

DRIVE TO HER DEATH
IN VERY BAD COMPANY.

Miss Mary Bogart Killed
While Driving with a
Drunken Man.

He Allowed Her to Hold the
Reins in Racing Down a
Steep Hill.

Had Met Him at a Road House
Near the Clifton Race
Track.

HE IS MONROE SNADEL, OF PASSAIC.

The Woman Was Pretty, and Had Been
Divorced from Her Husband—Both
Were Thrown Out and Her
Skull Was Fractured.

Mary E. Bogart, a pretty divorced woman, of Paterson, N. J., met Monroe Snadel, the sportive proprietor of the Mansion House, in Passaic, a road house near the Clifton race track on Friday afternoon and consented to take a drive behind his fast roadster as far as Hackensack and back. As a consequence the dead body of the woman is lying in the home of her mother, at No. 13 High street, Paterson, and Snadel has been subpoenaed to tell before a coroner's jury in Hackensack next Tuesday just how she came by her death.

Peter Billings, an intelligent and very loquacious colored man, lives with his Scandinavian wife and a brood of mulatto children in a whitewashed cabin on the Ledd road, just below its junction with Terrace avenue, a mile outside of the village of Hackensack. He was the only eye witness of the tragedy.

"I was chopping wood outside the house about 6 o'clock on Friday evening," said he, "when I heard a sound of wheels dashing down the hill of the Ledd road. I knew the turn was dangerous, and looked up just in time to see a buggy drawn by a big horse hit the stones, topple on over the side and then upset. I'm old and can't run fast, so I told my boy Charles Henry to run up the hill and see what was the matter. Charles Henry saw that man, who said, 'For God's sake! where's the lady?' 'Hurry and tell your folks to come here.' 'If you got there, hurry, the horse had got away from the man and run down the road before I arrived.'

Thought it a Bundle of Robes.
"There was a bundle of what I at first took to be carriage robes lying on the rocks by the roadside. When I looked at it closer I saw it was a woman. She was unconscious and her blood all over her face. The big man was drunk and nearly crazy. He went on a walk, and couldn't do anything to help. We carried the lady into Mr. Williams's house, and after a while the ambulance came and took her to Hackensack. A colored man caught the runaway horse and brought it back. Then the fat man who had been in the buggy went away."

Billings's story corroborates that told by the family of Mr. Robert Williams, into whose house the injured woman was carried, and that told by Monroe Snadel, who said the Williams family and Snadel were drunk and profane when Miss Bogart, bleeding and unconscious, was carried into their house. Snadel was still drunk yesterday, but managed to tell a fairly connected story of the accident.

"I didn't know Miss Bogart well," said he, "but I'd met her before. I saw her at a hotel near Clifton race track Friday afternoon, and she asked me to take her driving. I was going to Hackensack, and asked her to come along. We only had a few drinks. She wanted to drive, and let her do so. We were coming down the hill pretty fast, and when she turned the corner the wheel hit the stones, and we were upset. She struck her head, and lay unconscious. I only built my arm and my leg. I stayed at Williams's till the ambulance came from Hackensack, and then went to notify her people. It wasn't my fault."

Miss Bogart was attended by Dr. St. John and Dr. Conover at Hackensack Hospital, where she was taken at 6:30 o'clock Friday evening. She died at 9:29 without recovering consciousness. Her skull was fractured at the terminus of the spine. Coroner Ricardo was notified, and after viewing the body ordered it prepared for burial and summoned witnesses for an inquest on Tuesday. Nell Bogart, brother of the dead woman, who resides with her mother in Paterson, was notified of his sister's death late Friday night by messenger sent by Snadel. He came to Hackensack yesterday and took the body home. He said:

"I don't know Snadel, and didn't know my sister knew any such man. Since her divorce she has always lived at home with my mother and myself. I propose to investigate this affair to the bottom. My sister will be buried to-morrow, Sunday, at Sandy Hill. She had always lived in Paterson, and we are nearly related to the late Sheriff of Passaic County. My sister was thirty-six years old."

