

MR. MARCUS DALY OWNS HAMBURG.



HAMBURG, OWNED BY MR. MARCUS DALY.

Price Paid \$35,000 and a Future Consideration.

REALIZATION WINNINGS. If the Son of Hanover Wins the Stakes Madden Will Get Part.

MR. DALY ON HIS WAY EAST Disappointed in Previous Ventures on the Turf He Wanted to Buy the Best. ELMENDORF HAMBURG'S FUTURE. Meantime He Will Fill His Engagements for 1898 Under Mr. Daly's Colors, Copper, Silver and Green.

(From the Journal, Monday, Dec. 13, 1897.)

He (Mr. Daly) is the most likely buyer of those named. On last Monday the Journal stated exclusively that, of all the men mentioned as the probable purchasers of Hamburg, Marcus Daly was the most likely buyer.

Hamburg is owned by Marcus Daly, the Copper King.

This the Journal is able to state from positive information. Nor was the great son of Hanover purchased for \$60,000. On the contrary, the amount of the check turned over to John E. Madden was \$35,000, a much more reasonable price for the horse.

With the purchase check there goes a condition that, should Hamburg win the Realization Stakes of 1898, John E. Madden is to get a certain percentage of the amount of the winnings. He would not dispose of the horse by any other terms.

It has been known that Marcus Daly desired to add to his racing stable, and wanted none but the best that money could buy. He had had his fill of scrubs and disappointments. Connecting this fact with the sale of Hamburg, the Journal stated that Marcus Daly was the most likely purchaser of the horse.

But it was denied by agents in the deal that Daly had bought the fleet-footed sensation of the American turf. Other men were then selected as the possible purchasers. They denied in person that they had bought Hamburg. Through all this maze of denials, cross-denials, right and left contradictions and sub-denials, the Journal followed minutely a slight clew, which finally has centered fairly upon the Copper King, and he beyond a question settled for the check that John E. Madden cashed.

Why such secrecy should have been entertained about Hamburg's purchase only Daly knows, here seems to be nothing in sight that should have prevented him making it public at once.

EXHUME VOLTAIRE AND ROUSSEAU.

French Officials Open the Tombs of the Philosopher and Poet in the Pantheon.

Paris, Dec. 18.—The controversy which has for a long time past subsisted concerning the whereabouts of the remains of Jean Jacques Rousseau and Voltaire, the two principal stars of the French world of letters of the eighteenth century, has at length been set at rest to-day by the opening of the sarcophagi bearing their names in the Pantheon here. In spite of the treatment which the corpse of Voltaire received during the Hundred Days in 1814 at the hands of the royalists, it was found to be remarkably well preserved, and to resemble in a striking manner the statue of the celebrated French philosopher. Of Rousseau nothing but the skeleton was discovered.

It was more especially the search for the remains of Rousseau that led to today's exhumation. For some time past a discussion has been in progress in the newspapers here as to the locality of his last resting place, and the majority of his admirers have been under the impression that he lay buried in the Isle des Peupliers, near Ermenonville, where he died of self-inflicted wounds, and have been in the habit of making the island the bourne of their pilgrimages. Three weeks ago, however, the island tomb was opened, and found to be empty, and fears were expressed lest his remains might have disappeared at the time of the Restoration of 1814. Permission was accordingly obtained from the Government to search the sarcophagus bearing his name in the Pantheon, and, to the satisfaction of all those who like his works, his bones have been found there.

The fate of Rousseau's remains had much in common with those of Voltaire. Voltaire's body was originally interred at the Abbey of Scellieres, in Champagne, but at the time of the great revolution it was disinterred and transferred to the metropolitan Church of St. Genevieve, which had been transformed by the Republic into a national Pantheon. There the two bodies rested in the sarcophagi bearing their names until the fall of the first Napoleon, King Louis XVIII, taking advantage of the "Hundred Days" to cause the Pantheon to be reconsecrated and to disinter the bodies of the arch-foes Rousseau and of the arch-enemy Voltaire. For a long time no one knew exactly what had become of the remains, and it was not until toward the end of the reign of Napoleon III, that the bodies of both Voltaire and Rousseau were found hidden away, and were quietly restored to their tombs in the Pantheon. For some reason or other no record seems to have been kept of this reinstatement, and until to-day people were in doubt as to whether the Rousseau and the Voltaire sarcophagi in the Pantheon were empty, as alleged, or whether they really contained the remains of the two great men whose names they bore.

than two years. In either event he will be sent to the farm of J. B. Haggin in Kentucky. It is known as Elmendorf and is located near Louisville. There the horse will remain indefinitely.

