# UNION PACIFIC MAY SUE.

## RAILROAD WRECKERS NOT YET SECURE OF THEIR PLUNDER.

**The Investigating Committee Said to Favor a Suit to Recover $10,000,000 from Gould, Sage and Others—The Suggestion Declared to Meet with the Presidential Approval—Some Facts Sworn to.**

Since the Pacific Railway investigation closed speculation has been rife in Wall street as to what the Commissioners would say and recommend in their report. Just now rumors are particularly persistent in the great money mart.

It is said in the street that there will be two reports. One of them, by ex-Gov. Pattison, will arraign the whole Pacific railway system, and no mercy will be shown for any one.

The report of Messrs. Littler, Republican, and Anderson, Democrat, will be just as hard n Jay Gould, Russell Sage and the rest of the speculators who cried Kansas Pacific and Denver Pacific down to zero, bought all the stock they could and the next day exchanged it with their own managers for equal shares of the valuable Union Pacific stock.

But it is generally believed that both reports will agree upon one point, and that is that Messrs. Gould and Sage have obtained a vast sum of money—the figure is usually put at $10,000,000—by a big fraud, of which the Union Pacific was the apparent victim, but the United States the real sufferer, and that the Union Pacific will be authorized to bring suit in the name of the Attorney-General of the United States to recover the amount named from Gould and Sage.

It will be recalled how Gould and Sage testified before the Commission. Gould related the story of the Kansas Pacific deal and the appropriation of the Kansas Pacific treasury valuables.

The Union Pacific was made to pay the men who had complete power over it a stupendous profit on an investment which they had only a little while before proclaimed as worthless and worse.

They obtained the signature of a New York Judge to an order setting forth that the Denver Pacific securities were of no value, and that the Kansas Pacific must sell them immediately for what they would bring.

They obeyed, and the millionaire managers of Kansas Pacific sold the securities to themselves. Then by another sleight-of-hand performance these securities were made worth millions, though the Union Pacific and the Kansas Pacific were mulcted.

All of these facts, it is said, are agreed upon by the Commissioners, although Commissioners Littler and Anderson, reasoning on the fact that at present the Union Pacific is in the hands of innocent purchasers—Charles Francis Adams and the rest—say that it would be unjust to censure the road.

But all agree that Gould, Sage, Huntington and the others who amassed millions from Union Pacific and its Government help, should be compelled to disgorge, and it is said that Gov. Pattison's extremest ideas are seconded and supported by President Cleveland, that several conferences have been held by the Commissioners with the Chief Magistrate, and that the latter has been exerting himself to bring them to a perfect accord.

A suit with the United States as plaintiff and Jay Gould, Russell Sage, C. P. Huntington & Co. as defendants and $10,000,000 as the bone of contention is, therefore, not at all impossible.

A reporter sent in his card to Russell Sage at the latter's office this morning and received in reply this message:

"If you want to see me about that $10,000,000 suit, I have nothing to say. I have heard of it, but don't know what it is nor anything about it."

Jay Gould is just now disporting himself in Europe, and his son, George Gould, was not to be found at his office in the Western Union Building.

## MAY FOUL THE PROPELLERS.

**The Only Danger to be Feared from Mr. Leary's Derelict Logs.**

For the purpose of ascertaining the dangers attendant upon navigation by reason of the drifting logs which composed the monster raft which went to pieces directly in the track of incoming transatlantic steamers last week, a WORLD reporter interviewed several of the officers of these vessels.

Capt. Bently, of the Guion line steamship Wisconsin, was not on board, but First Officer Edwin Fairfield, who has made 187 voyages across the Atlantic, eighty-five of which were made in his present ship, was aboard, and he said that he did not like the idea of encountering so many logs.

True, the remnants of the raft were found about eighty miles south of the route of outward bound vessels, but there would be no doubt that they would get into the Gulf Stream and perhaps break a few propellers.

He thought that Capt. McCalla's statement that the wash from the stern of an incoming ship would throw a log away from a vessel, was correct. He had seen many floating spars disposed of in that way.

Second Officer Lewis thought that there would be little danger unless it be that a great number of the logs got entangled in a field of thin ice, when they would be just as dangerous, to his mind, as in the original raft.

The Wisconsin sails to-day and may encounter some of Mr. Leary's timber.

The Anchor line steamship Furnessia was towed to her dock from the lower bay this morning. Capt. Hedderwick said:

"We did not encounter a single log of that raft, although we kept a sharp lookout for it and passed the spot where it was cast adrift yesterday.

"I suppose that it is getting ready to take a trip to Iceland or the Bay of Biscay, as suits the pleasure of the stream.

"There may be danger to propeller screws from so many logs, for they will certainly float in patches, but the sterns of all the steamships are so sharp that there is no danger to be apprehended from a staving in of bows."

It was 11 o'clock when the gang-plank was raised to the deck of the Cunarder Gallia, which had just arrived at her dock after a fair passage. The reporter hurried aboard and found that genial old salt, Capt. Murphy, in his cabin.

