# DONE WITH FRED J. BULLEN.

## So Ends Divorced Mrs. Beach's Second Matrimonial Venture.

### BULLEN DREW HIS MONEY, THRASHED HER AND LEFT BRIDGEPORT.

**His Debts and Unpaid Bills Thus Aggregate $23,327.35—Mr. Jones, of New York, Said to Be One of His Victims—He Helped His Wife Get a Divorce from Her First Husband—Later She Married Bullen.**

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., July 17.—When it was noised about that Fred J. Bullen, proprietor of the Windsor Hotel, had thrashed his beautiful wife and fled, people were not surprised, but there was some surprise when it became known that he had financially wrecked the hotel and ran away with about $18,000 in cash and left $23,327.35 of unpaid bills.

Mrs. Bullen was formerly the wife of I. Brown Beach, and five years ago they lived in their handsome place in Park avenue, adjoining the residence of Col. Nathan N. Heft, of Standard Oil fame. The Beaches moved in the best society, and their turnouts were of the swellest. Mr. Beach managed to get possession of considerable of his wife's property, and one night after he had pretended to start for Chicago he returned with a detective, expecting, as he said, to find a Mr. Morton with his wife. Instead he found her and his little daughter Daisy in bed together. Afterwards there were harsh words and Beach struck his wife. Then she instituted divorce proceedings and got a decree. Beach then instituted proceedings to get possession of their child, but instead of his proving that she was unfit to have charge of it she showed that he was not fit and the Court awarded Daisy to her mother.

At the trial Fred J. Bullen appeared in behalf of Mrs. Beach, and his testimony was extremely damaging to Beach. Everybody wondered at the time why Bullen should take so much interest in Mrs. Beach. He was not by any means her equal socially. He is an ex-prize fighter and a professional sport. "To call him 'rapid' is drawing it mild." His cafe in Middle street was the resort of gamblers and sports, and it was a common occurrence for him to thrash a customer or a waiter.

About a year ago Bullen and Mrs. Beach made a flying trip to New York and were married. That settled the social standing of the bride. Ladies who had entertained her and had been her intimates dropped her, and even little Daisy, who attended the leading seminary, received the cold shoulder from her schoolmates. However, Mrs. Bullen managed to cut a figure at the theatres and the park. She displays fashionable gowns and continues to look as beautiful as ever, and Daisy, now nearly sixteen, dresses in the very top of the style.

Last fall Bullen lost about $7,000 on John L. Sullivan, and later he sold his cafe to Sam Merritt, the pedestrian, who gave Rowell such a rub some years ago in Madison Square Garden.

About Jan. 1 Bullen opened the new hotel, the Windsor, and no public resort of the kind ever started in this city with one-half the eclat. It was furnished and equipped elaborately. Bullen was backed by E. P. Jones, of New York. But on Saturday last Bullen sold out his interest in the hotel to O. C. Smith and drew all the money he could in the bank. He then went to his wife's room in the hotel and told her she must immediately leave town with him. She refused, whereupon he gave her a thrashing and then fled to Fairfield, where he caught a train for New York.

Late Saturday night Mr. Jones appeared with a sheriff and claimed that he had a chattel mortgage on the bar and furniture. Before Jones arrived Mrs. Bullen, by advice of counsel, had moved all the furniture in her apartments to a storehouse. Then she and her daughter went to the house of her sister, Mrs. Case.

This morning the creditors appeared in scores and this afternoon the County Commissioners seized the bar and all the liquors and turned Jones's sheriff out. The Commissioners claim that the license fee has not been paid and that liquor was being sold unlawfully.

Among the creditors are the Balke & Collender Company and the Rothschilds' Sons Company, both of New York.

Mrs. Bullen said to The World correspondent to-day:

"I have left Fred J. Bullen for good and forever. He telegraphed to me from Washington to come to him, but I shall not go and he dare not come back to Bridgeport. Mr. Jones has something in his possession that will place him behind the bars. Fred Bullen had the nerve to sell all my furniture to James Dundon.

"The furniture is that which I had as Mrs. Beach, and it was once in the Park avenue home. Before Dundon could touch it I had it removed. Fred Bullen kept the money in the bank in my name, but had a power of attorney to check it out. He left me without one dollar. I am here with my sister. I have my daughter and also Bullen's son by his first wife, and I am supposed to carry for him too. Bullen has treated me shamefully. There have been repeated instances of brutality, and for some time I have been considering the feasibility of getting a separation. After the attack made upon me on Saturday I shall sue for absolute divorce. I have some property of my own, and I shall cling to my daughter."

Stiles Judson is Mrs. Bullen's counsel.

## MR. IDE'S GLOOMY VIEW.

### Thinks Hundreds of Business Men Will Soon Need Consolation.

At the noon prayer-meeting in "Old John Street Methodist Church," yesterday, an appeal was made to pay the expenses of an old man who is now peddling papers.

