MRS. BUFFUM'S STORY.

It Throws a New Light on the Charges Brought by Her Husband.

HER CHILD, SHE SAYS, IS HER OWN

She Tells How She Met the Young Pittsburg Doctor and How He Married Her.

CLAIMS SHE GAVE HIM LARGE SUMS.

According to Her Story She Was Opposed to a Marriage—The Divorce Suit to Be Begun Soon.

The Buffum-Wetmore case has already attracted much attention in this city and in Pittsburg. There is a divorce suit pending between the persons most intimately concerned. In a few days a commissioner will begin the taking of evidence in this city, and then many facts which are here presented for the first time will become matters of record.

It is noteworthw that in all the columns which have been printed about the case not one word of the woman's side has been presented. Hitherto she has refused to say one word about the series of events and the attacks made upon her.

Dr. Frank E. Buffum is the son of a bottler in Pittsburg. He lived in the house kept by Mrs. Eva Wetmore, at No. 242 West Twenty-third street, while pursuing his medical studies in this city. According to his story, Mrs. Wetmore is much older than he, but he was wheedled into loving and finally into marrying her. Then, in order to more firmly hold him, she palmed off a baby as her own. He became suspicious, and employed a private detective to look into her history, and thus discovered that she was an adventuress. In many features the story resembled that of Eva Ray Hamilton.

With the early history of Mrs. Buffum, or Mrs. Wetmore, as she is better known in this city, this story has nothing to do. There is no possible doubt of her right to the name of Mrs. Buffum. The Buffums admit that. She says that she was born on a steamer while her parents were coming to this country and that she has high connections abroad. She says further that her relatives are rich. She was married to an officer in the United States Army when she was fourteen years old and had a son by him, who died about two years ago.

For three years Mrs. Buffum, or Mrs. Wetmore, as she was then, had the houses at Nos. 240 and 242 West Twenty-third street. One of the houses she sublet furnished to a family. The other house she occupied herself and rented furnished rooms. Frank Buffum came to her house for the first time in the spring of 1891. He said he had been recommended there by his brother. Mrs. Buffum knew the brother, Dr. Joseph H. Buffum, when he was studying in New York. Joseph was then and now professor of ophthalmology in the Chicago Homeopathic College.

HOW SHE FIRST MET HIM.

"The first time that Frank called I did not see him," Mrs. Buffum said yesterday to a World reporter. "My colored maid showed him the only room I had vacant, which was the third floor front. He came around in a day or two and asked to see the room again, and I showed it to him myself. He said that he liked the room very much, but that he could not afford to pay $8 a week, which was the regular price. I told him that I would let him have it for $7, but that was the lowest I could do. The next day he appeared again. Then he told me that he had no means save what his brother gave him. He wanted very much to live in my house, but that he could not afford to pay over $5 a week. The summer was coming on and I knew his brother, I finally told him he could have the room for that price. He asked me to send to the Coleman House for his baggage, and I did so. The next day he told me that he was without any ready money, but that he expected money every day from his brother. I gave him my meal ticket on the restaurant next door. A few days afterwards I gave him $5 to buy a ticket for himself.

"Just about the time that Frank came to my house I sent my son, Leander, around to his uncle. We had never been parted before, and the separation made me very lonely. Like most women, I cried a good deal. One day, I should say it was within a week after he came there, Frank came into the sitting-room and found me crying. He asked me what the matter was, and I told him. He came up to me and put his hand on my shoulder. 'Don't cry,' he said, 'that won't help matters any. Let me be your brother and take his place as much as I can. I'll try and be as much comfort to you as your son was.'

"That was the beginning of it all. Of course I was grateful for his sympathy. Then we began to be a good deal together. We went to the theatres and places of amusement and had a good time. He was with me nearly all the while. We became very much attached.

NURSED HER IN ILLNESS.

"Then I fell ill. Frank took care of me. I never knew one person to take such care of another as he took of me. He was with me all day long. His devotion won my heart completely. Then it was we lived into a relationship we had no right to assume. At this time he spoke to me of marriage. I told him I did not want to get married.

"Early in the summer Frank came to me and said he would like to go to Europe. There were several physicians going, and he thought it would do him a deal of good. His brother wanted him to go. I said to him: 'Frank, why don't you go?' He said he had no money. I offered to lend it to him. I thought it was a little return for all he had done for me. I gave him money to buy a new suit of clothes and $1,500 with which to pay the expenses of the trip. I have since learned that most of this money and $500 more which I sent to him in London was gambled away. He was gone about three months. When he returned he had grown a beard and I did not know him. I remember the day that he appeared at the house. I was sweeping and I had my head all tied up. He came in and threw his arms about me. That day I gave him $10 to pay back a loan he had secured of one of the passengers coming over.

