

LAST EDITION THAT SENSATION.

Mrs. Robert Ray Hamilton a Prisoner at Atlantic City.

Held Without Bail for Killing Her Mortally Hurt Nurse-Girl.

SHE WILL BE TRIED ON SEPT. 6

Hamilton Was Released on Furnishing \$600 Bail.

A Startling State of Affairs in the Ex-Assemblyman's Private Life.

An Interesting History of Mrs. Hamilton and Her Friend Josh Mann.

The Stabbing Alleged to Have Been Caused by the Nurse's Revelations to Mr. Hamilton.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Aug. 27.—Mary Ann Donnelly, the middle-aged servant woman whom Mrs. Robert Ray Hamilton stabbed yesterday, was alive at daybreak this morning, but her condition was precarious.

She is attended by physicians hired by Mr. Hamilton. Mrs. Hamilton is still locked up and Mr. Hamilton is held as a witness.

The tragic affair is the talk of the town. Mr. Hamilton lived so quietly that no one suspected his prominence. He occupied apartments with his family at a boarding-house on Tennessee avenue known as the Noll cottage, of which Mrs. Annie Ruff, formerly of Fifth and Vine streets, Philadelphia, is the proprietress.

Three weeks ago, and by their mysterious actions aroused some interest. At noon yesterday the stabbing affray occurred.

RETRAYED BY THE NURSE. It seems that the nurse for some fancied grievance, it is alleged, betrayed her mistress and told Mr. Hamilton of the relations existing between his wife and a young man named "Josh" Mann.

This man, who is known here as "Doty," and his mother, who passed as Mrs. Swinton, lived near the Hamiltons and passed as "brother" and "brother" to Mrs. Hamilton. They arrived here within a month.

Previous to that Mrs. Hamilton had spent three nights in New York, going away for one night first and again a week after for two nights.

On these occasions, it is alleged, the nurse told Mr. Hamilton how Mrs. Hamilton had passed the time with "Josh," who is not her brother.

That was before "brother" and "grand-ma" came here. The nurse's revelations caused Mrs. Hamilton to return to the city with her wife, baby and nurse, yesterday, without his wife's relatives, and she became furiously angry.

His wife picked up a long, keen-edged cutting knife of his, and it is said, drew blood first, cutting his trousers, and drawing no blood.

Just then the nurse entered the room, and with a shriek of rage the infuriated woman dashed at her and stabbed her in the abdomen, making a wound through which the intestines protruded.

The servant fell shrieking murder. Mr. Hamilton rushed to the scene, and summoned physicians for the wounded woman.

It is thought that she cannot live. Her assailant was arrested last evening and held for examination.

During the excitement attending the tragedy a small bag containing diamonds, rubies and emeralds, valued at \$3,000, was stolen from Mrs. Hamilton's apartments.

The knife with which the bloody deed was committed was found in a closet of a bedroom. It had been carefully cleaned and only a few traces of blood were found on it.

TEMPORARY INSANITY. Capt. Samuel E. Perry has been retained to defend Mrs. Hamilton. She pleads "Not guilty." Her defense will probably be temporary insanity.

CROWD AT THE CITY HALL. Atlantic City's unpopularity City Hall was crowded at an unusually early hour this morning by a throng who pass the summer season in this select resort.

Society men and women in negligé dress sat around waiting for the president to be brought in, and while they waited they discussed in a cool, calm way the tragedy of yesterday.

FOURTY OPENS. When Judge Irving opened court at 10 A. M. there was a hardy crowd for him to turn about in.

"Bring in the prisoners," he said, abruptly. "I am caused a lull of expectation, the silence was disturbed by a bustle at the door and Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton were ushered in."

neither right nor left as he walked up to the recorder. Mrs. Hamilton went first beside a policeman.

Her dress was not as gorgeous as usual. Following her husband was another policeman. When the couple were brought to a standstill, the sternly-maged judge, the woman frowned and seemed about to faint.