He was formerly an able preacher, but is now as helpless as a child, and Treasurer Ide has arranged to have him properly and permanently cared for in a home for aged people.

In presenting his case Mr. Ide said: "We don't want him to be seen here when the merchants come here. We expect that before many months hundreds of business men, ruined by the reverses of fortune, will be coming here for the consolations of religion."

## MERELY A DRIFTING MATCH.

### The Atlantic Yacht Club Has a Dull Sail to New London.

NEW LONDON, Conn., July 17.—The run of the Atlantic Yacht Club to-day from Morris Cove to New London was a dull and aimless drift. Soon after the start the wind died out and the little fleet was scattered, not again to be united until safe within this spacious harbor.

At 8 o'clock the starting signal was hoisted from the flagship Water Witch and one by one the yachts broke ground and beat out of Morris Cove. As soon as they were clear of the breakwater at the mouth of the harbor they eased away their sheets and stood up the Sound on an easterly-south course.

By 8:30 the wind hauled ahead and then became so light that it looked as if New London could not be reached by nightfall. The Gracie did not get under way until nine, and Capt. Edmund Fish very decidedly joined the Connecticut ahead. By so doing he caught the first of the ebb tide, and reached port a little before 5 o'clock to-night.

Commodore Banks's Bayship, Water Witch, was the first fleet to reach New London, she rounded too off the lequot about 7:40. The only incident of the run was an accident to Mr. J. S. Emmet's sloop Siren. Her topmast was carried away off Falkner's Island.

To-morrow the fleet will sail at noon for Shelter Island. The run over will be a race for cups offered by Vice-commodore Weir.

### Who Will Succeed Senator Stanford?

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., July 17.—Gov. Markham, who is in the city for the avowed purpose of consulting with politicians about the appointment of a successor to the late Senator Stanford, says he has not as yet made up his mind as to whom he will appoint, but that he will make public his decision in a few days.

# HE'S H. A. ADAMS, ESQ., NOW.

## The Seceding Anglican Says He Will Be a Priest No More.

### NOT YET ADMITTED INTO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

**He Has Written to Bishop McDonnell, but Has Received No Answer—He Denies Various Stories, Among Others that He Got Money from Mrs. Arnold—Father Johnson Says His Associate's Work Has Been Exaggerated.**

The secession to Catholicism of the Rev. Henry A. Adams, some time rector of the Church of the Redeemer, but since last December the associate rector with the Rev. Father William Everett Johnson, was more than ever the talk of the parish and of all Episcopalians yesterday.

Some felt freer to talk than formerly of the late rector and his ways of fainting after an impassioned sermon, of his eccentric habit of forgetting engagements to dine at Delmonico's, of his desire to sing mass in Latin, but most of all, concerning his acquaintance with Mrs. William Arnold, the wealthy widow of one of the Arnolds of the well known dry-goods firm. There was some gossip not long ago to the effect that she had given him a sum of money, so invested that he would get an income of between $3,000 and $4,000 a year independent of his parochial connection. Besides this it was said that she had given him a magnificent house at Great River, near Bay Shore, L. I., and that she had promised to build a parish-house, to cost $50,000, and had agreed to give as much money towards the extinguishment of the $60,000 church debt as all the parishioners.

Mr. Adams was seen yesterday at his house, the Chauntry, near Great River. He no longer cares for the style "Father," for his letter of resignation addressed to the vestry had on its envelope this: "If not delivered within five days, return to H. A. Adams, esq."

He was dressed in a sack coat, black trousers, with a belt, a flannel shirt and a flowing blue tie. He lay on a couch reading a book about George William Warde the married Anglican priest, a contemporary of Newman, who went over to Rome and lived as a layman.

"He went through the mill before me," explained Mr. Adams. "No, I haven't discarded clerics yet, because I haven't had time to buy any other clothes. It's like a funeral in the house. I haven't anything fit to wear. My waistcoats are all cassock vests, my shirts are all clergy shirts, with no bosoms to them. And I haven't a collar but a clergy collar. I am out of a job, to talk plain English, and I am thinking what I shall do for a living. I shall most likely turn to literature, or if I can get a chance, to lecturing. My salary from the Church of the Redeemer, of course, ends, and I have no private means. I haven't taken this step as a money-making enterprise. I give it all up."

"How about this money which Mrs. Arnold is said to have given to you?"

"Never has she given me one penny, directly or indirectly. Everything I have had from her was a book and a picture of Cardinal Newman last Christmas. I know the story was that she had given me money from which I could draw an income of about $4,000 a year. The truth of it is that last December after I divided my stipend with Father Johnson, two or three parties, whose names it would be a breach of faith to divulge, made a sort of an endowment, which my brother, who is in Mr. Coudert's office, drew up in legal form, consulting ancient canon law, by which I was to receive annually something like $2,000 a year, for which I was to offer the holy sacrifice for the happy repose of the souls of two or three persons. It was in a measure 'money devoted,' as the Jews say, was to be freed from the bother of parochial administration, and to give myself to preaching and the celebration of these requiems. It was something like a prebend, with an advowson attached, to which the founders might present any friend or relative they chose. There was no trustee. This house was built for the residence, and through that hagioscope you can see the altar in the chapel."

