WM. G. WATTSON CRUELLY SHOT.

Probably Fatally Hurt by Detective Clifford, Whom He Discharged.

He Is Superintendent of the Hudson River Division of the West Shore.

Clifford Had Been Drinking Heavily and Demanded That He Be Reinstated.

NOW SAYS HE REMEMBERS NOTHING.

The Wounded Man Brought from Weehawken, Where the Shooting Was Done, to Roosevelt Hospital. Slight Chance of Recovery.

W. S. Wattson. Ed. Clifford.

Clifford was discharged by the Superintendent of the Hudson River Division of the West Shore Railroad, and after priming himself with whiskey yesterday entered Mr. Wattson's office, in Weehawken, and shot his former employer twice when refused reinstatement. He claims to remember nothing of the tragedy. Clifford arrested the famous train robber Perry after the latter's escape from Matteawan Insane Asylum.

William G. Wattson, superintendent of the Hudson River Division of the West Shore Railroad, was shot by Detective Edward Clifford in his office at Weehawken, N. J., shortly after 3 o'clock p. m. yesterday. The motive was revenge, Clifford having been notified by Mr. Wattson on Wednesday night that his services would no longer be required. Drink was said to be the cause of the discharge and also led to the shooting. One witness, J. V. Skane, Mr. Wattson's private secretary, was present when the shooting was done.

When Detective Clifford received Superintendent Wattson's notice, he became sullen and morose, but made no threats. Early yesterday morning he left the house of Mrs. Mary Hasbrouck, No. 18 Boulevard, Weehawken, where he boarded, and went to the West Shore Depot, at the foot of Forty-second street, Weehawken. He spoke to several employes, none of whom knew that he had been discharged. During the morning he drew his salary, then was not seen in the locality of the depot until shortly before the shooting.

BEGAN TO DRINK HEAVILY.

Clifford, it is said, spent most of the morning in a saloon on the top of the hill, drinking heavily. The revolver which he was entitled to carry as a special police officer was in his hip pocket. Satisfying himself that it was all ready for use he left the saloon after he had become desperate, and walked down to the West Shore Railroad depot. Entering the building he passed through the waiting room into the hallway leading up to the second floor, where Wattson's office is situated.

The other railroad employes thought nothing of his presence. His face was slightly flushed, but his drinking habits were generally known, and no one imagined that his visit was one of revenge. So the employes nodded to him, and then paid no further heed to him.

Clifford went leisurely up the stairs, knocked at the door of Mr. Wattson's office, received the greeting, "Come in," and entred. Wattson was absent, and J. V. Skane, his private secretary, was the only person in the room.

"Good afternoon," said Clifford. "Where is the Superintendent?"

"I expect him back in a few minutes," replied Skane. "Won't you wait?"

"Yes; I guess I will."

So saying, he seated himself. Soon afterward Mr. Watton came in. He was in his usual jovial mood and said so[illegible]ng pleasant to Clifford.

DEMANDED REINSTATEMENT.

"I came to see you about my discharge," said Clifford.

"Well, what about it?"

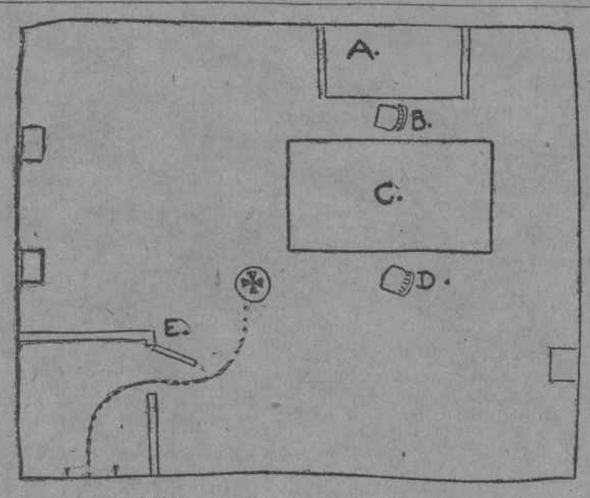
"It was unjust. You had no right to dismiss me."

"The cause was sufficient, Clifford."