Immediately after the accident Snadel became excited and abusive. He gave a false name at first, and said that he supposed the accident would bring him to light some past trouble of his. This past trouble Coroner Ricardo found to be an arrest on a charge of assault on Delaware, some four years ago, and another arrest on a charge of keeping a disorderly house in Passaic a year ago. Snadel acknowledged that he had been arrested on both charges, but said he had proved his innocence in each case.

Williams's Great Discovery.
Thought an Electric Light Was a Diamond and Tried to Climb the Pole.
Policeman Madden was passing through West Twenty-fourth street early yesterday morning at 3 o'clock, when, in front of No. 43, he saw a man lying on his back by the side of an electric light pole and looking up at the bright arc light. As the policeman neared him he heard the man say:

WOMAN'S HAND AT
THE TROLLEY LEVER.

Fashionably Dressed Wife of
a Director Takes a Mo-
torman's Place.

Speeds the Car at a Rapid Pace
from Bayonne Through
Jersey City.

Mrs. Bernard Shanley Acts as "Rail
Pilot" for a Party of
Her Friends.

PEDESTRIANS STAND AND STARE.

She Vigorously Sounds the Warning Gong
and Applies the Brake—Rail-
road Men Regard Her
as an Adept.

A handsomely dressed woman short of stature, and stout, with diamonds flashing in her ears, stood on the front platform of a trolley car as it whizzed along Ocean avenue, Jersey City, Friday night. The motorman stood beside her in case his services should be required, but the woman ran the car without his help.

She was Mrs. Bernard Shanley, whose husband is a director in the Consolidated Traction Company, and the car was the one used by the officials of the company. Around it, beside the motorman and conductor, were Mr. Shanley and a party of friends. They had been on a trip from Newark to Bergen Point. The start for home was made at 7:30 o'clock in the evening.

As the car bowed along Avenue C, Bayonne, Mrs. Shanley, after a moment's consultation with her husband, stepped out on the platform and informed the motorman she would run the car. Orders issued by the wife of a director "go" as readily as if issued by the latter, so the motorman relinquished the brake and lever which manipulated the electric current, to her.

Mrs. Shanley sent the car along at a rapid pace. That her husband and friends had confidence in her ability to run the car was evinced by the satisfied manner in which they lolled back in their plush chairs.

As the car whizzed along through Bayonne and Easton into Jersey City, the sight of Mrs. Shanley operating the lever, putting the brake on and off, and banging the wheel with her little foot exactly like a full-fledged motorman, caused pedestrians to stare, then pause, and finally watch the car until it disappeared from view.

Mrs. Shanley ran the car to the Jersey City ferry, where it was switched to the Newark track, and part of the way home. She has several times run a car through the streets of Newark, and is said by the railroad men to be an expert at the lever and brake.

BRIDAL FEAST; NO BRIDE.
Neither Did the Groom or Priest Attend
After Waiting Hours the Guests
Ate It Up.

A wedding feast was spread in Antonio Falento's restaurant, No. 118 Mulberry street, yesterday, but the bride, groom and priest remained away. The guests were assembled, and many waited hungrily from 11 a. m. until 3 p. m., when, as the good food was spoiling and the crowd had thinned out as much as it was likely to, the thrifty Signora Falento set out the dishes and the guests fell to.

They did not trouble to remove their hats, and the ladies waited while the gentlemen ladled knives laden with mysterious Italian delicacies into wide mouths. The ladies did not wait in silence. With much gesturing and in loud tones they told the story of Antonette Falento's flight with Edouard Mora.

Antonette is nineteen years old, "what you call old maid," her friends said, with grimaces and snugs, for in the Italian quarter few girls are unmarried at eighteen. Edouard Mora is twenty-three years old, and that is very good for a Mulberry street bachelor.

He didn't know Snadel, and didn't know my sister knew any such man. Since her divorce she has always lived at home with my mother and myself. I propose to investigate this affair to the bottom. My sister will be buried to-morrow, Sunday, at Sandy Hill. She had always lived in Paterson, and we are nearly related to the late Sheriff of Passaic County. My sister was thirty-six years old."