The hagioscope is a small window from Mr. Adams's room opening into the chapel right near the altar. There it stood, unmantled, with no candles in the sticks and with a box containing a communion set resting on the table. The Anglican altar-cross, which has no crucifix on it, had been removed and in its place stood a small crucifix.

"Now, of course, that living is gone from me, unless"—Mr. Adams did not finish the sentence. "This house and grounds are in my name, and I suppose I should have to be sued at law to be put out, but I am in honor bound to give this property up too. However, I may stay here awhile. I have received permission to do so much. It was from a man I received this property, not from Mrs. Arnold."

The reporter then asked Mr. Adams about certain stories circulated among his former parishioners, to the effect that there was a coolness between him and his wife; that Mrs. Arnold was often with him alone in the parsonage and out driving, and that he often visited her at her home, No. 1020 Fifth avenue. Mr. Adams smiled quietly as this talk was repeated.

"They are audacious and vile slanders," he said. "I knew I was taking an unpopular step, one which those who knew me could not agree with intellectually, but I did not think they would be so mal clous about it. Mrs. Arnold is more a friend of my wife than mine. I have always been accompanied by my wife when I have seen her. They are out driving now together. She has never followed me into the Roman church, though I hope she and all my friends may. My dear little wife goes with me, and last Sunday we knelt together in the dirty little stuffy Roman Catholic church in the village."

"Have you been received into the Roman church yet?"

"Not yet. I have written to Bishop McDonnell, but I have received no answer.

"They say Father Van Rensselaer brought you over. Is that so?"

"No. I saw Father Van Rensselaer twice about Christmas, but he rather disgusted me and repelled me than otherwise. I have done this all alone. Since I was a boy, thirteen years old, I have been called to the Roman church, and I was punished once for going to St. Martin's in Baltimore. My guardian complained to Bishop Lee, Church in Baltimore. Later I went to a High church and when the Oxley Fathers came to preach a mission at Calvary, I thought I had found what I wanted. But I picked out my seculiarity. I picked out my diocese. I chose everything. I felt I was always shaky about Anglican orders. Confession.

"Do you think the masses you celebrated as an Anglican priest were mere mockeries?"

"No. I believe they were channels of God's grace to me. But I told Father Huntington, when he made his Eve, that I felt confession to be a duty, and that this would probably be my last time. Father Johnson knew I was sure to go some time. It came with a break all at once. There are times when I feel that I could not go. Much I doubt it, and I stayed away from the chapel for two days. I never went near it for three weeks. Then would come reaction when I felt victorious and sure that Anglicanism was right."

It was in one of these spells that Mr. Adams consented to take a service and refused to see his associate, Father Johnson. Finally Mr. Adams wrote: "Great victory over evil! I will come." In a reactionary fit he denied in the pulpit his intention of going to Rome.

"And you will never stand at the altar again?" inquiring reporter asked Mr. Adams.

"Not as a priest."

Father Johnson said yesterday when asked how he regarded Father Adams's secession: "I regret his loss, but these things shall not sever our friendship. It was not his reason led him to join the Italian mission. It was his sentiment and natural disposition. To my certain knowledge Father Adams—or, rather, Mr. Adams, since he has renounced his ministry—has had hankerings after the Italian mission, but notably said or done after the church of the Redeemer has hastened his going. If all the church had been as we are he wouldn't have gone. It is I who have advanced the ritual. I started in three weeks after my election to the rectorship. In his incumbency he had rather diminished than increased the ritual.

"He has had almost nothing to say in the parochial management. His value to the Church of the Redeemer has been much exaggerated. He was practically only a preacher, and his preaching has driven away half a dozen or more families. I was always in fear of what he would say."

# LED BY A TRAIL OF BLOOD.

## Police Chase Three Burglars Into Central Park and Lose Them.

### APARTMENT-HOUSE TENANTS SHOUT "FIRE" AND "MURDER!"

**In the Midst of the Uproar No One Thought to Admit the Police and Night Watchmen, and They Climbed the Back Fence Just as the Burglars Made a Break for the Street—Caught on an Iron Barb and Cut by Glass.**

For the present any man whose wardrobe contains a pair of blue striped trousers with a patch in the seat will do well to keep them safely hidden, for that is almost the only clue the police have to three burglars who broke into No. 225 Central Park West at 2 A. M. yesterday. The men climbed over a high wooden fence, went up a fire-escape and forced a first-floor window leading to the rooms of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Brooks, who are in the country.

Emile D. Neushadt, on the floor above, heard them. He thought nothing of it until there was a crash of glass, followed by a curse and a cry of pain. In a few moments the entire neighborhood was in an uproar. Policeman Bellinger, in Eighty-second street, heard the noise. His rap for assistance brought Roundsman Farrell and a half dozen private watchmen. Mrs. Clarges, janitress of No. 225, rang the big alarm gong, which could be heard for blocks away.

