BRYAN'S STORY OF THE FATAL WRECK.

He Tells the Journal of His Miraculous Escape from Death.

LED THE LIFE SAVERS.

Enthusiastic Passengers Describe His Heroic Work Among the Dead and Wounded.

RECEIVED A LAST MESSAGE.

Covered with Blood and Dust, He Held a Dying Man in His Arms and Consoled His Last Moments.

Iowa, Kan., Sept. 9.—Hon. W. J. Bryan, who was in the wreck on the Santa Fe near Emporia last night, spoke here to-day. He showed no signs of nervousness. He fortunately escaped without injury. He was in the first Pullman, the seventh car from the engine. The passengers speak in the highest terms of his coolness and judgment. In speaking of the wreck Mr. Bryan said: "My first thought was that the car was off the track. As soon as the train stopped we all ran out and found the three engines—two on our train and one on the train which we met—piled up together, and on top of them two or three cars.

"We could see the dim outlines of the wreck in the moonlight, but could only guess the extent of the injuries by the groans which came from the debris. All of the men who were not injured went to work, and with the aid of lanterns soon rescued all of the dead and injured who could be found.

"Some of the dead were horribly mangled and some of the wounded were bleeding from many cuts and bruises. It was not long after the last visible body had been reclaimed before the wreck caught fire, and from the reports given by the train men we had reason to believe that several bodies were burned, but I think no one was burned alive.

"As soon as the fire began to spread the cars were uncoupled and rolled back out of the reach of the flames. In this way all the cars were saved except those which were smashed in the collision, and one coach which could not be uncoupled from the wreck. There were some physicians on the train, and they at once set to work giving such relief as they could.

Help from Emporia.

"It was only a short time before a large number arrived from Emporia and in the crowd were several more physicians, so that the unfortunate ones had the best possible care under the circumstances. The most remarkable thing about the wreck was that so few, comparatively, were injured. We had probably more than one hundred on our train, and the number may have run to 150, and, so far as I know, no one was injured back of the smoker, and only two or three in the smoking car."

First Among the Rescuers.

Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 9.—When the eastbound fast mail and the westbound California limited, on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad, came together near Emporia, Kan., last night, sending eight persons to their death and maiming and mangling sixteen others, William J. Bryan, of Lincoln, Neb., was the coolest man there. He was the first person out of the westbound train. He helped carry the first victim found beyond reach of the hungry flames that burst forth almost immediately after the crash; he succored the injured, gave consolation and comfort to the dying and was first everywhere in the work of rescue.

Then, when the worst was over and he was well nigh exhausted, he gave time to the reporters with whom he had been chatting on the train when the disaster occurred and asked them to say nothing in their reports of the part he played in the wreck beyond the fact that he was on the train and was uninjured.

Jumped Through a Window.

Mr. Bryan had spoken at Burlingame yesterday afternoon and was en route to Iola, where he was to speak to-day. He was riding in the middle of the forward car. The train was more than an hour behind time, and after Osage City had been passed, the speed was increased so visibly that Dave Leahy, one of the reporters, who was riding with Mr. Bryan, leaned over and shouted to him above the clamor: "She's hitting a sixty-mile clip."

An instant more and there was a frightful bursting shock that tore the lamps from their fastenings and hurled seats about. The crash was deafening, stunning.

It seemed, said Mr. Bryan afterward, that the car would never stop pitching and bumping and bounding ahead. The passengers were hurled from their seats. The lights went out, screams of frantic men and women sounded through the darkness, amid the breaking and crunching of the cars, and then the car stood nearly still, although rocking up and down on the apex of a pile of debris fully twenty feet high.

Through the smashed forward end the steam poured in, filling the car. Men and women rushed for the doors and others stood up on car seats and kicked out windows. It was through one of the windows that Mr. Bryan escaped.

It was a drop of ten feet to a footing on the wreck below, but Mr. Bryan landed without the slightest injury. Without losing a moment Mr. Bryan plunged into the work of rescue, and for nearly three hours rendered invaluable service, not only by the direction of a cool head, but by the strength of his willing arms as well, for he lifted and carried while superintending the work of the more excited men.

