

JOAQUIN MILLER'S NEW STORY. "The Buried River." SECOND INSTALLMENT IN THE SUNDAY WORLD, WITH A RESUME OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS. A Thrilling Romance of Hidden Gold and Subterranean Mysteries in California. PRICE ONE CENT.

THE SUNDAY WORLD. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1889.

IN THE SUNDAY WORLD. PROLOGUE AT THE FRENCH HALL. THE CITY'S UNKNOWN DEAD. IN A WORKING WOMAN'S BOX. AROUND THE WALLS OF PEKING. CHARMING LETTER-WRITERS. Wait Whitman at Home. An Interesting Visit to the Famous Poet and Reminiscences of His Long Life. PRICE ONE CENT.

THAT OUTRAGE. New Details in the Story of Little Tina Weiss.

No Just Grounds for Keeping Her from Her Parents. A Large Part of the Community Aroused Over Her Confinement. The Necessity of "The Evening World" Amendment Clearly Shown.

The Evening World gave an account yesterday of the manner in which little Tina Weiss fell into the hands of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, about a year ago, and was committed to the American Female Guardian Society and afterwards sent out of the city for adoption, and told how the grief-stricken parents had in vain made every effort in their power to regain possession of the child or even to see her.

Further investigation of the case by THE EVENING WORLD'S reporter shows conclusively that a great injustice has been done, and that the parents instead of being the reputable and worthless people that the Society's agents represented to the Court are sober and industrious and are well able to care for their children.

Mrs. Esther Solomon and her family, who live at No. 77 Suffolk street, have taken a great interest in the case from the beginning. Mrs. Gordon, Mrs. Solomon's daughter, said to THE EVENING WORLD reporter: "My husband knew Mr. Weiss in Russia, as they lived in the same town of Dinaburg. When Mr. Weiss first came to this country with Tina he came right to my house."

Mrs. Weiss told the reporter that when she first came here she lived with her husband and child for about two months with the family of Isaac Gensberg, who had come over with them in the steamer, on a lower floor in the same building.

She was waiting till her present rooms were vacated by the former tenants. "I was in the Gensberg room with my husband," she said, "when the agent of the Society came to see me in October last. It was a Church holiday, and several of the family were at home. A brother of Mrs. Gensberg was asleep on the lounge. "When the man came in he said he was a committeeman from the Society, and he wished to see me. I was the mother and father of Tina Weiss, I said I was the mother, and showed him my husband. "Who is that man on the lounge?" he asked, and he told him. Then he went out without asking any more questions. "At the Society, when I went there next time, they told me that my husband was drunk in the room. It is untrue. He was not drunk. Mrs. Gensberg's brother, He was only asleep.

TOO SLIPPERY ON THE PAVE. Not Even the Wicked Can Stand in This Short Block. That part of Chambers street which lies between Broadway and Centre street is one of the busiest of the downtown thoroughfares. It is paved with a new kind of asphalt which in cold weather becomes as hard as stone and as polished as glass.

It is hard enough on horseflesh at any time, but during the past two days, when the smooth surface has been covered with ice and sleet, the street has been almost impassable for horses drawing the heavily loaded trucks, and scores of them have come to grief, and many attempts to run the gauntlet of the street block.

One man who has a desk in the County Clerk's office, near a window, says he counted seventy falls on Wednesday. The most slippery place was just opposite the Public Works Building, where there is a little decline. This was where most of the slips occurred. The ice had melted and run down together and once there were four truck horses down at the same time.

LIST TO THIS TALE OF WOE. A TOUCHING NARRATIVE OF UNREQUITED GENEROSITY. AND A CONFESSION OF DEFEAT.

The "Evening Sun's" Philanthropic but Unprofitable Way of Padding Its Circulation—Inability to Sell Papers Causes Them to Be Given Away by the Thousands—Sometimes They Can't Even Give Them Away. Here's a tale of woe. If you can't sell papers what are you going to do about it? Give them away. Well that is what the Evening Sun is doing. To pad out a rapidly sinking circulation this unhappy paper is distributing free thousands of papers daily.

Not only in New York is this highly philanthropic gift enterprise going on, but also in Brooklyn and Jersey City. In order to obtain the exact details of this noble work of self-sacrifice (THE EVENING WORLD is ever ready to chronicle acts of generosity), a reporter took a west-side L train yesterday afternoon and started uptown.

He alighted at One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street, the terminus of the route. A crowd of newboys were tumbling and skipping about waiting for EVENING WORLDS. The reporter did not wait long. Suddenly there was a shout of "Here he is!" and the man with THE EVENING WORLDS came staggering down the steps with a large pile of papers on his shoulder. In a twinkling all the papers were gone, converted into cash. "Do you see any more?" came down the steps with a load of Evening Sun's.

Right and left they were shelled out to the kids. There was no time wasted in counting, for the boys could have all they wanted. But they didn't want them very much. In three instances the reporter saw them refused by the boys. Gookin lived in Nyack with his mother, and his father is dead. He is thirty-eight years of age, and was in perfect confidence with the Company until last Tuesday.

GOOKIN WILL MAKE IT UP. THE "L" ROAD CASHIER'S SHORTAGE LESS THAN \$10,000.

