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The Giants' Present to Washington.
See the "Evening World."
Now Let Every One "Chip In" for
Those Testimonial Bats.

The Evening World

NEAREST THE PUBLIC HEART!
Evidence of this is
found in the fact that
THE WORLD
Prints 70% More
"WANTS"
than any other paper in
America.

PRICE ONE CENT.

NEW YORK, TUESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1888.

PRICE ONE CENT.

EXTRA 3 O'CLOCK LYONS HANGED

He Expiates His Crime on the Gallows To-Day.
His Iron Nerve Unshaken to the Final Moment.
The Coolest Man Hangman Atkinson Ever Saw.

THE STORY OF THE MURDER.

Danny Lyons paid the death penalty for the murder of Athlete Joseph Quinn at 7.12 o'clock this morning.

One seeing him step forth from his cell to the gallows could scarcely realize that he was coming to face a long expected and then certain death—death by a hangman's rope.

He was dressed in a neat black Prince Albert suit, wore clean white collar and white shirt, with a creamy cravat. His feet were incased in low black slippers, above which showed his cream-colored stockings.

The ominous black cap was on his head, and beneath it was his clean-shaven face, looking all the paler through its contrast to the sable headgear.

His arms were pinioned at the elbows, the cord passing behind his back. As he came out the Sheriff and his deputies, the jury-men, the physicians, Inspector Williams and other authorized witnesses of the execution stood in the courtyard. The prisoner smiled and bowed, and as gracefully as the pinnions would permit waved his hands in salute.

He walked directly to the gallows. Father Pendergast stood near him. Father Gelinus had retired, unable to witness the execution of the man to whom he had been so faithful a confessor and adviser.

THE DROP FALLS.

Scarcely a moment after Lyons took his place the noose had been adjusted and the black cap pulled down. At 7.12 the signal was given, the drop fell and the body of the unfortunate man sprang upward.

After the first upward move the body sank steadily down, and remained almost motionless. There was a slight movement of the limbs. After a little time the shroud blades moved as if coming together. That was all.

At 7.19 Dr. J. B. Cosby pronounced all signs of life extinct. Later the doctor said Lyons practically met an instant and almost painless death. On examination, after the body was lowered, there was found a fracture at the second cervical vertebra.

ALL OVER IN A MOMENT.

The execution occurred much earlier than had been expected. It was finished in almost unprecedented promptness. There was nothing but the stepping to the gallows, the adjustment of the noose, the releasing of the drop, all within the space of seconds that were few.

Lyons held in his right hand a small crucifix. Over his heart he wore a small scapular with the image of the sacred heart.

Before leaving his cell, where he renewed his prayers after taking his morning walk and coffee, Lyons asked Father Pendergast to say to the Sheriff and the others that he died as a repentant sinner; that he took his death as a punishment for his sins; that he forgave all his enemies and died hoping to be forgiven.

"JESUS HAVE MERCY ON MY SOUL."

As the black cap was being drawn down, Father Pendergast says, the condemned man's lips moved with the words: "Jesus have mercy on my soul."

When the body was slightly lowered Father Pendergast took the crucifix, and also took charge of a watch which Lyons had worn, and which he wished returned to the owner.

Undertaker Charles J. Coote, of 443 First Avenue, drove into the court-yard a few moments after Lyons was pronounced quite dead, and at 7.40 the body was lowered beside the prepared casket.

A slight rain had begun to fall an hour before the execution, and to keep the body from the dampness a rubber cloth was used. The casket was of wood, stained in imitation of French beryl. It was lined with satin in cream and white. A silver plate on the cover bore this inscription:

DANIEL LYONS,
Died Aug. 21, 1888,
Aged 37 years.

The body was placed in the casket, which was in turn lifted into the undertaker's wagon, and was driven to the shop in First Avenue. Thence, with no further ceremony, the remains were to be taken at some untold time this afternoon for a quiet interment at Calvary Cemetery.