Saved Many Lives.

It is not too much credit for Mr. Bryan to say that he undoubtedly saved many lives last night; how many no one can know, but it is morally certain that but for his magnificent energy and generalship some of the injured men would have been left beneath the debris of the wreck until the fire had reached them and finished the work the collision began.

Led the Last Search.

When it was thought that all of the injured had been found and removed to places of safety, Mr. Bryan insisted that one more systematic search be made, and led it himself, with the result that another missing man, Ben Walters, one of the firemen, was found beneath his engine unconscious and fatally hurt, the flames within ten feet of his body and eating rapidly toward him. Ten minutes' work released him.

One poor man had dragged himself out and sat doubled all up together on top of the pile of debris. He was blood-covered and moaning. When Mr. Bryan and a reporter came to him, he said meekly: "Oh, boys; be easy with me. My poor bones are all broken."

Bryan shouted to those below to find a plank for a litter. The nearest thing at hand was a plush-covered bottom of a car seat. Several men seized it at once and climbed up with it. The wounded man was lifted upon it. He groaned with pain. There was many an unavoidable jolt to his broken limbs in getting him down to solid ground.

"This isn't what we bargained for, neighbors," said Bryan, and there was something like a sob in his voice. He worked with his gray Fedora hat pulled down over his eyes, perhaps to hide the tears, for other men as strong as he were weeping, and even to-day, in full sight of the crowd, men and women wept as the burned bodies of the trainmen were dug up from the ashes and laid in careful heaps on clean canvas, spread upon the ground at the edge of the corn field.

One man, who was badly injured, called for Mr. Bryan, and said: "I went to hear you to-day. I am dying now, and want to shake your hand and say, 'God bless you.' If you possibly can, Mr. Bryan, get me a drink of water."

Mr. Bryan went into one of the fast mail cars, the end of which was burning, and secured the drink of water for the dying man. Then he returned to the car and got a seat cushion to make a pillow for another who was mortally hurt. A most pathetic scene was witnessed while Mr. Bryan was carrying a stretcher. As he passed the place where County Attorney Butler, of Chase County, was lying, Butler called to him and Mr. Bryan stopped to speak with him.

"It's all up with me, Mr. Bryan, I love you," said Butler. Bryan stooped down and placing his arms about Butler, burst into tears, at the same time trying to soothe the injured man with words of sympathy and encouragement. When it was certain that all that he could do had been done, Mr. Bryan, worn out with his day of travel, speaking, and his three hours' of desperate labor at the wreck, took a hack for Emporia.

Just as he was about to step into the vehicle, he passed the body of a man lying in the cornfield near the track. The man was surrounded by a crowd, and it was apparent that he was dying. He was recognized as William Frisbee, of Topeka, engineer of Mr. Bryan's train. He was still conscious, and some one asked if he had a dying message to send, and as Mr. Bryan stepped up he offered to take it. The man nodded weakly. Bryan bent over him and the poor fellow gasped his dying message to his loved ones in the ear of the former Presidential candidate. Mr. Bryan said to a reporter that the message was purely a personal matter and refused to make it public.

Mr. Bryan arrived at Emporia about midnight with his hands bloody and his clothes torn and went immediately to bed. He was very visibly affected by the labor and shock, and was far from recovered when he arose this morning to take the train for Iola, where he spoke this afternoon. He said he did not sleep a wink all night.

THE KILLED.

JOSEPH BRANHAN, engineer.
NATE HOLLISTER, engineer.
BENJAMIN WALTERS, fireman.
JAMES HURLEY, fireman.
EDWARD YONSELVI, fireman.
DANIEL M'KENNON, seventeen years old, of Topeka.
R. A. DORAN, postal clerk, Emporia, Kan.
JOSEPH SAUERS, baggageman.
MICHAEL M'GLADE, postal clerk, Emporia, Kan.

THE INJURED.

