

EXTRA MANNING DEAD

He Breathed His Last To-day at Albany.

Bright's Disease Proves Fatal to the Great Democrat.

Surrounded by His Family at the Death-Bed—The End Came Peacefully at 1.34 this Afternoon—Career of a Man Who was a Leader in His Own Political Party and Liked by All—Some of His Many Successes in Public Life—The President and Cabinet Will Probably Attend the Funeral.

ALBANY, Dec. 24.—Secretary Manning passed quietly away at 1.34 o'clock this afternoon.

He continued to fall throughout the night gradually and very slowly. He safely passed the trying hour of the early morning, when vitality is usually at the lowest ebb, and was conscious at intervals.

He could not speak this morning, but showed by the intelligent look in his eyes that he recognized what was being said about him.

Contrary to the general impression, he had taken no nourishment for many hours, nor had he taken any stimulants. His life was dependent solely upon his wonderful vitality. The only stimulant used was a very little whiskey in water, and this had been applied to the lips to keep them and the roof of the mouth from parching, and thus to make the condition of the dying patient as comfortable as possible.



DANIEL MANNING.

For much of the time Mr. Manning lay with eyes closed, but sometimes wide open and with a fixed gaze. At other times he was in the realm of consciousness. His large frame and vigorous constitution sustained him much longer than was deemed possible in the middle of the week.

It was evident at noontime that the end was near. The family, worn out with long watching, were still at the bedside of the dying man, and his physicians called at stated intervals, but, of course, without the slightest hope of affording relief.

Many calls were made at the house with offers of assistance, but no one but the family was admitted to the sick room. Letters and telegrams of inquiry were constantly being received, and the Associated Press asked for bulletins of Mr. Manning's condition.

At 12.30 signs of collapse were noticed. The pulse was irregular and the patient's eyesight had entirely failed. Death was momentarily expected.

Frequent inquiries regarding Mr. Manning's condition have been received from the White House. The executive office has been placed in direct telegraphic communication with Albany. President and Mrs. Cleveland and Col. and Mrs. Lamont cancelled engagements they had made for last evening, and Secretary and Mrs. Fairchild recalled dinner invitations they had sent out for that time. Great interest and anxiety are felt in all official circles.

It is understood that President Cleveland and Cabinet will attend the funeral, which will probably take place at St. Paul's Church on Tuesday.

Daniel Manning was born in Albany, in August, 1821, his line of descent Irish, English and Dutch. His parents were poor to keep him at school, but he had a natural taste for learning and devoted all of his spare moments to study. As an apprentice in the office of the Albany Argus he rose steadily to the position of proprietor. His newspaper experience served to gain him a wide acquaintance with public men, which later served him in great measure.

About the close of the war Mr. Manning became city editor of the paper, and from that time on was prominent in the public life of Albany. When the infamies of the Tweed ring produced the popular uprising in the State that made Samuel J. Tilden Governor, Manning cordially and ably supported the reform administration, and began that close friendship with Mr. Tilden which existed until the death of the latter. In 1871 Mr. Cassiday, and Manning became the manager of the Argus and subsequent President of the company. He made large improvements in the business facilities of the paper, and was the sole inspiration of its pronounced opinions on men, politics and measures. In 1876 he was made a member of the Democratic State Central Committee, and in 1882 became its Chairman. He was not at first friendly to the nomination of Mr. Cleveland for Governor of New York, but afterwards supported him with vigor. In the new Governor Mr. Manning detected qualities that after an era of Republican corruption and misrule were demanded in a Presidential officer, and he was among the first to recognize Mr. Cleveland as a fitting and successful candidate. He was one of the leading orators at the Chicago Convention, and his successful opposition to the nomination of Mr. Cleveland to the party that wished to compass Mr. Cleveland's defeat is well remembered.