Capt. Murphy had not heard of the raft, but when told of its size and its breaking up he said: "It'll be an infernal nuisance, and raise the devil with propellers, particularly if a vessel encounters a few logs chained together. They may say that there's no danger in running down a single log, but it's unpleasant even to bump up against a sleeping whale. You feel as though an earthquake had struck you then. It will be a terrible nuisance.

"No; we saw nothing of the logs yesterday."

The revenue cutter Grant returned to the Navy-Yard to-day. She steamed about the Atlantic for some three hundred and fifty miles, but saw nothing of the raft. Her commander was surprised to learn that the Enterprise had been successful in the search.

There is a movement on foot about the Maritime Exchange to invoke the aid of the naval authorities in preventing James Leary, owner of the lost raft, from making the attempt again.

Mr. Leary is determined to build and ship two other large consignments of timber and the members of the Maritime Exchange hope to prevent him executing his promise.

### Bumped Against a Man with a Knife.

While John Bonara, twenty-seven years old, of No. 151 Leonard street, was walking along Baxter street shortly after 1 o'clock this morning he met a man in front of No. 25 Baxter street, and, bumping against him, got into a quarrel with him. The man drew a knife and stabbed Bonara in the left side of his neck and his left shoulder and then escaped. Both injuries were flesh wounds, which were dressed at Chambers Street Hospital.

# BYRNES AND THE BOSTON THIEVES.

**He Will Help the Officers of the "Hub" if They Ask His Aid.**

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

BOSTON, Dec. 27.—This city is filled with New York thieves, who are operating successfully directly under the nose of the Police Department. But this is not saying much, for it is now under the most inefficient management in its history. During the past six weeks innumerable "second-story" robberies have taken place, burglaries have been committed right and left and many citizens have been garroted in the street even early in the evening. The extent of the depredations of these thieves is not publicly known, for Supt. Small has ordered that no information be given the reporters. He has deprived the police reporters of their desks in the building and has refused them the aid of a "blotter" which was formerly kept for their benefit. This because they commented on the robberies.

The result is that there is open war between the Superintendent and the press. Despite his efforts to keep reports of robberies secret they come out, and the papers are filled with reports capped with sensational headlines. Citizens suggest that Inspector Byrnes be called on to furnish a quota of men to rid the town of desperadoes. It is a repetition of the times just after the war, when it was not safe to go out after dark for fear of sandbag men and garroters.

On the receipt of this despatch a WORLD reporter was detailed to learn the truth or falsity of the report that Boston is being sacked by New York "crooks," and if so, to learn the names of some of the men. From a man who has the name of knowing most of the thieves of New York who garrote and "climb" THE WORLD reporter got much information, and though the informant undoubtedly knows the names of the men he refused to mention them. Said he:

"It is true that there is a big New York mob working Boston and they are making big money. Why, only last Wednesday night two of the gang broke into Jordan & Marsh's storehouse and stole a lot of goods, and Thursday night they forcibly robbed a tailor in his store, opposite the Hollis Street Theatre. All the outlying places are being robbed by the 'second-story' men. The 'coppers' over there must be having a great time from what I hear. They think their 'stool pigeons' sharp enough to work this mob, but they aren't. There are only two detectives in Boston who amount to anything and they are 'Tom Gerraughty and 'Andy' Houghton. All the rest can't earn their salt.

"There is no money in New York. Why, only last night Byrnes sent out a dozen men and pulled three or four of the joints where the boys hang out, and took all hands to Headquarters and looked them over. He got the mugs of two new Chicago confidence men by that trick of his. The chief detective in Boston is a very funny man. I'll bet he doesn't dare go out after dark himself. If he were like Byrnes he would have the mob in jail over there in twenty-four hours."

THE WORLD'S informant is Andy Coakley, who is well known in Boston.

At the Fifth Avenue Hotel THE WORLD reporter met a Boston business man, who said that Boston seemed filled with the boldest thieves in the country. "The police are powerless," he said. "The Superintendent seemed completely lost and the chief of detectives is merely a fine-looking fellow who is a better entertainer than anything else."

Inspector Byrnes was called on by THE WORLD reporter. He would say nothing except that he would gladly assist the Boston detectives if requested so to do.

## DEADLY FEUD IN MISSOURI.

**Ten Men Said to Have Been Killed—Troops Appealed For.**

OZARK, Mo., Dec. 25.—Col. Almus Stone, of this city, returned from Stone County yesterday and says that a deadly warfare is raging near Galena in that county. Very little is known of the story of the feud, but it seems that the Terry brothers, five in number, living near Maybury's Ferry, on the White River, have for years defied the law and intimidated the community. They have been charged with various crimes, including horse-stealing, and finally a vigilance committee was organized to drive them out of the county.

