NYACK'S SCANDAL

All Rockland County Excited by the Downfall of Assemblyman Demarest.

He Acknowledges the Charges of Forgery and Embezzlement.

The Affair May Seriously Complicate the Election of a Senator.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

NYACK, N. Y., Jan. 17.—Little is talked of to-day in Rockland County except the arrest of Frank P. Demarest, the Democratic Assemblyman, on charges of embezzlement and forgery.

The charge of embezzlement is made by the Union Steamboat Company, of Buffalo, and six complaints for forgery are filed by School-Tax Collector John Gurdinier.

Demarest was counsel to the Steamboat Company, the offices of which were at Upper Nyack. Its property was assessed, for the purposes of school taxation, at $800,000, but the valuation was lowered through Demarest's influence to $100,000. The Company was informed by him that the valuation had been fixed at $150,000.

The tax bill for 1889 was $608. Demarest forwarded a bill for $833.25, for which the Company sent him its check, drawn to Gurdinier's order. Demarest indorsed the check with Gurdinier's name and his own, drew the money and paid the bill of $606, pocketing $227.25, and sent a receipt for $833.25 to the Company, bearing Gurdinier's name.

The corporation tax for 1890 was $898.80. Demarest forwarded a bill for $1,333.25, and followed the same course in this case as the year before.

The school tax for 1890 was $690.84. The bill paid by the Company was $1,145.54. Demarest failed to pay this last tax bill to Gurdinier and by this means the whole crookedness came out. Gurdinier endeavored to collect from the Company and investigation followed, which resulted in Demarest's arrest.

Mr. Demarest was arrested at his home late Thursday night and brought before Justice Bannister. The representative of the Company would listen to no proposition for settlement till the Company had been fully reimbursed, and the cashier of the local bank was routed out of bed to certify Demarest's check for the amount. The Justice permitted him to go at liberty on his own recognizance.

Mr. Demarest has not been seen here today, and, although it is rumored that he was here last night, nobody appears to know certainly that it is so.

The warmest personal friends of Mr. Demarest, including many who would, if they could, have shielded him from the notoriety he has gained, pronounced his act not only a criminal one but a foolish one.

"I thought Frank was too smart to get caught in such a trap," said a prominent Democrat to the EVENING WORLD correspondent this morning. "But he is too big fool and never hesitates to spend money with his friends when he has it. There is no use denying that he has got himself into a bad fix."

Collector Gurdinier says he intends to prosecute Demarest for forging his name to the checks drawn to his (Gurdinier's) order.

The Collector, who is an outspoken, plain-looking man, appears much angered to-day, and it is thought he will not let up on the man who forged his name.

An important feature of the case which interests the people here to-day is the question whether Mr. Demarest will take his seat in Albany and vote for a United States Senator from this State. A large majority of his former friends say they do not believe he will ever take his seat in the Legislature again.

The affair is not regarded as a party matter. Among those who most loudly condemn Mr. Demarest for his illegal acts are well-known Democrats. One of these is Garret Sarvent, ex-President of Upper Nyack Village, who is a life-long Democrat of the Jackson type. He says he has expected this thing to come out for some time.

Thus it will be seen that the members of Mr. Demarest's own party will not, for the sake of shielding their representative in Albany, attempt to cover up any of his misdeeds.

Demarest has been a prominent political figure in Rockland County for twelve years. He is thirty-eight years old, and though a lawyer has devoted very little time to the practice of his profession. He was a messenger to the Assembly Committee on Privileges and Elections in 1879, and has been for eight years Supervisor of his town of Clarkstown.

He was a delegate to the Democratic State Conventions in 1882, 1885, 1888 and 1889, and is now serving his third term as a member of the Assembly from Rockland county, having been re-elected at Fall by a majority of 861.

He has also been for six years president of the Rockland County Industrial Association, and is said to have made himself very popular among the farmers of this county. He was the acknowledged leader of the Democratic forces in Rockland county, but the present developments are generally regarded as fatal to his prospects, if they do not revolutionize the local political situation.

It is rumored to-day that other serious developments may follow, and that it will be found that the Assemblyman is very heavily involved financially in other quarters in consequence of loose business methods.

Private Secretary Turnbull, who is in the office of President King of the Erie Railroad, went up Thursday night to Nyack to look a ter matters, as the Union Steamboat Company is under the control of the Erie Railroad.

"I saw Demarest as soon as I reached Nyack," said Mr. Turnbull "and he desired to come to me in matters. It was simply a matter of business with me, I told him that the only thing he could do would be to make good the funds which he had taken from the Company.

"This he agreed to do, and when I received the certified check for the amount that ended my connection with the case.

"We do not propose to press any criminal charge against Demarest, but are willing to let the matter drop just where it is. What the authorities at Nyack will do I do not know, but I know that we are keeping no watch upon Demarest, and are not in the least concerned about his movements."

Will He Vote for Senator?

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

ALBANY, N. Y., Jan. 17.—There is no little anxiety at the capital to-day, especially in the Democratic ranks, over the news of Assemblyman Demarest's downfall. Although there appears to be no doubt that he is entitled to his seat in the Assembly and vote with his colleagues in the coming contest for the United States Senatorship, the fact that he is a self-confessed forger and embezzler makes his appearance here next week decidedly problematical.

