ORDEN FATHER AND SON RECONCILED BY THE WAR.

Millionaire to Forgive Marriage in Defiance of His Will.

YOUNG MAN A HERO NOW.

His Work as a Physician in the Chickamauga Camp Softens the Elder's Heart.

PARTED ONCE BY THE PARENT.

Divorce, Arranged by the Obdurate Rich Man, of No Effect When Sweethearts Meet Again.

MATTHEW STERLING BORDEN, soldier, may succeed where Matthew Sterling Borden, student, failed miserably. In times of peace nothing could soften the heart of his father, M. C. D. Borden, one of the richest men in America. But his friends say that now that his son is returning with the Eighth New York, having endured with fortitude the horrors of camp life at Chickamauga, and having used his medical knowledge to mitigate the sufferings of his comrades, Borden the elder is willing to forgive the young man for having married the girl he loved.

This reconciliation, if it takes place, will be a fitting last chapter to one of the most engrossing romances of Yale student life. M. C. D. Borden, whose home is at No. 25 West Fifty-sixth street, is associated in the public mind chiefly with the murder of the colored butler, Charles Ferdinand Harris, is a man of many interests, member of many clubs, and owner of many millions. He is president of the American Printing Company and of the Fall River Iron Works, and is a partner in the dry goods business of Cornelius N. Bliss, Secretary of the Interior. His son, Matthew Sterling, entered the academic department of Yale in 1892.

Mrs. M. S. Borden.

The beauty of New Haven, a tailor's daughter, her husband's father would not receive her. She obtained a divorce when the elder Borden parted her husband from her, but married him again.

Young Borden's first really important action in New Haven was to fall in love. He studied hard and joined the freshman crew, but these things were mere trifles compared to his infatuation for Mildred Negbaur, the prettiest girl in New Haven. She was the daughter of a merchant tailor who had failed in business as a milliner in Broadway, this city. All Yale knew that the young people loved each other, and one of Borden's fellow students was so desolated at the success of his rival that he barricaded himself in his room for many days and refused to be comforted.

A Secret Wedding.

There was a wedding, but nobody knew anything about that except, possibly, the bride's parents. That was in the Summer of 1893, when Matthew Sterling Borden was at his father's home, and Miss Negbauer was visiting friends in Brooklyn. Not till more than two years afterward did Borden the elder learn what his boy had done, and in the interim the young man had continued his university course, while his bride remained at her father's home.

It was in vain that the young man tried to reconcile his father to the match. It was in vain that he pointed out that his wife, although poor, was the peer of any woman on top of the earth in beauty and breeding. The millionaire looked upon the marriage as an escapade which must be remedied, and so powerful were his will and his resources that for the time being he had his way. Mildred and her parents were induced to consent to a divorce. That is, the young wife and her mother went to Dakota, while Matthew Sterling Borden was shipped to Europe in charge of a tutor. Young Mrs. Borden obtained a decree on the ground of desertion, and once more she was Mildred Negbauer, to whom every student at Yale was prepared to write sonnets.

But there came an end to this. European travel did not cure the young man of his malady. On his return, he entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons, having long desired to become a physician. But not for an instant did he forget the beautiful Mildred. Last Summer he went to Cromwell, Conn., on a holiday trip, and took his bicycle with him. The distance from Cromwell to New Haven was only thirty miles, and young Borden's leg muscles were in good training.

Married Her Again.

About that time M. C. D. Borden received from his son a letter saying that the writer had seen Mildred again, that he could not live without her, and that he meant to marry her again. The millionaire made no reply, and on September 7 the young people went to Worcester, Mass., and once more became man and wife.

That was the end of all intercourse between Matthew Sterling Borden and his father. The young people found the means to live in such a way as to permit the bridegroom to continue his medical studies. It was rather close sailing and they made no secret of it, but they were happy. Removing to New York, they took a small flat in Harlem, and Borden attended the clinics at Bellevue Hospital.

