

# WAITE GAINS' SLAYERS.

## Wilson Admits Throwing Legs, Arms and Head Into the Schuylkill.

### GRAPPLING WITHOUT SUCCESS.

#### The Two Prisoners Arraigned--Annie Richardson Located by the Police.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.]

HERALD BUREAU,  
No. 112 SOUTH SIXTH STREET,  
PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Feb. 23, 1887.

Sensation follows sensation in the Mann's Pond mystery.

Early this morning it was reported that Wilson had committed suicide. Wilson is the man who is accused by Mrs. Mary Tabbs of killing Wakefield Gains at her house and afterward cutting off his head, limbs and lower portion of the body. Mrs. Tabbs admits, as detailed in her statement published in the HERALD to-day, that she took the upper portion of Gains' body to Eddington and threw it into Mann's Pond, where it was found on Thursday morning last by Silas Hibbs, a carpenter living near the pond.

#### POISON OR A FIT?

The two prisoners, Mrs. Tabbs and Wilson, were brought to the Central station last evening and confined in cells in the basement.

When Turnkey Rhodes was passing cell No. 8 this morning at about eight o'clock he saw that Wilson was lying on the floor and frothing at the mouth. Lieutenant Brode and Sergeant Malin were called and Dr. W. M. Angney, the police surgeon, was sent for. He was soon upon the spot and spent about half an hour in administering restoratives or antidotes to the prisoner. The police authorities would neither deny nor admit that Wilson had taken poison, some claiming that he had simply been seized with a severe epileptic fit, and that he had been too carefully searched to admit of any possibility of his having poison concealed upon his person. The belief still exists, however, that Wilson attempted suicide.

#### THE PRISONERS ARRAIGNED.

At about ten o'clock the magistrate's room in the Central station was packed to suffocation by people anxious to be present at the preliminary hearing of the now famous case. Shortly after ten o'clock Detective Tate brought Mrs. Tabbs into the room. The "tall, gaunt colored woman with high cheek bones," concerning whom so much has been written recently, looked very much dejected. She walked quietly up to the place assigned to her on the prisoners' bench and hardly lifted her eyes from the floor. She was dressed in the same manner as when she so boldly visited Eddington on Monday. Her left eye was badly discolored. This shows, perhaps, that some kind of a struggle, in which she had a hand, took place in the kitchen in which Wakefield Gains met his death.

Shortly after Mrs. Tabbs arrived Sergeant Malin brought the male prisoner into the room. George Henry Wilson is a very light colored mulatto; in fact, he would pass for an Italian. He is only eighteen years old, of slight build, was shabbily dressed and had a full head of curly hair. He looked sick and badly scared, though defiant in manner.

#### COMPANIONS IN CRIME.

Wilson took his seat on the same bench with Mrs. Tabbs, only at the opposite end. He seemed to shrink from his companion in crime. Magistrate Smith turned to Wilson and said:—

"What is your name?"

As the magistrate asked the question Wilson and Mrs. Tabbs stood up, and the former replied:—

"George H. Wilson."

"Where do you live?" asked the magistrate.

"At No. 1,241 Lombard street, with my aunt, Martha Wallace."

"How long have you lived there?"

"For about a month. Before that I lived at No. 1,640 Helmuth street, with the same aunt. I lived there two years."

"How old are you?"

"Was eighteen on December 2 last."

"What do you do for a living?"

"I am a chair caner, and worked for Matthews & Lee. I learned chair caning in the House of Refuge."

"That will do," said the magistrate.

Wilson remained standing while the magistrate questioned Mrs. Tabbs.

When asked her name she replied:—

"Mary Hannah Tabbs."

Her voice was very low, and she leaned forward in a nervous manner.

"Where do you live?"

"No. 1,642 Richards street."

"Are you married?"

"Yes; my husband works in the American Hotel."

"How old are you?"

"I am thirty-two years old."

She also said that she had no children and had lived in Richards street for eight years.

Chief of Detectives Kelly then came to the stand, and, turning toward the prisoners, said:—

"I would ask Your Honor to hold the prisoners until Monday next for further hearing for the murder of Wakefield Gains on Wednesday last in order that further witnesses may be produced."