"No, it was not. I must be taken back."

"I cannot do it."

"You shall."



SUPT. WATTSON'S OFFICE, WHERE HE WAS SHOT.

A.—Roll-Top desk.
B.—Secretary Skane's chair.
C.—Large table.
D.—Supterintent Wattson's chair, in which he was seated.
E.—Gate leading into the office.
The cross shows where Detective Edward Cleffort stood when he fired the two shots at the Superintendent.

"I shall not."

"Then here's my discharge," said Clifford, who had worked himself into a frenzy. As he spoke he put his hand to his hip pocket, drew his revolver and pointed it at Wattson.

The Superintendent, who was seated in a chair at his desk, wheeled about and faced the infuriated man. Even with the revolver directed at him and the words that had just been uttered Wattson did not appreciate the peril he was in. He seemed to think that Clifford was not in earnest but was only trying to intimidate him. Secretary Skane had been a witness of all that had taken place. It occurred so unexpectedly that he did not know how to act. Before he could decide what course to take Clifford fired.

SHOT A SECOND TIME.

The bullet struck Wattson in the right shoulder. The wounded man arose from his chair, advanced toward Clifford and seizing him with his hands by both shoulders, exclaimed:

"Why, Clifford, you would not murder me, would you?"

If he had seized Clifford's right hand, which held the smoking revolver, the second shot in all probability would not have been fired. But Clifford again pulled the trigger. The weapon's point was toward Wattson's groin, and there the second bullet entered.

As soon as the second shot was fired Wattson fell to the floor. Clifford cooly looked at the wounded man, and then put the revolver back into his hip pocket. Between the two shots Skane, who it seems was afraid that Clifford meant to kill him also, shouted for help. His cries and the reports of the pistol brought the other employes to the scene of the tragedy. Some outsiders also joined them. The first person to pick the wounded man up was Captain L. L. Bain, a storekeeper near the depot. He lifted Watton in his arms and laid him upon the lounge.

After the shooting, and before Skane, shock, Detective Clifford walked out of the office, down the stairs from the gallery, and out of the train shed. Policeman Timorey, of the Union Hill police, and Policeman Bohen, of Weehawken, were standing outside.

Clifford walked toward them, and as he reached Bohen's side, said gently: "I'm your prisoner. You had better lock me up."

TOOK ANOTHER DRINK.

"What's the matter, eh?" asked Bohen.

"I've shot Wattson," answered Clifford.

Both Bohen and Timorey thought he was joking, but just then one of the railroad men rushed out on the platform and shouted:

"Lock that man up; he's killed Superintendent Wattson!"

Clifford smiled. "You see," he said to Bohen, "I told you the truth," then added: "Get me away from here, quick."

Bohen then started with Clifford for Weehawken Police Headquarters, a mile distant. On the way they stopped in Martin Filor's saloon, on the Boulevard, as Clifford had asked Bohen to let him have a drink. Both walked up to the bar and Clifford, throwing down a $20 bill, said: "Let's have a drink, Martin, and keep the change for what I owe you."

He appeared so excited that Filon asked him what was the trouble. "I guess I'm done for," replied Clifford. "I've killed Wattson.

When Clifford walked into Police Headquarters, he appeared very much excited and several times interrupted Bohen as the latter was making his report. The revolver, a .38-calibre, was found on him. Clifford was locked in cell No. 1. It was there that Oliver Curtic Perry, the train robber, who escaped from the Matteawan Asylum for the Criminal Insane, was confined in after his capture on April 16, 1894, by Detective Clifford. Chief of Police Simon Kelly, who was at the Court House was telephoned for, but did not arrive until 5 p. m. Clifford would converse with no one. He was a sergeant on the Weehawken police force for ten years, before he went as detective on the West Shore about five years ago. He was discharged by Superintendent Wattson about a year ago, but was reinstated by some one higher in authority.

CLAIMED TO FORGET IT ALL.

WKhen Chief Kelly arrived he went at once to Clifford's cell. The latter, however, would make no statement, save that he remembered nothing that occurred after he entered Superintendent Wattson's office.