Such was the situation when war was declared and volunteers were called for. Matthew Sterling Borden hastened to volunteer. He wished to fight and he wished to employ what he knew of medicine for the benefit of the wounded. Moreover, he knew that medical experience in the field would be of great value to him in the pursuit of his profession. It was his dearest hope to go to the front. That was denied him, however. Nevertheless, he has suffered much and seen much suffering at Chickamauga. He has borne pain and privation and sickness uncomplainingly, and he has been a good Samaritan to his comrades in distress.

Borden the elder has heard all this, and there is a stir in society over the rumor that his heart has relented toward his son, and that he is preparing at last to welcome the tailor's pretty daughter into his family.

M. S. Borden.

His service among the sick at Camp Thomas, friends expect, will reconcile him with his father, estranged by his marriage.

Neiss's Slayer Gives Himself Up.

Henry Auderlidt, nineteen years old, of No. 413 Willis avenue, walked into the Coney Island police station yesterday morning and told the captain that it was he who shot Calvin Neiss, the Coney Island shooting gallery proprietor, on Saturday night. He said that he had been employed by Neiss as an assistant. He was loading a small rifle when it accidentally went off and the bullet penetrated Neiss's breast. His mother persuaded him to give himself up. Magistrate Kenemer paroled him for examination on September 15.

Mothers and wives can do more good in a minute than a regiment of hospital surgeons can accomplish in a month. The place for sick soldiers is at home, President McKinley.

CROKER RETURNS; HE SEES M'CARREN

At a Conference They Agree on a Policy for the Convention.

THEY HAVE NO CANDIDATE.

New York and Kings Will Act Together for Harmony at Syracuse.

Richard Croker returned from his two weeks' vacation in the woods last night, and had a significant talk with Lieutenant John F. Carroll and the chairman of the Democratic Campaign Committee, Senator Patrick J. McCarren.

Mr. McCarren called up the Savoy Hotel by telephone at 7 o'clock and learned that Mr. Croker had just arrived. The Senator called on Mr. Croker at once. As a result of the conference it may be said that New York and Kings counties have come to the following agreement:

First—To submit no candidate for Governor or Lieutenant-Governor to the Syracuse Convention.

Second—To foster harmony as much as possible for the purpose of avoiding a clash at the Convention.

Third—To act together prior to and at the Convention, each organization reserving the right to withdraw from that agreement.

Particular interest attaches to the conference, for on Sunday Mr. McCarren visited Hugh McLaughlin at the latter's country house on Long Island, and there is no doubt Mr. McCarren conveyed to Mr. Croker the Brooklyn chief's views on the situation.

Mr Croker declined to talk politics on the ground that he was unaware of the exact situation owing to his absence. He felt certain the Democratic convention would be harmonious and looked forward to Democratic success at the polls.

All the Democratic leaders are endeavoring to avoid a fight in the convention. They are trying to avoid a situation which will place former Senator Hill behind one candidate and Mr. Croker behind another. New York and Kings, with forty-five extra votes from the country districts, can control the convention. Likewise the Kings and the country delegates can name the ticket, and New York, with the assistance of the country districts, can control. The opportunities for manoeuvring are excellent, and to avoid trouble is the chief object of the leaders.

Elliot Danforth is still in the lead for Governor. John B. Stanchfield is a good second, and former Comptroller Frank Campbell is the third. Judge Robert C. Titus, of Erie, will have a compact following when the convention begins.

Mr. Croker will remain in the city until the end of the campaign.

Chairman McCarren, when asked last night what he had to say in reply to the warnings of former Governor Stone, of Missouri, that the New York State convention must reaffirm the Chicago platform, replied:

"If, when the roll of the delegates to the Democratic State Convention be completed, it is discovered that Stone has been selected as one of the delegates, he will be accorded the same hearing as any other delegates. Otherwise no attention will be paid to Mr. Stone or any other person from Missouri, or what he may say about the affairs of the Democratic party of the State of New York."

HEALTH BOARD BEGINS CRUSADE.

Coney Island Storekeepers Must Keep Their Places Clean or the Police Will Arrest Them.

Colonel Murphy, president of the Health Board, has given instructions to the sanitary police of Brooklyn to arrest all violators of the garbage ordinances at Coney Island.

The police have instructed all the storekeepers that they must see to it that the filth about their places is removed and that they would have all the responsibility for the failure to remove it.

