THEY'RE IN A BIG ROW

Pharmacy College Directors Quarrel Over Their New Building.

IT COSTS TOO MUCH AND GOES UP TOO SLOWLY, 'TIS SAID.

GROSS MISMANAGEMENT IS ALLEGED.

A bitter quarrel is on among the directors of the New York College of Pharmacy. One result that seems almost certain is the disruption of the Building Committee and the resignation of several directors and trustees of the college.

Director George Massey at the October meeting charged the Building Committee with gross mismanagement in that the new college edifice will cost very much more than had been

COLLEGE OF PHARMACY'S NEW HOME ON WEST SIXTY-EIGHTH STREET.

expected, and will not be ready for occupancy until next year, whereas the architects' plans had called for its completion Oct. 1, 1893.

The present home of the college is at No. 209 East Twenty-third street. It has for a long time been considered inadequate to the needs of the college. The project of a new building took definite form about a year ago. Directors George Massey, William W. Massey, Adolphus Tscheppe and John R. Caswell advised that the cost of the new structure be limited to $80,000, and the architects planned a building to cost that sum. Three lots were purchased on West Sixty-eighth street, near the Boulevard, for $45,000, and it was expected that the new work would be pushed as rapidly as possible. It soon came out, however, that the new building would cost, instead of $80,000, not less than $130,000. Dr. Tscheppe said last night that in his opinion the cost would reach $160,000, and with the furnishings, probably $200,000.

The plans call for a structure of six stories and basement, but the workmen have not yet got above the fourth story. The material is gray granite and the frontage is 75 feet. The sixty-fourth annual course of instruction has been given in the old building on Twenty-third street because the new edifice was not ready as agreed.

Director Massey, in his speech to his fellow-officers, declared that the committee in charge should be supplanted at once. The committee comprises some of the oldest and most influential members of the board. The opposition, however, under Mr. Massey's leadership developed formidable proportions.

An aspect of the quarrel which is of especial importance is revealed in the charge made last night by a prominent alumnus: "This trouble may end in the organization of a new college."

President Samuel A. Fairchild is strongly opposed to the erection of such an expensive building as that now under way. Treasurer Horatio N. Fraser, who acts for the Building Committee with the architects, is said to be one of the strongest supporters of the project, believing that the costlier building will soon pay for itself.

The Twenty-third street property, it is believed, can be sold for $100,000. Messrs. Massey and Tscheppe, and others who hold with them, believe that the heavy mortgages and other obligations which the college will have to carry will cause serious trouble in the future.

CORCORAN STOOD BY HIS RIGHTS.

He Shot Young Humphrey Because He Could Reach Him No Other Way.

The feud of the Corcorans and the Humphreys began several years ago in the Humphrey shanty, near One Hundred and Eighteenth street and Madison avenue. The families were neighbors. An old member of the Humphrey family died and the Corcorans attended the wake. One of the latter declared there that he once found the now deceased Humphrey stealing a gander. "But I forgave him," said Corcoran. A fight followed, which was the precursor of very many matches. The last occurred last Saturday night, and ended in young William Humphrey being shot in the leg by old Mr. Corcoran. The latter is sixty-four years old.

In Harlem court yesterday it was testified that young Humphrey had called at the Corcorans' home, and demanded the retraction of certain statements which he alleged had been made against the social standing of his sister Mamie. Nobody but the old man was at home.

"Ah," said Mr. Corcoran, "not I nor one of my family would soil our mouths talking of your sister. I don't allow my daughters to see her on the street."

This excited young Humphrey, who started in to whip the old man, but a big old-fashioned horse pistol was suddenly produced, and William paused. He started for the door, remarking that he never had the heart to strike an old man, but in the evening he would be around again. This apparently angered the old man, for as Humphrey's form receded he pulled the trigger, and a big bullet buried itself in the fleeing William's left calf.

"I'm a man of honor, Judge," said Mr. Corcoran. "I stand by my rights. He ran, and I couldn't reach him any other way."

Corcoran was held for trial.

GEORGE GOULD HAS A MISHAP.

While Hunting in Missouri His Gun Is Accidentally Discharged.

(Special to The World.)

SEDALIA, Mo., Oct. 29.—George Gould and party rested from their labors in inspecting the Missouri Pacific Railroad lines yesterday and went hunting in Benton County, twenty-five miles from here. In the party were General Manager Doddridge, Division Superintendent Stillwell and Mayor Stevens, of Sedalia. Mr. Gould was going through underbrush when a twig caught the trigger of his gun and discharged it. The muzzle was pointing upward, near his right ear. No shot struck Mr. Gould, but he was almost prostrated by the unexpected discharge.