The Fidelity and Casualty Company Says It Will Not Lose a Cent—Gookin Announced the Shortage Himself and Has Not Run Away—He Speculated a Little in Wall Street. The mist had cleared from about the affairs of Cashier Allen S. Gookin, of the Manhattan Elevated Railway, and the first estimate of the shortage in his accounts with that Company has dwindled and faded until to-day Vice-President Seward, of the Fidelity and Casualty Company, assures for Gookin, is enabled to say that the railway company and the Fidelity will not lose a cent.

As cashier, Gookin received the daily receipts at the various stations of the several branches of the "L" system, and they amount to from \$30,000 to \$35,000 per diem. At the same time the Auditor received the statements of the ticket-sellers of the number of tickets sold, and when the totals were prepared, both officers turned in their reports to Treasurer McWilliams. Gookin had been in the employ of the Company since 1879, when he came to New York well recommended by an iron company whose employee he had been, and took a position as ticket agent on the "L."

He was then under \$200 bonds. He gradually rose in 1887 he was made cashier and paymaster of the system. Then his bond was increased to \$10,000, and as the business of the Company doubled his bond was increased to \$20,000 in the Fidelity and Casualty Company, which has a contract with a London Company whereby the latter assumes half of each of the risks taken by the former. Manhattan system has many checks and hindrances to defaulting employees, and it would be impossible for its cashier to run away with more than one day's receipts, except by some very extraordinary means.

Gookin lived in Nyack with his mother, and his father is dead. He is thirty-eight years of age, and was in perfect confidence with the Company until last Tuesday. Then he informed Treasurer McWilliams that his accounts were inaccurate and that there was a shortage to the Company. Then he walked to the offices of the Fidelity and Casualty Company and told the Vice-President that he was in trouble with the Company. "I am apparently short in my accounts \$10,000," he said, humbly. "But I know that I cannot really be short more than half that amount, and I can arrange my affairs so as to make it all up to the Company if I am given an opportunity."

WHO FIRED THE BOMB? Brewer Stevenson Says It Was Done by Boycotters. He So Reports to the Police and Asks for Redress.

More Damage Done to Neighboring Houses Than to the Brewery. An excited crowd of men, women and children hung about David Stevenson's big brewery at Fortieth street and Tenth avenue, this morning, and eagerly discussed the bold attempt made to wreck it with dynamite last night. Mr. Stevenson was the coolest man in the vicinity.

He took an EVENING WORLD reporter from his office in the brewery building, on the corner of Thirty-ninth street and Tenth avenue, around to Fortieth street, and there pointed out where the infernal machine had been placed. The brewery takes up all the west side of Tenth avenue, from Thirty-ninth to Fortieth street, extending down both streets about two hundred feet in the direction of Eleventh avenue.

Sixty feet from Tenth avenue, on the south side of Fortieth street, there is a coal chute running from the sidewalk, through a passage built in heavy masonry, to the kiln-works. There is an open space about four feet wide and seven feet deep between the sidewalk and the brewery. The coal chute crosses the open space, and the masonry enclosing it rises from the bottom to the level of the street.

A fence of iron bars about four feet high incloses the chute. The explosion occurred at about 5:30 last evening. Mr. Stevenson had gone home. F. Whitman, his business manager, was closing the day's accounts in the office. Suddenly he was startled by the sound of crashing glass. He looked up to see the windows dropping out of the office on all sides of the Company.

DESTRUCTION AND RUIN IN ROMÉ. Streets Through Which the Mob Marched—The Victims Counted by Troops.

ROMÉ, Feb. 9.—The streets through which the mob marched in yesterday's outbreak present to-day a scene of devastation, and the loss by property destroyed in shops and along the way will be very large. The rioters endeavored to make their way to the Quirinal and the Vatican, but their progress was barred by the troops.

There is much dissatisfaction expressed at the weakness displayed by the Government in repressing the riot. DESTRUCTION AND RUIN IN ROMÉ. Streets Through Which the Mob Marched—The Victims Counted by Troops. ROMÉ, Feb. 9.—The streets through which the mob marched in yesterday's outbreak present to-day a scene of devastation, and the loss by property destroyed in shops and along the way will be very large.

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EXTRA. 2 O'CLOCK. FERRY FRAUDS.

Staten Island's Rapid Transit Company Badly Victimized. Twice-Used and Stolen Tickets Found in the Boxes. A Reward Offered for the Solution of the Mystery.

A mysterious robbery of ferry tickets from the Staten Island Rapid Transit Company was made public this morning by the officers of that corporation. In all the depots along the line and in the ferry-houses the following notice, printed in big black letters, was posted:

STATEN ISLAND RAPID TRANSIT RAILROAD COMPANY. OFFICE OF THE GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT, 110 BROADWAY, N. Y. CITY, Feb. 11, 1889. TICKETS OF THIS COMPANY WHICH HAVE BEEN USED ONCE HAVE BEEN OFFERED A SECOND TIME FOR FARE ON THE ROAD. SUCH TICKETS HAVE BEEN STOLEN FROM THE COMPANY AND THE ABOVE REWARD IS OFFERED FOR TESTIMONY THAT WILL IDENTIFY AND SECURE THE THIEF.

Communications addressed to the undersigned giving particulars as to the improper use of tickets will be held strictly confidential. THE COMPANY WILL ALSO PAY \$100 REWARD for information sufficient to convict any outside party dealing in these tickets, which is an offense under the law.

THE EVENING WORLD

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1889.

PRICE ONE CENT.