DRAMATIC PROCEEDINGS. A chair was placed behind her and she sank into it. The proceedings so far were extremely dramatic.

Every one present was intensely interested. Sometimes the hum of conversation grew so loud that T. P. Swift Williams had to call out to be heard sympathetically.

Joseph Thompson, for the prosecution, sat beside Judge Irving. Lawyer Perry for the Hamiltons, sat near them, and then conversed earnestly with Mr. Hamilton.

MRS. RUPP'S TESTIMONY. Mrs. Rupp, landlady of the cottage where the tragedy occurred, was present as a witness, and acted in a pathetic sort of way that gained her much sympathy.

"Grandma" Swinton also flitted about in tears, but no one had a kindly look or word for her.

CHARGED WITH FELONIOUS ASSAULT. The conclusion of the felonious assault was read and Mrs. Hamilton's head sank on the rail around the magistrate's platform.

MARY DONNELLY DRUNK YESTERDAY. Mrs. Rupp was the first witness. She testified that Mary Ann Donnelly was drunk yesterday, and the severity of her case was necessary to eject her from the room where Mr. Hamilton was picking his trunks.

SCREAMS OF MURDER. About noon she heard screams of "Murder! murder!" She rushed into Mrs. Hamilton's room.

The nurse was rolling in agony on the floor. Mrs. Hamilton stood there, erect as a statue, her teeth clenched, her lips slightly apart, and a blood-stained knife held aloft in her right hand.

Mrs. Rupp also testifies that the Hamiltons had quarreled frequently. Other witnesses next testified to hearing a cry of murder, and he rushed into the Hamiltons' apartments.

His testimony corroborates Mrs. Rupp's as to the murder. HELD FOR TRIAL ON SEPT. 6. Judge Irving held Mrs. Hamilton for trial on Sept. 6 next in the same court.

Mr. Hamilton was admitted to bail in the sum of \$600. He is only held as a witness. Nurse Donnelly's death is hourly expected. Meantime Mrs. Hamilton must remain in jail.

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Hamilton would make a statement or be interviewed by the reporter.

MANN KEEPS VERY QUIET. Joshua Mann was not to be seen. As proof of this the reporter's attention was directed to the fact that he spent \$2,300 of his husband's money in two months, and Josh assisted her.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton's New York Home. When last in town Robert Ray Hamilton and his wife lived in the brown-stone house called the Marshall flats, at 117 West Fifteenth street. Two families live on a floor there.

Mr. Hamilton's apartments were on the ground floor on the west side. The flats are on the north side of the street.

The nurse girl, Mary Ann Donnelly, and the baby, Beatrice Ray Hamilton, were the only other members of this quiet little household.

Mrs. Hamilton rented the suit of rooms, where she and her husband and child were living. She had six in number and a bathroom.

She had them from Mr. Miles, who now lives at 107 West One Hundred and Sixth street. He had them about the first of last April and moved in almost immediately.

A SLAVE TO MOPHINE. Mrs. Hamilton's career in the house was tumultuous. He is addicted to the use of strong stimulants, it is said, and is a confirmed slave to the morphia habit.

She is a beautiful woman, but she laughs in a way that is not at all laughing. She is a beautiful woman, but she laughs in a way that is not at all laughing.

When the Hamiltons occupied the flat, on the latter floor in the center hall the name, E. C. Mann, written in a feminine hand, was pasted up, and nobody there suspected that the tenant of the flat was the celebrated politician Robert Ray Hamilton.

MRS. SWINTON AND HER SON. A few doors away Sixth avenue, to be particular the number is 111 West Fifteenth street, there lives Mrs. Joshua Swinton and her dearly beloved son, Joshua J. Mann.

The house is an unpretentious brick one, and there was no sign of "Josh" Mann or of Hamilton when a few EVENING WORLD reporters called there this morning.

A mild, easy pull at the front door bill brought a response, but no one and no victim of a bright-eyed, gray-haired old man, a short-cut-haired young man, a good-looking middle-aged woman, a younger woman and a baby to the door.