Every tenant in the flats and in the Hotel Beresford, in the same block, was awakened by the racket. The gong rang, night-sticks were rapped on the pavements, women poked their heads from windows and yelled "Police!" "Murder!" and "Fire!" but in the excitement nobody in the flats thought to open a door and let in the policemen and watchmen who were clamoring for admittance.

At last, in desperation, the policemen climbed the wooden fence in the rear of Eighty-second street. As they did so the three burglars started for the fence in the rear of Eighty-third street. In their way stood an engine-house. Two of the men climbed the roof of the engine-house, but the third man, who was apparently familiar with the surroundings, slipped his hand through a little hole and lifted the latch of the door. Running through the engine-house he found the door at the other end locked, but he broke a pane of glass in the door and crawled through, joining his two companions.

The three made a dash at the high iron fence in the rear of Eighty-third street and succeeded, but in this hasty exit one left the seat of his trousers on an iron barb. A brown derby hat and a table knife were also left behind. These, with the patch of blue-striped cloth, are the only clues yet in the possession of the police.

In crawling through the glass door one of the burglars must have been badly cut. His pursuers heard him cry out, "Jerry, I'm badly hurt," and a trail of blood leading from the engine-house through the alley between Eighty-second and Eighty-third streets across the street and over the stone wall that incloses the park showed the course taken by the men in their flight.

In the mean time the pursuers got as far as the engine-house, and being unable to climb to the roof or crawl through the hole in the glass door, waited until Watchman Beirth unlocked the front door and let them into the street.

The trail of blood was followed into the park, but there all trace ended. A search was made by the pursuing police and the park police, but the men got away.

## EARRINGS LIKE MRS. CURTIS'S.

### The Body Found in the Hudson May Be That of the Saratoga's Suicide.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y., July 17.—The body of a young woman, supposed to be Mrs. Nellie Curtis, who disappeared from the steamer Saratoga last month, was found in the Hudson River near here last night. The body, which had apparently been in the water several weeks, was clothed in a black cassimere dress, with satin trimmings, two white skirts, black stockings and Oxford ties. In the ears were screw earrings, with small stones, thought to be diamonds. Mrs. Curtis was reported to have worn diamond earrings when on the steamboat.

From the description of the clothing and jewelry former neighbors of the missing woman in Bayonne feel satisfied that the body at Poughkeepsie is that of the beautiful wife of Chemist Henry P. Curtis, of the Bayonne Chemical Company's works, at Constable Hook, who fled from her home at No. 747 Avenue B, Bayonne, June 16, after having twice attempted to end her life the previous night. They are also satisfied that Mrs. Curtis was the mysterious passenger who was supposed to have committed suicide on the evening of Tuesday, June 20, by leaping into the Hudson River from the steamboat Saratoga during the craft's trip from New York to Troy.

Heretofore it was the belief throughout Bayonne that Mrs. Curtis eloped with F. J. Cochran, whose name was signed to several scraps of poetry found in the stateroom Mrs. Curtis occupied aboard the Saratoga, although, in a letter which she wrote to her husband and mailed before the boat left the pier, she threatened to kill herself.

Henry P. Curtis, the husband, was informed yesterday of the finding of the body near Poughkeepsie. He said he hoped the corpse was not that of his wife. Soon afterwards he boarded a train for this city. After his wife's flight Curtis resigned his situation at the Bayonne Chemical Company's Works, but was too restless to remain long enough to search for employment.

## THE UNDERTOW AT ROCKAWAY.

### A Swimmer Is Rescued from It with Great Difficulty.

Two bathers had a narrow escape from drowning at Rockaway Beach yesterday.

A young man wearing the dress of a divinity student had been in the surf at Wainwright & Smith's for some time, when suddenly he was seen to throw up his hands and sink. Albert Brown, eighteen years old, of New York, who was in the water at the time, was the first to observe the drowning man and went to his rescue.

He dove through the breakers and found the other swimmer near the bottom, struggling to rise against the heavy undertow, which was rapidly exhausting him and carrying him further from shore.

Brown grasped him around the legs and brought him to the surface. In the mean time the lifeguards had arrived, and rescuer and rescued were taken ashore.

At the Beachmere Bathing Pavilion Jacob Weinhardt got beyond his depth and would have been drowned but for the timely aid of Alfred Cameron, the life-saver at Harper's Pavilion.

## HELP FOR LIEUT. COCHRAN.

### His Friends in the Seventh Start a Fund for His Benefit.

The Seventh Regiment feels keenly the trials and troubles of Lieut. Cochran, who was arrested recently for peculations from the firm of C. G. Gunther's Sons, furriers. From the time that the Lieutenant entered the company until his fall he was popular. The account of his trouble came like a shock to the regiment, and efforts were made to relieve him from his plight.