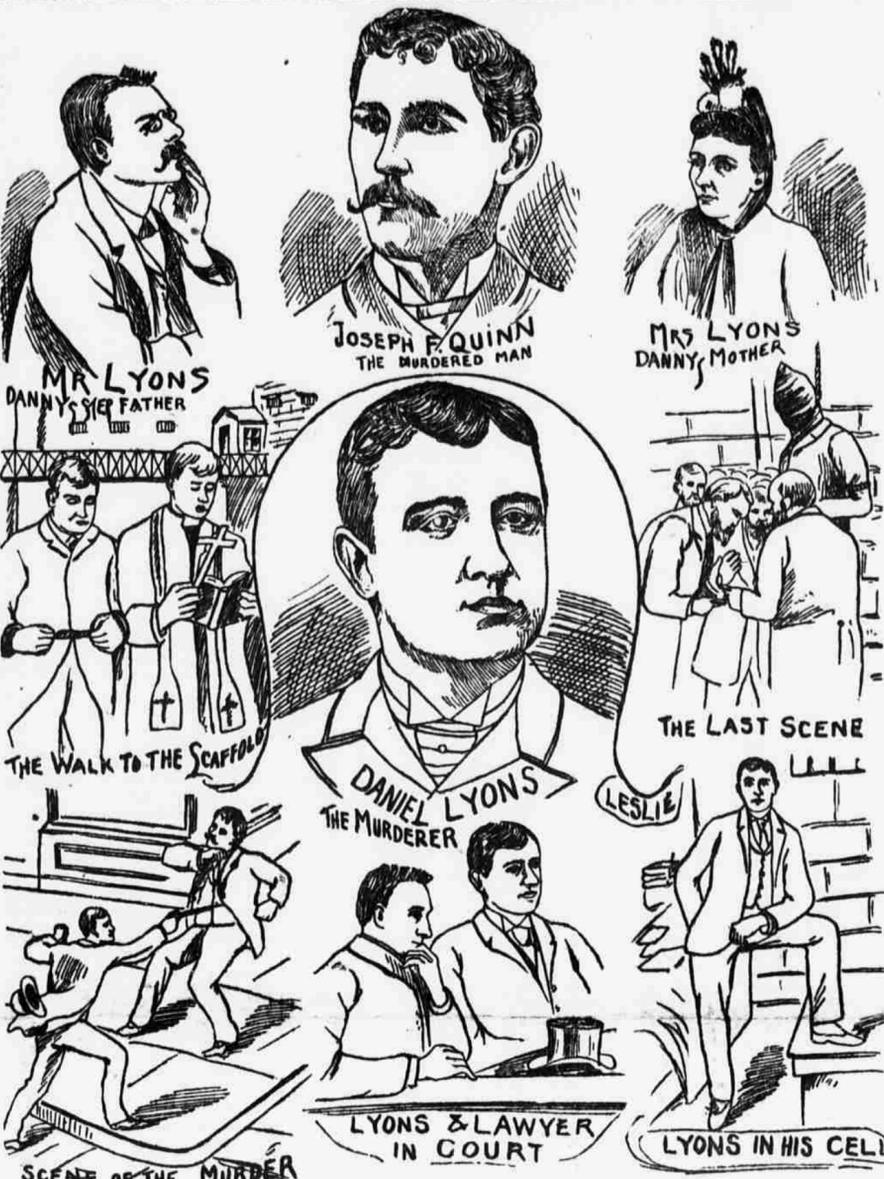
Just before the body was removed the Sheriff and his deputies marched away, and in a very short time the Tomb's interior wore again its every-day aspect.

THE MURDERER'S MEN.

The most nervous man I ever saw, the Tomb's early this morning watching the dark, silent walls as if there were something for them to expect. They talked together in subdued tones of "the boy."

A policeman found parties climbing the wall and the crowd outside made a rush to get, if possible, a glimpse of the casket.

WAITING FOR THE MURDERER'S BODY.
A few minutes before 9 o'clock a black-covered vehicle stopped before the undertaker's



establishment of Charles J. Coote, No. 443 First Avenue, and a box containing the still warm body of Lyons was hastily taken from the wagon and carried inside. A few loungers eyed the wooden receptacle suspiciously.

The middle-aged man, attired in a mixed brown suit and wearing a band of deep mourning on his black derby, stood with uncovered head on the sidewalk. This was the murderer's stepfather, and he had been waiting nearly an hour in the vicinity.

The news of the hanging reached the place before the body of the executed man arrived, and Lyons eagerly read the account of his stepson's bravery in meeting his inevitable doom.

"I tell you," he observed to one of his relatives—"I tell you, the boy died game."

Poor Mrs. Lyons awaited the arrival of her son's body in the house of a friend near Coote's shop. She went constantly, and would frequently cry:

"Oh, they won't hang my Danny. They cannot be so cruel."

But she was completely overcome when the wagon containing all that was left of her son drove up.

MR. LYONS'S GRIEF.