Did they know Mrs. Swinton? Well, rather. They were a mine of information. It was the same rooms that Mrs. Swinton left unoccupied three weeks and four days ago, when she followed the Hamiltons to Atlantic City, that she had left for.

The reporters were taken in to see them. "Oh," said the middle-aged woman, "I have read the story. I know all about it. I always knew that Mrs. Mann was a bad lot."

until the door was opened. Then she would go down to her room and sit down.

"When did Mrs. Swinton move in here?" was asked. "The old lady took up the thread of the narrative again, and said:

"Willie, you were married on the 9th of February last. (Willie said: "Yes.") Well, Mrs. Swinton said, "Josh" moved in here about a month after that. She was a nice gray-haired old lady, thin, soft-voiced and handsome, and I took a great liking to her.

"She told me many of her troubles, and Josh was the greatest comfort to her. "If I could only take him far away from the evil influences of that woman, she would do anything for me."

"How did she treat Mary Donnelly?" "Oh, she was afraid of her," quickly responded the old lady, "and she was afraid of her. The servant never saw much about her. She drank as hard as her mistress and when in her cups raged just as bad as her."

ALL IN LOVE WITH THE BABY. "Father, mother and nurse were all in love with the baby," said the old lady, "and she was the only one that kept husband and wife together."

"Do you know where they moved her from?" "From some hotel, but I never heard the lady mention the place. She rented the flat from Mrs. Miles, of 107 West One Hundred and Sixth street."

"The agent of the flat keeps at 72 West Thirty-fourth street." "This structure the husband came rushing downstairs and gruffly demanded of his wife:

"Are you talking about that you know nothing about?" "She quietly answered, and the janitor said: "We have no information for reporters."

DID NOT BELIEVE THEY WERE MARRIED. "Mr. and Mrs. Josh Mann lived for a time at 63 West Eleventh street," said a charming young woman who had been a neighbor of the couple, but whom the EVENING WORLD reporter that he mustn't quote her. "Her temper was simply awful, and the janitor told me that she had once threatened to burn the flat down with her."

"I don't want to be mixed up with the Manns and Mr. Hamilton, for I never was. But we were together for some time. The furnished flat of Mrs. Virginia Miles, and later we found that Mrs. Hamilton was the former Mrs. Josh Mann, and she had only taken up with another man to vent her wicked temper upon."

The janitor at 63 West Eleventh street is a new man, and he said that the Manns were nearly empty and nothing of Mr. and Mrs. Josh Mann could be learned.

A man who lives at 117 West Fifteenth street, said that the firm knew nothing of Mr. Hamilton. They had rented the flat to a Mrs. J. Durkee.

CLUB MEN INTERESTED. The story of the alleged marriage of the woman caused a great deal of gossip among club men and others who are acquainted with her. No one could be found who knew her as a "liver." Nevertheless, that the Assemblyman's relations were not to be seen either. The reporter called at the Knickerbocker club at 219 Fifth avenue. It was there that Robert Ray Hamilton had not been there for some months.

The Schuyler family, who are also related to Mrs. Hamilton, were not seen. Several of the alleged courtship relations. Several gentlemen in the Fifth Avenue Hotel who are acquainted with him said they had always supposed that he was a bachelor.

They met first about eight years ago, and Josh and the girl fell in love. I have heard, but I do not believe it, that they were married.

MEET HER THREE YEARS AGO. "About three years ago Mrs. Hamilton met her," said the man who had been a neighbor of the couple.

"Where?" "I believe in a house which Mrs. Swinton was running in Jersey City. He became infatuated with her, and she was a very beautiful woman. He knew of her relation with 'Josh,' but even so, he supplied her with money and kept her in good style."

"It was his intention to live there, in order to keep his wife away from the influence of 'Josh.' She evidently would not have it that way."

LETTERS CAME HER REGULARLY, and finally I heard that the Hamiltons were in Philadelphia.