Uttu his protracted illness Mr. Manning had very little of what might be called social life. He had resided in Albany for many years, and between the President and the Commercial Bank and the office of his newspaper, and even when he climbed the hill of his pleasant residence on Washington avenue he had few minutes to give to his

MRS. FORBES' ADVENTURE.

A Victim of Marbles Who Says She Was Robbed Twice.

Charles S. Forbes, an agent for the Marvin Safe Company and residing at Stamford, Conn., visited Inspector Williams yesterday in search of his wife, Lillian, who left her home at the Arlington House in Stamford on Wednesday and failed to return.

Mrs. Forbes is addicted to the morphine habit, he said, and only last May was taken home from the Asylum for the Insane at Middletown, N. Y., where she had been confined several months.

Her conduct was regular, Mr. Forbes stated, until very recently, when she grew restless, and he suspected that she was using morphine freely.

On Wednesday night he received a telegram from her asking for money to come home, and he sent her the amount, but she was robbed. The dispatch was sent from the branch office of the Western Union in Broadway near Houston street.

Mr. Forbes instantly started for this city, arriving here at midnight. He had sent his wife an order for money to pay her way home, but she did not arrive.

On reaching the telegraph office he learned that the wife had been there in a very excited condition and had hastened away after sending the telegram. After she departed, one of the messengers picked up on the way a pawl and a key, which he handed to Mr. Forbes to Inspector Williams, and that will go next.

When asked if he had made a diligent search for her, Mr. Forbes replied that he had not. He said that he had done everything in his power to make her surroundings comfortable, in the hope that her mental balance might be recovered.

Last summer he took her to a fashionable hotel at Lenox, Mass., and her quarters in the Arlington House at Stamford were especially pleasant.

Inspector Byrnes promised to do what he could, and Mr. Forbes went away.

But Mrs. Forbes saved the police the trouble of searching for her. Last evening she entered Police Headquarters in an excited state of mind and complained that she had been robbed. The first time, she said, was on the New Haven Railroad train, coming to this city, when she lost \$100.

To secure funds, she said, she pawned her sealskin sash, valued at \$300, to a Bovey concern for \$80. As she was entering a cab after leaving the pawnshop, she declared, she was robbed of her watch and her pocket book containing the \$80 and the pawn-ticket and drove hurriedly off.

The detectives in charge of Inspector Byrnes office at night noticed that she was greatly excited, and at times very incoherent, but were not prepared for a fainting spell which followed a paroxysm that overcame her.

An ambulance was called and Mrs. Forbes was sent to Bellevue Hospital. The surgeon there said that she was suffering from hysteria. The morphine, aided by liquor which she consumed, she had drunk, brought on a temporary fit of insanity.

Mr. Forbes took charge of his wife this morning and will remove her to her home in this city, where he will be closely watched to prevent another outbreak in the future.

The robbery story, Mr. Forbes and Inspector Williams believe, has no foundation except in the insane wanderings of Mrs. Forbes's mind.

JAMES MILLER'S FATE.

The Body of the Old Kent Collector Claimed by a Nephew.

Coroner Levy this morning received a telegram from the romantic correspondent of James Miller, who was found dead beside his crazy wife at 357 West Sixteenth street yesterday. It was dated West Wayne, Pa., and stated that Miller had a nephew named William Vail residing in Brooklyn.

The coroner called the office to-day to claim the body, which will be sent to Morristown, N. J., for interment.

The coroner had another caller in connection with the case of the person, a representative of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, who claimed that the two checks for \$34 each found in Miller's pockets were in payment for rent of one of the company's houses which was collected by Miller Tuesday.

Mrs. Miller is still alive at the New York Hospital. She has not yet been able to answer questions.

NO NEWS OF THE RAFT.

It is Drifting Somewhere in Mid-Ocean, and Mariners are Very Cautious.

About the most acceptable Christmas gift to mariners now would be information that the derelict monster raft that has been cruising independently in unknown waters for the past week had been captured and safely towed to port. Unfortunately, however, such information as yet is not forthcoming.