The Terrys, with their friends, overawed the leaders of the "regulating" movement and the outlaws held their ground. Two weeks ago one of the Terrys was shot from ambush and killed. Soon after this one Weeks, a member of the anti-Terry faction, was shot to pieces by unknown assassins. A few days after the death of Weeks, Garret, a friend of the Terrys, was fired upon by Grant Wagner and Wm. Ambrose, who had secreted themselves behind a tree. Ambrose was armed with a double-barrelled breech-loading shotgun and Wagner with a repeating Winchester rifle. Garret carried a Winchester rifle, and when fired upon by the assassins jumped from his horse and took a position behind a tree and about forty-five yards from Ambrose and Wagner.

The fight which ensued lasted about fifteen minutes, during which time over twenty shots were exchanged. Wagner received two mortal wounds and his ally (Ambrose) fled, leaving Garret master of the field. About this time Frank Ambrose, a brother of William, who had heard the shooting, came upon the scene armed with a revolver and opened fire on Garret, killing him at the second shot, and receiving himself a mortal wound. Ambrose then took his wounded brother home, the latter dying in a few hours. It is said that ten men have been killed in the neighborhood and that no one has received any legal punishment. An appeal has been made to Gov. Marmaduke to send troops to the scene.

## PETER PAUL'S FEAT.

**How a Spunky Passenger Brought the Minneapolis Street Railway to Time.**

[*From the Minneapolis Journal.*]

The South Minneapolis citizens who patronize the Riverside avenue car line are still feeling very gleeful over the way they brought the street railway company to time and forced them to put conductors back on the line after they had taken them off. They point with pride to the fact that they once beat "Millionaire Tom Lowry," as they call him, after the City Council had failed to bring him up with a snap, as it tried to do. After the company had issued the order to lay off the conductors the patrons of the line pleaded with the company to rescind the order, but with no effect. Then a scheme was inaugurated to compel them to do what they had before refused to do. The prime mover in the scheme was Peter Paul, a South Side carpenter. He got into a car one night, being the only passenger at the time. The driver rang the register, but Paul sat motionless in his seat. The car went some distance, and the driver glanced back every second or two at the change-box to locate the passenger's nickel. It failed to show up. Finally he opened the door and said: "Mister, you've forgot to pay your fare."

"No, I haven't," said Paul.

"Why don't you put it in the box then?" demanded the driver angrily.

"I don't have to; here's a nickel for the fare; if you want it come and get it."

"You know I can't do that," said the driver.

"Its agin the rules."

"Then you don't get it," calmly replied Paul.

"You'll either pay, get off the car or I'll have you arrested."

"Go on," was the reply.

At this moment a policeman hove in sight and the driver hailed to him. The driver explained.

"Throw him off the car and I'll attend to him," said the officer. "I can't touch him there."

The driver drove on in disgust without his nickel. In a day or two Paul's feat had been noised all over that part of town. An organized plan followed. It was a nightly occurrence for twenty or twenty-five South Minneapolis citizens to get on a car and to refuse to pay. The result was that a day or two later conductors were a feature on that line again.

And that was how the South Side citizens brought the Minneapolis Street Railway to terms.

### A Bull Butts a Locomotive.

[*From the Philadelphia Telegraph.*]

A drawn fight between a bull and the locomotive of a passenger train on the East Pennsylvania Railroad occurred yesterday about a mile from Allentown. It appears that Conpersburg, undertook to drive two steers and a bull to Allentown and started across the track of the road mentioned. The cattle became bewildered at the sight of the train and ran in front of the engine. The bull made an effort to charge the monstrous locomotive. He was thrown twelve feet in the air and landed in a field near by, but was not seriously injured. One of the steers was thrown under the engine and had one leg cut off, in consequence of which it was killed to end its misery.

### Two Small Fires.

John Mahon's two-story frame house at 824 First avenue got on fire from a Christmas tree at 2.30 o'clock this morning and very nearly burned to the ground. It will cost him $900 to replace his furniture and $200 to make his house habitable again.

Shortly after 5 o'clock a fire started in a frame stable at the rear of 966 Forrest avenue, owned by William Stone and occupied by Patrick Curtis. The damage was trifling, but the firemen had considerable difficulty in rescuing the horses.

### Staten Island Notes.

Henry Gebhardt, aged thirty, a carpenter residing on the Richmond Road, Stapleton, died at the Smith Infirmary yesterday from injuries received by falling from a scaffold at New Brighton.

Although the ice on Silver Lake yesterday was not more than two inches thick, several hundred skaters crowded the lake and enjoyed fancy gliding and violent tumbling until nightfall.

It was a big day yesterday for the 800 little orphans in Father Drumgoole's mission at Mount Loretto, Princess Bay. There were several mammoth Christmas trees in the four large playrooms. Each child was presented with articles of clothing and toys.

Officer Sullivan, of the Richmond County police, was brutally assaulted on Sunday night by John Callahan, of New Brighton. Callahan and two other men knocked the officer down and kicked and beat him. Callahan escaped, but two men—Timothy Corwie and John S. Crokeley—were arrested and locked up.