Mrs. Lyons based upon the composed features of her dead son for a moment after she had been admitted and then burst out in a hysterical crying spell.

"My darling murdered boy," she moaned, kissing the lips of the corpse. "They have killed you, my boy. O God, pity me!"

Her husband succeeded finally in drawing her away, and then the place was closed.

The interment, it was said, will be made late this afternoon in Calvary Cemetery.

THE STORY TOLD BY BULLETINS.

Lyons Was Wounded Cool and Bowed When Led to the Gallows.

At 4 o'clock Lyons was awakened. He was the same calm, thoroughly composed man who had slept so soundly through the night and had made himself and then went to arouse Father Gelinus.

At 5 o'clock a carriage rattled up to the Franklin street gate and Father Pendergast, alighting therefrom, was admitted to the Tomb.

A few moments later the two clergymen, Fathers Gelinus and Pendergast, with Lyons and the two deputy sheriffs, passed into the chapel, where Father Pendergast said the mass.

EARLY VISITORS AT THE TOMB.

People lingered around the vicinity of the Tomb early this morning watching the dark, silent walls as if there were something for them to expect. They talked together in subdued tones of "the boy."

A policeman found parties climbing the wall and the crowd outside made a rush to get, if possible, a glimpse of the casket.

LYONS'S LAST NIGHT.

He Devoted It to Writing Letters, and Seemed Cool and Calm.

The great city never stopped once in its breathless pace last night.

It never will stop because a man is to die,

Men die at all times, everywhere. The first breath of the new-born babe laps over the dying gasp of some poor soul, who is through with the world.

But death comes differently to all. No two death-beds are just alike. No calling away from earth is just the same as a call that has been pleasant.

Death is wont to come at a moment unknown. Even when it follows a sickness of long duration no man can say the moment when the end is to be.

Not so with a man who was confined with the thickness of stone walls and the strength of iron doors between him and the city and brightness last night. He was a young man, full of strength and of what might have been pleasant possibilities.

Yet there he was, with an unalterable fate hanging cloudily over him, ready to throw his complete shade about him when the night should have lost its own darkness, and a space of time clipped from the ever-lessening length that was left to this man.

But he, the doomed, with all this certainty of death about his head, made no complaint, sometimes allowed hope to grow—seemed less of all mind of the terrible thing that awaited him and the hour.

He had spent much of the afternoon in farewells to friends not so near as the mother and sister, whose leaving came on Sunday, but still near and dear. These friends went away in tears. Lyons saw them go almost with a smile.

"It is wonderful," said Warden Osborne, referring to the prisoner's composure. "I never saw anything like it."

His every act and look seemed to be those of a man prepared, as he said he was, to face death and its aftermath fearlessly.

Lyons wrote letters last night—six of them. The last one was to his mother. This final epistle was long and contained a somewhat regretful review of a life not well spent.

At about 5 o'clock on the afternoon of July 5, 1887, Joseph F. Quinn, a young amateur athlete, stepped from a second avenue street.

THE CRIME OF LYONS.

It Was Followed by a Lesser Deed Which Brought About His Capture.

At about 5 o'clock on the afternoon of July 5, 1887, Joseph F. Quinn, a young amateur athlete, stepped from a second avenue street.

THE BURGLES.

The Burglar Who Entered Her Apartments Had a Hard Time of It.

William Nelson, of 67 West Third street, was arraigned at Jefferson Market Court this morning on a charge of burglary. He entered Mrs. Dora Messenger's apartments, 440 West Third street, by means of a skeleton key, last evening, packed up a large bundle of jewelry and clothing, and was preparing to leave the place when Mrs. Messenger and her young daughter returned home.

She unlocked the door, but Nelson was hanging about the inside, and she could not open it. Mother and daughter screamed for help, on which Nelson rushed out, caught the girl by the throat with both hands and threw her violently on the floor.

A mob followed him, and at the corner of Eleventh Avenue and Thirty-first street Roundman Wall, of the West Sixteenth street station, arrested him. He was held for trial.

LOCAL NEWS CONDENSED.

Liberty Castle No. 7, Knights of the Golden Rule, met this evening at their rooms, 142 East Seventh street.

The body of James Burke, of 246 Fourth Avenue, who was drowned in the East River, Aug. 14, was recovered at the foot of East 10th street and Thirty-fifth street to-day by Officer Meenan, and was removed to the Morgue.

John Lyons, aged twenty-nine, while asleep on the second-story extension of his residence, 100 Oliver street, early this morning, fell to the ground, and after several injuries. He was removed to Chambers Street Hospital.