"Directly upon his return he began to talk to me about getting married. I told him that I did not want to get married, but he always insisted. He began his studies in the Homeopathic Eye and Ear College, at Twenty-third street and Third avenue. I paid his expenses there. We ran along very comfortably for three or four months. He kept at me to marry him, but I refused. Then there came a reason why I should marry him, a much more potent one than any argument he had advanced or could advance. I wanted to do away with this argument. He refused to let me. He said he would report it to Inspector Byrnes if I did. He frightened me. Sometimes he would say it was the best thing that ever happened and he would talk for hours about the delight of having a little one about.

DIDN'T WANT TO MARRY.

"Finally I consented to marry him, and the date was set for Christmas eve. But when that day came I didn't feel like getting married. I was very fond of Frank, but told him I would love him just as much if we were not married. That did not content him. I believe he was really fond of me, but I am sure he wanted money more than anything else. On Christmas eve I went out of the house to do some shopping. When I returned it was after 10 P. M., and Frank was sulky. He said I could not care for him much to treat him in that manner. I soothed him and gave him the presents I had bought for him.

"All the next week he acted very badly. I couldn't make him bright and loving until the following Saturday. That afternoon he asked me if I was going downtown to my marketing. I said I was. We went to Kent's store, in Vesey street, where I have always traded, and there was Frank standing in the doorway. This was on the day before New Year's. I asked him if there was anything that he wanted sent up to the house, and he ordered several things, which I had charged to my account. I remember the clerks guyed me about it at the time. When we left the store Frank said he was going over in New Jersey to see his aunt, and he asked me to go along, as I had never met any of his relatives. He took me to Elizabeth. When we arrived there he left me in the station while he went out, as he said, to find out where his aunt lived and to get a carriage. He returned in about an hour. I got into the carriage and we drove to three or four places. Each time he got out he said his aunt had moved. Finally he said his aunt had found the place. He took me into the house and then he said, 'Eva, this is the house of a minister, and I have brought you here to get married. You will marry me now, won't you?' At first I refused. I said that I didn't want to get married, but he finally persuaded me.

"And now, right here let me say one thing. The articles which Frank gave to the newspapers shortly after this time, he said that he was thirty years old. When we were married he told the minister he was forty years old, and that is the age which appears in my marriage certificate, now in my possession. His face shows that he is more than thirty, and it did at that time.

HE GOES TO CHICAGO.

"After the marriage we went home and we lived along pretty much as we did before. For months we had a happy time. Along in the spring Frank got a letter from his brother Joseph, in Chicago, asking him to come out there and assist him in his work. Frank did not go at once, as he wanted to finish his course in the college. About April 1 he started for Chicago. He remained there until June. Then he and his brother quarrelled, and Frank went to Pittsburg to assist his father in the bottling business. I remained in New York. Frank wrote loving letters to me every day, giving me constant advice about the approaching event, to which he referred constantly.

"The baby was born July 12, 1892. Frank was then in Pittsburg. I received the most loving letters from him and from his mother. They wanted me to go out there and live with them. I said I would go out as soon as I was able. I reached Pittsburg Aug. 5. For awhile everything was lovely. Then the jealousy of Frank's mother began to make trouble. She and Frank were together all the time. After awhile he paid little attention to me. I could not understand the relations between Frank and his mother. Once he had told me that she was not his real mother.

"Our life flowed along peacefully and pleasantly for five months. Then came a climax. Baby was sick. The doctor we had did not seem to do him any good. I sent for Dr. McClelland. He did not come that day. The next day when Frank came home for luncheon I asked him to go and see the doctor. He said he would, but instead of going out he went upstairs and locked the door. I went upstairs after a while and knocked. No answer came. Then I broke open the door. Frank knocked me senseless.

"It was hours before I recovered from that swoon. I found Dr. McClelland bending over me. Frank still really to what I raved about when the divorce case is tried. That was the last I ever saw of my husband, except in court. He sent me a message saying that he had to go to Harrisburg. Instead he came to New York and sued me for divorce. He went to see the Chief of Police, the Mayor and a lawyer, and asked them what I should do. They all told me to remain in the house. I took their advice. For awhile Father Buffum treated me kindly, but Mrs. Buffum cut out. Finally they refused to let me eat at the table. I had to eat with the servants. One day, Eugene, Frank's younger brother struck me with a chair. At another time Father Buffum struck me.

ARRESTS AND DIVORCE SUITS.

"One day an officer came to the house and arrested me. I was taken to the jail, where I remained from Saturday until Tuesday. Then my lawyer discovered by accident that I was there. I had taken my baby with me. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children took the matter up and Mr. Buffum and Eugene were convicted and fined. Afterwards, when Frank returned, I had him arrested for assault and he was fined. Then I left Pittsburg and returned to this city. My husband began an action for divorce.