# CHARITABLE MR. CORCORAN.

## EIGHTY-NINE ROSES PLACED IN HIS WREATH OF YEARS.

**Sketch of the Philanthropist Who Has Given Away $7,000,000 in Charities—Description of His House and Library—His Reminiscences of the Presidents Since Washington—Daniel Webster's Necessities.**

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

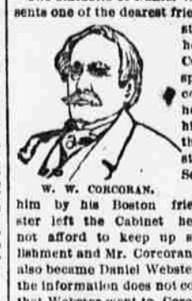
WASHINGTON, Dec. 27.

To-day there are eighty-nine roses in the wreath of years worn by Mr. W. W. Corcoran, the noted philanthropist of this city, and the event is being very quietly celebrated owing to Mr. Corcoran's enfeebled state of health. He has not fully recovered from his illness of Sunday, but is cheerful, and will, undoubtedly, be as well as usual in a few days.

Mr. Corcoran received numerous costly presents and great quantities of flowers. He was particularly pleased with a handsome floral piece from the White House and some choice exotics sent by Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, of New York.

Yesterday I called upon him in his library. An American eagle, the gift of one of his friends, looked down from the top of one of the book-cases as he talked, and rare old portraits, curious carvings and mementos of persons and travel met the eye at every turn. Beside the eagle was a framed photograph of Mrs. Cleveland, presented by her to Mr. Corcoran, and above this was an oil-painting of his old friend, George Peabody, who is perhaps his only rival in the world's history of money-making and philanthropy. A little further on is a portrait of Humboldt, and on another case stands a bronze statuette of Frederick William of Prussia. Mr. Corcoran dined with this King in 1855, in company with Von Humboldt, and he bought this statuette the day before he left Berlin.

The statuette of Daniel Webster near this represents one of the dearest friends of his life and Webster penned the last letter he ever wrote to Mr. Corcoran. In one of his speeches he said that Corcoran, above all the men he ever knew, had done his duty, and it was in this very house that Webster lived when he was Secretary of State.



W. W. CORCORAN.

It was bought for him by his Boston friends, and when Webster left the Cabinet he found that he could not afford to keep up so expensive an establishment and Mr. Corcoran became its owner. He also became Daniel Webster's banker, and though the information does not come from him, I am told that Webster went to Corcoran whenever he was in need of money and that his notes were always cashed. As he grew older his debts became greater, and one day, after Webster had made his extraordinary speech on the Missouri Compromise in the Senate, Mr. Webster received a package of papers from Mr. Corcoran containing the cancellation of all his indebtedness to him. The Corcoran mansion is grander now than it was when Webster dined and wined the diplomats within it. Wings have been added to it and it has been so changed that it appears more like the country home of some French nobleman and it is one of the most beautiful private houses in the United States. Facing Lafayette Square, it is just opposite the White House, and its material is of red pressed brick and brown stone. An iron fence, tipped with gold, incloses its front

HIS WASHINGTON RESIDENCE.

yard, and its walled gardens comprise nearly a block of the most valuable ground of the capital. Its style is that of the Italian Renaissance, and it is rich, but not gaudy, and both exterior and interior show exquisite taste. Brown-stone steps lead to a wide front door and a pull at the silver bell brings a servant to the visitor. The entrance hall produces an effect upon you like that of an Italian palace, with its wide white pillars, and the vista which you get from the north corridor and the grand salon at the left, finished in white and gold, reminds you of the rooms of Fontainebleau or Versailles. This room used to be the picture gallery, and a few fine paintings still remain upon its walls. Its ceiling is 27 feet high and it is about three times the length of an ordinary parlor, or 48 feet, and it is 25 feet wide. An antique cabinet stands against the wall, its inner doors panelled with gems from the old masters. Mirrors reflect the satin-covered furniture from different sides of the room, and there is an air of quiet comfort pervading the whole which you do not find in rich men's houses where less taste is displayed. At the right there is a parlor with a ceiling fourteen feet high, and this room is equally well furnished. Its windows look out upon the White House, and I caught a glimpse of Mills's statue of Jackson through them as I passed on to Mr. Corcoran's library.

HIS SPLENDID LIBRARY.

This library is finished in natural wood and is so papered that it appears to be walled with old English oak. Old oak chairs and sofas are costly scattered about it. An oak desk covered with Christmas presents stands in the centre and richly carved oak bookcases line the walls. The library ceiling is twenty-eight feet high and its best light comes from the glass in the vaulted roof. The windows are of stained glass and the furniture was made in Paris. The rich oak mantel, which reaches to the ceiling, has carved figures which would honor the great cathedral at Antwerp, and this mantel alone cost $2,000. It has figures representing History and a Hungarian hunter on each side of its mirror, and the round clock, which stands over the fireplace, is set into its centre.