Mrs Gould occupied the private car Atlanta during her husband's absence yesterday. From a window, she saw Henry Kunrede, a cattleman, who has but one arm and one leg. She sent for the man, and having learned that he had been injured in the service of the Missouri Pacific, gave him a purse of money. Miss Anna Gould and Mrs. Hamilton, who were in the car, also contributed. Mrs. Gould promised to send Kunrede a box of clothing from New York for his wife and children.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 29.—George Gould and party arrived here to-day from Sedalia. There are reports here that the Missouri Pacific may go into the hands of a receiver, and that Mr. S. H. H. Clark, of the Union Pacific, would be offered the Presidency of the Missouri Pacific about Jan. 1.

ACTOR EMMET'S SHOWING.

His Wife Admits that "Fritz" Has Supported Her and Fails to Prove Infidelity.

The examination of J. K. Emmet, the actor, charged with abandonment and non-support by his wife, was held before Justice Koch, in Yorkville Police Court, yesterday. Mrs. Emmet appeared in court accompanied by her lawyer, William F. Shepard, and her five-year-old daughter, Emily, a beautiful child, who has lived with her since her separation from her husband. Mr. Emmet had with him his lawyer, Edmund L. Price. The examination was held in the Justice's private room.

The complainant was first put on the stand. She testified that her husband had deserted her three years ago. He had not been living with her since then, and such money as she had had from him had been received at irregular intervals.

"But he sent you sufficient funds to support you comfortably, did he not?" asked Mr. Price, in cross-examination.

"Oh, yes," she replied.

"Have you not had abundant allowance for the education of your daughter?" was asked.

"Honor, so far, has been well provided for; her education has been the best," was the reply.

Mrs. Emmet's counsel produced witnesses tending to show that for the past three years Emmet had been living with another woman. The first of these witnesses was Margaret Gordon, the janitress of No. 150 West sixty-fourth street. She testified that a few months ago, Melville Stolz, Emmet's manager, and Emmet had engaged rooms at that house.

"Was there a woman in those rooms?" asked Lawyer Shepard.

"A lady who went under the name of Mrs. Stolz used to be there frequently," replied the witness.

"Did you ever receive packages there addressed to one Emily Lytton?"

"Yes."

Mr. Shepard then unfolded a large lithograph of the actress and asked Mrs. Gordon if it was a likeness of Mrs. Stolz. She replied that it was not. The lawyer then produced Mrs. Jane Doyle, the janitress of No. 2 West One Hundred and Fourth street, and asked her if in the early part of this year a Mr. and Mrs. Emmet had not lived in her house.

"I have heard," was the answer, "that such a couple lived there before I went to the house, but I never saw them."

Lawyer Price objected to further testimony on the subject, as it was, he said, simply a ruse to obtain evidence to be used against Emmet in the action for divorce pending against him. He said that the actor was perfectly willing to give his wife money regularly.

Justice Koch then decided that Emmet should pay $10 a week for his wife's support. Mr. Price immediately handed Mrs. Emmet $200 on account.

H. C. Miner, the theatrical man, will appear in court to-morrow to go on Emmet's bond.

DANCED WHILE THE HOSE PLAYED.

Panics in Two Big Dancing Halls Narrowly Averted by the Coolness of a Few Wideawake Young Men.

It was only through the exercise of cool-headed judgment by a few determined men that possible tragedies were averted in the two large dancing halls of the Central Opera-House, on sixty-seventh street, near Third avenue, early yesterday morning. Of the 3,000 people who were enjoying themselves in the building very few are yet able to account for the fact that panics were averted and a serious crisis passed over in safety.

The building was erected by the Turners of this city, and is known as Turn Verein Hall. It passed out of their hands and is now a favorite hall for social reunions among the east side uptown clubs. There are two halls, one above the other. The lower hall is directly over the boiler-room. The George W. McGirr Association was holding its annual ball in this hall. There were 700 young men and their best girls in attendance at this event. In the upper hall there were in progress a carnival and ball under the auspices of the First Austrian-Bohemian Society of New York and Brooklyn. Nearly three thousand men, women and children flocked to this event.

Shortly after midnight seventy little girls, fantastically dressed, entered the upper ball-room in a group, with flowers and songs, and presented the Austrian-Bohemian Society with a handsome flag. The second part of the dancing programme had begun and the people were thinking what a pleasant time they were having when the smell of burning wood was detected. A few minutes later small clouds of smoke floated up the stairways. Supposing the smoke came from stoves, the dancers continued their merriment.