It was reported yesterday that a subscription fund has been started to pay up the amount of his peculations, and that counsel will be retained for his benefit. Capt. Nesbitt, commander of the Lieutenant's company, it is said, heads the list with $500. The few members of the regiment who could be found last night were either ignorant of the seventh's move or were averse to speaking of it.

# GOOD OLD JACK IN CLOVER.

## Adorned with Flowers, Fed on Candy and Petted by Visitors.

### PHILADELPHIA'S ZOO MAKES A BID FOR HIM IN VAIN.

**At First Central Park's Pet Donkey Was Homesick and Disconsolate at Cloverdale Farm, but When He Was Put Where He Could See What Was Going On and Receive Attention He Became Chipper—Visitors and Gifts.**

Alfred H. Moore, owner and proprietor of Cloverdale Farm; owner of Nancy Lee, dam of that wonder, Nancy Hanks; the possessor of Directum, the only direct representative of the once famous Director, and the purchaser of the now renowned donkey, Jack, was in town yesterday. He was loaded down with good tidings of Jack. He called on Director Smith, of the Zoo, Saturday afternoon, to report on Jack's condition and seek advice as to his future treatment.

Jack, it seems, has not been particularly in love with Cloverdale. It may be because of his strange surroundings, where he saw few people and had nothing to commune with except nature. More probably it was because he found himself in such close proximity to Philadelphia. Jack is a true cosmopolitan and he's accustomed to cosmopolitan life. Philadelphia is all right on the map, Jack thinks, but it is a poor substitute for New York. Hence Jack's homesickness.

It came on as he approached the Quaker City, and deepened when he found he could not escape from the box-car which was used in his transportation. Even after his arrival, which was accomplished amid great eclat, he hung his head, refused all food and consolation and pined for his old 6 by 4 stall in the Zoo's dear house, the children who used to pet him and the candy and nuts he was wont to receive. The 00 by 40 grassy paddock with a high fence which was allotted to him had no attraction, and for the first few days he paced back and forth thoroughly uncomfortable.

Mr. Moore is a kind-hearted man. If he were not he never would have taken the trouble to buy Jack. He breeds horses and dogs because he loves them. He bought Jack to save him from a living death. When he saw how homesick Jack was he decided that he needed attention, so he placed him in a picketed enclosure where he could see people and be seen. The result was satisfactory. Jack jumped and kicked and brayed as he never did before. When he saw any one approaching he had his nose stuck through the pickets to receive their caresses, clover blossoms, candy and nuts. His appetite came back, his homesick feeling left him, and he became his old self again. Hundreds of people from far and near, farmers with their families, who had read all about the animal; neighbors, Philadelphians and villagers made Jack a call. He is the lion of the hour, and, as always, he carries his honors gracefully and meekly.

Boxes of choice flowers, sent by admiring New York friends, arrived daily for him. Mr. Moore says as many as six boxes in one day have been received, and at first he was puzzled what to do with them. Finally he ordered them to be tied about Jack's neck, on his back and hitched to his tail. Roses by the dozen and any New York society belle might well be proud to wear in her corsage, decorated the donkey's neck. One box of costly roses was sent by Miss Mabel King, of No. 112 West Fourteenth street. Another came from a Mrs. Camp. Some were accompanied by cards, others came anonymously. All were addressed to Jack, and all reached him. He was at all times a beautifully arranged animated flower-bed. Mr. Moore thought that after a time this would cease, but they were still arriving when he left. Not only from New York society belles came all parts of the country, particularly New York, have been received, and in them all there is an inquiry after Jack's health and a hope that he is well.

"If I should attempt to answer all those letters," Mr. Moore said, "I should have steady employment for a year."

Mr. Moore has also received a dozen badges from as many different humane societies for for his kind interest in Jack. One has an inscription: "Provide to do a good act every day." Another, "A merciful man is merciful to his beast;" "Do unto others," &c., and many more. When Mr. Moore left Cloverdale they were pinned to a pincushion as an ornament to his dressing-case.

Jack's attendant is instructed to feed Jack with candy and nuts every day and to give the boys a ride about the place on Jack's back daily to give the animal a proper amount of exercise. In a week or two his thick, shaggy coat of hair will be clipped and the twenty-odd years' collection of dirt and grime cleaned off him. There is no question the Zoo could do his ever having a bath or a shampoo.

The Philadelphia Zoo wants Jack to swell its list of attractions. They have made his owner an offer, but it is useless. Jack is domiciled for life at Cloverdale, and from present indications he is good for about thirty more years.

## EXTRADITION VIA ELLIS ISLAND.

### A Confessed Swiss Forger to Be Sent Back as a Debarred Immigrant.

Deputy United States Marshal Bernhard arrested Ernst Schelling on the steamship La Touraine Sunday upon a cable message from the authorities of St. Gall, Switzerland, stating that Schelling was wanted there for defrauding a Swiss bank of $1,080 by forged acceptances. Schelling admitted his identity, but declared that he was penniless. This statement was cabled to St. Gall and the authorities there decided to drop the case, as they could not recover the money and extradition is very expensive.