The bookcases are full of rare volumes of the classics of all languages. They are chiefly English editions and they comprise over five thousand volumes. The most valuable books among them, however, are the bound private letters of Mr. Corcoran. There are fourteen of these and they are great fat tomes, each of which is nearly the size of a dictionary. These contain letters from Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Fillmore, Tyler, Buchanan, Amos Kendall and other noted men of our past history, and with these are bound letters from the most noted scientists and litterateurs. There are many private letters from Von Humboldt among them, and they comprise a correspondence which will make a fortune for Mr. Corcoran's biographer. He has been during two-thirds of a century on the most intimate terms with Presidents, Senators, foreign Ministers and others, and there are few noted men who have come to America whom he has not known well. He values these letters above money, and he has, I understand, published a number of them in connection with some reminiscences, and these he will give at his death to his grandchildren. Only three hundred copies have been printed, and they are sealed up and locked away until that time. He calls it a grandfather's legacy to his grandchildren, and his secretary, Mr. Hyde, tells me that his own recollections comprise 300 pages of most interesting matter.

A NOBLE CREED.

I don't think Mr. Corcoran has ever cared for money for money's sake, and I cannot better sum up his life than in the quotation of his dedication of this grandfather's legacy:

*To My Grandchildren:*

As a private individual, inspired by an appreciation of my relations to my fellow-man, I have, from early youth to old age, endeavored to be just to all and generous to the deserving. Blessed by kind Providence with larger possessions than commonly fall to the lot of man, I have regarded them as a sacred trust for the benefit of knowledge, truth and charity. My reward has been an approving consciousness and the gratifying appreciation of many good and great men, whose testimonies I have preserved in this volume for you.

Many of the letters in this collection afford melancholy evidences of the instability of human affairs, and a perusal of them will suggest to you the propriety of endeavoring to cultivate a spirit prepared to bear with equanimity the vicissitudes of fortune which may await the most prosperous condition.

The most valuable bequest I can make you is a good name, and I feel assured you will cherish it, for its price is above rubies. Your affectionate grandfather,

July 1, 1878. W. W. CORCORAN.

These are modest words from a man who has had the career of William Wilson Corcoran, and his good name is certainly greater than all his wealth. He has given away three-fourths of all he has ever made, and in sums of over $5,000 his benefactions amount to nearly $6,000,000. In small sums he has given away $1,500,000, and his purse is always open. The people who have gained by his benevolences are numbered by the thousands, and the Corcoran Gallery, which is endowed with $2,000,000, has given American art a firm establishment at the capital of our nation, and it, and the schools and colleges to which he has so liberally given, will keep up their good work after he has passed away.

His monument to the author of "Home, Sweet Home," cost thousands of dollars, and it is due to him that John Howard Payne sleeps upon American soil. Oak Hill Cemetery, in which he lies, was given to Georgetown by Mr. Corcoran after he had spent $140,000 in decorating it, and the only part which Mr. Corcoran will have in it is the grand Grecian mausoleum, around whose marble dome, in plainly chiselled letters, is the word "Corcoran." "My last home," he said to me, as he showed me a photograph of it to-day.

He feels, I doubt not, ready for it, and in looking over his career he has nothing to regret.

He said to-day, in response to my question as to whether he thought that the gifts of his immense sums had been repaid in the satisfaction of giving:

"I do. The pleasure I have had from doing good with my money is greater than that which could have arisen from the possession of any sum, however immense. My feeling in this regard reminds me of the epitaph on the tomb of Edward Courtenay, the Earl of Devonshire:

"What we give we have,
What we spent we had,
What we left we lost."

Mr. Corcoran uttered these words in strong chest tones, and his dark blue eyes shone with intellectual vigor as they looked into mine.

A PEN PICTURE.

What a wonderful man he is!

Tall, straight and broad-shouldered, in a decade more he will have outlived three generations of men, and his mind is to-day as clear as the waters of the Fountain of Perpetual Youth, which he seems to have sipped. His body, barring his slight paralytic stroke, works as well as when, years ago, he was one of the best horseback riders in the District of Columbia. His digestion does not trouble him and he sleeps like a plough-boy. He enjoys his old age, and he tells me that he attributes his good health to a long life of temperance and to the fact that his good constitution has never been injured by excesses of any sort. Up to last summer he had not known a sick day, and though his hair is like strands of silver his face shows few wrinkles.

He has a remarkable head.

Large, full-featured and handsome, its forehead is broad, high and intellectual. Its nose is straight and the mouth is firm, but pleasant. His jaw is as strong as that of Sam Randall, but it is more clean in its cut, and the lines about it are more gentle. Mr. Corcoran's moustache is of frosted silver, and his features show all the signs of culture. He dresses in exquisite taste, and there is no better picture of the fashionable gentleman of to-day. His clothes are of the finest material and the latest cut, though there is nothing snobbish or striking about them, and his only ornament is the coral pin in his dark necktie.