Hamburg is entered in all the big Western and Eastern stakes for the coming season. He will run in all the great Derbies of the West in the Spring. William Lakeland will train him.

His winnings during the season of 1897 were about \$33,000. His first race was the great coup of the early season, as he ran a 15 to 1 shot and came home with ease. Had he been engaged in the Futurity last Summer he would have added thousands more to his owner's purse.

Hamburg was bought by Madden when a yearling, and in his preliminary gallops showed wonderful speed.

Mr. Daly is on his way East.

SOCIETY WOMAN AT A DOG FIGHT.

Arrested in a Raid Upon Senator Cullom's Stable.

BRAVER THAN THE MEN.

Never Whimpered, While the Other Social Lights Fought the Police and Bolted.

CHEERED HER FAVORITE.

Her Cries of "Fight Him, Pim," First Attracted the Attention of the Officer.

Washington, Dec. 18.—The shrill voice of a woman screaming "Fight him, Pim!" was what attracted the attention of Officer Sweet to Senator Cullom's stable, in the rear of No. 1413 Massachusetts avenue, last night. He came and peeped through a crack. What he saw caused him to beat a noiseless retreat for reinforcements. He saw a dog fight, with a negro and a white man in their shirt sleeves handling the dogs, and about twenty well-groomed young men, half of them in evening dress, eagerly looked on.

But the most interested of all spectators was a handsome brunette of about twenty-three, faultlessly attired in a tailor-made costume, who leaned from a point of vantage from the box of Senator Cullom's coupe, and though admonished to silence, could not be restrained from cheering on her favorite. One man turned on her repeatedly and spoke in a low voice, but with emphasis.

"For heaven's sake keep your voice down; you'll have the police on us." And she did.

The dog fight was to be a society affair. Pim, the dog of the social set, is a black and white bull terrier weighing forty pounds, who thus far has never been whipped, having conquered among others, a dog belonging to the son of Senator Elkins at an exclusive society dog fight which took place at Chevy Chase about two months ago.

Smuggled in the Girl. Twenty people were at the fight, and the society girl was smuggled into the stable and placed upon the box of the carriage. The fight had progressed for half an hour, when the lady could not restrain her enthusiasm, for her favorite had "scratched" for the third time and was tearing the other dog to pieces and looked a sure winner, when the door was battered down and five policemen rushed in.

"Jack" Green, one of the most popular sports in Washington, was acting as time-keeper. For an instant there was a hush, and then a scramble for the stairway leading upstairs, the windows and the doors. Green slipped his watch in his pocket, and as Policeman Sweet reached for him, "Jack" struck him a stiff blow on the jaw and the policeman went down as if struck with an axe. Green leaped through the open door and escaped. Those of the party who reached the second floor leaped out the window.

Washington man, in full evening dress, carrying half the cash with him.

She Never Whimpered. The lady never whimpered when pulled out of the carriage, but was as cool and collected as if receiving at an afternoon tea. She was a marked contrast to the men who were arrested. They were completely unmanned. "Jack" Trumbo, Frank Altman and two other well-known young men, who were in the back end of the room, ran into the arms of four policemen, and when Sweet, who received the knock-out blow from "Jack" Green, recovered from his effects, no one was in the stable but the four other policemen and the four persons mentioned, and the young lady.

On arriving at the police station she said her name was "Alice Berry," but it was apparent that the name was fictitious, the only person in the city of that name being a colored domestic.

Trumbo at first gave the name of Smith, but being well known to the officers, was laughed at, and finally admitted his correct name. Altman likewise gave a fictitious name. Being the only one with money, Altman put up \$10 collateral and left.

An hour later "Jack" Green and some of the other friends of "Alice Berry" sent a carriage and collateral in care of Altman for the lady.

During the entire ordeal she maintained a half scornful, half amused demeanor, was perfectly self-possessed, and evidently fully aware of her position and the value of silence as to her true identity.

Cullom's Coachman Blamed. The stable where the fight took place was obtained, it is said, through the coachman of Senator Cullom, and the latter is making a thorough investigation, and those in his employ who were accessories will likely be dealt with as severely as possible.

