

PRICE ONE CENT.

NEW YORK, TUESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1889.

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EXTRA ALL THE LATEST NEWS

KILRAIN KICKS.

Not Suited With the Agreement.

He Objects to the Manner of Choosing a Referee.

Jake Not Sure That He Will Decide to Fight.

When He and "Cholly" Reach New York He Will Know.

John L. Sullivan Arrives in Town and Talks Business.

Jake Calls John a "Baby," and John Calls Jake a "Monkey."

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

ALBANY, N. Y., Jan. 8.—Jake Kilrain is not satisfied with the arrangements made by his friends in Toronto yesterday. He and his English partner, Charley Mitchell, reached Albany last night on their way from Toronto to New York, and will stop for a day or two at the Delevan House.

In conversation with an EVENING WORLD reporter this afternoon he said: "I am in town for a day or two on private business. The combination will not give an exhibition, as no one but Mitchell and myself are here."

"Are you satisfied with the agreement entered into yesterday?"

"No, sir; not by a long shot. My friends had to give way in everything to bring Sullivan to terms."

"The baby is trying even now to crawl out of the fight. I don't believe in putting it off for six months. We may both be dead by that time."

"Then the Sullivan party proposes to choose a referee at the ring-side, when we are ready to fight. That is the silliest and most contemptible way any one could suggest—to get a Sullivan man to referee the fight or to cause a squabble at the last moment that would postpone it."

"Will you fight according to the present agreement?"

"I can't say as yet; not until I consult my friends."

"Do you think the fight will come off at all?"

Kilrain hesitated a moment and then said: "I don't believe it will."

"Whose fault will it be if it doesn't?"

"Sullivan is a baby. He wants everything his own way, and when he can't have it he accuses some one else of hindering the arrangements. I want to fight, but I don't want him to be suited in everything and not be consulted at all myself. That isn't fair. I shall see my friends as soon as I reach New York, and then we will see what can be done."

Sullivan was found in the Illustrated News office with Editor Lumley, Jimmy Wakeley and several reporters, talking over ring fights, when a reporter for THE EVENING WORLD entered with a copy of the special despatch giving the interview at Albany with Kilrain.

After reading it to the big fellow, who leaned over an imposing stone and listened attentively, though somewhat disgusted, the reporter asked Sullivan what he had to say, and he answered:

"Kilrain is a monkey. Was there ever a championship fight in the world where a referee was not chosen at the ring-side. Why did he not come and look me when I was sick and claim the championship?"

Sullivan's face indicated his disgust as he spoke, and when he made the last query Wakeley and Lumley laughed, and Wakeley said:

"Kilrain's not to fight. No more man-of-war now. It's fight or forfeit."

Lumley remarked: "Yes, he must fight or pay."

Sullivan chimed in: "Ask him if he's

going to show the cur so soon. I will be there; he need not mind about me."

SULLIVAN TALKS BUSINESS.

Further Particulars of the Meeting Yesterday at Toronto.

John L. Sullivan and his party, consisting of Charley Johnson, of Brooklyn; Jimmy Wakeley, Dan Murphy, Philip Lynch and Jack Harritt, arrived from Toronto at the Grand Central Depot at 11.15 o'clock this morning. Followed by an ever increasing crowd of admirers, the sports at once went to Wakeley's place at Sixth avenue and Forty-second street.

The "Big Fellow" did not look quite up to his old form, but was far from looking ill, as some recent reports have made him out. None of the party looked or felt particularly fit after the all-night journey.

"Yes," said Sullivan heartily, "you can bet I'm pleased to have this match on at last. I never believed that gang would sign an agreement to match a man against me till I actually saw the names down and knew the money was up."

"How are you pleased with the agreement?"

"First rate. But I'd like it better if they'd agreed on a five-minute fight."

"How about a referee?"

"That's all right. No big match ever had a referee appointed, and I don't see why it should be any different now. I'll be just the one, put in by Phil Lynch."

"You're to agree on a final stakeholder on April 15, I believe?"

"Yes, before that. I don't see how there can be any trouble about a final stakeholder. I'm willing to agree on almost any responsible party."

"George Engman will be just the one," put in Phil Lynch.