To Foreclose Fordinsky's Property.

Aaron Rosenberg has brought suit in the Supreme Court for the foreclosure of a mortgage against No. 64 West One Hundred and Sixteenth street for $3,344.65. The property belongs to Harris Fordinsky, the jerry builder, under indictment for the death of the five men killed by the collapse of the flat house on the property.

SAYS MRS. BOTKIN WROTE LETTERS.

Dunning Identifies the Anonymous Missives to His Wife.

They Were in the Handwriting of the San Francisco Prisoner.

WILL NOT TALK OF NOTE.

Admitted, However, to Detective That Mrs. Botkin Wrote It.

NEW CHARGE AGAINST WOMAN.

California Authorities Accuse Her of Sending Poison Through the Mails—If Convicted She Can Be Extradited.

Dover, Del., Aug. 31.—"I identified the handwriting of the anonymous letters to my wife as that of Mrs. Botkin," said John Presley Dunning, husband of the murdered woman, to-night.

Dunning was seen talking to some friends in front of the Capitol Hotel to-night, when a reporter of the Journal informed him that Detective McVey had made public the anonymous letters written to Mrs. Dunning and the fact that Dunning declared they and the "Mrs. C." note were in Mrs. Botkin's handwriting.

"Does McVey say I identified all the handwriting as that of Mrs. Botkin?" he asked.

"That is my information," was the reply.

"Well, it isn't all correct. The wrapper around that box I never saw. Mr. McVey himself had taken it from the box and had sent it on to Chief of Police Lees, in San Francisco. I made an affidavit before Magistrate Peter L. Cooper and the Attorney-General yesterday, and inasmuch as some of the contents has been made public I suppose it is all right for me to talk. I do not desire to keep silent now at this stage of the case, except in deference to the wishes of the Attorney-General, in whom I have implicit confidence.

"Two anonymous letters were first shown me. They were written to my wife nearly one year ago. What their contents were I prefer not to state. They were not threatening, nor were they anything to spread before the public. They were simple things, considered of no consequence and only a trifle annoying at the time. I identified the writing as that of Mrs. Botkin.

Knows the Handwriting.

"I am reasonably familiar with it and am positive of my identification. In my affidavit before Magistrate Cooper I state this unquestionably to the best of my knowledge and belief. I could tell Mrs. Botkin's handwriting among that of a great many. Upon this knowledge I based my affidavit and the accusation I have made."

"But what about the note enclosed in the box addressed to Mrs. Dunning and saying, 'With love to yourself and baby. Mrs. C.?'"

Dunning was silent for several moments and then hesitatingly replied: "I do not wish to talk about that."

"But you saw it and compared it before the detectives and Attorney-General, did you not?"

"I prefer not to talk about the note."

"Do you mean that you want to keep back the evidence for the trial?" he was asked.

"I will certainly tell all I know when the time comes."

Dunning's failure to charge Mrs. Botkin directly with writing the note in the candy box again gives the impression, which the State only to-night denied, that there was an accomplice in the crime, and that this second person wrote the note.

Detective McVey's Statement.

San Francisco, Aug. 31.—Detective McVey made his first statement concerning the Dunning mystery to the reporters this afternoon. It throws considerable light upon the affair, and incriminates Mrs. Botkin on the statement of Mr. Dunning himself. McVey said:

"Two of the letters received by Mrs. Dunning were surrendered to us after her death. These letters were shown to Dunning by Attorney-General White after the former's arrival in Dover from Porto Rico. As he glanced at the first one Dunning said: 'Where did you get this?' The Attorney-General explained that it was written to Mrs. Dunning by an unknown woman in San Francisco. Then Mr. White handed him the other letter, whereupon he said, 'Well she (meaning Mrs. Botkin) has deceived me. She led me to believe that Mrs. Seeley was the person who sent the anonymous letter.'

"Then he explained that his wife sent him a copy of one of the letters in question while he was in Salt Lake, and asked him to explain it. He sent the copy to Mrs. Botkin, in this city, asking her if she could suggest its author. Mrs. Botkin, according to his statement, replied that the letter had undoubtedly been written by Mrs. Seeley.