Mrs. Buffum weighs only ninety pounds. She says when she married Buffum she weighed 183 pounds. In her youth she must have been a handsome woman. She says she is only thirty-six, and she also says she looks fifteen years older, which is the truth. The baby, Joseph Franklin Peabody Buffum, is as handsome and sturdy and bright a child as there is in this city. The baby plays a most important part in this case. In the suit for divorce Buffum declares that his wife bought the baby and palmed it off on him. He insists that he knew nothing about it until a short time before it was born. He has said that he has discovered the woman from whom the baby was secured.

"I have said nothing in answer to these charges," said Mrs. Buffum. "My time will come when the case for my child in court. It will be proven by the physician who brought the baby into the world. Because I have kept silent they think I cannot prove this. They will discover their blunder when the physician goes upon the stand."

That Buffum was very much in love with his wife is shown clearly by the letters he wrote to her from Chicago. Most of them are signed, "Your own faithful hubby, Frank." In these letters are frequent references to the coming of the little one.

"What have I to gain from my husband?" asked Mrs. Buffum. "It has been said that his father is a rich man. His father may have a business worth $50,000. He owns the house he lives in. He has some lots which were bought with my money—$10,000 which I gave him while there. Since this trouble began they have tried to compromise that loan, although I have no papers to show that it was my money—nothing but the evidence of a real-estate agent. Frank has never been able to earn his own living. I can never hope to get a penny from him. I know well enough that I can make nothing from them, and I don't need their money. My family has more money than they have. I don't money! The principle, it's principle. Do you think I would keep this boy with me if it wasn't my own? I am going to set his birth right before the world. They cannot defeat me."

MRS. BUFFUM AND THE BABY.

FOR A LITTLE ONES' LODGING-HOUSE.

W. H. Fogg's Gift to the Children's Aid Society to Be a Model Building and School for Tiny Unfortunates.

Architect William Russell, of No. 71 Broadway, has just completed plans for a model children's lodging-house for the Children's Aid Society, of this city. It is the gift of the late W. H. Fogg, under the terms of whose will $50,000 was provided for the building. The site, Fifty-third street, just fifty feet east of Eleventh avenue, cost as much more. It is numbered 550 West Fifty-third street. The plot of ground is a large one, providing, in addition to the site for the building, a large playground in the rear for the use of both boys and girls, divided, of course.

It was the wish of the donor of the building that the structure should be a model institution of the kind, and surpass anything of the same nature in existence. Architect Russell and the Fogg and Children's Aid Society trustees spent considerable time arranging every detail of the structure, so that it would embody all the improvements found lacking in the twenty-five buildings already used by the society in this city. Everything is now ready for the builders to begin work.

The old building of the society, at No. 573 West Fifty-second street, which has for years been used as a lodging-house, is a dormitory attachment, but was greatly in need of repairs, will be sold and the money used for another school further uptown.

The plans for the Fogg lodging-house and school call for a five-story structure. It will be the only all-brick and iron building owned by the society, and destruction by fire is almost an utter impossibility. The fourth and fifth floors will be taken up altogether by dormitories, accommodations for one hundred or more children being provided. The second and third floors will be utilized for school rooms and dormitories. These rooms will be specially designed so as to make them perfect from a sanitary standpoint. The wardrobes connected with the school rooms will have special air flues to carry off all odors from the clothing, and in every way the school rooms and dormitories will be model ones. The first floor will be utilized by offices, teachers' rooms and another school room. In the basement will be playrooms for boys and girls for wet weather, the kitchen for cooking their food, and a laundry.

The front of the building will be of Calibaugh brick, trimmed with brownstone, making quite a handsome effect, with grilled windows on the first floor and a large section of leaded glass over the massive colonial door.

Grabbed His Diamond in a Street Car.

Carson Mentz wore in his shirt-front a diamond pin valued at $100 when he and his wife boarded a crowded Third avenue cable car Saturday. Mentz had to stand up. His wife said she saw a man put a newspaper in front of her husband's face and then take the diamond pin. She called to her husband, who tried to grab the man, but his way was blocked by John Casey, of No. 405 East Eleventh street. Before Mentz could get by Casey the thief had jumped from the car and was a block away. Then Casey jumped, too. Mentz followed suit. Casey ran, and Policeman Phenann, of the East Fifty-first street station, caught him at Forty-fourth street. Casey was remanded in Yorkville Court yesterday as an accomplice.

Scrofula

is Disease Germs living in the Blood and feeding upon its Life. Overcome these germs with

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, and make your blood healthy, skin pure and system strong. *Physicians*, the world over, indorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

You read the Evening World! Do you read the Sunday World!

NELSON J. WATERBURY DEAD

For Fifty Years He Was in Politics in This Town and Always as a Democrat.

HIS OFFICE-HOLDING DAYS LONG AGO.

Once a Marine Court Judge, Once District Attorney—First in Tammany, Then a County Man, Then Tammany Again.