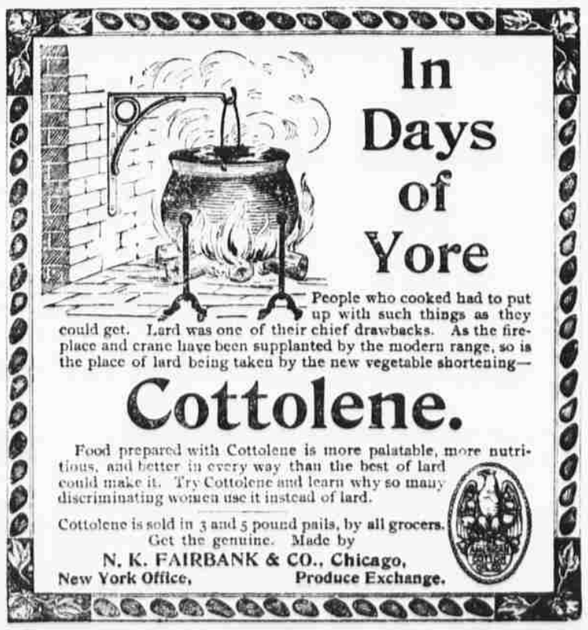
Two minutes later the puffing of fire engines on the street in front of the building caused some one to cry out "fire." The dancers stopped and looked at each other in alarm. Then the orchestra ceased playing and clambered from their gallery, and immediately the crowd of people were trying to leave the hall. Mothers seized their children and looked for fire-escapes. Other women fainted and the men jostled each other in trying to get down the stairways. A moment more and there would have been a terrible crush, but the committee in charge closed the entrance doors and cried out that there was no danger, as only a few boards in the engine-room were on fire and the firemen had the flames under control. The orchestra struck up a waltz, and a few minutes later, while the engines were still puffing, girls and mothers were hugging their children and crying, hundreds of couples began waltzing, and the scare gradually subsided.

The George W. McGirr Association did not fare so well. They had only got down to the seventh number on the programme when the smoke was discovered. President Harry Mann, Chairman M. Ruth and Mr. McGirr went around to Usher, who led the orchestra, and told him to keep on playing the "Two Little Girls in Blue," which was being waltzed to by 250 couples. "Don't let up on the music until the scare is over," was the command he got. The waltzers waltzed, the musicians blew out their cheeks further than ever, but the smoke came up in dense clouds. The firemen arrived and the hall was cleared without accident. The McGirrs are vexed that they did not get a chance to finish their programme.

The fire was in the boiler-room. It started in some unknown manner. The flooring of the lower hall was torn up for about twenty feet. Probably $100 will pay the damage.

His Own Arrest Was Genuine.

John Flynn, of No. 401 First avenue, was charged in the Yorkville Court yesterday with impersonating an officer. Mary Reilly, of No. 144 West Thirty-eighth street, alleged that at 2 A. M. yesterday the prisoner stopped her



People who cooked had to put up with such things as they could get. Lard was one of their chief drawbacks. As the fireplace and crane have been supplanted by the modern range, so is the place of lard being taken by the new vegetable shortening—

Cottolene.

Food prepared with Cottolene is more palatable, more nutritious, and better in every way than the best of lard could make it. Try Cottolene and learn why so many discriminating women use it instead of lard.

Cottolene is sold in 3 and 5 pound pails, by all grocers.
Get the genuine. Made by
N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., Chicago,
New York Office, Produce Exchange.

CAST ASIDE AS A TOY.

Louisa Thorne Lived With Charles Coghlan as His Wife.

ENGLISH FRIENDS SHOCKED AT THE ACTOR'S CONDUCT.

HIS DAUGHTER AN ADOPTED CHILD.

(Copyright, 1893, by the Press Publishing Company, New York World.)
(Special Cable Despatch to The World.)

LONDON, Oct. 29.—The news of Charles Coghlan's marriage to Kuehne Beveridge, of his company, was received with astonishment and incredulity among his many friends here. For thirty years Coghlan has passed as a married man in London. The lady living with him during that long period had been invited and received wherever they chose to go as his wife. The supposed Mrs. Charles Coghlan is well known here in theatrical and social circles. She is fifty-eight years, a refined, cultured woman, and noted for her devotion to Coghlan. She is of dark complexion, stylish in dress and was formerly very handsome. Latterly she was inclined to stoutness. At such houses as those of John Hare, manager of the Garrick Theatre, and Mrs. Bancroft, F. C. Burnand, of Punch, and others, at which they were frequent visitors, she was always received as Mrs. Coghlan, and was so introduced by him everywhere. He always spoke of her as his wife, and so addressed her in correspondence, and in many of her books as seen by others was the inscription: "To my wife." There was no doubt that he had the greatest esteem and regard for her, and he always treated her, except during his eccentric periods, with affectionate consideration. The pair were inseparable, and despite all the ups and downs of his career, including his bankruptcy two years ago, her devotion to him never altered. She left for America with him on his last journey and is believed to be still there.

Mrs. Coghlan, as she is known here, belongs to a Scotch family of good position, and has a married sister, Mrs. Paxton, living at Richmond. At her sister's house, as elsewhere, she was always received as Coghlan's wife. A friend of Mrs. Coghlan, living here, said today: "The news of Mr. Coghlan's recent marriage was most astonishing to me. I have known his wife, Louisa, intimately for twenty-five years. Her name was Louisa Thorne and she started in life as an actress. Coghlan met her thirty-five years ago while on a professional tour in Scotland. He was then eighteen and she twenty-three. I always understood that the marriage was an informal one, such as is permitted under the Scotch law, but did not suppose it invalid. I think they are certainly married morally."

