

LAST EDITION HUSTLING FOR VOTES.

ray leader, was in a gleeful mood this morning. "I have been studying the registration figures," he said, "and I will say now that I will not be satisfied with anything under 30,000 majority for our ticket."

Gov. Hill's Admonition Against Coalitions as Applied to New York.

While the Anti-Tammanyans are finding in the registration figures all sorts of encouragement for the success of their effort to overthrow the Wigwam, the Tammany leader remains as confident as he has been from the beginning of the campaign that his ticket will win.

Pushed Down by a Woman.

Policeman George Murdock, of the Mercer street station, heard the crash of glass and a cry for help at 143 West Third street this morning, and running there found a tall, well-dressed, good-looking man lying as if dead in front of the home of the doctor, Dr. M. Pauline Tubant.

An Early Morning Visitor's Skull Fractured by Mrs. Pauline.

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Foreign News by Cable.

Bismarck Prostrated and Ignored During the Von Moltke Fete.

Berlin, Oct. 27.—Much comment has been caused by Prince Bismarck's non-appearance at the Moltke festivities, but word comes from Berlin that the explanation is that the prince had been invited to the Kaiser's, to which a special invitation was sent by the Kaiser, to which a special invitation was sent by the Kaiser.

Another Cyclone Brewing.

A Storm Worse Than That of Last Week on Its Way.

Gothenburg, Oct. 27.—No news of their winter overcoat had better attend to this important function with delay.

In Honor of Von Moltke.

To-Night's Celebration of His Birth-Day at the Metropolitan Opera-House.

Carl Schurz, Channey M. Depew and many distinguished citizens of German descent will speak at the celebration in the Metropolitan Opera-House to-night of the birthday of the great German general, Count Helmuth von Moltke.

Mrs. Miller's Case Put Off.

The London Banker's Wife Remains a Prisoner at the Astor House.

Commissioner Shields this morning adjourned the hearing in the case of Mrs. Corbella V. F. Miller, wife of the defunct London banker, until Nov. 5, to await the arrival of papers from the British Government.

Driven by Taunts to Die.

Pretty Ada Matthews Tells Why She Attempted Self-Destruction.

A pretty brunette who answered to the name of Anna McDonald was arraigned before Justice Walsh in Brooklyn this morning charged with attempting to throw herself into the East River.

Mr. Croker a Well Man Now.

He Will Not Go Back to Germany, and His Family Is Coming Home.

Richard Croker will not go back to Germany, as his health is now fully restored.

Diamond Men Fail.

Assignment of Wickham & Co., Maiden Lane Importers.

D. H. Wickham & Co., the well-known diamond importers of 24 Maiden lane, assigned to-day to Nathan J. Newitt.

Non-Partisan W. C. T. U.

First Meeting of the New Organization, the Non-Partisan Women's Christian Temperance Union, was held this morning in the Broadway Tabernacle, Sixth avenue and Third-street.

Whiskey and a Five-Year-Old.

A Pitsburg Child in a Fatal Stupor from Strong Drink.

Special to the Evening World: PITTSBURGH, Pa., Oct. 27.—Bridly Cunningham, a child five years old, found a bottle of whiskey at home, this morning, and drank enough to paralyze his brain.

Morello's Clerk Caught.

Samuel Johnson, a clerk at Morello's cafe, 5 West Twenty-ninth street, was held at Jefferson Market this morning charged with the larceny of \$165.

Kelleher Stabbed Himself. Let the Finest Tremble.

All the Evidence Pointed That Way This Morning.

His Wife Discharged from Custody by Coroner Messemer.

A tall, thin-faced, hollow-eyed woman clasped her hands nervously together, while her whole frame shook with emotion, as she did her best to explain the mysterious stabbing of her husband, before Justice White in the Tombs Police Court this morning.

Fassett Begins a Police Department Investigation To-Morrow.

Commissioners McLean and Voorhis to Be the First Witnesses.

The Fassett Investigating Committee will go on with its inquiry into municipal affairs to-morrow at 11 o'clock.

Story of a Jealous Man's Crime—The Evidence Begun.

The second act of a tragedy in which a well-known actor appears in a leading role was begun this morning before Judge Cowling in Part I, General Sessions, when Charles Crumley, whose stage name is Charles Webster, was placed on trial for murder in the first degree.