WILLIAM FRISBIE, engineer.
W. F. JONES, postal clerk.
W. C. M'GLEED, postal clerk.
G. J. HOLLIDAY, postal clerk.
S. O. M'GEE, postal clerk.
JAMES PATRICK, brakeman.
C. A. VAN CLEEVER, brakeman.
T. J. BETTON, passenger, Cottonwood Falls.
PHIL SHIER, Kansas City, travelling salesman; badly hurt.
G. C. ERTER, Kansas City, brakeman; probable die.
J. BUTLER, hip broken; probably die.
MILE SWEENEY, Gainesville, Tex.; back hurt.
JOHN DAGAN, Topeka; face smashed.
C. B. ADAMS, City of Mexico; badly bruised.
F. B. WALLECK, passenger, Atchison, Kan.

It was known in Emporia that Mr. Bryan was to arrive on the fast mail from Burlingame and was to stay here through the night. More than 2,000 people were gathered at the depot to welcome him when they heard the news of the wreck. Every one thought of Bryan. More than a thousand people shook hands with him in front of the telegraph office last night.

Mr. Bryan said to a Journal correspondent this afternoon: "I have travelled thousands upon thousands of miles on railroads, and I never was in a wreck before. I did not feel the shock very severely from where I was, but from the way things looked after I got outside, I could not see for the life of me why we were not all killed.

"The scene was the most terrible I ever witnessed. It made an impression on me that will not leave me during my lifetime."

BRYAN'S MODEST ESTIMATE OF HIS WORK.

Editor the New York Journal:

Iola, Kan., Sept. 9.—There was nothing remarkable about my escape. I was in one of the rear cars, and fully a hundred passengers were as fortunate as I. The trainmen occupied the posts of danger, and their suffering was most severe. All who were not hurt joined in the work of rescuing the injured, and no one is entitled to credit beyond his companions.

W. J. BRYAN.

WILLARD FAILURE.

Continued from First Page.

mous amount of business will have to be gone over before the accounts can be made up. Our losses may be a million, more or less; I can't tell.

"You can't see the partners. Elmer and Jay Dwiggins are absent. Jay is in Europe, but I expect him home in a few days. Elmer was not feeling well and went away a day or two ago. I don't know when he will return. We settled up with the Consolidated Exchange yesterday to the cent. Everything is square so far as those accounts are concerned, and you will find"——

The sentence was interrupted by the serving of a summons by an officer in citizen's clothes. Starbuck took the document, and it took him by surprise as he read it. The officer said: "Let no one see it." Mr. Starbuck moved away a few steps and with admirable effort suppressed much of his emotion. But the assignee had reason to be moved and deeply moved at that. Detectives had haunted the office for hours, Deputy Sheriffs in disguises were prowling about the entrance awaiting the return of the man reported to have shipped a barrel of money to Europe or to New Jersey.

One of the depositors, who said the crowning shame of his life would be the publication of his identity as a creditor of the concern, declared that he had seen at least a bushel of bills of large denomination on Tuesday. The sight of so much money reassured him.

Osterhout Loses $500,000.

William H. Osterhout, of Ridgway, Pa., is among the largest creditors. In stating his grievances to a friend yesterday morning he said that he had been robbed of more than $500,000. He had deposited with the firm nearly 4,000 shares of United States Leather Stock, preferred, to be held in trust for margins. He proposed to bring suit against Elmer and Jay Dwiggins to recover damages for a misuse of personal property left in their charge and to be credited to his account.

Mr. Osterhout said that he could prove by a competent witness that Elmer Dwiggins had not only received his United States Leather preferred stock, but he had admitted that it had been hypothecated. And after making this shameless statement the broker, insolent and cold-blooded, had defied him and said if he were wise he would not pursue him too far.

He said that Dwiggins said: "I have an assignment already prepared and executed. If you attempt to press me in the courts for this money I will file this assignment, and then where will you be with your claims for money and collateral?"

Mr. Osterhout added, with swelling indignation: "I have no doubt that the half million dollars and upward has been used by the brokers in the payment of their debts or for their own personal conveniences."