"Yes," said "Brooklyn" Jimmy Wakeley, "Engman is a known square man, has considerable property, and no one can possibly object to him."

"How about that offer of a ten-thousand-dollar purse to fight in El Paso instead of near New Orleans which Capt. Cooke has received?"

"If all goes to the winner and there is a good guarantee, I'm satisfied," responded the giant pugilist grimly.

"How are you really feeling, John?"

"I don't suppose I look like a picture just now, after being out all night, but I will be fit to make the fight of my life in the morning, and I don't think I should die between now and then, and I don't think I'm likely to."

"Are you going to commence exercise soon?"

"Not much. I won't begin training till about May."

"What that English trainer?"

"I can't say. No, I shall not train up North for a night near New Orleans. I shall go South and have my training in the place where I fight as conveniently."

"You can say," went on Sullivan, "that I have had a drop of scotch whisky, and I'm feeling in nearly eight months, and I'm raising a glass of scotch whisky to his health. I'm feeling in nearly eight months, and I'm raising a glass of scotch whisky to his health. I'm feeling in nearly eight months, and I'm raising a glass of scotch whisky to his health."

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A BLOODY LEVY. WLY O'BRIEN.

City Marshal Goode Shot Down, Warrant in Hand.

Mr. Simon Barricaded His House and Resisted the Posse.

Goode Received One Bullet in His Back and Another in His Face.

There was bloody work at the house of Lace Merchant Gustave Simon, at 114 East Fifty-sixth street, this morning when City Marshal Michael Goode, of the Seventh District Court, tried to enforce a levy.

Last September Simon bought a carpet from Greenberger & Keck, of 951 Third avenue. He did not pay for it. A judgment was secured against him in Judge Monell's Court.

City Marshal Michael Goode, of the Seventh District Court, with Max Rosenstein, shipping clerk in the furniture house, went to Simon's house this morning to take the carpet.

Simon refused them admittance, and the Marshal broke open the door. As he entered Simon's apartments the latter became infuriated and, drawing a revolver, fired twice at the Marshal.

For several years and until 1883, Engel was hand and glove with O'Brien and was during all that time President of the John J. O'Brien Association.

He is the man who has been selected by the amateur politicians of the Republican central organization to imagine that their borough, but the poor deluded purists will not know that their selection was actually made by the great Johnny O'Brien himself.

O'Brien never proposed to give up his control of the district, but he intends to hold it by strategy rather than by the usual of a mere struggle for supremacy in which he knows that he would be the victor.

He wants the dressed-out amateurs of the central organization to imagine that their superior political sagacity has been too much for him, and have their eyes opened to the true state of affairs at the next election, when Johnny, Barney and the rest will be found pulling the strings and handling the cash as of yore.

For several nights the back room of Barney Rourke's gilt palace in Forsyth street had been the scene of secret conferences.

Samuel Engel, the new leader, who is to reform the Eighth Assembly District Republican organization, has been elected president of the district.

The object of this meeting was to find out the authorship of the recent order cutting rates on the Union Pacific and to lay plans by which the Western roads will be placed under the control of a Central Board, which will fix uniform rates for each and settle all disputes which may arise over the question of cut rates.

One of the first of the magnates to arrive was President Cable, of Rock Island, who claims to be possessed of documentary evidence that is expected to create a demand for the retirement of high "M. P." officials.

He was followed by Mr. Magone, of Kidder, Peabody & Co.; Brown and Shipley and many Western railroad men.

At 12.30 the conference adjourned until Thursday. President R. B. Cable, of the Rock Island road, said they had got no further than to talk over the general situation.

WILL IT BE KERR? Col. Fellow's First Booble Victim for Oyer and Terminer.

The name of the boodler who will be tried at the extraordinary term of the Court of Oyer and Terminer, to be held Jan. 21, will be made public to-morrow morning.

It will probably be Thomas K. Kerr. Congressman W. Bourke Cockran, Kerr's chief counsel, was closeted with District-Attorney Fellows to-day.

Richard McQuade, counsel for ex-Alderman McQuade, was also among Col. Fellow's visitors, but he said that he hardly thought that his client would be brought to trial.