These facts were detailed to Commissioner Shields when Schelling was arraigned yesterday and he discharged the prisoner, who was at once taken in custody by the immigration officers, who will probably send him back as a debarred immigrant.

## PIERPONT MORGAN IN NO HASTE.

### The Elevated Has Not Replied to the Rapid Transit Ultimatum.

From present indications the Manhattan Railway Company does not propose to show its hand before the limit of time fixed by the Rapid Transit Commissioners at their meeting last Thursday. A reporter asked J. Pierpont Morgan, chairman of the committee on Extension of the Manhattan, yesterday. If a reply had been sent to the Rapid Transit Commissioners' communication.

"I haven't heard of any, have you?" said Mr. Morgan, facetiously. Then he added that no letter had been sent, and that he had nothing to say about the matter.

The Commissioners remaining in the city have received no intimation what action the elevated people will take.

## MISS BRANDSTEIN WANTS $25,000.

### Jacob Hallo Accused of Having Blighted Her Young Life.

Ida Brandstein, seventeen years old, of No. 172 Allen street, has, through her father as guardian, brought suit in the Supreme Court for $25,000 for breach of promise of marriage against Jacob Hallo, a young man of means who lives at No. 347 East Fifty-fifth street.

Rosenchein and Hepper appear for Miss Brandstein, and Epstein Brothers for the defendant, who was recently left $75,000 by the death of his father. Hallo's answer is a general denial.

### Laidlaw May Lose His Foot.

William R. Laidlaw, who failed to recover damages from Russell Sage for injuries received by the explosion of Norcross's bomb, was too ill to be seen at his house, No. 407 West Fifty-first street, when a World reporter called to inquire after his condition. The doctors think his right foot will have to be amputated.

# A NEW SUBMARINE WONDER

## Mr. Schwalm's Torpedo Boat Is Operated in a Peculiar Manner.

### RAISED AND SUBMERGED, PROPELLED AND STEERED BY PUMPS.

**It Will Run Thirty-two Miles an Hour at the Surface of the Water and Fifteen Miles an Hour when 150 Feet Below—It Can Ram Its Adversary at Either End—It Will Be a Terror, and Will Cost but $20,000.**

The Navy Department, in pursuance of an act of Congress approved March 3, 1893, issued a notice on May 1 to naval architects, engineers and others concerning designs and the construction of a submarine torpedo boat. The date specified for the submission of plans and proposals was June 21. The time was short, and in consequence several inventors were unable to perfect their plans and specifications in time to have them examined. Among those was Mr. Henry F. Schwalm, of No. 408 West Thirty-eighth street, a well-known engineer of fertile talent, who is known as the designer of a garbage crematory furnace, and as the inventor of a species of projectiles charged with high explosives and of liquid fuel for engines.

Mr. Schwalm has invented a submarine vessel whose features are such that the Navy Department, while unable to consider the design in the competition referred to in its circular of May 1, has suggested to him that he explain its construction and qualities to a board of naval constructors to be shortly convened. The inventor is also in negotiation with several European governments through the medium of their legations in Washington.

In his design for a submarine vessel, Mr. Schwalm has incorporated his system of water propulsion, which does away with expensive machinery. He generates steam in an ordinary boiler, using oil fuel, which is without odor and non-explosive. This fuel is do per cent. cheaper than coal, and its bulk for a given number of days run will amount to only one-thirtieth of the required coal supply. This vessel, which is to be built of steel with a double hull, has a height of 9 feet, a beam of 8 feet, a length of 35 feet and its displacement will amount to 65 tons. It will have, in addition, two keels, 12 inches by 12 inches, fitted with valves which form a part of the propelling machinery, and through which medium the vessel will be steered. It is submerged by the introduction of water in the space between the inner and outer hulls. The operation is controlled by pumps and valves, and is also a factor in both the propulsion and the ventilation of the vessel. The inventor says that all the necessary air can be obtained from the water the vessel plows in. Its supply will be continuous. The foul air is ejected through vacuum chambers. No compressed air need be carried. Lighting will be by means of electricity.

The vessel rises and sinks at will. The act of submersion is performed so rapidly as the water can be injected. Every bit of machinery is simple and it all may be worked, if necessary, by hand with one-third of the power produced by steam. Worked by hand, the vessel will move at a speed of five to six miles an hour. Submerged in the surface, four feet out of water, it will attain a speed of thirty-two miles an hour. Submerged 150 feet, its speed will be fifteen miles. The vessel will turn in its own length. A conning tower, four feet in height; a smokestack which can be lowered horizontally, and two telescopic torpedo tubes are the only visible objects on the vessel's deck.

Being a double-ender, sharp rams will be affixed to both ends. The inventor says that with a speed of fifteen knots at any submerged depth the vessel's ramming powers will, in themselves, make of it the most formidable instrument of naval warfare.

The cost of construction will not exceed $20,000.