The commander of the tugboat, the Morse, started in pursuit of the raft there has been nothing heard from them.

A Buffalo Merchant in Trouble.

Francis W. O'Connell, of 317 West Thirty-third street, who is a member of the firm of O'Connell, Dyer, Southwick, importers of goods, appeared as complainant in the Harlem Police Court this morning against Louis W. Brock, of 265 North street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The complaint charges Brock with the larceny of one bale of worsted suiting, valued at \$164.24. The real amount involved, however, is said to be some \$400, which Brock & Weiner, of Buffalo, own & O'Connell, Dyer & Southwick on account.

The charge was made in a false statement of his, Brock was released on bail to appear for examination next Friday.

Longshoremen Ready to Unite.

The work of including the longshoremen to send delegates to the convention to be held in this city on March 1 for the purpose of forming a National District Assembly of the Knights of Labor, is going favorably.

Sudden Death at Fleetwood Park.

John W. Leggett, a wealthy real estate dealer of Harlem, died suddenly this morning at Fleetwood Park, of paralysis of the heart. His body was removed to his late residence, 11 West One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street.

Ten-Dollar Gold Pieces Given Away.

Messrs. A. H. King & Co., the Broadway clothing store, are desirous of extending the benefit of the origin and liberality of their advertisement.

They are giving away to their customers ten-dollar gold pieces as a Christmas present, and the result is that Broadway is thronged with a jolly crowd who aim to reap the benefit of the clothing store's generosity.

One hundred bright new cases were placed in Messrs. King & Co.'s show window at 2 A. S. to-day. Mr. E. O. Stratton, of 346 East Fifth street, took his first ten-dollar gold at 25 A. S., and follows are rapidly being dealt out to the lucky ones. Mr. King says he will distribute 1,000 during the day. Surely no more "dearable Christmas presents" could be suggested.

MERRY CHRISTMAS FOR ALL.

HOLIDAY SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN CITY STREETS AND HOMES.

An Extra Quarter that Brightened a Squall—Christmas Trees Ready to Bear the Most Remarkable Fruits—Expectations from Three Holidays All Together—Many Raffles to Take Place To-night.

It was very cold last evening, and the whistling wind that came rushing down Grand street must have cut clear through the thin trousers and thin legs of a bent old man who stood before one of those fearfully overlaid stands—overladen with great heaps of tawdry and gimcrack—with a far-away, dreamy gaze.

A World reporter stopped close beside the figure. The face was scamed and wrinkled and gray. The hair was very thin and grayer still. The hands were plunged down deep into the big pockets of a thin old overcoat, the collar of which was turned up.

The reporter shivered in his ulster, but the thin-clad figure was even too absorbed to shiver.

Then there was a sound like the soft, first chirrup of a chicken. It came from the right-hand pocket, and, glancing over the heterogeneous collection on the stand, the reporter speedily jumped at the conclusion that the thin and wrinkled right hand was squeezing the chirrup out of one of those rubber eggs from one end of which appears the yellow hued head of a rubber chicken, breaking the shell.

"That's for the baby," mused the man; and he drew forth the other old hand and counted in his palm 25 cents. Then his old eyes wandered over the articles on the stand again.

So absorbed was he that he heeded not that another quarter was dropped into the half-open palm. But presently, when he had selected a bristling, bumptious Jack-in-the-box, and turned to his money again, he was astonished that he dropped the Jack and devoted both hands to counting, holding each piece up to the flickering flame of the naphtha lamp that shed its uncertain rays over the stand.

He looked on the ground as if he had lost something. He abstractedly felt in all his pockets, then counted the money again, and was sorely puzzled. Then a look of fright came over the old face, and he cast a suspicious glance at the scurrying people near by, and with that set off hurriedly down the street.

The reporter followed him and saw him purchase a Jack and a little book, and a little sack of candy at another stand, and then he stood stock still for fully five minutes, evidently overwhelmed by the responsibility that was upon him to spend the windfall quarter judiciously, for the small change was about gone.