Nelson J. Waterbury, who had something to do with politics in this town for more than half a century, died at his home, No. 13 West Fifty-sixth street, at 6 P. M. yesterday, of pneumonia. Mr. Waterbury caught a severe cold in the middle of the week, and had rather a bad attack on Thursday night, but on Friday he was at the City Hall, where he was a very familiar figure. Thursday night he became much worse, and the efforts of Dr. Loomis could only ease the old gentleman's suffering.

Mr. Waterbury was seventy-five years old, having been born in New York City in 1819. His father was Jonathan Waterbury, who was a well-known dry-goods merchant of those days. He died when his son was nine years old. The youth early decided to study law, and got a start with the firm of Wells & Van Wagnan, which occupied a high place in those days. Subsequently Mr. Waterbury became their managing clerk.

His first law partner was Samuel J. Tilden, whose intimate friend he was for many years. The firm of Tilden & Waterbury was formed in 1842, and continued until 1845. Mr. Waterbury was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1846. In 1852 Gov. Wright appointed him Judge of the Marine Court, now the City Court. He was Assistant Postmaster under Isaac B. Fowler, and established the first sub-station in New York.

When Mr. Waterbury entered politics he became a member of Tammany Hall. He was elected District-Attorney in 1860 on the Tammany Hall ticket, and served three years. When he came up for re-election he was defeated, and it was about this time that he had a falling with Tammany. He remained outside its breastworks for twenty-seven years. While he was District-Attorney Mr. Waterbury prosecuted in the Stevens and Stifferds cases, two of the most sensational trials that this State has ever known. He secured convictions in both cases. During the draft riots Mr. Waterbury served on Gov. Seymour's staff as Judge Advocate-General. In 1867 he was appointed by Gov. Hoffman a commissioner to revise the statutes.

While Mr. Waterbury opposed Tammany Hall, he defended Harry Genet when he was tried. When the County Democracy was organized under W. C. Whitney in 1880, Mr. Waterbury became one of its most prominent members. He wrote all the resolutions which it adopted. For this he had a remarkable skill, which the members of the organization used to say amounted to positive genius. He also wrote many letters to newspapers, making municipal affairs his text.

In 1890 Mr. Waterbury returned to Tammany Hall. He refused to support the Hewitt ticket which was nominated that year with Mr. Scott as the head.

He made lots of money and died rich. Both he and his son were paid large sums for legal services to the city in acquiring aqueduct lands.

Mr. Waterbury leaves four children, Nelson J. Waterbury, jr., Mrs. F. J. O'Shaugnessy, Mrs. M. H. Streeter and an unmarried daughter.

The funeral will be private.

DRAGGED WITH FOOT IN STIRRUP.

Mr. Herzig's Terrible Experience When His Horse Took Fright on Crowded Seventh Avenue.

A party of five gentlemen mounted on spirited horses turned into Seventh avenue from Central Park shortly after noon yesterday. The thoroughfare was crowded with vehicles and bicyclists, and the broad sidewalks were filled with promenaders. Leo S. Herzig, of No. 168 East Seventy-fifth street, a nephew of Philip Herzig, a wealthy leather merchant, 135 Mercer street, was one of the five horsemen. He rode a magnificent bay, restless and high-spirited.

At One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street the animal suddenly reared at sight of a cable-car and plunged forward. Ladies and gentlemen crossing the avenue ran in wild confusion to the curbs, tumbling over each other in their excitement. The shouts of a dozen men standing on the corner frightened the animal still more, and he tore up the avenue at a frightful pace, with his rider frantically trying in desperation to his mane.

Herzig's companions put spurs to their horses and tried to overtake the runaway. Mounted Policeman Gray joined the chase, shouting to the drivers of vehicles to clear the way.

The horse had got the bit between his teeth. He dodged at full speed between carriages and bicycle-riders. At One Hundred and Thirty-third street Stephen West, a cyclist, was struck and rolled into a ditch. His wheel was smashed, but he escaped injury.

At One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street the horse stumbled and Mr. Herzig was thrown. His foot caught in the stirrup, and to the horror of the hundreds who were watching, he was dragged head downwards for fully twenty yards. He succeeded in grasping the stirrup with his hand, by a superhuman effort and extricated his imprisoned foot. Then he fell off and was carried to the sidewalk by some men who rushed from the crowd. His clothes were torn and muddy. His face was bleeding, and he was limp from fright. A careful examination by a physician, however, did not disclose any serious injuries. The horse was caught near One Hundred and Thirty-seventh street.

T. RUSSELL DAVIS KILLED.

The Son of Harper's War Artist Run Down by a Train at Bayonne.