VERY SENSIBLE "JAPS."

In Japan the old-school physicians are permitted to wear only wooden swords. This is a gentlemanly way of expressing the opinion that they kill enough people without using weapons. But the grocer introduced Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery into the Empire carries a fine steel blade, it was found that all who tried the wonderful remedy for coughs, colds, consumptive tendencies, blood, skin and liver troubles, were, without exception, greatly benefited. The Mikado himself is said to have "toned up" his system by its use, and the importer was therefore permitted the exceptional honor of wearing the sword of the nobility.

Alexander's Chestnut Balm for Cures all summer complaints or money returned. For adults and all over three years.

SHOWN BY GOV. HILL'S WISH.

MAYOR HEWITT'S ORIGINAL DRAFT BEFORE THE FASSETT COMMITTEE.

Very Different from What the Republicans Expected. However—It Differs but Slightly from the Later One Sent—Gov. Hill Writes to the Mayor that He Has Nothing to Conceal.

Chairman J. Sloat Fassett's investigating committee met with a big set-back yesterday when they tackled Mayor Hewitt for campaign ammunition for the G. O. P. The result was that the members came downtown this morning looking decidedly crumby, and even the Chairman took his seat behind the desk with rather a sheepish air.

It was observed that Senator Fassett had donned a new pair of diamond link sleeve-buttons, which flashed out brilliantly now and then from the dark corner of the committee's desk.

Sensors Van Cott, Pierce and McNaughton were also present when the committee was called to order. Chairman Fassett announced that the first witness called was Fred M. Watson, a divisional engineer of the Aqueduct under the old Board. He said he was appointed in 1884 by Engineer Craven, and had been discharged after the reorganization of the Board in August, 1887.

He did not know at the time why he was discharged, but some time after he had heard that a controversy arose about extra work that he had done. He said that the contractors had put in a claim for. Clark claimed that the engineer had made an error in making his measurements, and had not allowed him for extra excavations that he had ordered. The claim put in for this extra work was in the neighborhood of \$30,000. The witness did not know whether it was paid or not. It was about nine months, he said, after he left the Aqueduct work that this claim was put in. Mr. Watson said he had very hard work to keep the contractors within the limits of the work and the lines laid down by the Chief Engineer in consequence of his many conflicts with the contractors. Engineer Watson thought that his discharge was procured. He never received any reason for his discharge any further than that it was necessary for the purpose of reorganizing the Engineering Corps.

Large sums of money he declared had been squandered in paying for this extra work, and he would not practice acting on and give whole Aqueduct it was easy to see what enormous amounts might be claimed in this way.

At this point Mr. Nicoll announced that Mr. Hewitt was ready to give the original letter written to Gov. Hill to the committee, and the Mayor took the stand again. He produced the following telegram from Gov. Hill:

ALBANY, N. Y., AUG. 21.
New, Abram F. Hewitt: Please send me by giving to the committee the original letter mentioned in my testimony of yesterday. While it is wholly irrelevant to any party in the present case, it is a non-production will be used to serve partisan ends. Neither of us has anything to conceal, and I am confident that our official action will be approved by the Legislature, and I trust you will do me the favor of producing the letter in question.

DAVID B. HILL.

The letter was not so startling as the committee seemed to anticipate. It was very nearly the counterpart of the amended letter which was presented to the committee yesterday, the chief difference being that half a dozen expressions in the original letter were changed in the substitute.

Mayor Hewitt wished to state that he had written letters to Gov. Hill in his own name, and would be impelled by his own sense of justice.

He thought that Gov. Hill's official conduct merited the highest praise, and that he could not do better than to go on and give New York home rule. Anything the Governor would do in that direction he would be willing to praise and encourage.

He mentioned Mr. McCulloch, of the old Aqueduct Board, was then recalled to the stand, and he told how controversies had sprung up in the Board in the past, and that he had been once elected as a member of the Board, and that he had been Commissioner Hubert O. Thompson then would lose his head if he did not stop talking about the contractors or Aqueduct matters either in or outside of business here.

Somebody remarked that Mr. Thompson was dead, and Mr. Boardman branched off on another subject.

PLUCKY MRS. MESSENGER.

The Burglar Who Entered Her Apartments Had a Hard Time of It.