"Now, this letter that he sent to Mrs. Botkin was but a copy of the original. The letter itself never left Mrs. Dunning's possession.

Identified the Writing of the Note.

"After reading the letters the Attorney-General showed him, Dunning identified the handwriting in both as that of Mrs. Botkin. He said that he knew whereof he spoke, as he had received in all 300 or 400 letters from Mrs. Botkin. He also identified the handwriting of the note within the candy box as that of Mrs. Botkin. The note read: 'With love to yourself and baby. Mrs. C.'

"In concluding our interview with Mr. Dunning, the Attorney-General asked what with the facts before him he thought of the case. Dunning replied, 'I cannot help but think as you think, having seen these letters and knowing that she deceived me—that she sent that box of candy to my wife.'"

Mrs. Botkin will not be indicted for murder by the Grand Jury of San Francisco. It is the intention of the police to subpoena any and all persons who are acquainted with the doings of Dunning and Mrs. Botkin. The police will then swear out a warrant for Mrs. Botkin's arrest for depositing poison in the mails, which is a misdemeanor.

Mrs. Botkin said to-day: "I have been much interested in the statement of Mr. Fennessee, who says he saw a woman mail a package at the Ferry Post Office at 5:45 o'clock on the afternoon of August 4. I never heard of the man until I read his statement. It would seem that Captain Lees and the police ought not to overlook him. Mr. Fennessee may prove an important factor in clearing up this mystery.

"At the time Mr. Fennessee says he saw the woman mailing the package at the Ferry I was out of the city. I left for St. Helena at 3:30 in the afternoon and arrived there about dusk. The record of St. Helena Sanitarium will show exactly what time I reached the place."

Arrested for Stopping a Car.

Charles Smith, an elderly Englishman, attracted a large crowd at Thirty-fourth street and Broadway last night by getting in front of a Broadway cable car and refusing to move. The motorman had him arrested. Smith is fifty-five years old and lives at No. 260 West Twenty-second street.

RATCLIFFE ON THE RIALTO, GAY, SNUBBED BY NONE.

The Actor Sees Broadway as Soon as Released from Prison.

HE HAS "MONEY TO BURN."

Rails at Peter De Lacy and His Judge and Talks About Persecution.

ACCEPTS NO CONTRACT YET.

Actor Ratcliffe Received with Joy on the Rialto.

When Ratcliffe left the prison on Blackwell's Island, he headed straight for Broadway, was received by his friends, drank with them, was offered a position at $300 a week, took it under advisement, and consuted with a friend about a new play in which he is to star.

Ratcliffe Has Money to Burn.

I have received several offers, but I am in no hurry to accept any of them. I have money to burn. I shall not say where I am staying at present, as it is no one's business but my own. I have no use for reporters. I believe they are all on the side of the De Lacys, who have persisted in persecuting me, sparing no expense to do so. I am not going to England. I have plenty of friends in this country, and want for nothing, even if I have not as much money as Peter De Lacy.

ACTOR EDWARD J. RATCLIFFE appeared on the Rialto yesterday, as gay and debonair as before his conviction and sentence for wife beating. He was discharged from the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island in the morning. He made a busy day of it up and down Broadway, and his friends say he refused a ten-weeks' contract to appear in vaudeville, at $300 a week, offered him by Harry Rearden.

Ratcliffe doesn't want to go into vaudeville, but prefers to head a stock company. His first call yesterday was made on T. C. Liebler, the manager and head of a lithographing concern. Ratcliffe's cherished bicycle was left in Liebler's office, in the New Zealand building, corner Broadway and Thirty-seventh street, when the matinee actor was sent to the Island for six months. It was waiting for him yesterday. He and Mr. Liebler and some other friends had luncheon together at the Normandie. It was Ratcliffe's first meal out of prison. He had breakfast before bidding good-by to Warden Fallon. His first drink was a Martini cocktail, at the Ashland House.

He spent much of the day with John Ernest McCann, editor of Outdoors and In. He has a play of Mr. McCann under consideration already. It is said that Harrison Gray Otis, a wealthy member of the Somerset Club, in Boston, stands ready to back this play if Ratcliffe appears in it. Otis is an old friend of Ratcliffe. The actor is going to Boston to-morrow for a week's visit with him in town and at Winthrop Beach. For next Sunday a breakfast at the Somerset Club, with covers laid for twenty-three, in Ratcliffe's honor, is promised.

