK. An Overdose of Morphine Brings Eternal Sleep to Dr. Charles H. Weinkoltz.

For ten years Dr. Charles H. Weinkoltz had toiled in his profession at No. 157 East Eighty-second street, to provide a competence for his family. In this he succeeded, but yesterday he died from an overdose of morphine taken for insomnia.

Dr. Weinkoltz was born fifty-five years ago in Charleston, S. C. At seven he came to New York. He was graduated from the medical school of the New York University and began to practise. Patients were many but the poor were never turned away.

Night and day he had worked for the last three years, and his wife had often remonstrated with him. "Why do you work so hard, Charles?" she would say.

"I must make money while I am able. We must have it in our old age, dear."

He refused to take even a "day off." She suggested an outing at the seaside Thursday. She and the sixteen-year-old son went to the beach.

It was toward midnight of Thursday when he sought sleep that had been denied to him for many nights.

Toward daylight Mrs. Weinkoltz was aroused by her husband's stertorous breathing. She shook him gently, but he did not respond. Then she saw the bottle on a table. She knew what it meant.

Dr. Diamond Pineberg and others were called, but their efforts were in vain and death came at 11:45 yesterday morning.

Mrs. Weinkoltz said her husband had taken very little nourishment for days.

Dr. Dolich, Deputy Coroner, considered an autopsy unnecessary.

NEWARK BELLE TO WED. Miss Elizabeth C. Smith, Daughter of the United States Senator, Will Become the Bride of Peter Hauck, Jr.

The engagement of Miss Elizabeth C. Smith, eldest daughter of United States Senator James Smith, of New Jersey, to Peter Hauck, Jr., of Harrison, N. J., has been made known to the immediate friends and relatives of the families interested.

The marriage is to take place early this fall immediately after the return of Senator Smith from Europe, and Mr. Hauck's family from the seashore. Miss Smith is one of the acknowledged society leaders of Newark, where she is very popular.

Peter Hauck, Jr., is the son of the well-known Harrison manufacturer, and is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. He is about twenty-eight years of age, and is a very popular society man. He is well known in amateur athletic circles.

Mr. Hauck has purchased the famous Grove homestead, in Washington street, for his bride, and has already given orders for its renovation and redecoration.

CAIN'S MARK IS ON HIM. Lynn Pleads That His Man-Killing Record is Used Against Him.

Henry Lynn, a white-haired man, forty-four years old, prematurely aged by eighteen years of confinement in the penitentiary, stood in the bar of Yorkville Court yesterday to answer to the charge of assault and robbery. In 1872, when twenty years old, he killed a man in a street fight on Tenth avenue, and was sentenced to imprisonment for life. In 1880 he was pardoned.

The complainant was Thomas McManus and wife, of No. 338 West Forty-ninth street, with whom Lynn has been boarding. They allege that he became abusive last Monday and assaulted McManus with a sateen. The latter ran for a policeman, and in his absence, Lynn declared, he attacked the wife, knocking her down and beating and kicking her. She says he then seized a pocketbook, containing \$70, and ran away with it.

Policeman Newsam, of the Twenty-Second Precinct, saw Lynn at Tenth avenue and Forty-second street, yesterday morning, and arrested him. He made a strong plea in court for his discharge, claiming his past record was unjustly used against him, and that he was trying to live it down. He denied the robbery, and said that McManus was the aggressor in the fight. Magistrate Knudsen held him in \$1,000 bail for trial.

NO DRINKS AT THE RESORTS. White Mountain Hotels Announce That No Wines Will Be Sold.

Jackson, N. H., Aug. 7.—New Hampshire has the most persistent laws regulating the sale and use of alcoholic refreshments, but in the past they have been something to laugh at and not respect. Now, however, it is reported from the big hotels nesting among the lofty heights of the White Mountains that a remarkable and not altogether pleasant drought prevails there, owing to the activity of the State Law and Order League.

The hostesses, who are said to have called up the doors of their barrooms are the Sinclair, the Maplewood, the Crawford House, the Fabry House, the Mount Pleasant House and the Waumbek, while, it is said, the proprietor of the largest hotels right here in Jackson has notified his guests that he could not furnish them with wines.

The question of the liquor traffic has already come to be a very prominent issue before the people, and it looks as though party officials will take considerable part in the coming campaign.

CRANK SHOT IN A BANK. Demanded \$5,000 from the Paying Teller, but Was Fatally Wounded.

Jacksonville, Fla., Aug. 7.—W. I. Chamberlain, a crank, went into the bank of the National Savings and Trust Company at noon to-day and presented a paper to Paying Teller Archie Hubbard, who was alone in the bank. The paper was a demand for \$5,000, with a threat to throw acid in Hubbard's face if he did not comply.