McQuade had been tried twice and had suffered imprisonment for twenty months, and Mr. Newcastle said that he did not think Col. Fellow would care to challenge the success of the jurors by moving the indictment against McQuade.

Col. Fellow said that he will be assisted on the boodle trials only by assistants, McKenzie Semple and Andrew D. Parker.

BRODIE LOOKS AT GENEESE FALLS.

They Don't Scare Him a Bit, and He'll Try to Slide Over Them.

The following letter was received to-day: To the Editor of The Evening World.

Dear Sir: I have just received from my husband, Mr. Steve Brodie, stating that he is at Rochester, making an examination of the Genesee Falls, and feels confident that he can make a success of it. He will go over there in 30 days for the benefit of the Rochester fire-fighters. Hoping this will receive a notice in your most worthy paper, I remain, yours respectfully, Mrs. STEVE BRODIE.

The telegram received by Mrs. Brodie is as follows: ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 8.

To Mrs. Steve Brodie, 114 Bowery. Made examination of the Falls. Feel confident of success. Will go over there in 30 days for the benefit of the Rochester fire-fighters. STEVE BRODIE.

SHE FOUND HIM HANGING.

A Poor Carpet Worker Hangs Himself While His Wife Goes Visiting.

Coroner Hanly was to-day notified of the suicide of Louis Budziszalaki, forty-five years old, at his home, 146 Columbia street.

Budziszalaki, who was a carpet layer, hanged himself from a rope which he had suspended from a hook in the front room while his wife, Flora, was visiting last night.

When she came back she found him hanging. The suicide was out of work for three weeks and has been sick for the last week. He took his life during a fit of despondency.

JOHNNY J. DOES NOT PROPOSE TO BE LEFT.

The Amateur Politicians May As Well Retire.

O'Brien to Be the Real District Leader Whoever the Dummy May Be.

In a few days the Republicans of the Eighth Assembly District will be reorganized, and the dangerous and corrupt John J. O'Brien element utterly eliminated from the organization.

This is what the goody-goody members of the County Committee, who expelled John E. Brodsky, George J. Kress and the other O'Brien members of that body, fondly imagine, but they are doomed to suffer a bitter disappointment of their hopes.

They have skirmished about the district to find a suitable leader not in sympathy with the O'Brien-Rourke influence, and finally pitched upon Samuel Engel, a wealthy butcher of Essex Market, who resides at 123 Ludlow street.

For several years and until 1883, Engel was hand and glove with O'Brien and was during all that time President of the John J. O'Brien Association.

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WHAT'S BECOME OF IT?

About \$750,000 That the Public Would Like to Know About.

Interesting Figures for the Electric Sugar Victims.

3,200 Shares Sold for Somewhere Near \$900,000.

What Became of Most of the President and Treasurer's Stock?

All of the interesting details of the electric sugar-refining swindle have not been explained.

What has become of the vast sum of money gathered from the Company's victims is an unknown factor.

The following tables, made up from figures given out by Treasurer Robertson from time to time, by careful estimate, show that between \$700,000 and \$800,000 has not been accounted for at all.

DISPOSITION OF SHARES.

Original issue..... 10,000

The Friends got..... 5,250

Cotterill and Robertson..... 2,000

Woodworth appropriated..... 2,500

Left for company's beneficiaries..... 118,000

Totals..... 10,000 10,000

SHARES SOLD.

Company..... 2,100

Cotterill and Robertson..... 1,100

Total..... 3,200

MONEY RECEIVED (CALCULATED).

From English holders (for 2,700 shares)..... \$180,000

From American holders (500 shares)..... \$118,000

Total..... \$298,000

Company's receipts (admitted)..... \$50,000

Unaccounted for alleged expenses..... \$170,000

Difference..... \$748,000

What the public would like to know about..... \$748,000

AN EVENING WORLD YOUNG MAN ARRIVED at the office of the Electric Sugar Refining Company, 69 Wall street, before Treasurer Robertson did this morning, and he wanted to know a lot about affairs and figures of the big fraud.

When Mr. Robertson did arrive he sat down with the reporter and they made a calculation of Mr. Robertson's own figures, showing that during his career 3,200 shares of Electric Refining Company stock had been sold since his connection with the Company.