While midway between the bridges over Linnet street and Avenue D, Bayonne, at noon Saturday, the 11.30 A. M. westbound Philadelphia and Reading Royal Blue Line express struck and instantly killed a man trudging along the tracks. The victim's skull and right arm were fractured, and his shoes were stripped from his feet. The corpse was removed to Duffy's Morgue, at Bergen Point, where it was identified yesterday forenoon as Theodore Russell Davis, jr., son of Theodore R. Davis, of No. 404 Fifth avenue, Asbury Park. Young Davis was twenty-one years old and was employed formerly in the employ of Tiffany. He had been West, arriving here Saturday and, it is supposed, was tramping home for the exercise, as he was an enthusiastic pedestrian, although when killed he was walking towards the Meadows. His bereaved father is a well-known artist, and the decorator of the china used in the White House, at Washington.

Coxeyites Go to the Island.

John Dalrymple and August Grape were found by Policeman Wilbur Saturday night at Fifth avenue and Thirty-first street, shouting for Coxey. In Jefferson Market Court yesterday they said they were celebrating Gen. Coxey's arrival in town, as they intended joining his army. "Well," said the Justice, "you can join an army—the one over on the Island—for three months."

Gen. C. Flint Co., of 14th st., are selling out. Do not delay, as while you have the cream to pick from you will be sure to get suited.

GRAVESENDERS PROVOKED.

They Had Met with Assemblyman Friday to Discuss the Question of Annexation.

THE LIE WAS GIVEN AND RETURNED.

Finally the Anti-Annexationists, Among Whom as Supervisor Bennett, Were Invited to Withdraw.

There was an excited group of Gravesenders in the office of Assemblyman William H. Friday, at No. 245 Reid avenue, yesterday afternoon. The lie was passed between two of Gravesend's leading citizens, and the meeting broke up in consequence of a number of those present withdrawing from the room and going away mad as hornets.

Assemblyman Friday has been much interested in the proposed annexation of Gravesend to the city of Brooklyn, and recently gave a hearing to those of the citizens of the town who were opposed to the scheme. During the past week he sent a request to those interested in the matter to meet him on Sunday and talk over the provisions of the annexation bill. He invited many of the leading citizens, without reference to which side of the question they were on.

A large number of those in favor of annexation came to the meeting. They were headed by Major Bell, of South Bensonhurst. A delegation composed of citizens and taxpayers opposed to joining the town to the city, headed by Supervisor M. V. B. Bennett and Dr. Albert Chambers, also presented itself at the Assemblyman's office.

There was trouble at once. Those in favor of annexation claimed that they had been invited to the conference by Assemblyman Friday, and that they wanted a chance to talk over the matter without having a lot of people opposed to annexation present. The anti-annexationists were plainly told that their room was better than their company. To this they demurred, alleging that they had also been invited to the conference, and that they intended to remain.

The Assemblyman tried to pacify the excited Gravesenders and pour oil on the troubled waters. He admitted he had invited both sides to be represented, but his statement did not settle matters. Finally he said he was undecided what was best to do under the circumstances.

Major Bell declared that the anti-annexationists had been given an afternoon hearing before the Assemblyman, and he thought his side ought to be given a chance to say what they had in mind without the other side knowing all about it.

Charles Voorhees, the Chairman of the Citizens' League of Gravesend, declared that Major Bell had always, before, been opposed to annexation, and had spoken against it at fifteen different meetings at Coney Island.

"You are a blank liar," shouted the thoroughly aroused Major, jumping to his feet. "That is as near the truth as you have told in a year."

Great excitement followed. Dr. Chambers tried to prevent trouble by saying that it was the wish of the Assemblyman, he and his party would leave the room, but he thought it a very funny way of doing business.

Assemblyman Friday said he was sorry, but he could not help it. As soon as he stood, there was only one thing left for him to do, and that was to request the anti-annexationists to retire. He would listen to those in favor of annexation and not to those opposed.

Dr. Chambers and his party arose and walked slowly out. As Mr. Voorhees was passing out the door, he shouted:

"Major Bell is a blank liar. He did work against annexation."

"Yes, and we know it," shouted those with him.

The ejected Gravesenders stood about on the sidewalk outside of the office for some minutes, discussing their grievance against Major Bell, and finally dispersed.

Before the conference began, Assemblyman Friday requested all those opposed to annexation to leave the room, and other people left. Those remaining then told the Assemblyman how they were tired of misrule; how they had suffered under McKane's tyrannical sway, and how they hoped they would be permitted to become citizens of Brooklyn, which had purged itself of boss rule.

Assemblyman Friday declined to commit himself on the subject, but it is believed that he will return to Albany and work for the passage of the Gravesend Annexation bill.

WEALTHY FAMILIES SWINDLED.

They Bought "Fine Imported Linens," Which Turned Out Common Cotton.

A number of wealthy women living in Lincoln Park, Newark, have been swindled by a "Herr Joseph Meyer, jr.," as his cards read, who sold them alleged Dresden linen from the Meyer linen house. The purchases are estimated to have aggregated several thousands of dollars. After the material had been laundered it was found to be nothing but cotton. The finish put on the goods deceived the best judges. Franklin Murphy is credited with having been instrumental in detecting the fraud by communicating with the Dresden house, and receiving a request to cause "Herr Josef's" arrest.