William Nelson, of 67 West Third street, was arraigned at Jefferson Market Court this morning on a charge of burglary. He entered Mrs. Dora Messenger's apartments, 440 West Third street, by means of a skeleton key, last evening, packed up a large bundle of jewelry and clothing, and was preparing to leave the place when Mrs. Messenger and her young daughter returned home.

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A mob followed him, and at the corner of Eleventh Avenue and Thirty-first street Roundman Wall, of the West Sixteenth street station, arrested him. He was held for trial.

THE WEATHER TO-DAY.

Indicated by Baskin's thermo-meter:
1888. 1887. 1886. 1885.
24. 24. 24. 24.
Average for past week—four hours, 75.5 degrees.
Average for corresponding time last year, 73 degrees.

UNCERTAINTY OF OCEAN TRAVEL.

There were hundreds of life preservers on the Geiser, and the Captain directed the passengers to lay hold upon them. But he says they paid no attention to him and seemed dazed. Had they preserved presence of mind and seized the life preservers no doubt many more might have been saved. But these tragedies repeat themselves. No matter what precautions are taken, no matter what life-saving apparatus is provided, the common tendency to panic appears all calculation, just as the striking of the Geiser amidships instantly sank her, and the passengers were hurled to the bottom like a stone. Against such fatalities no forethought nor ingenuity can avail, and the only way to avoid them is by the most careful attention to marine disasters, which are often set off by the most elaborate provisions against collision and wreck. The Tingwalla herself barely escaped destruction. Had there been much wind and sea she probably would have followed the Geiser to the bottom before the Wallenda could have come to the rescue, and then there would have been another ocean mystery.—New York Tribune, Aug. 18, 1888.

MORAL—INSURE IN THE TRAVELLER'S INSURANCE COMPANY OF HARTFORD.

Forty-five hundred young houses and a number of other buildings will be sold at auction by J. J. McLaughlin, on West 11th st., between 5th and 6th, on Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock, rain or shine. 50c a row.

THEY VISIT BOSTON NEXT.

Congressman Ford's Committee Holds Its Last Session in This City.

The Congressional Special Committee on Immigration held its last session in this city to-day. They go to Boston on Monday and may return to New York at a later time.

Chairman Ford, Gen. Spinola and Messrs. Guenther and Oates were present.

Gen. Spinola's painful efforts in getting about excited the commiseration of his fellow-committeemen.

Louis S. Samuels, dry-goods importer at 206 Canal street, was the first witness. He has as the lowest bidder held the Government contract for manufacturing mail-sacks since 1885 and will continue another year. He employs 150 hands in this work, and testified that they earn from \$5.01 to \$14.25 a week. No skill is required in the work. It is piece work, and the factory makes up an immense supply of sacks and then closes up. There has been no work in the factory since March. Mr. Samuels thought a majority of his hands have been foreigners.

It has been charged that Joseph Aaronoff, foreman of the factory, extorted from \$1 a week tip from employees for the privilege of working, and that he has at times derived as much as \$200 a week from this extortion.

Mr. Samuels declared that he knew of nothing of this. He had never imported any workers because there are too many idle hands here now. He said that there must be deducted from the wages of every employee a charge for lost bobbins, and Gen. Spinola, caustic and pugnacious, drew out that the bobbins were bound to be used up in the work anyway. The foreman, Aaronoff, is a Spaniard.

Mr. Samuels admitted that charges had been frequently made to him that Aaronoff had demanded money from applicants, and Gen. Spinola succeeded in getting a very unsatisfactory idea of the "investigation" which he made of the charges.

The second witness was Samuel Krentz, who lives at 29 Clinton street and has been in America five months. He is a member of a little German band and pays an annual visit to America. He is a Bavarian, and was called to show that the little street bands come to America on contract.

A PLOT TO HANG A WOMAN.

Another Woman Wanted to Marry Her Husband and Had Her Accused of Murder.

Special to the Evening World.

YONGELOW, O., Aug. 21.—Cor. Williams, the colored girl who charged Roda Boswell with the murder of a peddler, was taken to Canfield last night by officers and into the presence of the accused.

She reiterated her story, pointing out the place on the door where the peddler fell, and then led the way to a tree, around which was planted there. The earth had not been disturbed.

Satisfied then that the girl was lying, the officers threatened to punish her, but she then admitted that Florence Scott, a courtesan here, had induced her to tell the story as the Scott woman desired to secure Mrs. Boswell's husband.

RACING AT MARATON.

SARATOGA, Aug. 21.—Following are the results of the races on the various tracks.