Superintendent Wattson was attended by Dr. S. E. Kortright, the company's surgeon, who came down from New Durham on an engine. Then he was carried on a stretcher aboard a West Shore ferryboat and brought to Forty-second street, New York. An ambulance from Roosevelt Hospital was in waiting and he was taken to that institution.

Mr. Wattson's wife was apprised of the tragedy at her home in Haverstraw soon after its occurrence, and came down on a special train at once. She was accompanied by a Miss Hoag, also of Haverstraw. Both went to the home of Mr. Bradley, at the Le Grange apartment house, No. 1 West Eighty-third street. With Mr. Bradley, she visited her husband at the hospital.

From his cell in the police station Clifford was taken upstairs and arraigned before Recorder M. M. Ryer, whose court room is in the same building. By this time a reaction had come, and the prisoner's bravado had left him. His eyes filled with tears, and he could not control the twitching of his mouth. Finally, under the questioning of the Recorder, he broke down completely and cried like a child.

Secretary Skane made the complaint on which the prisoner was held. When asked if he had anything to say in his defence Clifford replied:

"I don't know how it happened, or why I did it. I do not remember shooting him. From the time of his coming into his office until I left it all is a blank to me."

Recorder Ryer committed him without bail to the County Jail to await the result of Wattson's injuries. Chief Kelly then took Clifford back to his cell. There he was locked up until the carriage drove up to his station to take him away. After he was locked up he made a request that no newspaper men be allowed to see him. Clifford's statement to the Rocerdor is believed to indicate the defence that he will make if Wattson should die. His plea will be temporary insanity.

SLIGHT CHANCE OF RECOVERY.

When Coroner Dobbs reached Roosevelt Hospital to take Wattson's ante mortem statement, the patient had already been dosed with anaesthetes and the physicians were about to perform the operation of laperotomy. Coroner Dobbs having business elsewhere, did not wait until the doctors had finished their work, and up to a late hour last night had not returned to the hospital to take Wattson's statement.

The superintendent of the hospital said that he considered the condition of wattson decidedly dangerous, but despite the seriousness of the case he thought there was a possible chance of his recovery.

Clifford is forty years old and unmarried. He has been boarding for the past year with Mrs. Hasbrouck, at No. 18 Boulevard, Weehawken. Friends of his said last night that he had been hounded by a couple of Central Office men, and that he had heard that Wattson "had it in for him." At the West Shore depot, however, all the men spoke in praise of the superintendent. They also gave Clifford a good character.

ARMENIANS STILL IN TERROR

Moslems Threaten to Massacre the Christian Survivors at Aintab.

Constantinople, Feb. 23.—Some auxiety is felt in regard to renewed threats of massacre made at Aintab, in the province of Aleppo. A Mohammedan outbreak against the Christians occurred there in November. The shops and some houses of the Armenians were pillaged and about 350 people were killed by the mob. Since this outbreak some especially bigoted Moslems have declared their intention to kill all Armenians left alive in the city. Leading Moslems of Aintab have assured the Armenians that the Government cannot protect them unless they become Mohammedans.

The number of Armenians who have nominally accepted Mohammedanism in various provinces of Turkey since the massacres is now estimated at somewhat over 40,000. These people were "converted," some in the heat of the massacre, to save their lives; some in cold blood, to save their wives and daughters from dishonor; some in hunger, to secure food offered by officials on this condition, and some on receiving assurances recently that Christianity will no longer be tolerated in the Empire, and that security can be restored in no other way.

In some districts the Government has allowed these forced converts to return to their own faith. In other districts the Turks have informed them that they will all be killed if they attempt to return to Christianity, and that they will all be killed if they admit, on being questioned, that they were converted by force.

In some districts, notably in the mountainous parts of the province of Aleppo, these forced converts are daily flogged if they do not go to mosque, and if at mosque they make errors in the liturgy.

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Sunday's Journal,
—WITH A—
STRIKING PICTURE,
Entitled.
"On the Bowery."

PANDEMONIUM IN ITALIAN CITIES.

Continued from First Page.

is going to happen with the various Italian garrisons in Africa whose situation is very critical, since Baratieri, with the wreck of his army, is retiring hastily to Asmara. He has not had time to withdraw the garrisons of Kassala, Agordat and others. Very probably these will be obliged to capitulate, for though Kassala is provisioned for three months, the others have nothing whatever.