As told in yesterday's Journal, the girl was dressed by her younger brother on Friday evening slyly leaving the house, with her best dress in a bundle under her arm. She was traced to a hotel in Thompson street, where she had gone to meet and, as she said, to marry her lover. With a large company or throng the girl's parents hurried to the place and a squad of policemen had to be called in to prevent a riot.



MISS BOGART

MR. SNADEL

PROPERTY OWNERS ANGRY
Don't Want the Traction Company to Lay
Tracks in Forty-third and Forty-
fourth Street.

An endeavor is being made by the Metropolitan Traction Company to secure the necessary consents for the construction of a road from Broadway to Vanderbilt avenue, at the Grand Central Station, through

ROAD NEAR HACKENSACK, WHERE A FATAL ACCIDENT OCCURRED.

The road to the last stand. The block is occupied by private dwellings. At the north-east corner of the thoroughfare and Fifth Avenue is Deimonio's new place, and its managers think the road would seriously affect it, as the entrance is to be on the street the railroad company wishes to occupy. Sherry's new building is at the southwest corner, and his mala entrance also is on the threatened street. He, too, objects on the same ground as Mr. Deimonio.

BICYCLE GIRL IS
CHARGED WITH THEFT.

Hired a Wheel and Forgot the
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Traced to Her Home, Arrested, and
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HER STORY TOLD THROUGH BARS.
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Declares She Can Show an
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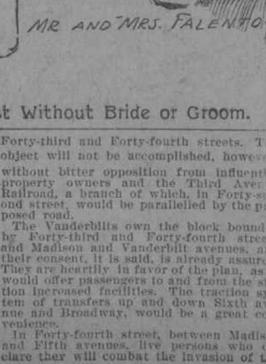
Miss Rosa Wozneck, of No. 226 Ogden street, Newark, looked through the bars of the County Jail at Jersey City, yesterday, and told a sad story. She has wavy brown hair, which grows thickly back of a low forehead, soft, large, brown eyes and a sensitive mouth. She was nineteen years old a month ago, and has supported herself ever since she was twelve years old, when she came from Parker's Glen, Pa., where her family lives.

"I never had any trouble like this before," she said, "and it all comes from the simplest little oversight. Wednesday afternoon I went to New York to see about a position there. I wanted to get away from Newark, if I could, and do something for myself. I got to Jersey City a little before 8 o'clock, too late for one train and too early for the next. I wandered out of the station, not noticing where I was going, and after a time passed a bicycle store. I had ridden a little in Newark, and am passionately fond of it. I had \$1, and there was a young lady in charge of the place.

"I hired a wheel of her for three hours and paid sixty-five cents. She asked me my name, and I told her 'Miss Wozneck.' She did not ask me any other questions. I went out with the wheel and rode till I came to a park. I spent a few minutes there and then went to a broad street. The light in my lantern went out and I could not light it again, so I had to get off and push the wheel.

"I lost my way, and had to ask a man where the Erie depot was. He directed me, and I found it, but could not find the bicycle store. It was getting late, and I concluded the best thing I could do would be to take the wheel home with me, and when I got some money come back and

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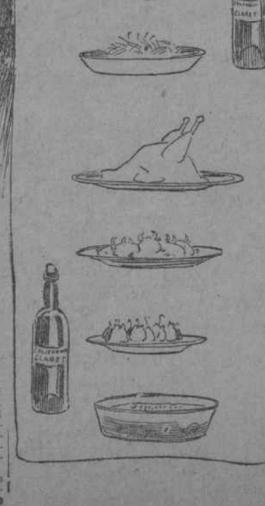
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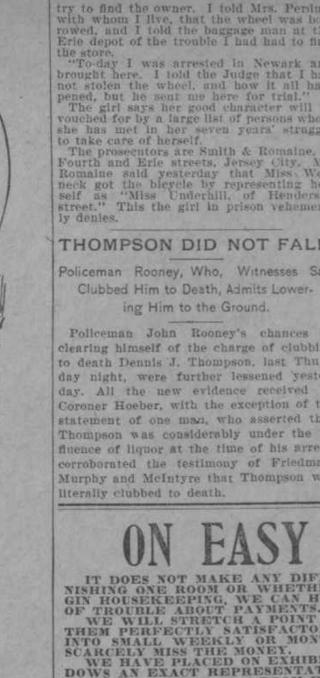
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try to find the owner. I told Mrs. Perine, with whom I live, that the wheel was borrowed, and I told the baggage man at the Erie depot of the trouble I had had to find the store.