Mr. McCann says the play, "Punchinello," will be produced in London next November, with Loring Furniss in the star part, which Ratcliffe will play in this country. It is a four-act play, the scene laid in 1481, in the reign of Louis XI. Punchinello is the king's jester, and the four acts are entitled respectively "He Offends the King," "He Amuses the King," "He Defies the King" and "He Escapes the King." Ratcliffe thinks well of the play so far, as does Mr. Otis, of Boston. If he decides not to undertake a stock production and goes into the vaudeville houses he will probably play a one-act comedy entitled "A Country Actor," also written by Mr. McCann.

Has Plenty of Money.

At present Ratcliffe will rest awhile. He said yesterday that he had several offers, and he had plenty of money for present needs. He was disposed to ridicule some of the kindly comments made by managers on his present situation, fresh from a prison cell.

"Where could George Lederer place an actor of my rank, I should like to know?" he remarked with a sneer. "And Aarons, too! Why didn't they go to Daly and A. M. Palmer and Frohman to get opinions as to my usefulness?" Ratcliffe's tongue is as bitter and gibing as ever.

He railed at Peter De Lacy, the father of the wife whom he beat and abused, and told the friends he met along Broadway and at the Ashland House that De Lacy had persecuted him and railroaded him to prison. He hinted that a meeting between himself and Alice De Lacy was being sought, and announced that he would never consent to see the woman except in the presence of a third person. He is free of both his wives now and has no alimony to pay. He believes the public will forget his past, or that sentiment will swing around in his favor. He looks forward to success, financial and artistic, on the stage, and he assured his friends yesterday that he was in the best of health and spirits and had "money to burn."

Only once during the day did he lose his good spirits. He and Mr. McCann went down into the vaults of the Garfield Safe Deposit Company and unpacked several of Ratcliffe's trunks to fill up one with clothing and neckwear for his Boston visit. The actor was whistling and singing, but suddenly he broke off and began to sigh.

Never Saw His Baby Girl.

"What's the matter?" said his friend.

"My baby girl will be just one year old to-morrow," replied Ratcliffe, "and, think of it, McCann—I have never seen her!"

Peter De Lacy's daughter has the custody of the children, the baby girl and the other one, 3 years and 3 months old. Ratcliffe says if he ever should make an attempt to see them De Lacy would probably accuse him of trying to kidnap them. He is morbid on the subject of his father-in-law, the former pool room king.

He also took frequent occasion to comment adversely on the judge who presided at his trial and on the newspapers. He would have nothing to say to reporters yesterday except one foolish speech which he made to a newspaper man at the Ashland House. Said Ratcliffe:

"I have received several offers, but I am in no hurry to accept any of them. I have money to burn. I shall not say where I am staying at present, as it is no one's business but my own. I have no use for reporters, as I believe they are all on the side of the De Lacys, who have persisted in persecuting me, sparing no expense to do so. I am not going to England. I have plenty of friends in this country, and want for nothing even if I have not as much money as Peter De Lacy."

Ratcliffe has money invested and property, furniture, paintings and statuary worth altogether $10,000, it is said. He took dinner yesterday and spent the night with friends in West Eighty-sixth street. His trunk from the Garfield deposit vaults will be delivered at the Ashland House today, and he will go to Boston from there to-morrow.

He left Blackwell's Island at 8:15 a. m. in a rowboat which he had ordered. He said to Tommy Murray, the boatman, on seating himself: "If you let any reporters into this boat, I'll upset it."

At the East Fifty-second street pier there was no one to meet him. About twenty men and women from the neighborhood had gathered to look at him curiously. "That's the same hat he wore when he went to the island," they said, referring to his brown derby.

Looked Just the Same.