If Kassala falls into the hands of the Dervishes these are unlikely to show much mercy to the unfortunate defenders.

The wildest rumors prevail as to the losses at the battle of Adova, but there is reason to believe that the Abyssinians lost nearly as heavily as the Italians, and it is believed that pestilence may ensue on the field of massacre, as the sanitary arrangements of so colossal a camp as the Abyssinian must have been very primitive.

It is now certain that besides practically all their guns the Italians lost in the battle of Adona a million cartridges, ten thousand rifles, fifty thousand rounds of artillery and five thousand mules and camels, provisions for a month and the war chest, containing several million of lire in gold and silver.

The Government is unlikely to act before the report of Baldissera on the disaster is received. Should Baldissera recommend a suspension of hostilities till the end of October, after the rainy season, the Commander-in-Chief will probably confine himself to a defence of the triangle of Asmara, Masowah and Keren, devoting the Spring and Summer to preparations for active hostilities.

It is undoubted that Menelek has resolved to drive the Italians either right out of Africa or else to the fortifications of Massowah.

Military men believe a blockade of Abyssinia will shortly be declared, as the entire squadron is to be dispatched to the Red Sea.

The number of workmen in the military warships is tripled. An order has been given to promptly make ten million cartridges, as all the reinforcements will be armed with the new repeating rifle. Countless vessels have already arived at Naples, ready for embarking troops on Saturday and the following days.

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DEATHS.

BOYD.—At his residence, 59 West 37th st., March 3, Frederick Seybolt Boyd, in his 85th year.

Funeral services at Broadway Tabernacle, 6th ave. and 34th st., at 2 p. m.

DE CHABOT.—At her residence, in Paris, Zelita, Countess de Chabot, daughter of the late Henry Heyward.

FOSTER.—At her residence, on Union ave., Long Branch, at 11:25 a. m., Monday, March 2, 1896, Miss Sarah M. E. Foster, daughter of Eliza V., widow of Hiram B. Foster.

Funeral from her late residence, Friday, 2 p. m. Carriages will meet the 11:30 train from New York.

GRIFFIN.—At Plainfield, N. J., on Wednesday, March 4, 1896, Anna M., wife of W. H. Griffin.

Funeral services at her late residence, No. 76 Washington ave., North Plainfield, Friday, March 6, at 2:30 p. m.

MILLER.—Suddenly, of heart failure, at his residence, Lone Oak, Goshen, N. Y., Tuesday, March 3, George Clinton Miller, son of the late Judge Sylvanus Miller, of New York, in the 85th year of his age.

Funeral services at St. James's Church, Goshen, at half past eleven Friday morning. Train leaves foot Chambers st. at 9:15 and 23d st. at 9:10 a. m.

STEWART.—On Tuesday, March 3, 1896, Henry A. Stewart.

Relatives and friends invited to attend funeral from his late residence, 291 7th st., Friday, March 6, 1896, 1 o'clock.

The striking public manifestations are regarded as significant. One hundred and three Senators to-day signed a motion demanding the power to be intrusted to honest persons whose work may better be able to respond to the interests of the country, while 180 deputies, by secret meeting, approved of similar views. It l certain that movement is setting in for political purity. Doubtless there will be many innocent victims, but none the less well known that gross corruption pervades many of the departments; indeed, there is reason to fear that defects in the arrangements of the campaign are due to administrative scandals by persons in power battening on the soldiers' misery. Some assert that Italy's "Panama scandals" are at hand.

THE NAPOLEON OF AFRICA

Emperor Menelek's Powerful Sway and the Career of Baratieri, Whom He Defeated.

By Julian Ralph.

London, March 5.—General Baratieri, who fought a madman's battle, in the hope of winning and convincing his countrymen of their mistake in superseding him, is a middle-aged man and the son of a Tyrolean magistrate, educated in a Franciscan monastery.

He joined General Garibaldi when a boy, enlisting in the Marsala Thousand. He next became a captain in the Italian Army and was wounded in the war with Austria. His next performance was to join an exploring party in the Soudan, and when he came home he was made editor of the Rivista Militare, of Rome.