The man was of distinguished appearance and called on his customers in a coach with liveried driver and footman. He represented himself as a son of the head of the Meyer Dresden house, and said the samples he had were a part of the firm's exhibit at the World's Fair. As the appearance of the goods was satisfactory to a practised eye, no suspicion was aroused until, at the first place he called, the price which he set upon the stuff was so absurdly low. The lady would not patronize him on that account.

The man called on Mr. Murphy, who had been in the firm and made purchases while abroad. From the man's knowledge of Mr. Murphy's custom it is suspected that he in some way is familiar with the business at the home office. Mr. Murphy had been told that the house had no agents in the United States, and made inquiries. The man, not over thirty, said he was not an agent, but a son, and interested in the business. Mr. Murphy sent a letter to Dresden and received a circular letter in reply, from which it is inferred that the manufacturers have before had trouble of the same sort.

A Simple Law of Mechanics.

which not only mechanics but all persons whose advance in life is obstructed by some pressing want would do well to consider: The ease with which an otherwise immovable obstruction is forced aside when the proper implements are used. The most effective implement for removing all wants is a World Want "ad." The World's enormous circulation lends a fulcrum power in their removal found by experience to be irresistible.

REV. DEAN M'NULTY PROTESTS.

Speaks of the Open Letter from the President of St. Agnes Council to the Bishop.

PATERSON, April 22.—Members of St. Agnes Council, C. B. L., through their president, James Herbert, in an open letter to the Bishop Saturday, expressed their feeling in regard to depriving Rev. Mr. McNulty of his honorary title of dean. The letter is a reply to one received from the Bishop requesting President Herbert to send him a correct report of the speeches made at an indignation meeting of members of the council, and particularly that of Street Commissioner Gibson. The letter calls the attention of the Bishop to that part of the ritual of the C. B. L. wherein it is stated that the privileges of American citizenship, chief of which is freedom of speech, will not be interfered with by reason of membership in the organization. It also objects to the action in preventing the publication of an expression of sympathy for the dean from the C. Y. M. L. A.

A large congregation attended the 9.30 o'clock service at St. John's Church this morning in anticipation of hearing what comments would be made by Dean McNulty on the document. He took for his text the words of St. James: "Be swift to hear, but slow to speak."

"My text this morning," said Dean McNulty, "has been selected in view of what I read in the evening papers of our city last evening. There appeared an attack upon the bishop of this diocese calculated to injure religion and to benefit no one. The names of my assistant, Father McCormick, and myself have been dragged into that disreputable 'open letter,' as it is called. Over a month ago, when other newspapers stated that I was deprived of the title of dean by the Bishop of Newark, rumblings of indignation were heard on all sides in this city. Organizations met, as was publicly stated in the city papers, for the purpose of giving expression to their feelings. Newspapers, likewise, were seeking for news on the subject.

"My earnest advice, in words and in letters to the organizations, and to the press, was to leave the matter where it belonged—to the hierarchy of the Church. I had full confidence that if wrong had been done me, that wrong, in due time, would be righted. My judgment of a month ago on this subject has not changed. Therefore it is that I ask the press of Paterson and of New York to record my dissatisfaction with these busy-bodies who have dragged the names of my worthy assistant and myself into such unenviable notoriety."

Father McCormick's name was mentioned in President Herbert's letter in connection with the order of the Bishop to stop the publication of the C. Y. M. L. A.'s address to the Dean. The Dean's assistant is a young priest, and a few months ago was chosen spiritual director of the C. Y. M. L. A., but in the preparation of the address by that organization the Dean was not consulted, the members deeming this unnecessary, as the address was in no wise intended as an attack on the Bishop.

Father McCormick said to-day, in signing of the letter from St. Agnes Council, "You can say for me in the strongest language possible that I emphatically condemn the dragging of my name into this affair. This course will not and should not meet with the approval of good Catholics."

STOLEN DIAMONDS RECOVERED.

The Sea Cliff Servant Girl Who Robbed Her Mistress Found in Baltimore.

SEA CLIFF, April 22.—Word was received here to-day, from Baltimore, Md., informing Richard Dreyer of the arrest in that city of Marie Felber, who, a few days ago, fled from here after rifling Mrs. Dreyer's jewel case and relieving it of $1,000 worth of diamonds and other jewelry.

The girl had been in Mrs. Dreyer's employ less than a month. Her mistress left her in charge of a small child a few days ago, while she went out to a 5 o'clock tea. The girl was alone in the house. She left the baby asleep on a bed in her mistress's room, and after securing the valuables fled. When Mrs. Dreyer returned the gardener, who had heard the child crying, was acting as nurse. The discovery of the robbery followed.

Mr. Dreyer telegraphed the Baltimore police to hold the girl. Accompanied by Constable Brengel he left for Baltimore at once to identify the prisoner, and to arrange for her being brought back here.