Louisa Thorne, the woman whom Charles Coghlan had recognized for over thirty years as his wife, is well remembered in this city. In her younger days she had been well known on the English stage as an actress of imposing and dignified appearance and fair ability. Miss Thorne and Coghlan were members of a stock company in Bristol, England, when they first met, and while no one can remember any actual ceremony, it was always understood that they were man and wife—at least under the common law of Scotland. Mrs. Coghlan, as she was everywhere known, was a woman of peculiar dignity of bearing, with a rather cold and reserved appearance.

"I remember meeting her at the house of Coghlan's mother some years ago," said a gentleman who is well acquainted with the Coghlan family last night. "She presided at the table on that occasion, if I remember rightly, and I cannot forget the strong impression she made upon me as a woman eminently qualified to sit at the head of any board. She is a woman of some peculiarities, a thoughtful, far-sighted and particularly sensible woman, who, although perhaps not on an intellectual level with her brilliant husband, was devoted to him and stood by him through all his difficulties. He always treated her with the most marked respect, and his repudiation of her now is a most astonishing thing to their friends."

It was learned last night that Coghlan's attentions to Miss Beveridge began a year ago, about the time that the girl first attracted attention by her work as an artist. Coghlan's intimates soon saw that he was badly smitten, and thinking that he was a married man wondered where it would all end. At that time he was living with "Mrs. and Miss Coghlan" at the San Remo, but when Gertrude, the daughter, was taken ill with the measles he took rooms for himself at the Marlborough Hotel. They all three left for Prince Edward Island in May, and the movements of "Mrs. Coghlan" since then seems to be shrouded in mystery. The impression is that Coghlan, finding his relations with the pretty sculptress coming to a crisis, succeeded in convincing the woman whom he had so long called his wife of the strength of his intended position, that their common-law marriage in Scotland did not hold here, and that having made up his mind to marry the girl she had better retire gracefully, as she had no legal claim on him.

Whether that is so or not is of course only a matter of surmise, but those who know the woman best say that her natural pride would revolt against a contest for the favor of the man to whom she had been faithful so long.

Charles Coghlan, in an interview given Thursday, said:

"I have no child." There are those in New York who know Gertrude Evelyn Coghlan to be the daughter of a once popular English actress, who died fourteen years ago, leaving her four-year-old daughter to her natural protector. Coghlan took the little one home, and she was brought up as his child, introduced here and abroad as Miss Coghlan, and finally made her debut on the stage, in Buffalo, last season as "the only child of Charles Coghlan."

It is only a few months ago that Coghlan confided to a few friends the fact that he was desperately in love. There was a slight tiff between him and Miss Beveridge, a sort of lovers' quarrel, and Coghlan went around town like a man possessed. The quarrel was evidently made up soon after and he again resumed his usual debonair manner.

HE FOUND HIS BOY.

Jeremiah Murphy's Long Tramp for His Lost Son Finally Ended.

FOR SIXTEEN MONTHS HE HAS KEPT UP AN UNTIRING SEARCH.

THE WORLD THANKED FOR ITS WORK.

Jeremiah Murphy, the carriage blacksmith of No. 93 South Sixth street, Williamsburg, who has been searching for his lost son for the last sixteen months, tramping all over Long Island, on Friday morning found him.

The boy was at Good Ground, L. I., eighty-two miles from Brooklyn. The father had tramped to that spot, almost every step of the way, but returned yesterday morning as a first-class passenger on a Long Island train with money furnished by the runaway boy. He had spent every cent he could earn for the past sixteen months in searching for the lad and travelling on foot. When he arrived in Brooklyn yesterday, he said:

"I don't know how to thank The World. I tell you, it's a great newspaper, and it found my boy for me. You know on last Tuesday evening I got a letter from Capt. Hand, of Good Ground, L. I., telling me that he had read an account of my missing boy in the newspaper, and that he thought he lived near him. I had only returned from a tramp to Sag Harbor and was almost played out. But I would never stop walking until I found my Jerry. On Wednesday morning, I got my landlady to give me a good breakfast and started out to tramp to Good Ground.

"You see, this is how it was: I got out of work, and I put him and his little brother Joe in St. John's Home. When I went to take them away, I found Jerry had been taken by a farmer

JEREMIAH MURPHY.

named James Fahey, of Bridgehampton, L. I. I walked out there to get my boy, as his mother was dying. The farmer told me he had run away. His mother died, calling him by name, and begged me not to give up the search for Jerry, for Jerry was her pet.

"Well, when I got to Good Ground Friday I inquired and learned that a boy answering the description of Jerry was working for Sydney C. Bellows, and I walked towards the place, which was near the seashore. When I reached the place I saw an old man and boy, both with big rubber boots. They were walking towards the beach. Their backs were turned to me, but I knew Jerry from his peculiar walk. I ran towards them and I guess Jerry heard me, for he turned around, and when he saw me he only walked faster and tried to hurry the old man on. When I neared them, Jerry walked into the water up to his hips and the old man asked me what I wanted. I knew my boy was going under the name of James Dunn, and I said to the old man:

"'I'm looking for a boy named James Dunn.'