A VISIT TO JOSEPH. "One night Mrs. Hamilton, elegantly dressed and radiant with happiness, came on here, and she and 'Josh' went out. They came in late and Mrs. Hamilton slept here that night. She went away very happy."

"They and night she and 'Josh' were out driving or otherwise enjoying themselves. She went away, and the next time Mrs. Swinton came to me and told me that she was going to move to Atlantic City, so 'Josh' could be near 'Eva.'"

"The old lady told me plaintively, as if she could not help it, and I knew it was Mrs. Hamilton's work. So they went away, and I heard nothing more about them until I read the story of the tragedy in the papers this morning," concluded this EVENING WORLD informant.

AT THE MARSHALL FLATS. It was a little more difficult to obtain information at the Marshall flats. The janitor is a taciturn colored man who was not disposed to say anything about his former tenants.

However, while one EVENING WORLD reporter kept him in conversation by the hall, he was another slipped down in the basement to see his wife. She readily told all she knew about the Hamiltons.

"While they lived here I only knew them as Mr. and Mrs. Mann."

Mr. Mann was a thorough gentleman, and the woman was a wizen.

Her profanity was something terrible, and she was a morphia fiend.

CAME DOWN FROM ALBANY ON FRIDAY. "Her husband, I learned, was a famous politician. He used to come down here from

Albany on Fridays and remain until Monday morning.

"During that time they had no visitors and seemed devoted to one another."

ANOTHER CALLER. "When he was away, though, another young man used to call here. He was stout, double-breasted, his hair was low, and he seemed as if he lived years ago and was only struggling through the world now."

HEARD HER CALL HIM JOSEPH. "I heard her call him 'Josh' two or three times, but I did not know his name."

"He used to be with the lady all the time when her husband was away."

"As far as I know, and no one knew when she went in or out."

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NOW FOR ACTION.

Prompt Measures May Be Taken in the Flack Divorce Case.

Judge Larremore Says He Will Purge the Court of the Stain.

The Grand Jury May Have Something to Say, Too.

And the Bar Association May Also Take a Hand.

Now that the papers in the Flack case have been made public there is a growing probability that something will be speedily done to bring the old-fashioned against the law to justice.

Chief Justice Larremore, of the Court of Common Pleas, has said that he intends to purge that court of the stain which now rests upon it, and as he will soon be in town he may take steps at once to carry out his promise.

If he does not, the Bar Association stands ready to take up the matter, and will insist upon a thorough and searching investigation of the whole affair.

Then, there's the Grand Jury. "This is a pretty black record," was the remark of a prominent lawyer this morning as he finished reading the papers in the Flack case.

This reflects the general opinion among members of the bar in this city, and there is no apparent division of sentiment upon the point, but each one is, of course, anxious of all upon the conduct of Judge Bookstaver himself.

It is not possible, they say, that a Judge of the court should be so grossly deceived and misled in the manner in which he claims to have been imposed upon, and the inference is that he was ignorant of all the proceedings in the case from the beginning.

"If none of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas take up this matter," said Gen. Joseph A. Jackson, one of the most prominent and influential members of the Bar Association, this morning to a reporter of the EVENING WORLD, "the Association will undoubtedly do something."

What do you think of the record in the case?" "I have not followed the reports very closely, because I have been out of town for some time, but I read the papers published to-day, and it certainly puts a very suspicious appearance upon the actions of the Court."

What surprises me most is that Judge Bookstaver did nothing to clear himself of these suspicions before he went away on his trip. A Judge of the Court should know his judicial conduct there rest, the slightest oversight to be swift to clear himself of the faintest tinge of suspicion.

It is not possible to secure the honest administration of justice, and I repeat that it surprises me very much to hear that he had left town without having a full and complete investigation made of the case.

"Could he not have punished the lawyers who imposed upon him himself?" "Certainly, he could have committed them all on the spot, if he had chosen to do so, or he could have made an order disposing of them, but he doesn't appear to have paid any attention to the fact that was put upon him by the trickery."