This astounding charge of a half million dollar hypothecation from a single creditor will give the public an idea of the enormous amount of money involved in the failure. There are creditors in every principal city in the United States, as branch offices in the big cities did a large business and they all have their quota of creditors.

Boody Is Interested.

And ex-Mayor Boody, at the head of the brokerage firm of Boody, McLellan & Co., of No. 57 Broadway, just across the alley from J. R. Willard & Co., was also interested in the business success of this colossal semi-bucket shop concern.

"Ex-Mayor Boody is one of the big brokers through whom Willard & Co. reached the Stock Exchange," said a complaining creditor yesterday.

The ex-Mayor said when a Journal reporter called on him, "You must excuse me. I am too busy to hear your errand now. Call again after 3 o'clock."

"But it is important that you hear now, Willard & Co. have failed for more than a million; they did business with you."

"Yes, sir," exclaimed the ex-Mayor proudly. "They did a lot of business with us and I am glad to say that we have not lost a dollar. Yes, they placed orders with our firm—a great many orders which we promptly filled, and everything was settled up squarely and satisfactorily. I have not a word of complaint to make against the firm."

Now the point of this admission is that the ex-Mayor's membership connection with the New York Stock Exchange enabled J. R. Willard & Co. to do a roaring traffic in stocks and receive all the advantages of a membership in the Exchange. The reporter found two lines of wires, apparently connecting the two offices, one in front, the other in the rear. To-day these connections may not be so visible.

Mr. Mynderse, of the law firm of Butler, Nottman, Joline & Mynderse, in which Stillman and Hubbard are members, has been retained by Willard & Co. A representative of the law firm said last evening: "It is a very big failure—a very big failure, indeed; it will involve an immense amount of labor to get the accounts into shape.

"If Elmer Dwiggins has gone away as it is reported, I am glad of it. If it is true he has taken my advice to save his strength and his health, for the benefit of his creditors I hope. For nearly a week he has been scarcely able to keep out of bed; he has been in a dangerous condition, almost overborne by the terrible disaster which was impending. I advised him to separate himself from business and from everybody who would be likely to harass him. It will enable him to recover himself a bit and return to the entanglements of his business which he alone can straighten out. It is a complicated, serious, extraordinary, stupendous failure; that is all I can saw about it."

When informed that warrants were issued, according to reports from the Sheriff's office, in suits begun by creditors for have been hypothecated, the lawyer said the recovery of their money, believed to that he had also heard a rumor to that effect, but he had nothing to say as to what course the firm would take in behalf of their clients. He said there was no truth in the report that the cashier had absconded with a portion of the funds. Neither was it true that Elmer Dwiggins had sailed for Europe with a trunk full of money belonging to creditors.

The story had been circulated, the reporter explained, by creditors who were familiar with the workings of the office.

"I saw Mr. Dwiggins several times yesterday," continued the lawyer. "He was entirely broken up and scarcely able to consider any matters, especially concerning business. The last time I saw him was 5 o'clock in the evening, so I do not think he had gone to Europe with a trunk full of money."

W. H. Farrington, the clerk who was recently discharged by Willard & Co., on suspicion of betraying the condition of the business to the detectives, declined to be interviewed. He trembled and shed tears when cross-examined, and said he had been accused falsely. He declined to explain just what he had done toward warning the police of the insolvent condition of the firm.

A large, fat creditor, who declined to tell his name, stood on the sidewalk expressing his views with profane criticism of himself. He said that his loss was about $1,000. More than one hundred creditors by actual count visited the office in the forenoon. One man had lost $20,000, another $50,000, another only $100, but he nearly shed tears because, he said, it crippled him. One man declared that he had lost a small fortune in the concern but would not give his enemies the satisfaction of knowing that he was a loser; he had been warned, but scorned the warning. He had not believed that such good business men, with such fine offices, could swindle their creditors. He was satisfied at last.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 9.—C. W. Starbuck was the vice-president of the Columbia National Bank of Chicago, which failed in 1893, with liabilities of $3,000,000. Zimri Dwiggins, an uncle of Jay and Elmer Dwiggins, who have been operating in New York as J. R. Willard & Co., was head of the concern, but the financial management, or rather the conduct of the bank's affairs, was undestood to be in Starbuck's hands. A chain of country banks was organized and made correspondents of the Columbia National Bank. These banks were all under the control of Dwiggins and Starbuck, and a large amount of commercial paper discounted by them was taken in by the Columbia National, indorsed and put on the market here.