At last he hurried to a bakery, and there a bag filled with cakes, doughnuts and a wee little pie was secured, and a few remaining sweets, the receiver is made happy, and you are yourself in a better mood.

The reporter saw the old man finally enter a narrow hallway, which led to one of those dingy, dark and filthy, rear tenements of which the city ought to be ashamed, and he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had added 100 per cent. to the Christmas celebration of three little ones to whom Christmas is largely a legend.

Christmas is essentially the children's holiday, and he who fails to make at least one child joyous, who would not otherwise be happy has lost to himself one piece of happiness. If you don't believe us, try it!

For a month the streets and avenues of New York have been full of laughing, joyous life. For a week through swarms of fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters and uncles and aunts and sons and daughters and sweethearts have been going about among the shops with light but desperately secret hearts, with their hands on their pockets, and their eyes alert for something to remind dear friends that Christmas is at hand.

The whole city is gay to-day in anticipatory pleasure, and to-morrow morning, while the chimes of Old Trinity are pealing forth the anthems of the coming of the manger-child, the babe of Nazareth, half a million of children in this big town will awaken and know what pranks Kris Kringle has been playing at their house while they slept.

Employers "give something" to their hands, and it is surprising the number of presentations which are made at Christmas to bosses, superintendents, colonels and honoraries by spontaneous delegations, a few friends, and the like.

And the beauty of it all is that whether your gift be a seal-skin sash, or a gold watch, a jumping-Jack or a nickel's worth of sweetmeats, the receiver is made happy, and you are yourself in a better mood.

Christmas trees will be sung and Monday night in ten thousand homes, and Santa Claus will appear in a hundred places at once, most unaccountably.

The trees, all ready for setting out in the genial soil of New York's homes, have been planted in by the carolers from the mountains of this State and Pennsylvania, and nourished by the warm sun of loving hearts, will blossom and bear most remarkable fruit to the glory of Nazareth.

Big stockings, just right to hold sweet opera slippers, and little stockings into which wondrous dillies and prancing horses and elevated railway trains may be crowded, will be hung to-night by the fireside by the little people whose faith in Santa Claus puts the distrust and watchfulness of their elders to shame.

And there will be many stockings unworthy the name—stockings without toes or heels, and their wool will not be stretched to touch by the Saint's gifts to-morrow morning, when the stockings are to be changed for stockings at all, and perhaps it is as well for Santa Claus to lose many names from his directory.

But in a main—why not say it all?—Christmas will be a jolly day. The elevated trains to-day are packed full with people who carry enough bundles and packages of presents to fill the trains comfortably, and if those for the holiday feelings of the trainmen, they would swear and jostle and order people much more gruffly than at other times of the year.

Of course there must be Christmas balls and parties, Christmas would be almost a mockery without them. But they will not come till Monday night, and then Christmas will be given a grand-up counterpane with its three days of celebration because it falls on Sunday.

The saloons have been decked out in holiday dress, too. The free lunch will grow into a regular out and out feast to-night.

Raffles will come off in half of New York's saloons to-night, and by the judicious expenditure of \$10 or \$15, the merry raffle player may, if he is lucky, carry home a fat and juicy five-pound turkey to his family in the early morning, and long of how he won at the Christmas raffle at Murphy's for the next twelvemonth.

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And the Christmas dinners that will be served to-morrow! Let it be turkey or roast pig, or goose or duck or chickens, or only a bit of chuck beef for a basis, and wind up with plum pudding or mince pie or apple and nuts. It matters little which or what, if the spirit of Christmas is present and the dinner is washed down with copious draughts of love, charity and contentment. These are the sauces that add unequalled zest to the inebriated feast.

Of course hearts are too full for anything but home, husband and wife and little one to-night, but Monday night! Then take wife to the theatre, and perhaps a pretentious matinee with the children would be enjoyed.

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