Further Evidence of Its Innocency May Be Asked.

Charles Jacobs, a well-known barker at 205 Willow avenue, Hoboken, committed suicide last night with a double-barrelled shotgun.

Declared by Judge Ingraham to Be the Regular Nominee.

Judge Ingraham today decided in favor of the regularity of Frederick B. Gibbs as the Republican candidate for Assembly in the Thirtieth Assembly District, and County Clerk Scully, whose decision is thus sustained, has certified Gibbs's name to be printed on the regular ticket.

Popular Capt. Murphy Has Made His Last Trip.

Liverpool, Oct. 27.—Capt. Murphy, the commander of the Cunard steamer Gallia, died on Saturday.

A Ball-Player Shot.

Thomas Lynch Gets a Bullet Through His Chest at Coboes.

Special to the Evening World: COBOS, N. Y., Oct. 27.—Thomas Lynch, the ball-player, at one time captain of the Stars of Syracuse, afterwards with the Atlanta (Ga.) Club, and later with the club at Wilmington, Del., was shot through the chest at Coboes last night in a saloon room.

The Gallin's Commander Dead.

The Police of Capt. McKelvey's precinct have this morning arrested a man who brought Bouffler away from the supper table. All the description they have is that he is a young man, about 25 years of age, with a broken nose, a full beard, and a mustache.

It Was Suicide by Poison.

Harry Hearn, a theatrical agent, was held at the Tombs this morning, charged with the larceny of \$20 and a gold watch.

Deckhand Steele's Body Found.

The body of John Steele, one of the deckhands on the tug James A. Garfield, recently lost by an explosion, was this morning found in the river.

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Father Knickerbocker—You Pay Your Money and You Take Your Choice.

The student and remarkable death of Charles J. Bouffler almost in front of his own door, 308 Classon avenue, Brooklyn, shortly after 7 o'clock last night, remains even more of a mystery to-day after careful investigation into the surrounding circumstances.

Only the Most Searching Inquiry Into Every Detail Leading up to the Time Young Bouffler Parted, Less than a Hundred and Fifty Feet Away, from an Unknown Young Man who Summoned Him from his Home.

While waiting supper at his home about 6.30 o'clock last night, Charles J. Bouffler, the youngest sister Tessie answered the bell, and informed the visitor that Charles was at supper. The caller left word he would be around again in half an hour.

Meanwhile Young Bouffler left the supper-table to get a look at his caller. When he returned he remarked that the strange visitor "looked more like that young fellow at Haviland's than anybody else."

Thirty minutes later the door-bell rang again and the stranger again inquired for "Charles." The latter went to the door and fragments of a conversation on the steps were heard.

Young Bouffler's folks recall the visitor remarking, "You don't remember me," and after a pause, inquiring, "Did I give you some money?"

Charles came back into the house and donned his overcoat, and as he passed out he was heard to say something to the effect, "I'll be back in half an hour."

Then the stranger and Bouffler passed down the steps and to the corner of Classon avenue and Clifton place, the latter was 150 feet from his home.

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There was a large crowd in the courtroom, including several elegantly attired ladies, when Crumley, with measured steps, advanced to the bar and took a seat beside his ponderous counsel, William F. Howe.

Three days had been spent in trying to get a jury that had no scruples about electrocution and would not be influenced by the dramatic details of the murder with which the actor is charged.

It was twelve o'clock before the case was opened for the people by Assistant District Attorney Davison in a speech in which he narrated the circumstances of the crime.

Crumley shot and killed Robert McNeill, a stalwart, handsome young engineer, in front of the former's residence, 309 West Twenty-second street, on the night of Aug. 19.

It was the culmination of a series of threats the actor had made regarding the actor's life, for the latter had been with Mrs. Crumley, McNeill had heard her say that Crumley was looking for him to kill her.

He then threw McNeill off the roof, and the third trial secured a revolver and returned to the doorway.

"Hold up your hands!" he shouted to McNeill.

The terror-stricken young man obeyed the order, and the bullet passed through the actor's forehead.

He was shot and killed by Crumley, a stalwart, handsome young engineer, in front of the former's residence, 309 West Twenty-second street, on the night of Aug. 19.

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