"Jerry, I guess, thought I had come to take him home, for he turned his back on me and pulled his cap over his eyes.

"'I ain't the boy you are looking for,' he said.

"'Yes, you are,' I said. 'You're James Dunn. He would not answer me, and then I said to him:

"'Jerry, don't you know your poor mother is dead?'

This broke him up, and he turned away his head and cried. Then he gave in, came to me and asked:

"'Pap, how long is she dead?'

"He is only fourteen years old, and when I told him I was not going to take him home he brightened up and Mr. Bellows said:

"'Jimmy owns two boats and three oyster beds, covering three acres. He has $400 saved up and is a very good boy.

"'Then the boy took me home and said to me in confidence:

"'Don't call me Jerry. I'm known here as Capt. Dunn, because I own two boats. One of them is all the Sea Bird and the other I call the Vigilant, because she's a hummer, and I've just put a centreboard in her. I go to church here, and don't want my girl to know I didn't give my right name. When you write to me call me on the envelope Jimmy Dunn, and then inside you can call me what you please. I'm going to send you money every week. I ran away from Fahey because he hit me over the head with an iron spoon. I was coming back home when Mr. Bellows met me and took me to his place until the morning. He asked me if I wanted work and I told him that I did; I've been here ever since.'

"Jerry wouldn't let me go until Sunday morning. He paid my fare and put some money in my pocket. He's a runaway boy, but he's a good one, and I'm awfully much obliged to The World."

Murphy says that all he wants now is work.

NOTHING EITHER will do you as much good as the one that buys Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. This is what you get with them: an absolute and permanent cure for Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Sick and Bilious Headaches, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. Not just temporary relief, and then a worse condition afterward—but help that *lasts*.

Pleasant help, too. These sugar-coated little pellets are the smallest, the easiest to take, and the easiest in the way they act. No griping, no violence, no disturbance to the system, diet or occupation.

They come in sealed vials, which keeps them always fresh and reliable; a convenient and perfect vest-pocket remedy.

They're the *cheapest* pill you can buy, for they're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or your money is returned. You only pay for the *good* you get.

THERE'S ANOTHER MRS. GIBBS.

She's a Memory Though, Clytie in Flesh, and Had Liquid Violet Eyes.

The announcement that Dr. John Wilson Gibbs was engaged to Mrs. Edwin Le Lancey Wickes, of Chicago, has excited more talk among those who know the doctor but slightly than is warranted from the sufficiently inter-

MRS. JOHN W. GIBBS.

esting memorable things. That he was the physician who was engaged by President Cleveland to reduce the superfluous weight of the Chief Executive; that he is a brother of the far-famed ex-Wicked Gibbs, a handsome man of about forty years, a club man and prominent in society.

The talk was not so much, either, about the bride of next June—when it is said the wedding is to be celebrated—although she was a Miss Eugenie Thompson, a granddaughter of the late Judge Thompson (a law partner of Aaron Burr), twenty-seven years old and the widow of Col. Edwin Wickes.

What made the talk was that people remembered another Mrs. John Wilson Gibbs, who was considered handsome enough to have her pictures in the illustrated papers, and concerning whom this was written as accompanying letterpress:

Mrs. John Wilson Gibbs is a beautiful blonde, tall, slight and willowy, with a shell-pink complexion. Clytie in her prime, she is lovely, gladly, when she chooses. A woman who listens rather than talks. A repoussé woman, with cool ways. On canvas she should be sitting under an apple tree in blossom or in an Elizabethan hood. At twenty-three she has known nothing of life's trials.

This was in January, 1891; no later. It was not heard that she was dead, and even the "Wicked" Gibbs did not know that she was dead.

Dr. Gibbs himself said last night: "Why, everybody knows I am free to marry. I have been a free man for a year and a half. I'll not talk of the ex-Mrs. Gibbs. God bless her. I hope she's happy."

AVOID THE DEADLY TOADSTOOL

How the Mushroom May be Distinguished from Poisonous Imitators.

The epidemic of deaths from toadstool poisoning continues without abatement, says the Philadelphia Record. The alarm is spread. Columns have been printed, most of them revealing the fact that the writers could not tell a toadstool from a mushroom, and terminating usually with the sage and satisfying advice to the person who wishes to know how to distinguish toadstools from mushrooms that the safest plan is to "buy your mushrooms from a reliable dealer."

In the mean time, at a season when mushrooms are growing in many fields and the deadly toadstool appears in the woods, people continue to eat toadstools for mushrooms and die in consequence of their ignorance.

It is comforting, therefore, to see at last an authoritative word on the subject in a letter from Charles McIlvaine, who is the recognized Orphic oracle on authority on nymenomycetes, to the Haddonfield News.