"I commit you both," said Magistrate Smith, "to the County Prison for a further hearing next Monday. Sergeant, remove the prisoners to their cells."

Detective Tate took charge of Mrs. Tabbs and placed her in a cell in the Central station, while Detective Miller, placing his hand on Wilson's arm, took him out to be photographed, and from there to the Fifth district police station.

#### WILSON PARTLY CONFESSES.

Wilson must have begun to weaken as soon as he reached the police station, for at about two P. M. Chief Kelly made the following announcement at the Central Office:—

"About half an hour ago," said Chief Kelly, "I was summoned to the Fifth district, being informed that Wilson had something to communicate to me. He made a partial statement. He confessed that he did carry the head and the two legs and two arms at separate times to the west end of Callowhill street bridge on the day of the murder and hid them under the bridge. Between half-past nine and ten o'clock the same night, he says, he returned to the bridge and tied the three separate bundles into one, loaded the large bundle with bricks and went out about twenty feet from the end of the bridge and threw the remains into the Schuylkill River. I have sent Detectives Miller and Tate to secure the tug King, and expect that the bundle will be brought to the surface this afternoon."

#### THE SEARCH IN THE RIVER.

Detectives Miller and Tate then went to the Fifth district police station and invited Wilson to take a walk, and he accompanied the officers to the Walnut street wharf, where the party boarded the police steamboat King. The King was then headed for Callowhill street bridge, where the party landed and were joined by Detective Crawford, who had been doing a little angling on his own account, but had not hooked the bundle. Wilson showed the officers where he had first concealed the legs, arms and head under some coal dust and boards, a short distance from the bridge and near a fence bordering the railway track, the spot being comparatively deserted even in daytime. The prisoner then led the detectives to a spot about twenty feet on the bridge from the west end, and explained how he had lifted the bundle up in his arms and pushed it from him into the water. Wilson was then taken on board the police boat and the search commenced. Lieutenant Francis handled the grappling irons and Detective Crawford pulled the boat, but as the spot is a most difficult one for such work, the water being forty feet deep and the bottom being very rocky, the search was suspended at seven o'clock without bringing the remains to the surface. When it is remembered that Friday night was the night of the storm and that the freshet caused the rivers to tumble along like small torrents, it is not remarkable that some difficulty should be experienced in the search for Waite Gains' arms, legs and head. The search will be continued to-morrow morning.

#### MISSING ANNIE RICHARDSON.

Much mystery has apparently surrounded the alleged disappearance of Annie Richardson, the beautiful mulatto girl, said to be Mrs. Tabbs' daughter, and it has been stated that she was in some manner connected with the murder. Mrs. Jennie Cannon, the sister of the murdered man, to-day gave a copy of a letter for publication said to have been written by the missing Annie. The letter was as follows:—

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 20, 1887.

DEAR WAKY—Mary (Mrs. Tabbs) has reported me run away. I have not run away. I came in the city and Mr. Tabbs asked me to come and clean the house. I didn't like the girl at the house where I lived and that's the reason I didn't go back. Be careful of mother, for she is making threats, and you don't know how treacherous she is. For God's sake don't give me away. I tell you for your own good.

ANNIE.

This letter by many is said to be a forgery, but the question remains, What would be the use of such a forgery? Mrs. Cannon is undoubtedly very bitter toward those who had a hand in her brother's murder, but out of the many damaging statements against Mrs. Tabbs the fact remains that the latter has frequently threatened Gains' life, some say because she was jealous of him and others claim that it was because she believed that he was keeping Annie Richardson away from her. That Annie is alive and in a safe place there is not the slightest doubt, and were it not for very good reasons the exact location of her residence could be given.

Mrs. Tabbs was taken to Moyamensing Prison at two o'clock this afternoon, and Wilson, after the river search, was again locked up in the Fifth District station. Coroner Powers went to Bristol this afternoon and had the headless and limbless trunk disinterred, conveyed to this city and placed in the Morgue.