Of these 2,700 shares were disposed of in England at prices ranging from \$100 to \$900, which, at an average of \$300 per share (a very fair average), would be a total of \$810,000.

Five hundred and ninety of the shares were sold in this city at from \$80 to \$500 per share, which at an average of \$200 per share would be a total of \$118,000.

All along Mr. Robertson has stated that in round numbers the company had only received \$350,000 of which only \$180,000 is accounted for.

The question is, then, "WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE OTHER \$748,000?"

MR. ROBERTSON'S EXPLANATION.

Here is his explanation, nearly verbatim:

When the Company was organized the Friends were given 4,000 shares of stock and the promoters 4,000 shares.

After Friend's death, Mrs. Friend, feeling that her husband had not dealt fairly by the Company, had her own shares sold, and that did not belong to him for drink during the last three or four months of his life, turned over to the company 700 shares of the stock, having her with 5,250 shares, which she still has.

This leaves 4,750 shares to be accounted for, of which Mr. Cotterill now has 425 shares, I have 475, and 501 shares Woodworth made away with."

"What became of the rest?"

"The rest of the 3,200 shares disposed of for the benefit of the Company?" asked the reporter.

"I never gave that officially. I never said directly that that was the sum. I only said I thought that was the amount in round numbers."

"And do you still think so?"

"Yes, I do, as returned sympathetically. The conversation then turned to the fortunes made by Mr. Robertson, Mr. Cotterill and other officers of the Company, who upon Mr. Robertson's part betrayed the least sign of temper and answered quickly.

"SAYS HE HADN'T MADE A CENT.

"The officers of this Company, as officers, have not made a cent. Whatever I have made I have made as a private individual, who dealt in the stock, buying and selling at my own risk, like any other business man. As far as I know Mr. Cotterill did the same."

Mr. Robertson then admitted the allegation made by the reporter that he had sold President Cotterill had divided between 1.8 and 2,000 shares after Woodworth retired in May, 1888.

Well, Mr. Robertson, do you intend to turn over any part of your individual profits for the benefit of those who have lost their all in this crash?" asked the reporter.

"I would not be asked quickly. I might if I had been instrumental in inducing a number of people to go into such a corrupt scheme as this seems to be," was the answer.

ROBERTSON WON'T GIVE BACK ANYTHING. Then Mr. Robertson became passionate

and vehemently declared: "I only induced three friends of mine to go into this scheme. I will do anything more, and I can't say. I really cannot see where I am to blame for other people's losses."

"Any more than by giving prestige to a bubble by your name and reputation," suggested the reporter.

"ONLY SHOWED THE GOODS.

"I only showed the goods. The people bought the stock or not, as they wanted it," he returned.

Then he referred to a despatch from Ann Arbor, Mich., emanating apparently from Mrs. Friend's lawyers, in which she declares that in the contract between her husband and the Company there is not the slightest word to show that by his process he would be obliged to reduce raw sugar. There is nothing in the contract stating that raw sugar shall be used," she asserts.

"That is the veriest nonsense I ever heard of," said Mr. Robertson. "Every sugar man knows that it is not necessary to use raw sugar in dealing with such a matter. The very fact of refining sugar means to improve it from the raw state."

"Then you think that the omission of the words 'raw sugar' will not help Mrs. Friend and her friends any?"

"Not at all."

"Have you heard from Mr. Cotterill to-day?"

"No, but I got a despatch and a letter from him last night, which I gave to the reporter, and which were published in the papers this morning."

"Why does he not have them arrested? Or does he intend to have them arrested?" asked the reporter.

"Decidedly he does. He has good reasons, I am sure, or he would have done so ere this."

"Then he abruptly changed the theme and said: 'All that I am positive about is that I have been deceived—grossly deceived—in this matter. Some day I will write a book about my experience in connection with this affair, and I feel confident it will be an interesting one.'

HE DID HAVE MOMENTS OF DOUBT.

"He had had moments in the year past when I have doubted, Friend, his process, his secret and everything connected with the affair. Every time, though, something has arisen to reassure me."

AND TOLD THEM TO COTTERILL.