The stolen jewelry was found in the girl's possession. She had once worked in Baltimore.

TEMPERANCE MEN, ATTENTION!

Senator Bradley Wants to Meet You at the State House, Trenton, To-Night.

The following notice, sent to The World for publication, explains itself:

"Senator Bradley, of Monmouth, has arranged to meet the friends of Senate bill No. 91 in Trenton Monday night. This bill takes from the inferior Court of Common Pleas the power to grant liquor licenses and vests it in the governing bodies of boroughs and townships.

"This power was taken from them in 1892, and they wish to regain it because, as the towns complain, judges, for political reasons, grant licenses to unworthy persons. The temperance people claim it as a measure of home rule.

"JAMES A. BRADLEY."

MR. HOGAN KILLS A BIG SNAKE.

The Big Jersey Reptile Measures 6 Feet and 7 Inches.

(Special to The World.)

PATERSON, April 22.—The largest snake ever seen in this vicinity was killed yesterday by James H. Hogan, electrical expert, superintending the construction of the telephone line between Paterson and Tuxedo for the Hudson River Telephone Company. He was driving near Waldwick when he saw something stretched across the road that looked like a rail.

Mr. Hogan did not see it was a snake until the wagon had passed over it. It was beating the ground with its tail and raising clouds of dust. Mr. Hogan killed it with a stone. The reptile measured 6 feet 7 inches. It appeared to be a venomous black adder.

MRS. BRIGGS HANGED HERSELF.

She Had Been Afflicted with Nervous Trouble for a Long Time.

Mrs. Susan Briggs, forty years old, committed suicide by hanging herself in the bathroom of her home, No. 639 Halsey street, Brooklyn, last night. She had been suffering from a nervous disorder for six months, and was subject to protracted fits of despondency, frequently declaring that she would put an end to her life.

The body was discovered by her son Herbert, eighteen years old, who says that when he went out to make a call two hours earlier, his mother seemed to be in unusually cheerful spirits.

A 310-Pound Bicyclist Comes to Grief.

Peter J. Meegan, of No. 639 East One Hundredth and Thirty-ninth street, is the stoutest keeper in the Tombs, tipping the scales at 310 pounds. He has plenty of exercise, for he has to search every male visitor to the Tombs. This did not reduce his weight, however, so he took a bicycle spin through Harlem every night. Friday night a vehicle ran into him and he was thrown to the ground, receiving a severe cut in the neck. He will be laid up for a week in consequence, but he will not give up the bicycle.

Fell Two Stories and Wasn't Hurt.

Eva Razarch, four years old, fell out of a second-story window of her parents' home, No. 289 Wythe avenue, Brooklyn, last night, to the sidewalk, a distance of eighteen feet. She escaped without a cut or bruise.

You read the Evening World! Do you read the Sunday World!

HE PITCHES INTO M'LEOD.

Expert Stephen Little Reports on His Bad Management of the Reading Railroad.

DEBTS $16,000,000 ABOVE ASSETS.

Since the Receivers Took Hold There Has Been a Change for the Better, but Still the Road Is Debt-Loaded.

The long-delayed and much-talked-about report of the expert, Stephen Little, on the affairs of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company was made public yesterday. It justifies all the reports of mismanagement on the part of A. A. McLeod and his associates during their years of control, ending in the financial collapse of the system Feb. 28, 1893.

The figures submitted by Mr. Little show that during the McLeod administration there was a steady piling up of liabilities to an extent of nearly sixteen millions in excess of assets. That was the condition of the system when the receivers took charge.

Mr. Little's report is made up of a number of exhibits showing respectively the condition of the system on Nov. 30, 1893, which is the end of the last fiscal year; the administration of the receivers, from Feb. 28, 1893, up to the above date; the condition of the road when it went into the receivers' hands, and its condition when Mr. McLeod became identified with its management.

Taking, first, the condition of the road Nov. 30, 1893, the end of the fiscal year, Mr. Little's figures show the total assets to be $268,903,261.55 and the liabilities $272,757,902.22, an excess of the latter over the total assets of $3,854,640.77.

The assets include such items as cost of road and appurtenances, valued at $122,570,478.87; real estate, $7,175,014.95; holdings of Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company's stocks, bonds, &c., $70,372,311.01; leases of railroads and canals under the reorganization plan, $9,341,691.22; investments, stocks and bonds, $27,842,996.96, and bonds pledged or in hand to be pledged as collateral, $21,393,000.

Regarding this last item, Mr. Little in his report to the Chairmen of the Reading Bondholders' Committees, says:

Of the $21,393,000 bonds on hand to be pledged as collateral, only $8,000,000 were pledged on Nov. 30, 1893, save $4,672,000 third preference incomes and $462,000 collateral trusts. The Lehigh Valley Railroad Company held, and still holds, $5,000,000 of the third preference incomes as security for the fulfilment of the terms of the lease. With regard to the balance of $1,037,565.83, apparently due on Nov. 30, 1893, it covers a long list of unsettled accounts aggregating $3,361,715.71, on the credit side and $2,324,149.88 on the debit.