When the crash came there was considerable question about the legitimacy of this paper. Assertion was made that some of it, at least, was merely sent in by the country correspondents as an accommodation, to swell the assets of the Dwiggins bank in Chicago and give the latter collateral to raise funds on. At the time of the failure the Columbia National had only $9,000 cash on hand, and its country connections, being unable to draw out their balances, were forced to suspend.

Zimri Dwiggins is now living at Storm Lake, Iowa, where he is leading the life of a gentleman farmer. He has a magnificent place and enjoys the reputation of being a very wealthy man.

A few days ago the father of the Dwiggins boys was in the city and declared that the firm was simply carrying on a mint of business. "If you could see some of the orders placed on the Board of Trade and the local stock exchange," he said, "your hair would simply rise."

"THE CAT AND THE CHERUB."

A Chinese Play Soon to be Produced in Rivalry of "The First Born."

A pretty little sensation in the literary-dramatic world has been ripening slowly for a week past, and is herewith plucked for the exclusive benefit of readers of the Journal.

"The Cat and the Cherub," a Chinese drama, by English speaking actors, is now in daily rehearsal on the stage of Oscar Hammerstein's Music Hall, behind doors locked and guarded, while elaborate scenery is being prepared by painters sworn to secrecy.

Scene from "The First Born."

The sensation lies in the facts, first, that the literary-dramatic world has declared that Francis Powers's Chinese drama, "The First Born," which ran for twelve consecutive weeks at the Alcazar Theatre in San Francisco, opened up an entirely new and very valuable field for the stage; second, that Charles Frohman, who is the principal purveyor of stage literature in this country, lost no time in securing "The First Born" for presentation at the Garrick Theatre, during the present season; and, third, that now, with his earlier production of "The Cat and the Cherub," Oscar Hammerstein is taking the wind out of Mr. Frohman's sails.

There is still another element to the sensation, which increases its import from the standpoint of the purely literary cult. The new field discovered to the stage by Francis Powers barely six months ago was made known to magazine readers many months prior to the production of "The First Born." The literary discoverer was Chester Bailey Fernald, whose first sketch was eagerly accepted by the Century Magazine, and who, for nearly two years, has followed it in the pages of the same periodical with a succession of highly original tales, whose scenes are laid in Chinatown, San Francisco, and whose characters are not only Chinese, but developed with such keen insight into the Chinese standpoint as to make them creations of a very high order of literary merit.

Both Mr. Powers and Mr. Fernald appeal to their audiences by realizing to Western minds the Chinese character. Both consider the Chinaman seriously, as he considers himself; not in the burlesque light in which he is exhibited by the humorists and the writers of comic operas. The result is a new programme of ethics, and an immense advantage in the way of new characterization and new situations.

There is still another element to this little sensation. Mr. Fernald's friends maintain that Francis Lowery's characters, his point of view (which is the main thing) and much of his phraseology, are palpably inspired by the Century Magazine tales, and that therefore, in a broad sense, Mr. Fernald, not Mr. Powers, is the real discoverer.

In "The First Born" the hero is a murderer. All sympathies are with him because he kills to avenge the slaughter of his only son. The management of the action is necessarily novel, as it conforms to the ethics of the Chinese characters. The story is truly dramatic for the same reason, although it transgresses stage traditions based on ethics that are not Chinese.