Baratieri afterward served as military attache to Berlin and Vienna. When General Gandolfi was sent to the Red Sea coast he took Baratieri, as he was one of the few Italians who knew Africa thoroughly.

Under General Gandolfi Baratieri distinguished himself in his operations against the Abyssinians, the Somalis and the Dervish tribes, and on Gandolfi's retirement he was made Governor-Commander in Chief of the Italian Colony.

His fall seems now complete, for the Italian papers are already suggesting that he ought to be shot. He cuts a wretched figure at present in the turn of the dice of fortune, but Menelek, who worsted him, is a figure fit to march through a splendid spectacle of the modern stage.

It was no contemptible foe which defeated Baratieri. Menelik II. claims to be descended in direct line from Menelik I., Emperor of Ethiopia, son of King Solomon by Queen Sheba. He succeeded to the throne in 1889, at the death of John II., and concluded in that year a treaty with Italy which placed his Kingdom under an Italian protectorate.

He has quarrelled again and again with the Italians over the text of that treaty. Menelik seems to be a statesman of great power of will for he has consolidated the semi-independent Viceroyalties into one homogeneous, powerful people, and is in reality, therefore, Emperor.

So far from disdaining European ideas, he cultivated his relations with the foreign powers, notably with Russia, on the religious questions, and, it is said, there are Russian officers serving in his army who will know how to make excellent use of the sixty guns captured from the Italians.

THE LIGHT OF ETHIOPIA.

The negus, as Menelik is styled, married a beautiful, courageous lady, Queen Taiton, the Light of Ethioula. The Daily Graphic describes her as a very warlike lady, who is said to have desired to lead her body guard in person to the assault of Makalle the other day. Travellers who have seen her speak in favorable terms of her personal appearance and intelligence. She is a native of Semien and a member of one of the noblest families of Ethioula. Menelik fell in love with her, and ever since her marriage has been her most devoted slave.

Every state question is referred to her by the King, and on more than one occasion she herself has written important state documents. She is enormously wealthy and has acquired large estates as provisions for a rainy day.

Since Makonnen has brought specimens of Europe's sparkling wines from Rome she has developed a decided taste for champagne. The Empress dresses in Ethiopian costume, but with much elegance of taste.

I read a very interesting letter, dated Obock, February 18, and which has just been received from a French physician who is fresh from a visit to Menelek.

He says that the camp is in excellent order, the troops well armed, and that there is any quantity of rifles and cannon. He had an interview with Menelek, whom he scarcely recognized, as both he and his troops appeared to have acquired a great dignity of character, in which previously they were found conspicuously lacking.

Menelek professed to be greatly grieved on account of the war, in which so much Christian blood was being shed. "I have a perfect horror of blood," he exclaimed. "You are aware of this. I don't want any blood shed."

MENELEK SLY AND WISE.

Menelek would not to his interviewer confide the plan of his campaign, but he especially relied on the superior number of his troops, on the certainty of procuring provisions for them, and on the difficulty experienced by Europeans in getting over the ground. His tactics, he said, would be to surround, to starve out and finally to capture the Italians, and when attacked he would defend himself, that was all.

Menelek seemed confident as to the issue of the war, but spoke all along in a very melancholy tone. "Why is it that so much blood is shed," he asked; "why should war be waged at all?"

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GRAND OPERA HOUSE. Mats. Wed. & Sat. TO-NIGHT: LITTLE CHRISTOPHER. NEXT WEEK: 1492.

PERSONAL.
A.—A.—A.—HILL'S RHEUMATISM and Gout Cure, greatest of remedies; one bottle cures you. Hill Medicine Co., 38 East 19th st.; send for circular.
FOR ADOPTION, lovely new born baby girl, blonde. 672 De Kalb ave., Brooklyn.
GERMAN bookkeeper, 32, wishes acquaintance of working girl, age 18 to 30; object, matrimony. Address, with full particulars, Box 37, Morning Journal.

BUSINESS NOTICES
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c.

"The Bowery"
GIVEN AWAY
WITH NEXT
SUNDAY'S JOURNAL.