THE CORCORAN ART GALLERY.

Born in Georgetown, his father was Mayor of that village when Washington had no existence, and Mr. Corcoran holds among his valued possessions to-day the house in which he first saw light, and in his will he has expressed a desire that the old home be kept in the family. He started business life very young, having had a taste of classical education and a short term at the Georgetown College. At sixteen years of age, when his father had been appointed by President Madison Postmaster of Georgetown, he left school, contrary to his father's wishes, and went into the dry-goods store of his brothers, James and Thomas Corcoran. His ability became so apparent that they established him two years later in a store of his own, and he succeeded well until the panic of 1823, when on one day $28,000 of his bills receivable went to protest. The result was he failed. He was at this time twenty-five years of age, and he compromised with some of his creditors at 50 per cent., and from others received a discharge in full. In 1847, however, he had made a second fortune, and he then computed the interest due from himself and his brothers to each of these creditors, and, adding this to the principal, he paid the sum in full, which was then more than double the original amount. From dry goods he went to banking, first as an employe and afterwards as partner, and for years the firm of Corcoran & Riggs stood as high here as that of the Rothschilds in London. He took charge of the Mexican loans when no one else would handle them, and placed a part of them in six of the wealthiest houses in London. He bought United States securies himself and made a fortune out of their rise when the New York bankers predicted that the country was going to ruin. He has dealt largely in real estate, and his secretary, Mr. Hyde, tells me that he can do business as well to-day as at any period of his life, and that one of his characteristics is the having of an immediate answer to any proposition, business or otherwise, and of knowing his own mind and saying it.

In 1854 the firm of Corcoran & Riggs was dissolved, and at this time Mr. Corcoran retired from active business. During the last generation he has only attended to his own fortune, to the cultivation of his mind and to the disposition of his millions to charity.

I asked him to-day whether he thought the chances for making a fortune were as good now as when he was young. He replied:

"They are better. The world offers everything to men of brains, honesty and industry, and the young man of this character never had such opportunities as he has now. If you asked my advice, however, to young men, I would urge them to go West to the new States and Territories, for no prophet is without honor save in his own country, and the young man is shackled by being the son of his father, no matter how great his father may have been. I say this notwithstanding the fact that I was born within a mile of where I now live, and that such success as I have made has been under different conditions."

"How many Presidents, Mr. Corcoran, can you remember?"

THE PRESIDENTS HE HAS KNOWN.

"I have known all the Presidents since Washington. I was born, you know, the year before Washington died, and I saw Jefferson while he was in the White House. His business agent, Mr. John Barnes, resided at Georgetown, and President Jefferson often rode over to see him. He sat his fiery horse well, and he would gallop up the street and throw the bridle over the post in front of the store. I afterwards visited him at Monticello and became somewhat acquainted with his great ability. I saw John Adams at his home in Quincy, Mass. I remember he was lying on the lounge when I came in. He gave me his hand and, during my chat with him, I found his mind bright and clear. He referred to his old age and, pointing to his weakened body, said: 'My physical house is out of order and the landlord has warned me that he will make no further repairs.' President Madison I knew well during his Presidency and I have visited him at Montpelier. Dolly Madison and myself were acquainted for years, and John Quincy Adams did his banking business with me. As for such young men as Polk, Pierce and Buchanan, I of course knew them, and during the tour I took through Europe, in 1855, President Fillmore was with me."

And so Mr. Corcoran went on, and his whole talk of the afternoon seemed based on the principle of "Malice toward none and charity for all." He seemed at peace with all the world, and he has one of the kindest hearts that ever ruled a human soul. He is the greatest giver in the world to-day, and his benefactions are more profuse as the years go on. The demands upon him, however, would eat up a fortune bigger than the surplus in the Treasury, and Mr. Hyde, his secretary, tells me that the doctors have forbidden him to see his begging letters. Mr. Corcoran's private secretary has grown old in his service, the latter is as white as that of his chief, and he has attended to his employer's business for forty years. He tells me that the letters flow in by the hundreds a week, and that the major part of them never go further than the waste-basket. If Mr. Corcoran sees them he is kept awake at night by their stories of woe, and they have increased so of late years that it is impossible to answer many of them.

THE CALLS MADE UPON HIM.

Among those received within the last few days is one from a young Englishman who wanted $2,000 to make up a shortage in his accounts with his employer, and another is from a Frenchman, who coolly asked 6,000 francs by return mail. A Virginia girl inclosed a slip of silk and requested that Mr. Corcoran send a dress-pattern like it for a ball which was to take place next week, and a Delaware woman, who stated that an husband is worth $50,000, wants Mr. Corcoran to give her enough to make her independent, so that she can draw checks without bothering her husband. She says she will be glad to have Mr. Corcoran come and visit her at her home during the peach season and enjoy her fruit. Another lady laconically says, "I want a barrel of mess pork and I want you to send it to me." This letter amused Mr. Corcoran, and he sent the pork as requested. The result was that the next man brought a request for another barrel. And so it goes on.