Briefly, Mr. McIlvaine says that in deaths from toadstool poisoning it is usually the unloaded gun which is discharged into the unloaded brain, and that it is those who think they know all about the edible mushrooms who usually get poisoned.

He explains that there is but one deadly variety of toadstool, but that is very abundant. Some other toadstools will cause temporary distress. Another authority states that many toadstools are just as edible as mushrooms.

Mr. McIlvaine says he has never found the deadly toadstool growing in a field nor the edible mushroom in a woods. The mushroom grows directly from manure. The deadly toadstool grows from sheath, which may be either pulled up with the specimen or which may remain in the ground when the stem comes loose from it.

The gills of the deadly toadstool always remains white or in age are slightly tinged with yellow. The mushroom gills under the cap are pinkish, changing to purplish black with age.

The poison of the deadly toadstool does not take effect under eight hours. The antidote is a hypodermic injection of one-sixtieth of a grain of atropina at each dose, until one-twentieth of a grain is administered, or the action of the poison arrested. The circulation of Mr. McIlvaine's explicit directions will keep people hunting for mushrooms in the woods, will enable them to avoid the deadly toadstool, and, perhaps, save many lives.

(From Puck.)

"The Dark Horse Leads."

"The Finish—Dark Horse Wins. Favorites Fined."

Knocked Down a Clergyman.

Rev. Albert C. Arnold, of No. 81 Milton street, Greenpoint, was knocked down and severely hurt, at Twenty-third street and Second avenue, yesterday, by a wagon driven by Thomas Halligan. Halligan was arrested, but Mr. Arnold refused to make a complaint.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething cures wind colic, diarrhœa, &c. 25c. *

Milhau's Calisaya: superior tonic. No resort to deceit like its imitators. 183 Broadway. *

HE'S A KING OF BUNCO.

Unwary Britishers Fleeced by a Clever Swindler from This Country.

RAISED MONEY BY CLAIMING TO BE A STANDARD OIL MAGNATE.

SCOTLAND YARD IS HOT AFTER HIM.

The detectives of Scotland Yard are in communication with Supt. Byrnes with the object of having New York's great thief-catcher help them to run down a swindler, long resident here, of more than ordinary ability and daring. Col. Roberts, Chief of the famous London detective bureau, in his correspondence with Supt. Byrnes, declares that he considers the fugitive the most brazen rascal with whom he has been called upon to deal in many years.

This very smooth chap is known as William Griffith, alias Griffin, alias Graham, alias St. Elmer. His address may be placed in this city or Boston. His field of operations is not confined by even the bounds of a continent, for he has "operated" in this country, Canada and Australia, and has just managed to make his visit to England one prolific of wealth to himself, while a trail of sorrowing victims marks his pathway through the "tight little isle." He is a fine-looking man, about thirty-eight years of age, six feet in height, and built like an athlete. He has the appearance of being what he pretends to be—a highly prosperous speculator. He dresses in the height of fashion and carries an extensive wardrobe.

On the pretense that he was one of the chief owners of the Standard Oil Company he swindled right and left. In conversation he is most fascinating, and he has a memory that is little less than phenomenal. He told a dozen different stories of his intentions, and so accurate was his memory that in after-conversations he never made the slightest slip. His knowledge of the Standard Oil Company would astonish the officials of that concern. He could talk for hours on the subject, and at a banquet tendered him at one of the London clubs he discoursed entertainingly on the rise of that great monopoly that the guests insisted on his speaking to the exclusion of all others.

BOUGHT WINE RAPIDLY.

Besides apartments at the Savoy he secured quarters at the Metropole and took Impresario Edwin Cleary's fine chambers in the Tratalgar Building while the latter was in America. He introduced himself at the bars of the Metropole and Victoria Hotels, where he bought champagne with such dazzling rapidity as to attract attention on all sides. Very quietly he gave it out that he was John D. Rockefeller's right bower. This bit of gossip spread quickly, and Griffith received homage from a certain class of Englishmen which aused to his fame with Americans who were strangers to London.

Among the Americans there was Frank D. Merrill, of New York, representing the Venezuelan Government in a business way. In a pretended burst of confidence, Griffith told Merrill that he had 100,000 barrels of crude petroleum, just shipped to him from the Standard Oil Company's works, New York, which he intended throwing on the market to create a panic and destroy the opposition dealers in England. The plan, he said, had been in contemplation for a long time, but he had been busy buying up Russian oil wells, and was now on the ground to personally direct operations. There would be, he added, about 400,000 barrels more thrown into the market inside of six weeks. Mr. Merrill is said to have taken the deepest interest in the matter, on the suave and oily-tongued Griffith's statement that there was a fortune in it for any man who would become associated with him. Griffith used Merrill's influence in an indirect way to forward his plans, but the sum he secured from Merrill is not known, though it is said to have been a round figure.