## THE DIFFIDENT WOOER WON.

### Romantic Elopement of Miss Mary H. Elder and Mr. P. C. R. Gray.

In The World of July 9 appeared the subjoined notice:

MARRIED.—At City Island, on July 8, by the Rev. J. F. Langlers, Mary H. Elder to P. C. R. Gray, both of New York City.

Miss Mary H. Elder was by common consent recognized as one of the most beautiful girls in upper New York City. Her father, Robert D. Elder, is a lawyer, whose office is in the Bennett Building, and he has a fine residence at 30, 64 East One Hundred and Thirty-first street. Miss Mary had refused three eligible suitors on the ground that she was too young to marry. One of them is worth at least a quarter of a million dollars, and another, Mr. Philip L. Horner, a neighbor, occupies a good position.

Mr. Gray was also a wooer of Miss Elder. Both father and mother objected to his visits, but Mr. Gray was so very diffident that they had not the heart to tell him so. He was barely twenty-one and Mary had turned seventeen. Strange to say, the Elders did not think his "spooning" was dangerous.

Two weeks ago Miss Mary went to City Island on a visit to friends, and thither the diffident P. C. R. Gray followed her. He proposed marriage and she accepted, and after some persuasion consented to an immediate union. Mr. and Mrs. Elder have got over their surprise, and the romantic young couple are spending their honeymoon at Asbury Park.

"It would not be so hard to bear," said Mrs. Elder, the mother, "but that Mary was married by a Methodist minister."

Mrs. Elder is a stanch Episcopalian. Mr. Gray is the son of an iron founder.

## MARRIED TO HER PHYSICIAN.

### The Bride Was Once Engaged to Mr. Herbert, of Muckross Abbey.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

BALTIMORE, July 17.—Miss Rebecca Williams, daughter of the late George H. Williams and one of the wealthiest women in the city, was married to-day to Dr. William T. Howard, a prominent practitioner over sixty years old. About five years ago Miss Williams was engaged to be married to Mr. Henry Herbert, of Muckross Abbey, Ireland. A fall from a horse resulted in injuries thought at the time to be permanent, and Miss Williams broke off her engagement with Mr. Herbert.

Dr. Howard has been attending her constantly during the past four years, and it recently became rumored that their relations would soon become more intimate than those of physician and patient. The report was strenuously denied, and to-day's wedding, which was quietly solemnized at St. Paul's P. E. Church, was a surprise to all but the members of the families.

## TIM CAMPBELL'S CHOICE IS MADE.

### No Young Men Need Apply for This West Point Nomination.

Congressman Tim Campbell received word from the War Department yesterday that he had the naming of a young man from his Congressional District to the West Point Military Academy.

Congressman Campbell says that he has already promised the appointment to the son of an old friend, and there will, therefore, be no civil service examination at which candidates will compete for the honor. Mr. Campbell has never been a lover of Civil Service Reform.


## Boarders Wanted—Country.

### New York.

A FEW adult boarders can find first-class board, beautiful place; fresh vegetables, poultry, &c.; moderate terms. 43 minutes from City Hall. Address Mrs. Palmer, Van Cortlandt, N. Y.

BOARD IN THE CATSKILLS, location and view unsurpassed, $6; 8 miles from station. W. S. Smith, East Windham, N. Y.

## Boarders Wanted—Country.

### New York.

BEAUTIFUL ROCKLAND LAKE—Cottage adjoining Grand Rockland Hotel; everything new and first class; 27 miles on West Shore road. Inquire Boston Land Co., 258 Broadway, or Mrs. H. Camp, Congers, Rockland Lake.

BOARDERS—Merritt's Corners; no children; two minutes' walk from depot. Mrs. LEONORSER, Merritt's Corners, N.Y.

BOARDERS on farm; healthy location. S. M. Myers, box 162 Turners, Orange County, N. Y.

CATSKILLS—Newly situated; good board; fresh milk, eggs, vegetables, &c., from the place; telegraph at hand; daily mails; pleasant rooms, piano; pretty shade; terms reasonable. Alanson Van Tassell, East Durham, Greene County, N. Y.

IDLEWILD FARM boarding-house, 3 miles to Sam's Point and 5 miles to railroad depot; high, healthy location; free transportation from and to railroad; terms $2 to $3 per week. Mrs. Mary C. Baker, Wallkill Valley, Ulster County, N. Y.

MAPLE SHADE FARM—Adults, $5 and $6; children, $3; large, airy house; mountain air, abundant shade; references. G. Jordan, 132 East 23d st., N. Y. Branch, 136 West 29th st. Address Mrs. Eli Parliman, Pine Bush, Orange County, N. Y.

### Long Island.

"THE LINWOOD," BAYSHORE, L. I., N. Y.

Large, cool rooms; good table; wide piazza; 3 minutes from bay. J. E. PULLIS, Prop.

AT SOUTHOLD—Large rooms, shade; grounds; substantial table; boating, bathing, fishing, cycling; no children. Box 113 World.