Mr. Fernald's play has for its theme the kidnapping of a child. It is probable that, in dramatizing the tale of "The Cat and the Cherub," which appeared in the Century of August, 1895, the author has given the theme a more serious turn. The story as printed contains no real kidnapping. The infant son of Hoo King, with his pet kitten, "One-Two," in his arms, follows a beautiful American lady to her home out of curiosity. Fearing the anger of her employer, the child's nurse wounds herself and tells a tale of being overcome by kidnappers, knowing that the father will suspect certain of his enemies. The lady whom the child has followed has a fad, clay modelling. She detains the child in her house while she secures a likeness of his queer little chubby face and his immature pigtail. The father, having cunningly traced the pet kitten to the lady's house, sees the clay model of his son's head on a pedestal and believes that the infant has been sacrificed. But little Hoo Chee is presently pulled down the chimney, covered with soot, where he had hidden himself on hearing his father's approach, wishing to remain with the "Lady of Cakes and Tea, in the Glorious House of Glittering Things."

In its magazine form the story is a delightful child's tale for grown people—reminding one in its faithful adherence to the child's standpoint of the exquisite tales of the author of "The Golden Age." But it is all new. The child character is in every sense a child, but he is steeped in many generations of racial influences, mental and moral as well as physical, which make him inevitably a new character from our standpoint. And so it is with all the Chinese characters.

Without Mr. Hammerstein's assistance or permission, it has been learned that the single scene from the dramatic version of "The Cat and the Cherub" represents faithfully a celebrated corner of Cum Cook Alley, in Chinatown, the setting being so arranged that the audience can see characters approaching whose footsteps only tell the other characters of their coming.

Mr. Fernald is the son of Naval Constructor F. L. Fernald, U. S. N. After steeping himself in the life of Chinatown he wrote "Chan Tow, the High Rob," and sent it to the Century, in the pages of which it appeared without delay. "The Cat and the Cherub" is the most important of the tales which succeeded it.

Mr. Fernald arrived from San Francisco a few days ago and will personally direct the production of his piece, which is set for a week from next Monday night.

MANAGER'S NOVEL GIFT.

Handsome Packs of Playing Cards Bearing Portraits of Popular Stage People Given Away.

J. J. Rosenthal, manager of "What Happened to Jones," distributed last evening, at the Manhattan Theatre, a unique pack of playing cards, in which all the face cards bear excellent portraits of well-known stage people. The joker is represented by Marshal Wilder. The king of spades by O'Neil, Lackay, Mantell and Nat Goodwin.

For the ace of hearts he has selected Nellie McHenry, Dorothy Morton, Anna Boyd and Billie Barlow, while the pictures on the ace of diamonds have the portraits of Lois Fuller, May Irwin, Yvette Guilbert and Mrs. Leslie Carter. Lillian Russell, Della Fox, Caroline Miske-Hoyt and Georgia Cayvan are the queens of diamonds, and the kings of diamonds are Messrs. Crane, Joe Murphy, Den Thompson and Sol Smith Russell. Evidently Mr. Rosenthal has selected the pictures represented on the cards with the care of a fortune teller, for the kings of hearts are Barrymore, Olcott, Walter Jones and Henry E. Dixey.

"In the Days of the Duke."

London, Sept. 9.—"In the Days of the Duke," the much discussed melodrama by Haldon Chambers and Comyns Carr, was successfully presented this evening at the Adelphi Theatre, with Mr. Terriss and Miss Marion Terry in the principal roles. The play, which turns around the battle of Waterloo, is the apotheosis of romantic military melodrama of the more refined sort. It presents a series of gorgeous pictures, and is crowded with impossible but intense situations.

It was received with tumultuous approval, and there were many curtain calls for the authors and for Mr. Terriss and Miss Marion Terry.

Blood Humors

Whether itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, from infancy to age, speedily cured by warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, gentle anointings with CUTICURA (ointment), the great skin cure, and mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of blood purifiers and humor cures.

Cuticura

is sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Face Humors Falling Hair and Baby Blemishes cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

The New Girls in Town. Do You Want to See the New Stars? Story of Their Coming Told by ALAN DALE. IN NEXT Sunday's Journal.