It will be easily seen that it is impossible to supply such demands, and that any fortune, however large, would soon be dissipated by them.

### Quinn's Case Again Postponed.

The case of Master Workman James E. Quinn, of D. A. 49, charged with having assaulted A. H. Ballard, a *Tribune* reporter, was called in Special Sessions this morning, and again, by agreement of counsel, adjourned until Saturday.


# Stern Bros.,

PRIOR TO THEIR ANNUAL INVENTORY, WILL OFFER THIS WEEK THE FOLLOWING

## Unusual Inducements

IN

## Sealskin Garments:

75 Alaska Seal Jackets - - $55
FORMER PRICES $95 TO $115.

48 Alaska Seal Sacques - $95
FORMER PRICES $135 TO $195.

62 Alaska Seal Wraps - - $95
FORMER PRICES $130 TO $185.

14 Alaska Seal Newmarkets $150
FORMER PRICE $275.

ALL OF THIS SEASON'S MANUFACTURE, AND OF THE BEST CLASS LONDON-DYED SKINS.

IN ADDITION,

## Fur-Lined Circulars,

BOAS, STOLES, MUFFS, RUGS, GLOVES AND FUR TRIMMINGS

AT

## Greatly Reduced Prices.

32 to 36 West 23d Street

AND

23 to 35 West 22d Street.


## AN OUTLAW'S RUSE.

**Newt Vorce's Desperate Strategem Which Cost a Sheep-Herder His Life.**

[*From the Denver Republican.*]

F. A. Sayward, one of the big cattlemen of the Deer Trail country, came into the city last night on the 9 o'clock train, and told of the shooting which had occurred at Robinson's sheep ranch yesterday morning. He said that Wiley Adams, James Adams and a man by the name of McJohnson got onto Vorce's trail on Saturday night, and finally located him in a little dugout where the herders "batched." In a corral less than a hundred yards from the dugout his horse was standing saddled and bridled and ready for instant use. The three men who were after Vorce took up a position behind a sheep-corral and patiently waited for the desperado to make his appearance. The hours wore slowly away, and not till dawn was there any sign of life about the place. At that time, however, a sheep-herder opened the door of the little dugout or cabin and carried some feed to the horse. Returning to the cabin again, everything was quiet for a time. The guards naturally supposed that within a few minutes Vorce would appear, and, while they were talking the matter over in hushed tones, the door once more opened, and a man attired exactly in the costume usually worn by the desperado, even to the broad sombrero, made a rush for the horse. A second later the crash of three rifles rang out and the man fell dead.

It was not until after they had fired that they saw another man running to a little dugout used as a stable, and where three horses were tied. He had a rifle in his hand, and they were amazed to recognize Vorce, and only then to realize that that they had shot the wrong man. As one of their number was stepping out to see where the dead man lay, a bullet sped by him and he beat a hasty retreat. The men then held a short consultation. There was no denying the fact that Vorce had the better of them at all times. It was dangerous for them to show their heads, but still they were resolved that they would not give the desperado up now that he was almost within their grasp. They must have help, but how to get it was the question. None of them cared to take the chances of a run of fully a quarter of a mile across the open country before they would be out of range of Vorce's rifle. It was finally decided that they should draw cuts to see who should go for assistance. This was done and it fell to McJohnson. He left a few parting words with his companions, tightened his belt about his waist and then fled like the wind. Vorce was evidently expecting some move of this kind, for when McJohnson was well away from shelter he began pumping the lead after him. The two Adamses then opened a fusillade on the dugout, but they could not draw any shots away from McJohnson. The bullets struck all about him, but fortunately he escaped.

He went immediately to Deer Trail and telegraphed for assistance.

### Lawyers to Have a Reception.

Among the entertainments of the holiday week is the reception for ladies and gentlemen by the Lawyers' Downtown Club. Cards of invitation have been issued for Wednesday, Dec. 28. The Governors of the club are Chauncey M. Depew, William A. Duer, Jno. J. McCook, William D. Guthrie, William Allen Butler, jr., James McKeen, Chas. Henry Butler, Edward Livingston Montgomery and Samuel Barrowe.

## CONDENSED LOCAL NEWS.

George Price, forty-five years old, a lodger at 37 Bowery, was found dead in his cot this morning.

James McDonald, owner of the schooner Robert Knapp, filed a libel to-day in the United States District Court against the steamer Drew for $2,100 for damages done in collision.

Fire broke out shortly after 8 A. M. to-day at 26 South William street, occupied by F. Boelger & Co., wine merchants. Damage of $500 was done to the stock and the building was damaged a like amount.

Adolph Ettinger, of 535 West Fifty-seventh street, died in the Roosevelt Hospital this morning from a fractured skull. The man was kicked in the head by a horse last Friday. Coroner Messemer will hold an inquest.