WILLOWMERE, Woodsburg, L. I. Cool sea breezes, fishing, bathing; 40 minutes by rail.

$6 TO $8 WEEK—Board, with single or family rooms. Atlantic Cottages, 19th ave., near beach, Bath Beach.

### New Jersey.

FOUR MINUTES from station, 35 from New York; beautiful surroundings; fine water. G. W. C., 75 Orange st., East Orange, N. J.

### New England.

BOARDERS WANTED—Five-Mile River; good table, bathing, boating; families accommodated; 75 minutes out. M. J. Jenz, Fairview House, Rowayton, Conn.

EXCELLENT BOARD for 2 or 3; bathing, boating, fishing. Inquire of Stranburg, Belle Island, Rowayton, Conn.

FOR FIRST-CLASS SUMMER BOARD at farmhouse address Mrs. A. Ogden, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

SACHEM'S HEAD HOTEL, Guilford, Conn.—This private resort is open for the reception of guests, with a magnificent view of Long Island Sound; pure air; fine sand bathing beach; excellent fishing; sail and row boat; superior table; $8 weekly. Address O. L. Roberts, Proprietor, Sachem's Head, Guilford, Conn.

## Board Wanted—Country.

COUNTRY BOARD WANTED by gentleman, wife and two boys, 8 and 12, Jewish, in the mountains, not over 40 miles from city. Address, with particulars, to J. Rosenthal, 336 E. 51st st.

## Boarders Wanted—Country.

### New York.

AT TIP-TOP FARM-HOUSE, Catskill Mountain region—A limited number of boarders can be accommodated; location very rough and healthy; good table, beds, &c.; no style; everything comfortable; parties of young people made especially welcome; terms $5. Address Mrs. Cora A. Seaman, box 22 Grapeville, Greene County, N. Y.

A FEW BOARDERS can be accommodated on a farm at reasonable terms; large house, plenty of shade; everything fresh from farm; 22 miles from Albany; 3 miles from station. M. Jefferds, box 33 Cold Spring-on-Hudson, N. Y.

AMONG THE CATSKILLS—Excellent farm board; gunning, boating, fishing, all outdoor amusements; best city reference; terms, $6. Address L. Brinkerhoff, Lonesome Hall, Greene County, N. Y., via Catsackill.

AT GLEN FARM-HOUSE, Spring Valley, Rockland County, N. Y.—Superior accommodations; extensive grounds; pleasant shade; boating, bathing, fishing; dancing pavilion; pure milk, fresh eggs daily; send for illustrated circular.

AT A FARM-HOUSE, large rooms; healthy location; plenty of milk, eggs, vegetables; shade; adults, $5; children according to age; transportation free. Address Miss Carrie Mabee, Florida, Orange County, N. Y.

AT WYNKOOP'S, large, airy rooms; shady grounds; everything fresh from farm; near depot and post-office; terms $5 and $6 per week. Address M. M. TURNER, Montrose, Westchester County, N. Y.

AT POR CHESTER, N. Y.—Pleasant rooms; shade trees; good table; near depot; terms reasonable; boating, bathing, &c. Mrs. Downs, 123 Horton ave., Port Chester, N. Y.

A HOME—Lake Clear station; cottage, only five minutes' walk from Lake Clear station, now open for summer boarders. Lake Clear opposite cottage; good fishing. Write for terms to Proprietor Lake Clear Cottage, Lake Clear Junction, N. Y.

ACCOMMODATIONS for boarders, one mile from depot, opposite State camp. Address 653 Highland ave., Peekskill, N. Y.

AT FARM HOUSE, high, dry ground; fine air; elegant view; 30 miles from city; on Harlem RR. Address Country, Pleasantville, N. Y.

A FEW BOARDERS WANTED on first-class dairy farm; elevation 1,800 feet; 65 miles from city; abundance of shade, plenty milk, eggs and vegetables. Address M. W. Elston, Unionville, Orange County, N. Y.

A FEW ROOMS for families just at farm boarding-house; one hour from city; Harlem RR. C. G. Bailey, Chappaqua, Westchester Co., N. Y.

BEAUTIFUL ROCKLAND LAKE—Cottage adjoining Grand Rockland Hotel; everything new and first class; 27 miles on West Shore road. Inquire Boston Land Co., 258 Broadway, or Mrs. H. Camp, Congers, Rockland Lake.

BOARDERS WANTED at Side-Hill Farm, two miles from Middletown; shady grounds; rooms airy; table excellent; adults $5. Address Charles Newkirk, Middletown, N. Y.

BOARDERS WANTED at farm-house, 30 minutes from station; high elevation, pleasant location, fine shade; large, airy rooms; no style. Address Mrs. Ira Davis, box 205 Middletown, Orange County, N. Y.

BOARD ON HUDSON, 2 hours from city; large shady veranda and lawn; mountain air; healthy location; boat landing; 10 minutes from river and stations; $5 and $6 per week. Box 