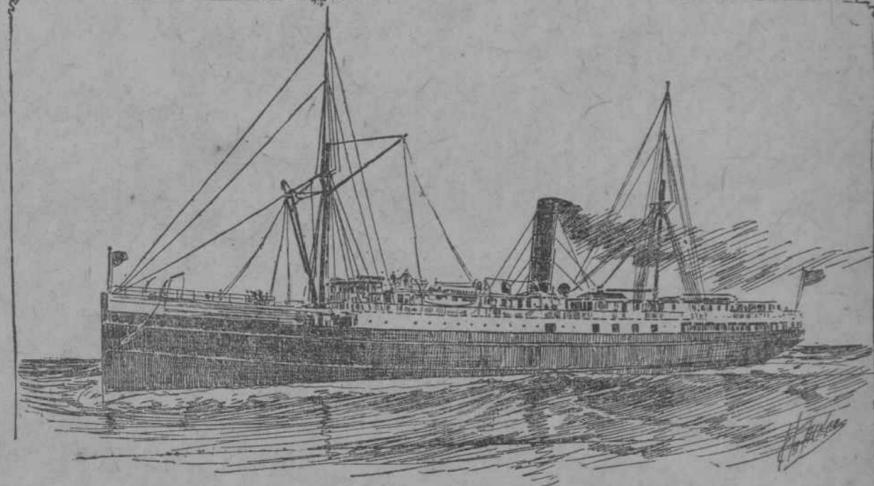
The most rigid silence is now maintained regarding the matter, and all the society ladies who have heretofore attended these quiet dog fights, of which there have been quite a number recently, assume the most dignified manner. While admitting they could have gone, or might have gone, they insist that they were not there, and were glad of it.

Dog fighting has become quite a fad among society young folk here, and it is the evening dress, silk hats and patent leather shoes that now grace the "pit" instead of the short-haired pugs in shirt sleeves with flasks and pistols in their hip pockets of the days gone by.

Two of the best known men who managed to evade the officers of the law are the sons of a Western Representative and a Southern Senator. They were interested in the success of one of the dogs. How they managed to break through the line of officers that surrounded the stable no one will say, but the police acknowledge that they were not arrested.

Though Senator Cullom was entirely ignorant of the fact, his stable has been under police surveillance for some time. Tom Brown, the Senator's stable man has been inviting his friends around every evening for a quiet game of "craps." Last night was the time agreed upon by the officers to make a raid on the stable, and unfortunately for "Miss Berry," "Jack" Green and the other members of society, it happened to be the night appointed for their dog fight.

CARRIES ARMS TO CUBA AND WOMEN TO KLONDIKE.



The City of Columbia for Alaska, via Cuba.

She sailed Thursday with twenty-five passengers, seventeen of them women, ostensibly for the Klondike. But she stopped sixteen hours off Sandy Hook and received an expedition and a cargo which will be delivered to the Cuban insurgents, and then she will proceed on her journey to the Arctic.

City of Columbia a Champion Filibuster, and Her Captain Is Ezekiah Baker, Commander of the Nichtheroy, Who Has His Old Crew.

The City of Columbia, originally intended as a Klondike vessel pure and simple, turns out to be perhaps the largest carrier of a filibustering expedition that has ever left the United States.

The City of Columbia was to have sailed from New York on December 1. She did not get away until December 16.

She was expected to carry 500 persons to the Klondike region. She did not take, besides her crew, more than twenty-five.

The City of Columbia cost \$38,000. To fit her up cost \$40,000 more. Her coal cost \$10,000. Her insurance cost \$10,000 more. Her stores cost \$10,000. Her supplies cost \$5,000. The total cost of the ship up to the time she left the Old Dominion pier was, therefore, \$113,000.

The total receipts from fares of passengers on the City of Columbia was between \$15,000 and \$20,000. There is little doubt that the Klondike expedition was a great financial disappointment to the company which bought the ship.

Instead of sailing straight out of New York Bay and proceeding on her course, the City of Columbia anchored off Sandy Hook. She left the Old Dominion Pier at 3:30 o'clock Thursday afternoon. She did not leave Sandy Hook until 8:30 o'clock the next morning.

Last, but by no means least, the commander of the City of Columbia is none other than Captain E. C. Baker, famous as the commander of the Nichtheroy during the Brazilian insurrection. Captain Baker is the man who kicked a Brazilian Admiral off the bridge of his ship and locked him in a cabin. The Brazilian Admiral was presumptuous. But that is not all. Captain Baker's subordinate officers on the City of Columbia are identically the same as those who accompanied him on the famous Brazilian expedition.

A Mysterious Delay. The half-way of the forehold was open when the City of Columbia left New York. A new companionway had been cut through to the lower deck.