His mustache was the same, too. It had not been clipped during his imprisonment. His hair was long and needed cutting. He carried an umbrella and a yellow leather valise with his name painted on the side. After a quick glance around, as if looking for friends, Ratcliffe picked up his satchel and walked to Second avenue, where he boarded the surface car. He transferred at Forty-second street, and at the Grand Central station he checked his valise and umbrella at the parcel stand. Then he hailed a hansom and drove to the New Zealand building, and then down Broadway to the Ashland House, in Fourth avenue. He met many friends here and chatted for an hour.

At 11 o'clock he walked over to the Metropolitan building, and met John Ernest McCann at the door of No. 1 Madison avenue. They walked across the park to a haircutter's on Broadway, where the actor's locks were trimmed. Then the two walked around a block to dodge possible shadowers and up Broadway to a liquor store near Thirty-third street. From here they went to the New Zealand building to see Ratcliffe's former manager, Mr. Liebler. All three took luncheon at the Normandie. Then McCann and Ratcliffe spent an hour in the Garfield deposit vaults, ten minutes in a beer cellar in West Twenty-third street, and the actor boarded a Columbus avenue car about 4 o'clock.

Men stopped Ratcliffe to shake hands and exchange greetings all along the route. The actor, fresh from prison, was not snubbed or cut during his first day of liberty.

THE SUNDAY JOURNAL

is the great popular "Want" Medium. No matter what you want, here's the place to get it. Have your "Want" in next Sunday's Journal.

DIGGING FOR AN OLD MISER'S GOLD.

Ferris Left His Valuables Carefully Hidden, and His Heirs Are Looking for Them.

The heirs of William H. Ferris, of Mount Vernon, are searching the yard and cellar of his house, No. 248 South Fourth street, for gold which the old man secreted during his lifetime. Ferris died on Tuesday, in his ninety-eighth year. He owned a third interest in property at Hanover Square, valued at $500,000.

A bank book on the Harlem Savings Bank was found in the chimney in the parlor yesterday. It showed a balance of thousands of dollars, and had the appearance of being very old.

James Ferris, a son, who lives at Passaic, N. J., said: "My father told me a year agolie had money in the Bowery, Seaman's Savings, Wall Street, Chemical and Shoe and Leather banks, and at the Manhattan Trust Company, but we have been unable to find the bank books. He also told me he used to drop gold coins in a tin pipe about eight feet long, which led from under a trap door in his stable to a strong box, but we have not found the pipe. I am afraid we will have to tear down the house to find his valuables."

In his will there is a clause which says that the heirs must find another paper which will lead to the discovery of everything.

SALT RHEUM FOR YEARS

Leg From Knee to Ankle Swollen All the Time. Pain Intense.

Doctors in Three Cities No Avail. Completely Cured by Cuticura.

I have been troubled for years with Salt Rheum. My right leg from knee to ankle was raw and swollen all the time, and the pain was most intense. I tried doctors in Hartford, Waterbury, and New Haven, but to no avail. I read an advertisement about CUTICURA REMEDIES and bought two bottles of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, some CUTICURA (ointment), and a box of CUTICURA SOAP, and now it is all gone and I am completely cured. I recommend CUTICURA to all afflicted with skin diseases.

Jan. 20, 1898. GARRETT T. SAYERS, Hartford Electric Light Co., Hartford, Conn.

Baby Cured of Eczema

Our little boy was only three months old when he was taken with Eczema that broke out in the most horrible state. His face was full of scabs, and some parts of the flesh were raw. We used CUTICURA SOAP, and one box of the CUTICURA (ointment), and *in one week* this boy was *as good as ever*, and we can say the child has been O. K. ever since. We are willing to recommend that the CUTICURA SOAP and CUTICURA did it. You can publish this statement for it is nothing but the truth.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. FREESE, Feb. 15, 1898. 360 So. First St., Brooklyn.

SPEEDY CURE TREATMENT FOR EVERY KIND OF HUMOR WITH LOSS OF HAIR.—Warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, gentle anointings with CUTICURA (ointment), purest of emollient skin cures, and mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of blood purifiers and humor cures.

This treatment will afford instant relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy, permanent, and economical cure of the most torturing, disfiguring, and humiliating of itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, pimply, and crusted skin and scalp humors, with loss of hair, when all else fails.

Sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Props., Boston. "How to Cure Salt Rheum," free.