This story is the one he told, with slight variations, to all his victims. To some he said he had oil at Bristol, Liverpool and Leeds. Nobody doubted him. He generally announced that he wanted a good business handle, and gave an option on the oil, which option was, he said, worth from £1,000 to £2,000. After this worthless piece of paper had been passed on, he found it easy to get money.

EXPERT HANDSHAKING.

One of the Studebaker Brothers, the well-known carriage manufacturers, was at the Metropole. Griffith met him one day, grasped his hand and shook it heartily.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," he said. "I haven't seen you since your brother Clem took me down to South Bend and showed me all through your works. You remember me—Griffith, of the Standard Oil Company?"

He didn't wait for an answer, but went on in an easy and familiar way about the works, the quantity of crude oil they used for fuel, the price per barrel, how much was saved yearly since they stopped using coal, &c., giving exact facts and figures, until Studebaker actually believed he had met him and apologized for not recognizing the villain at first. Studebaker introduced him to Sampson Fox, proprietor of the Leeds Forge Company, of Leeds, and owner of the Jollet (Ill.) Steel Works. Mr. Fox is one of the largest, if not the largest, steel manufacturer in England, and is a big man politically in the north country, having been three times Mayor of his town. Griffith knew all about Mr. Fox's American interests. He told more about the works at Jollet than Fox knew himself. He also explained, in his winning style, his own prominence in the Standard Oil Company, and actually made an offer to Fox of $1,250,000 for his Jollet steel works. Mr. Fox was so impressed that he invited Griffith to visit him at his magnificent country house, near Harrogate. Of course he accepted, and on the evening of his departure he went to three well-known Americans, explained that he was going up in the country for a few days, and got £100 from each. He then gave a dinner at the Metropole to Actor Henry E. Dixey, Dr. Bryant, of New York; Mr. Studebaker and several of his English friends. After he had toasted Mr. Studebaker he took him aside and secured what money he had with him. The amount is not known. Then he went to Mr. Fox's place, where he was given a cordial reception, and for three days was entertained in royal style.

FOX WAS NERVOUS.

The only thing that tended to mar the visit was the extreme nervousness of Mr. Fox, due to the statement by Griffith that John D. Rockefeller had arrived in London and had promised to join him at once at Mr. Fox's—might, in fact, come at any moment. With the increase of his host's perturbation at the opportunity of entertaining one of the richest men in the world, Griffith's assurance increased. His visit to Yorkshire will undoubtedly be known in local history as the most extraordinary event of the year. He was taken about in a brougham and shown to the people, and at a banquet in his honor, attended by all the notables of the place, the Mayor made a speech congratulating Mr. Fox on having such a distinguished friend. Before departing Griffith explained his oil scheme, wrote an option on the imaginary 100,000 barrels and took £200 of Fox's money. A big hotel bill for a suit of rooms which he had reserved for Mr. Rockefeller's party, the expense of a dinner, with plenty of wine, which he gave just before leaving, and £25, borrowed from the hotel cashier, were also charged to Mr. Fox.

Returning to London, Griffith went to a prominent member of the Junior Constitutional Club and by means of similar false representations got £250. Then he disappeared. Mr. Fox and his family went to London the next day on Griffith's invitation to meet Mr. and Mrs. Rockefeller at dinner. When Fox discovered that Griffith had skipped and that Mr. Rockefeller was not in Europe, he put the matter in the hands of the Scotland Yard officials.

Griffith must have had a number of thousands when he fled, for he paid nobody when he could get credit. In addition to Englishmen, hotels and tailors and clubs, nearly every American in London of any prominence is a loser.

HIS EXPLOITS HERE.

He is known in this city as "Griff" or "Big Griff." He went through Australia a few years ago and worked the same scheme, returning to San Francisco with a sum estimated at from $150,000 to $200,000. His most remarkable escapade was some years ago, when Lord Ashburton came to this city and then went to Mexico. When his lordship was well out of the way Griffith crossed the continent, calling himself Lord Ashburton. At every town where he stopped he was given a reception and quietly borrowed all the money he needed. At San Francisco a banquet was given in his honor by the Mayor, and Griffith boasts that to this day the truth has not dawned on the deluded "Frisco Mayor."

BYRNES KNOWS HIM WELL.

Supt. Byrnes has a vivid recollection of some of the operations of Griffith, although they date back a dozen years or more. In the latter part of the seventies Griffith was associated with the most powerful band of international bond forgers and counterfeiters that has ever worked America and Europe. Chief of this band was Isaac Wade Wilkes, alias Wilkes, the latter with Wyatt Burns, alias James Jones, Jones fell into the hands of the Italian criminal authorities at Florence on Christmas Day, 1880.

After several months Wilkes was quietly released, and returned to New York. Burns subsequently became cognizant of Wilkes's duplicity in having betrayed him (Burns) and he choked himself to death with a prayer-book while in prison. Burns's share of the profits of the gang was about $80,000, over which three women, claiming to be his widows, had a long legal fight.