A Journal reporter made inquiry on the day the City of Columbia sailed if the crew was complete. He was told that all the men who were needed had been obtained. What excuse was there, then, for stopping the voyage and delaying the ship sixteen hours?

There were thirty-two men in the ship's crew, all told. There were twenty-five passengers. Yet the City of Columbia carried eight lifeboats.

Before the ship sailed, and while the Klondike voyage was still being discussed, it was said that the ship would touch at Bermuda, Rio Janeiro, Montevideo, Valparaiso and Callao. Captain Baker admitted, just before he sailed, that he intended to stop only at Montevideo.

All these are certain things, and furthermore, it is a fact upon which the Journal has obtained exclusive information, that the ship was cautiously tendered to the Cuban Junta several weeks ago. The Junta does not admit this, nor will they ever admit it.

Whether the ship was originally intended chiefly for a filibustering career, or whether the failure of the Klondike scheme suddenly determined the owners of the vessel to offer it to the Junta, cannot be said.

There are seventeen women aboard the City of Columbia and eight men. The ship will, of course, proceed to San Francisco and on in the Spring to the Klondike. If the women aboard had known in advance that the vessel was to be used in behalf of the Cuban insurgents, they form perhaps the most remarkable instance on record of feminine silence. For that matter it may have been that the true character of the expedition leaked out through one of them. If they did not know of it, there must have been some screams when Captain Baker calmly told his passengers what was the true destiny of the vessel.

Very Few Passengers. Why this ship, with a capacity of carrying 500 passengers, left New York with only twenty-five and why the number finally dwindled down to these few is a matter for those in charge of the Klondike-Cuban voyage to explain.

The purchase of the City of Columbia for Klondike purposes followed closely upon the height of the gold excitement in the frozen North. It was announced that passengers would be taken from New York and settled in Dawson City at a figure varying from \$400 to \$800.

The ship was immediately put in repair for her voyage of 20,000 miles, from the mouth of the Hudson to the mouth of the Yukon. She was completely overhauled at Pullman's yards, in Erie Basin. An entirely

new deck was constructed in the lower hold. An immense number of staterooms were constructed in the upper portion, which will form the lower deck of the steamer, and the sterner's sides were pierced for a double number of portholes. This deck also contained store and baggage rooms for the passengers. The cutting of the portholes necessitated the strengthening of the steamer, which was done.

Work was pushed along with great rapidity, and the sound of hammers was constantly heard in the hold.

As the work progressed much attention was called to it, and it was announced that the vessel would be ready for sailing by December 1 with her four hundred passengers.

The 1st of December came and the City of Columbia still floated at her dock.

E. C. Matchon, formerly a railroad capitalist, from Georgia, took a leading part in the enterprise. He gave as a reason for the delay that it had been found necessary to make duplicates of certain machinery liable to breakage in so long a voyage.

Seventeen Brave Women. It was at about this time that Mrs. Hannah Gould, of No. 250 West Twenty-second street, came into prominence in connection with the proposed trip of the Columbia. She had been well known as a business woman, and had made and lost two or three fortunes. It was announced that she would organize a company of women, mostly widows, to go to the Klondike region and relieve the great demand for the nobler sex which was certain to be prevailing there. At first the number was stated in the hundreds. It grew less and less until on the day of sailing not more than seventeen women appeared on the decks of the City of Columbia.

Many of the women were beyond middle age. All were women of nerve, and notwithstanding, as has been intimated, they might receive a shock upon the first announcement of the surprising destiny of their ship, still it is to be presumed that those who intend to brave the fierceness of the Alaskan climate will survive the excitement of an anchorage off the Cuban coast.

When the day of sailing came there were the usual scenes that take place on the decks of outgoing ships—tears and hugs and all that sort of thing. The passengers all believed they would not soon look upon the beauties of New York Harbor again. Nor did they believe there would be any halt in the voyage until they sighted, as Captain Baker had promised them, the houses of Montevideo. The ship left her pier and was saluted by several craft which knew of her far away destination. She proceeded slowly down the channel, passed through the Narrows and made for the open sea.

Sandy Hook was passed and the boat was but a speck on the ocean, when the engines stopped, the momentum of the vessel slowly ceased and the anchor was lowered.

The Journal has not been able to learn what tips visited the ship and how much ammunition or how many stands of arms were taken aboard during the night. Nor is it known whether a greater number of men were taken on board. But it is known beyond peradventure that when the sun light suffused the eastern sky the City of Columbia was still anchored there. She did not depart to the southward until 8:30 Friday morning.