He also adds:

The assets and liabilities are classified according to my best judgment, by which I mean that no debts are used to reduce credits and no credits to reduce debts, the conditions on each side of the account being fully disclosed. I think it right we should be understood that the assets grouped under the title "Deferred" are not immediately available. On the other hand, the deferred liabilities are not immediately pressing.

The estimate of liabilities includes the capital stock of the company—common—valued at $40,141,361.78; mortgage debt on property, $145,075,618.68; debt secured by collateral, $10,013,000; deferred income bonds, $25,068,690.39; bonds in use as collateral, $21,393,000; current liabilities, $14,472,743.30; deferred liabilities, $3,072,508.89, and sundry amounts carried in suspense, $2,739,815.20.

The above are the figures and conditions which confront the Reading security-holders to-day.

The situation was very different five years before—Nov. 30, 1888—when Mr. McLeod first assumed the direction of the great system.

At that time the balance sheet for the fiscal year showed the total assets of the corporation to be $204,301,728.92, and the liabilities $191,590,125.67, leaving a surplus over liabilities of $12,711,603.25, which amount includes a balance of $8,258,224.54 standing to the credit of the so-called profit and loss account.

A comparison of some of the items, as given in the annual statement at that time—Nov. 30, 1888—with similar items in the statement of Feb. 28, 1893, when the receivers took charge of the road, gives some idea of how Mr. McLeod managed the company's affairs.

From the day McLeod took the reins of government to the time of the receivership, the liabilities were increased to the extent of $85,567,946.23, including an increase in the mortgage debt on property of $13,060,364.22, an increase in the mortgage debt on equipment of $5,568,539.68, an increase of $10,027,000 in the debt secured by collateral, an increase in the current liabilities of $11,142,271.76, and in the deferred liabilities of $4,639,658.53.

During this period there was, it is true, according to the books, an increase of assets, but not enough by $7,263,592.40 to balance the increase of indebtedness, so that McLeod's five years of his management showed the brilliant result of running the Reading Company into an additional debt of over $7,000,000.

Since the receivers have had charge of the road they have conducted its business on a basis that has reduced this difference to $3,854,640.77.

In his report Mr. Little says:

Confirming, as I do, the integrity of the company's income for the period covered by my examination, I do not at the same time pass or criticise the wisdom of the case with respect of the expenditure or disposition of that income; in fact this is a subject to which I have not addressed myself.

The comparisons instituted between November, 1888, and February, 1893, and between February, 1893, and November, 1893, succinctly, systematically and truthfully attest the financial changes that occurred for worse in those two periods, for the better, certainly, in the latter period, if we confine the reduction in the current pressing liabilities to the active accounts of pay-rolls, vouchers and supplies.

He closes his report with the remark that "for extensiveness and diversity of operations, intricacy and complexity of detail, the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company is well-nigh unrivalled."

RAN 100 YARDS AND FELL DEAD.

Poverty-Stricken Furniture Maker, of West Nyack, Shot While Robbing a Store.

(Special to The World.)

NYACK, N. Y., April 22.—David J. Smith, who sleeps over his store in West Nyack, was awakened last night by a noise. He crept down to the store-room revolver in hand, and found a man there. He called to the man, who thereupon ran to the window, through which he had entered. Smith fired, and the intruder fell, but did not stop. Smith pursued, and about one hundred yards from the store saw the man fall.

Smith got a lantern and assistance, and found the man dead. He was Hugo Willis, a rustic furniture maker, of large family. The body was left in the road until 10.30 o'clock to-day, when the Coroner ordered it removed. The Coroner's Jury exonerated Smith.

Though Willis served a term in Trenton Prison for burglary, it is not believed here that he was of criminal nature. He had had a hard time supporting his family this year, and last week lost two children from diphtheria.

Dredged Up a Mutilated Human Body.

Workmen who were dredging out the slip at the foot of East Twenty-ninth street yesterday noticed a human body float to the surface, evidently raised from the bottom by the action of the big mud scoop. It was found to be the remains of a man of about forty years old. The arms were gone and the features were unrecognizable. Later on the right arm was dredged up. Coroner's physician O'Hare said the body must been in the water over a year.

You read the Evening World! Do you read the Sunday World!

DON'T BE MISLED

By advertisements of parties claiming to sell $40.00 Suits for $10.00, $20.00 Overcoats for $5.00, &c.

It cannot be done. Reliable goods are always the best investment. We sell first quality goods at reasonable prices. The season being backward, we have a large and finely assorted stock of goods on hand. Trousers that we bought to sell for $6.00 and $7.00, We are now making for

$5.00

Suits from $20 up.

English Serge Suits, all colors,