THOMPSON DID NOT FALL.

Policeman Rooney, Who, Witnesses Say,
Clubbed Him to Death, Admits Lower-
ing Him to the Ground.

Policeman John Rooney's chances of clearing himself of the charge of clubbing to death Dennis J. Thompson, last Thursday night, were further lessened yesterday. All the new evidence received by Coroner Hoerber, with the exception of the statement of one man, who asserted that Thompson was considerably under the influence of liquor at the time of his arrest, corroborated the testimony of Friedman, Murphy and McIntyre that Thompson was literally clubbed to death.

ON EASY PAYMENTS.

IT DOES NOT MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE WHETHER YOU ARE FURNISHING ONE ROOM OR WHETHER YOU ARE GETTING READY TO BEGIN HOUSEKEEPING, WE CAN HELP YOU, AND THERE WON'T BE A HIT OF THREE CENTS ABOUT PAYMENTS.

Below we append a complete list of what we give in each Flat:

- PARLOR. 1 3-piece Satin Brocade Suit, 1 Bevel Plate Pier Mirror, 1 Cherry Parlor Table, 1 Tapestry Brussels Carpet, 2 pair Lace Curtains, 1 pair Pictures.
- BEDROOM. 1 3-piece Chamber Suit, 1 pair Feather Pillows, 1 Spring, 1 Mattress, 1 Comfortable Ingrain Carpet, 1 Bedroom Chair.
- DINING-ROOM. 1 6-foot square Extension Table, solid oak, 4 Oak Chairs, 1 Ingrain Carpet, 1 50-piece China Tea Set.
- KITCHEN. 1 No. 7 Range, 1 Coal Hood, 1 Shovel, 1 Boiler, 1 Teakettle, 1 Strainer, 1 Bread Pan, 1 Coffee Pot, 1 Frying Pan, 2 Sauce-pans, 1 Range Kettle, 1 Colander, 1 Dishpan, 1 Bread Pudding Pan, 1 Stove Pan, 1 Teapot, 1 Bucket, 1 3-foot Kitchen Table, 1 Kitchen Chair, 1 Oilcan, 1 Kitchen Table, 1 Oilcloth.

NO MONEY DOWN

IF YOU SATISFY US YOU ARE THE RIGHT PARTY. We Carry Everything for Housekeeping. Furniture, Carpets, Bedding, Lamps, Baby Carriages, Oilcloths, Stoves, Pictures, Clocks, Portieres, Crockery, Refrigerators, Tinware and Lace Curtains.

We Allow the Railroad Fare Both Ways to Out-lying Towns WITHIN THE RADII OF 150 MILES FROM NEW YORK. OUR STORE WILL BE OPEN LABOR DAY.

J. & S. BAUMANN'S,
8th Ave. Cor. 19th St.

OPEN SATURDAY EVENING UNTIL 10 O'CLOCK. SEND US SIX CENTS IN POSTAGE STAMPS AND WE WILL MAIL YOU OUR NEW CATALOGUE.

CHEAPER TO BUY
THAN TO RENT.

Greatest Campaign Novelty on the Market. BRYAN and SEWALL, MCKINLEY and HOBART, SILVER AND GOLD BANNERETTES, Lithographed on net work IN FIVE COLORS 9x9 INCHES.



Novelty for Every Home. Decoration for Every Office. BEST BANNER FOR PARADES. AGENTS WANTED. LIBERAL TERMS. EXCLUSIVE TERRITORY. Sample mailed for 10 cents. Write for prices. TOM EVANS, 34 Park Row, New York.