Hubbard covered the crank with a revolver and the two men grappled. Seizing the door, Chamberlain, who was armed, opened it and fled. Chamberlain will probably die.

THIS WELLY FARMER IS A TRUE YANKEE. Walls of His New Well Cave In and He Strikes a Grand Plan to Clear It.

Places His Coat and Hat Near the Excavation and Then Goes in Hiding to Watch.

NEIGHBORS SEE AND THINK HE'S DEAD. Score of Men Begin Work to Recover the Body and When the Well is Clear Again "Uncle Dave" Appears.

Blairtown, N. J., Aug. 7.—Farmers from the vicinity of Hardwick who visited this place during the past week tell of an amusing and shrewd action on the part of one of their neighbors in boxing them into clearing his new well, the wall of which had caved in. The man they tell about is David Hennion, who lives near Hardwick.

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AT TIM SULLIVAN'S PICNIC. There Was Spilling of a Superior Order, Beer Ad Libitum, a Race and a High Old Time Generally.

Clouds and lightning did not deter the friends of Senator Timothy D. Sullivan from attending his Summer-night's festival at Suler's Harlem River Park last night. The Senator's acquaintances to the number of about 10,000 swarmed up from the lower East Side by cable and elevated cars until midnight, and spent the rest of the time dancing and drinking beer.

"Dry Dollar" himself did not arrive until a late hour. He came directly from Milwaukee, where he and Mrs. Sullivan had been on a visit.

This was Mr. Sullivan's twenty-first annual festival. Heretofore he usually took his friends on a steamboat excursion, but as such outings were free, and the crowds grew to such immense proportions, it was decided that it would be safer to have this year's affair in a park. There were 50,000 tickets of invitation issued, the largest number ever printed in this city for a similar festivity.

The games consisted of only one event, a 100-yard dash, in which there were fifty entries. The race was won by Martin Gilligan, who received a handsome diamond scarf pin from James F. Kelly. There was no speech making. The dancing began at 11 o'clock. Police Inspector Walter Thompson, with Captain Haughey and a detail of men from the East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Street Station, attended.

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HUNGER AND THIRST DROVE PATRIOTS MAD. Major Delgado and His Companions Nearly Died in Trying to Escape from Cuba.

Major Ricardo Delgado walked into the office of the Cuban Junta, at No. 36 New street, yesterday and announced that he had just arrived from General Antonio Maceo's camp in the province of Pinar del Rio, and had important messages for President Tomas Estrada Palma.

The officer was detailed in the early part of July to carry messages to the New York delegation. He set out from Pinar del Rio with a small escort in command of Colonel Baldomero Acosta, and July 31 found him on the Cuban coast to the westward of Havana. It had been planned to have a large yacht in readiness for him, but the craft was not at the appointed place. There was great danger, as Spanish troops were known to be approaching and the coast was patrolled by Spanish guards. Finally Francisco Jerez, an aged Cuban fisherman, who owned a leaky boat, which he called Cachaucha, was appealed to. He declared that his boat was more than twenty years old, and unfit for service.

"Ah! said Colonel Acosta, "then you are the kind of patriots we are fighting for." Thus appealed to, Jerez declared that he was a patriot and would prove it. "I will take you as far as you want to go," he said, "even if it is to Key West."

ON A PERILOUS VOYAGE. "My companion was Captain Fernandez Velasco, of the Cuban army," said Major Delgado yesterday, "and the three of us set out on a desperate voyage. Our cars did not fit the row locks, and the seats, being in the way, were ripped up, and we sat in the bottom of the boat. We managed to rig a small sail, which gave us a rest from the oars.

"We headed toward the Gulf all the next day. Jerez, the fisherman, was a pitiable object. With his knees in the water he prayed constantly for his family and begged me to take him home. Captain Velasco displayed the utmost courage until nightfall, when he abandoned hope. He threw himself down and declared he was too weak from hunger to raise a hand. When I told

him not to be a coward he said he would shoot himself to show he was not afraid of death.

RELIEF AT LAST. "I was in almost as desperate a frame of mind as poor Jerez and Velasco were. Finally I had to devote all my time to halting the boat, for the other two were not more than half conscious. At midnight Saturday night I sighted a light to windward, shouted at the top of my voice, and in a short time saw a sailing vessel bearing down on us. We were taken on board the Norwegian schooner Linda. Pursued and all, and received a royal welcome. The captain of the schooner took us within thirty miles of Key West and gave us a new boat for a small sum. Fifteen miles further north we were taken aboard the pilot boat Glauce.

Captain Velasco and the fisherman were left at Key West by Major Delgado, because of their illness. The Major came here by rail. On both of his legs below the knees he has large unhealed wounds, made by Spanish bullets.

Major Delgado and two companions left the island in a leaky old boat and suffered intensely for two days until picked up by a schooner. The dotted line shows the course taken by the adventurers.

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