First Race.—Grey Queen first, The Lioness second, Daisy Woodruff third. Time—1.16.

Second Race.—Colony first, Santalene second, Mollie McCarthy's last third. Time—1.49.

Brighton Entries for To-morrow.

SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.

BRIGHTON BEACH, L. I., Aug. 21.—Here are the Brighton Beach entries for Wednesday, Aug. 22:

First Race.—Purse \$250; three-quarters of a mile; selling allowance.

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EXTRA 3 O'CLOCK THE PARK ROW MURDER.

THE MURDERED MAN IS FERDINAND SERZARINI, AN ITALIAN.

The New York Witness Cannot Positively Identify the Man Under Arrest—Who and Where is Uncle Ryan?—An Italian Supposed to Have Fired the Fatal Shot—The Prisoner Remanded at the Coroner's Office.

The man who was murdered in the hall way of 73 Park row yesterday was identified at the Morgue to-day by David C. Bonaquin, of the Clifton Island Hotel, Staten Land, as Ferdinand Serzarini, formerly a foreman on the city docks.

Though Bernard Manning, a printer, residing with his brother, Thomas Manning, at 153 Prospect street, Brooklyn, is under arrest, suspected of the murder, the police are utterly in the dark as to the identity of the assassin.

The dead man evidently did not engage in hard manual labor. His hands were delicate, white and shapely and neatly manicured. His face was cleanly shaven and his clothing good, though not elegant.

Nothing on his person indicated his identity. There was a purse with \$3.40 in it and a few scraps of paper—on a meal check for the Hotel Wellington at Forty-second street and Vanderbilt avenue—on each of which was scribbled the name "Maggie Ryan," and on one was added the address, "Islip, L. I."

The murder was committed at 3.45 p. m., when Park row was filled with people, but two or three persons saw the murderer, as he was lost in the stream of humanity which surged through the hall way, and they are unable to give an accurate and detailed description of him.

Two only describe him. Levi Cohen, of 44 Oak street, a newsboy, appeared before Coroner Egidman this morning, and he saw the man emerge from the hallway of the Ritten Building immediately after the pistol shot.

Cohen saw the dead man fall and his assassin run out.

He describes him as about 5 feet 6 inches in height, of slim build, with a brown mustache and a scar on his left cheek. He thought him to be about twenty-three years old. He was attired in a light-colored suit of clothes.

The man ran out a few steps and then hurried back and picked up a smoking revolver which lay in the hallway, and ran up Park row.

He tossed the pistol in at the north end of the first stand in front of the liquor saloon at No. 75, as he passed.

George R. Phoebe, a reporter on a morning newspaper, also noticed the man, and gave a description of him tall, thin, and with that of young Cohen.

The blank meal-slip of the Hotel Wellington was thought to be a clue which would lead to the identity of the dead man and closely followed by Detectives Carr and Clarke, of the Oak street station.

A waiter remembered that Dr. F. M. Casey, a Mount Vernon druggist, and a party of friends had been there on the 13th inst., and that one of them scribbled on a meal check.

Dr. Casey was brought to New York last night and viewed the body at the Morgue, but he could not identify him. He was slightly intoxicated and no coherent story could be got from him, but he was positive that he had never seen the dead man in life.

On the meal check, beside the name "Maggie Ryan" were the letters, "Yang," followed by some other undecipherable. The detectives thought it the name of an Italian in New York, but no such name has been heard of, and Dr. Casey disclaimed acquaintance with one of that name, though one of the party at the Hotel Wellington was an Italian musician of the name of Yang Trancilli.

Detective McCabe, of the Oak street station, arrested Manning on Park row, near Roosevelt street, about half an hour after the murder, and after giving the description which Cohen and Phoebe gave of the murderer. He claimed all knowledge of the affair.

Manning spent the night in a cell at the Oak street station, and was arraigned before Coroner Egidman at 10 this morning.

When told that he need not make a statement unless he desired to do so, he would not make one, further than to say that he knew nothing about the murder or the murderer man.

Young Cohen, the newsboy, who was present, under a position in which he said: "I believe that the prisoner (Manning) is the man I saw run into the hallway, run out again and throw the pistol away, but I cannot positively identify him."

Mr. Phoebe, who also saw the assassin, was not present, and Coroner Egidman remanded Manning till to-morrow at 10 A. M., despite the fact that the prisoner had a witness present to prove an alibi.

Manning complained greatly at his imprisonment and remarked as he exhibited a pair of well-worn shoes, "I had a pistol in my life.