20 CENTS, DAILY OR SUNDAY, OR $1 BY THE WEEK.

For a two-line (10 words) "want" advertisement under

Houses To Let—City.

$18 UPWARD, 2-story dwellings, 8 rooms, improvements. STONEBRIDGE'S office, 154th st.

If you don't advertise in the Journal, you don't get results.

MARRIED SPITE LAW AND CHURCH.

Child-Bride Defied Her Mother, the Priest and the Courts.

It was learned yesterday through the local agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, of Yonkers, that Miss Mary Alexander, a pretty girl, seventeen years old, had run off to New York on Wednesday and was married to Michael Micklosh. The girl's family bitterly opposed the marriage.

About a week ago Mrs. Alexander applied to Justice Kellogg for a warrant for Mary's arrest on a charge of being a disorderly child. She told him that her daughter had become unruly and had left her home at No. 25 Fagan street, in spite of the entreaties of herself, her sister and the pastor of Holy Trinity Church. She alleged that Mary had left home for the purpose of keeping company with Micklosh, whom she called a worthless hatter.

Mary was brought to court, and mother and sister protested against her actions. The Justice endeavored to point out to her the folly of her way, when the mother broke down and exclaimed: "If she marries that man I'll commit suicide." Mary refused to return home.

The matter hung fire for several days. A lawyer endeavored to effect a reconciliation between parent and child, but was unsuccessful. Finally Mary was discharged in the care of her mother, and the Children's Society promised to look after her. Through its efforts a position was obtained for her with a family in Mount Vernon. Since she left the courtroom on Monday Mary has not been seen. On Tuesday at midnight her lover called for her. The two went to New York City and were married.

Mrs. Alexander wanted the husband arrested, but Justice Kellogg advised reconciliation.

BOTTO'S MOTHER COMES TO HIS HELP

He Is Released on a Writ of Habeas Corpus.

William Botto, of Louisville, Ky., who has achieved notoriety lately by his escapades, and who was arrested on the complaint of a Philadelphia hotel keeper, who charged him with passing a worthless check, appeared before Justice Andrews in the Supreme Court yesterday on a writ of habeas corpus obtained by his attorney. Assistant District-Attorney Campbell said that he considered the young man innocent of the charge against him, as he had learned that Botto had always had money at his command in excess of the amount of the alleged worthless check. He was willing that Botto should be admitted to bail pending the requisition proceedings which had been instituted in Pennsylvania, and said that he understood that the prisoner would go to Philadelphia and try to vindicate himself. Botto's mother was accepted as his bondsman, and furnished $500 bail. He left the court room with her. He introduced his keeper, "Billy" Evers, to his mother.

Young Botto's attorney went to Philadelphia on Wednesday and saw Mr. Benjamin, the proprietor of the hotel at which the check was given in payment for board. He said that he offered to make good the amount and refund Mr. Benjamin for whatever expense he had incurred, but the hotelkeeper refused to withdraw his charge.

The story of the check is soon told. Botto met a woman. After a champagne supper she dared him to marry her. He did so in the same spirit of bravado. Learning that his parents were wealthy she induced him to draw on them constantly for money. His mother notified a bank in Louisville to honor his drafts. When they came too fast she gave instructions to stop payment. Not having her son's address she was unable to notify him. He gave Benjamin a check after Mrs. Botto's action.

There is no estrangement between Botto and the woman he recently married—Mrs. James F. Irwin, an elderly widow, who is reputed to be wealthy.

AN OPEN LETTER To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now Chas. H. Fletcher *on every bear the fac-simile signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher. *wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA" which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. LOOK CAREFULLY at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought* Chas. H. Fletcher *on the and has the signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher. *wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company, of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.*

March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggists may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which *even he* does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought"

Bears the Fac-Simile Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

Insist on Having The Kind that Never Failed You.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY ST., NEW YORK CITY.

"She's Been a Mother to Me."

BESSIE BONEHILL has made this song a hit.

It is the work of the author and composer of

"The Sunshine of Paradise Alley."

It Will Be Published, With Words and Music, IN Next Sunday's Journal.