Adolph Nelson, thirty-five years old, of 67 Columbia street, fell from the roof this morning to the street and received injuries that will probably result in his death. He was taken to the Gouverneur Slip Hospital.

Pasquale Tremonte, aged twenty-four years, of 30 Hamilton street, was held in the Essex Market Police Court this morning, charged with having stabbed Samuel Milligan, of 31 Hamilton street, in the eye last night.

William T. Cresdale said to-day in reference to Hugo O. Pentecost's coming to New York to preach every Sunday morning, that the matter had not yet been arranged as a suitable meeting-place had not yet been secured.

A gas stove exploded in the apartments of August Wirtz, on the top floor of 1749 Avenue A, this morning, and caused considerable excitement before the fire it caused was extinguished by the firemen. The damage done was only slight.

Judge Barrett to-day decided to allow Frederick P. Olcott, the trustee of a number of the mortgage bonds of the Bankers' and Merchants' Telegraph Company, to be made co-plaintiff in the suit of Townsend Cox to set aside the sale of the property to Edward S. Stokes.

The following cases of sudden deaths were reported at the Coroner's office this morning: John Blanco, age twenty-five years, of 58 Mulberry street; John Burroughs, age seventy-one years, of 1807 Second avenue, and Ellen Mooney, age forty-six years, of 338 First avenue.

Peter McCormack, fifteen years old, of Depot place, near Sedgwick avenue, was coasting at Highbridge this morning when his right foot caught on some hard and sharp substance which cut through the shoe and inflicted a serious wound. He was taken to the Harlem Hospital.

Mrs. Celia Thompson, of 538 West Twenty-ninth street, who was beaten with a car hook on Christmas eve by her husband, William, and has been in the Roosevelt Hospital since, appeared at the Jefferson Market Police Court this morning and refused to prosecute. A charge of disorderly conduct was made against the husband and he was fined $10.


# B. Altman & Co.

## Will Inaugurate JAN'Y., 1888,

with

## Special Offerings

in all departments,

Of which due notice will be given in a few days.

18th St., 19th St. and 6th Ave.
(18th St. Station Elevated Road.)

## WINTER CLOTHING

FOR MEN AND BOYS ON

# CREDIT.

WEEKLY OR MONTHLY PAYMENTS TAKEN.

## Overcoats and Suits

IN GREAT VARIETY.

We name the lowest possible prices, and furnish well-made, well-trimmed and well-fitting Clothing in every instance. Where there is the slightest dissatisfaction with the selection the goods can be exchanged, or the money will be refunded if the customer prefers.

## CAREY & SIDES,

THE POPULAR CREDIT CLOTHIERS,

126 Bowery,

Entire Building—One door above Grand st.
Open Evenings until 9; Saturdays 10.30.

Ely's Cream Balm
Gives relief at once for
COLD IN HEAD.
—CURES—
CATARRH.
Not a Liquid or Snuff.
Apply Balm into each nostril.
ELY BROS., 235 Greenwich st., New York.

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

## ESTEY PIANOS

These famous instruments contain patented improvements not found in other pianos, and which make them superior in tone and durability to any other make. Before deciding what piano to buy, call at No. 5 East Fourteenth street and see and hear them. The prices are low for cash or on small monthly payments.

A NUMBER OF GRAND, upright and square pianos of our make, slightly used, almost as good as new, and fully warranted, will be sold at a liberal reduction from regular prices; pianos to rent. Wm. Knabe & Co., 112 5th ave., above 16th st.

THE "OPERA" PIANO, the most popular and the finest in the market, only $10 monthly until paid; one quarter's music lessons free; rent only $5; send for catalogue. Peek & Son, 216 West 47th st., corner B'way.

HELP WANTED—MALE.

WAITERS—Wanted, twenty good waiters for hotel on Pacific coast; expenses paid. J. S., 196 World Office.


### Trained as He Should Go.

[*From the Chicago Tribune.*]

"Never paid any attention to the moral training of that boy, did you say?" exclaimed the grieved and indignant father to the reverend gentleman who was making a pastoral visit. "Why, Mr. Goodman, I take that boy to church with me at least twice every Sunday, and if he falls asleep during the sermon, as he sometimes does, I tell him how wrong it is after we have gone home, and make him commit to memory two or three short psalms or a chapter in the Book of Leviticus before he eats anything or goes to bed. And yet," he added, sadly, "Georgey doesn't seem to improve. I'm afraid he inherits evil tendencies from his mother's people."

### Found Unconscious in the Street.

Policeman McDonald, of the Prince street station, found a man lying in an epileptic fit at Spring and Greenwich streets early this morning and sent him to the Bellevue Hospital. The man was about fifty-five years old, five feet nine inches tall, with light complexion, blue eyes, black hair, mustache and chin whiskers slightly sprinkled with gray.

## TELEGRAPHIC NEWS IN BRIEF.

Mr. Gladstone left Hawarden yesterday en route for Venice.

The schooner Mary G.