A short time after that Griffith, who was then known as William Griffin, alias "Lord Ashburton," alias Sayles, joined issue with Jack Quinn, "Phil" Hargreaves and John Conn, who did a rattling traffic in counterfeit greenbacks on the Continent. They bought the notes here for 12½ cents on the dollar and passed them at par, principally in Italy, at par, through native gangs of crooks. But they were discovered and had to flee, returning to this country.

Then the gang went to Canada. There Griffith presented a forged bank note for £1,200, receiving in money from the Bank of Montreal. He gave Hargreaves and Quinn £900 in forged notes, and with £1,000 of them Griffith went to Quebec. There he told his pals that the fraud had been discovered, and they all left for New York by different routes. His confederates afterwards discovered that Griffith had lied to them, and had seized the opportunity to make hay while the sun shone by selling some more of his notes and with the balance buying a large amount of jewelry and diamonds at Kirkpatrick's, Nineteenth street and Broadway.

Griffith, upon ascertaining that his duplicity had been unearthed, suddenly left Kirkpatrick's and disappeared, as he was the road to recovery, he volunteered to give Miss Cunningham enough of it to save her from death. Thirty-two ounces were taken from his left arm.

The transfusion was successful, and Miss Cunningham left the hospital a few weeks later entirely cured. But not so with Lincoln. He became weak shortly after the operation, and never has recovered health.

In talking about the case yesterday, Dr. McCreery said he saw Lincoln about six months ago. The man was then practically a physical wreck.

"He called at my house," said the doctor, "and asked me if I wouldn't give him a certain chance, if I knew of one, so that he could obtain a position. I wrote out the following and gave it to him:

"I hereby certify that Amos A. Lincoln, while a patient in my division in the New York Hospital, on Jan. 9, 1890, was bled to the amount of thirty-two ounces, in order that the blood might be injected into the veins of Lizzie Cunningham, at that time a patient in the same hospital, suffering from the effects of poisoning by illuminating gas.

"Lincoln then left the house, and that was the last I saw of him. His action certainly was a heroic one and should entitle him to consideration at any person's hands.

The last employment Lincoln had was with Sallade & Co., No. 53 West Twenty-fourth street, as porter. That firm says he was a good worker, but he was so weak that he couldn't perform the heavy labor required."

No Chess Contest Likely.

Chess players will regret to hear that there is no prospect of seeing the chess match between W. Steinitz and Emanuel Lasker brought to an issue, inasmuch as no club has offered a purse to make it worth while to battle for the championship of the world. As the struggle for supremacy might last for two or three months, neither player could afford to engage in so hard a mental contest without getting his expenses paid.

Black, Blue, Brown, Bottle-Green and Steel-Gray Kersey Overcoatings to order $15.

MADE FROM FINE AUSTRALIAN WOOL, AND ARE STRICTLY FAST COLORS. WE ARE THE ONLY FIRM THAT ARE MAKING THIS FINE QUALITY AT SUCH A LOW FIGURE.

London Striped Trousers, to Order, $3.50 and $4.50.

Coat and Vest (to order), $12 in Vicuna, Ribbed Cheviot and Clay Diagonals. FULL DRESS SUITS (to order), $30, in Dress Worsteds and West of England Broadcloth, silk or satin lined.

These goods come from all the standard mills and are strictly all wool. Samples and self-made measurement guide sent on application.

Call and see us. "We will do what other tailors cannot."

JACOBS BROS., 229 BROADWAY, OPP. POST-OFFICE. BOWERY, CORNER BROOME ST.

HIS HEROISM COSTLY.

Lincoln Gave Up His Life Blood and Is Now a Physical Wreck.

IT WAS DONE IN NEW YORK HOSPITAL TO SAVE A WOMAN.

NOW HE'S SICK AND CANNOT WORK.

Somewhere in this big city a hero is walking about, sleeping where he can, unable to afford the luxury of a bed. He is Amos A. Lincoln, formerly of No. 139 West Nineteenth street, now of no place in particular.

Lincoln's heroism was displayed under circumstances which required the calm exercise of noble attributes. The scene was in the outer ward of the New York Hospital. There, three years ago, he gave sufficient of his blood to save the life of a young woman who could be saved only by the transfusion of new blood into her system. Lincoln was a patient in the hospital at the time. He voluntarily gave up thirty-two ounces of the precious fluid, which was transfused into the young woman's veins, thereby saving her life.

Since his sacrifice Lincoln has not been the same man. He has been so weak that at times he has not been able to work to provide himself with the necessaries of life. At present he is without home or friends.

Lincoln's condition was made known by a gentleman who knew of his heroic action, and recently met him on Seventh avenue, ragged and starving.

The story of Lincoln's sacrifice was told to a World reporter by Dr. F. R. McCreery, of No. 129 East Fortieth street. When the operation was performed, in January, 1890, Dr. McCreery was resident physician at the hospital. He superintended the transfusion,