"Can the Bar Association do anything?" "Yes, it is the province of the Association through its committee to take up any complaint made against a member of the profession, whether he is a member of the Association or not, and investigate it."

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YOUNG STORRS AGAIN

The Son of Chicago's Eminent Lawyer Arrested for Larceny.

Masquerading Under an Alias in Jefferson Market Court.

His Friend Whom He Robbed Would Not Prosecute the Ruined Man.

George M. Storrs, son of the late Emory E. Storrs, Chicago's distinguished lawyer and politician, was a prisoner in Jefferson Market Police Court this morning charged with grand larceny. He had passed the night in a cell at Police Headquarters.

Robert W. Place, a clerk in a company manufacturing steam-heaters at 44 Broadway, was the complainant. He was a roommate of Storrs, and said that for some time past he had not had the disappearance of various articles of jewelry, including a watch, which he valued highly on account of their having been left him by his father.

The specific complaint was the larceny of some bracelets and jewelry to the value of \$200. Place began investigating, and soon learned from a drunken boarder in the house, No. 30 East Thirtieth street, that Storrs had taken the articles and pawned them in a shop near by.

There is a good friend of Storrs, having stood by him in the many trials and tribulations that that unfortunate young man has experienced.

If for the case was called by Justice Ford Place talked with Storrs. The latter pleaded guilty to the larceny, but he was not allowed to bring the things back. Place to enter and refused to press the charge, as Storrs was discharged.

Place took a walk, incidentally and physically. The excesses into which he has plunged since the death of his father have ruined his health, and he is an old young man. He shook like a cat while talking to the EVENING WORLD man in court.

Yes, I am George M. Storrs, and my father was Emory E. Storrs, a Chicagoer," he said, after first denying that he was anything but George A. Storrs, the name he gave when arrested last night.

"I am a good friend of yours, I am ruined and disgraced forever, and I haven't a friend in the world. I have been drinking heavily ever since a year ago last June. You know I used to be a very good fellow, but now I am a drunkard."

"My wife has deserted and hunted me for years, and I feel now that my only hope of rest and peace is in the fact that you are here. Here he broke down, and refused to say any more. He has had rather a tough time of it."

His first trouble began when he met Miss Alene Le Huray, who was then living at her mother's boarding-house, 51 West Thirty-fifth street. Storrs lived with her a couple of years, but she was not doing so well as her first wife left him and sued for divorce, making Miss Le Huray co-respondent.

The divorce was granted in 1884. Within three hours after receiving it Storrs married Alene Le Huray. His married life with her he describes as a perfect hell.

At first the couple had a violent quarrel in the Madison Hotel, where they lived with their eighteen-month-old child. She left him and went to 24 East Fourteenth street, and he followed her to the child, but she was subsequently arrested and had to give bonds to keep the peace.

Then Storrs's mother wanted to take the child, but she refused to let her go. This, and when the grandmother died on June 20, 1888, it was found that the child was disinherited.

Storrs commenced suit for a divorce against him, and Place, the man he robbed, went on his bond.

SHOT HIS MAN IN THE BACK.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.) BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Aug. 27.—William Ollbert, formerly a bartender at the Grand Union Hotel, New York, but recently bartender at Fred J. Bunnell's cafe on Middle street, is locked up at Police Headquarters for shooting Frank Buzzel.

Ollbert was behind his bar when he did the shooting and Buzzel was in the saloon in front. The shot was fired at 8 o'clock this morning.

Buzzel was shot in the back and through the hip, and he was taken to the hospital. He fell, and the ambulance was called and Buzzel taken to the Metropolitan hospital. Dr. Holmes found that the pistol ball had entered the back at the hip, and he was taken to the hospital.

As Buzzel could live but a few hours his attendance at the hospital was taken, and he was removed to the Bridgeport hospital.

He said he entered the place to get a drink and when he saw B