FLINT'S FINE FURNITURE

ECONOMY OF SPACE. Must be considered in the furnishing of city apartments. Some of our Chiffoniers are especially adapted, being taller and narrower than the average, and take up but little space in a small bedroom. Quality and finish with the larger pieces, and in antique oak or the more popular curly birch or bird's-eye maple. Various styles and designs.

"BUY OF THE MAKER" GEO. C. FLINT Co. 42, 45 and 47 WEST 23rd ST. NEAR BROADWAY. FACTORY: 154 and 156 WEST 19th STREET. DR. J. MAUDE HANKIN. Beautiful Porcelain Sets of Best Teeth this week... \$5.00 Worth \$20. POSITIVELY PAINLESS EXTRACTION. Gold Fillings, 50c all. The World Dental Ass'n. 366 Sixth Avenue, N. Y. OPEN WEEKLY. CORRESPONDENTS. WEEKLY PAYMENTS. SUNDAYS ACCEPTED.

RIPANS TABULES

EIGHT OF THESE GOOD SECOND HAND UPRIGHTS AT \$90 EACH, \$5 MONTHLY. ELEGANT UPRIGHTS RENTED \$3 MONTHLY.

WISSNER HALL,

204-206-208 FULTON ST., BROOKLYN. UPTOWN WAREHOUSES, 539 FULTON ST. FACTORY AND WAREHOUSE, 552 TO 558 STATE ST., CORNER FLATBUSH AVE., BROOKLYN. WISSNER HALL, 611 BROAD ST., NEWARK, N. J. 80 MONTGOMERY ST., JERSEY CITY. WESTERN BRANCH, 22-24 VAN BUREN ST., CHICAGO.

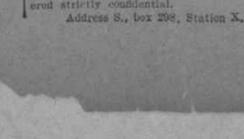
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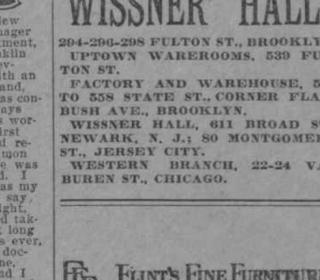
MORPHINE HABIT CURED.

The most scientific treatment of the age. We guarantee a cure. This is not a tapering off process, and no money is required until cure is complete. Patients have the quiet and seclusion of a beautiful country house while undergoing treatment. Correspondence solicited and considered strictly confidential. Address 8, box 298, Station X, N. Y. C.

EDOUARD MOGA



The Untouched Wedding Feast



MR AND MRS. FALENTO

AN EAST SIDE WEDDING FEAST WITHOUT BRIDE OR GROOM.

Forty-third and Forty-fourth streets. The object will not be accomplished, however, without bitter opposition from influential property owners and the Third Avenue Railroad, a branch of which, in Forty-second street, would be paralleled by the proposed road.

The Vanderbilts own the block bounded by Forty-third and Forty-fourth streets and Madison and Vanderbilt avenues, and their consent, it is said, is already assured. They are heartily in favor of the plan, as it would offer passengers to and from the station increased facilities. The traction system of transfers up and down Sixth avenue and Broadway, would be a great convenience.

In Forty-fourth street, between Madison and Fifth avenues, five persons who declare they will combat the invasion of the

bachelor. She served in her father's restaurant, he at No. 121, in his brother-in-law's drug store.

As told in yesterday's Journal, the girl was dressed by her younger brother on Friday evening slyly leaving the house, with her best dress in a bundle under her arm. She was traced to a hotel in Thompson street, where she had gone to meet and, as she said, to marry her lover. With a large company or throng the girl's parents hurried to the place and a squad of policemen had to be called in to prevent a riot.

The father, on seeing his daughter elude his best gown, angrily told her to go with Mora, and, if she was an honest girl, to return the next day to the marriage feast which he would prepare. As told above, she did not return, and now her parents are alternately weeping and cursing her.