In a few minutes a trail of smoke from the City of Columbia's funnel stook faintly on the horizon, the last vestige of the strange expedition with its two-fold purpose.

Captain Baker and the Admiral. Captain, Ezekiah C. Baker, who commands the City of Columbia, is one of the coolest men who ever walked a bridge and is cheerful under all circumstances. He became famous a few years ago as the only skipper to enjoy the privilege of trouncing an Admiral. The Captain was in command of the steamer Nichtheroy, formerly the El Cid, and the Admiral of the Brazilian navy is the one who suffered the trouncing.

El Cid had been sold to the Brazilian insurgents and Captain Baker was commissioned to deliver her. He took with him as chief officer George Evelyn, and his other officers were Chief Engineer Garrett Van Idersline, and Chief Steward B. E. Howell. Singularly enough these same men occupied the same positions on the City of Columbia when she sailed from the Old Dominion pier last Thursday afternoon. They are men in whom Captain Baker has the utmost confidence.

It was when the Nichtheroy, as she had been renamed, was off Rio Janeiro that the

Admiral of the Brazilian fleet boarded her. He ascended to the bridge in civilian dress and calmly told Captain Baker that as the vessel was intended for the Brazilian Government he would take charge of her.

"Who are you?" asked Captain Baker. "I am the admiral," was the reply.

"Well," said Baker, "I don't know you and I want you to get off this bridge." The admiral left only to return in full uniform. Then he strutted up to Captain Baker and said triumphantly:

"I guess you recognize my identity now." Captain Baker's only reply was to whirl on his heel and grab the doughy admiral by the nape of the neck and the seat of his trousers and run him off the bridge in the presence of his entire staff. Baker rushed the admiral to a state room on the saloon deck, threw him into it and locked the door, remarking as he did so:

"Admiral or no admiral, I'll have you understand I'm the captain of this ship. I have my orders and I'm going to carry them out."

The members of the staff were invited to leave the vessel, which they did, and the Nichtheroy continued on into Rio Janeiro harbor.

Captain Baker is a handsome man, in spite of his fifty years, and has apparently retained his full vigor. He stands five feet nine inches tall, is straight as an arrow, with a robust figure, square shoulders, black hair, slightly tinged with gray, a mustache and flowing beard.

Captain Baker is in command of one of the old United States and Brazilian Mail Line steamers for many years, and has been one of the most successful navigators running out of this port.

Garret Van Idersline, his chief engineer, was made a lieutenant commander in the new Brazilian Navy after the Nichtheroy incident.

Lawmakers Take a Vacation. Washington, Dec. 18.—The Senate and House adjourned to-day to meet January 5. Many of the members started for their homes to spend the holidays.



No matter how much of a business woman a woman may be, when the little loved ones are upon her mind to shoot, there is no protection against his arrow. Yet many a young woman whose affections are already engaged, hesitates to assume the obligations of wifehood and motherhood, because she feels unfitted for them by some physical weakness or disease.

The special ailments to which the feminine system is liable, not only unfit a woman for happy wifehood and motherhood, but incapacitate her for any sphere of action. No woman can discharge the daily duties of any position with comfort or satisfaction who is constantly weighed down by headaches, backaches and dragging, weakening drains.

Troubles of this nature are not by any means a necessity of womanhood. They are positively and completely cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It imparts genuine health and strength to the womanly organs. It was devised for this one purpose by an eminent specialist in this particular field of practice.

"Several years I suffered with profuse of the uterus," writes Miss A. Lee Schuster, of Box 12, Rodney, Jefferson Co., Miss. "Our family physician treated me for kidney trouble, and everything else but the right thing. I grew worse and worse. My body was emaciated, hands and feet clammy and cold, stomach weak, with great palpitation of the heart. I dreaded for night to come for I would suffer with nausea all night and so I continued until some kind unknown friend sent me your book with a marked page. I began taking your 'Favorite Prescription,' contrary to my family's wishes, and I began to improve right away. I have taken three bottles and now I am very nearly well and am very happy, and thankful to you."

C. C. SHAYNE, manufacturer. Alaska sealskin jackets, \$250, \$250, \$300 and \$350; capes, \$100 to \$400; collarettes, \$50, \$65 and \$80; seal muffs, \$10 to \$30; gloves, \$10, \$12 and \$15; gaiters, \$20 to \$35. Large assortment of fancy fur neck pieces, with muffs to match, at the lowest possible prices for reliable goods. Russian and Hudson Bay Sable.

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