The ordeal of facing his colleagues, after admitting the truth of the charges which have been preferred against him, would be more severe than any through which he would have to pass at home, even among his friends and neighbors, and it is feared that he may shrink from it with such dread that it will keep him away from the Capital together.

From the present outlook it appears that Demarest's vote is absolutely necessary to enable the Democrats to name a successor to Senator Evarts.

There is not the slightest doubt that the very strongest pressure will be brought to bear upon him to a tend the sessions next week, in that if he can be reached he will be dragged to Albany by force if necessary.

If he is rearrested on the charges already preferred and placed under bail the Body will be read to release him at once, and the only difficulty to be overcome is the personal feeling of mortification which would prev at the accused Assemblyman from appearing among his old colleagues.

Attorney General Tabor said yesterday: "Nothing short of jail or prison could hinder Demarest from voting for United States Senator if he desired to do so."

Governor Hill, it is said, is determined to have Demarest at Albany at all hazards.

"I hope," he has said, "that it will turn out to be a mis ake. It is an untoward thing that should happen just at this juncture. Still, Mr. Demarest's troubles will not embarrass the party in the least. He can secure bail and return to his seat and participate in the Senatorial election."

There is a probability that the Democratic vote will be further diminished by the absence of Assemblyman Harry Gardiner, of Buffalo, who has been ill for several weeks.

KILLED BY BLOWS AND KICKS.

Judge McCunn's Brother-in-Law Found Dying on His Farm.

His Assailant Escaped and a Sheriff's Posse Is in Search of Him.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

HACKENSACK, N. J., Jan. 17.—The pleasant little village of Cherry Hill, two miles north of this town, on the New Jersey and New York Railroad, was the scene of the brutal clubbing to death yesterday of Robert McDonald, a farmer better known as "Irish Bob," and today Sheriff Haring and a posse of deputies are busily scouring the region round about in search of his assailant, Phil Mann.

McDonald was a native of Belfast, Ireland, and was about fifty years old. He quit seafaring sixteen years ago, and after working as a farm hand around Etna for six years, went to live with Robert McCrea and his wife, near Cherry Hill.

Mrs. McCrea was a half sister of the late Judge McCunn, of New York, who became famous in Tweed times, and her husband was a New York policeman, retired on a pension. He died about nine years ago, and Mrs. McCrea afterwards married McDonald.

A year later Mrs. McDonald died, and since her death McDonald has lived alone in an old tumble-down two-room hovel, doing no steady work, but, it is said, drawing a monthly allowance of $40 (from what source is not clear) sent through Lawyer Preston Stevenson, of Paterson.

"Irish Bob" was good-natured and full of fun, but since his wife's death his boon companions have been several colored people, who hang around the little rickety brick house occupied by John and Jane Sisco, also colored, about one hundred yards south of "Irish Bob's" hovel.

Early yesterday morning old John Sisco called at "Irish Bob's" shanty, and was horrified to find McDonald lying unconscious on the floor in the middle of a pool of blood.

His bleeding head was terribly bruised, and the walls and old oaken bedstead and bedclothes were spattered with blood. All around were evidences of a bitter struggle, for "Irish Bob" was a large, muscular man and would not unresistingly submit to an assault.

Sisco picked up the unconscious man and put him on the bed. Then, hobbling off home, he told his wife, who went over to the hovel while her "ole man" went for Dr. Simpson, of Schraalenberg. The latter could do nothing for the injured man, however, and he died at 7 o'clock last night.

Suspicion was at first directed towards old John Sisco as "Irish Bob's" assailant, and he would doubtless have been arrested had not Bob himself, shortly before he died, exclaimed:

"Poll Mann did it!"

Jane Sisco, old John's wife, tells the most concise and clear story of the murder. She says:

"After I was over to Bob's house yesterday morning Phil Mann came to my house about 10 o'clock and said that he had slapped Bob in the face. He asked how Bob was, and when I did him that Bob wouldn't live until night he ran away, saying, 'Don't tell any one I was here.'

"Phil's wife, Viny, my granddaughter, was with him, and she told me that Phil had knocked Bob down and kicked him, and then she ran after Phil.

"Bob was at my house Thursday night, and German John, who lives at Wortendyke station, came in after him. They stayed till about 10 o'clock, and just as they were going in come Phil Mann.

"Bob asked German John to go home with him and Phil jumped up and said:

"'I guess I'll go along with you.'

"'We don't want you,' said Bob; but after they had gone Phil went along after them."

Mann has not been seen since he called at Mrs. Sisco's yesterday, but James Duryea, a railroad man who lives in Cherry Hill and was with McDonald Thursday night, says the latter told him that Phil Mann had beaten him and that Charles Bogert and German John had afterwards put Mann out of the house.

Mann is supposed by some to have secreted himself in the dense woods of Bergen County, while others think he has left the State.

Dr. David St. John, of Hackensack, made an autopsy this forenoon on McDonald's body, and ascertained that while his death was precipitated by the blows and kicks inflicted by Mann there were evidences that McDonald was suffering at the time with pneumonia, and that it was the disease that really ended his life. An inquest will be held Wednesday next.

A MOTHER'S INSANE ACT.

Her Husband Drowned, She Seeks Like Death for Herself and Boys.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

ATOKA, I. T., Jan. 17.—A particularly pathetic story reached here last night from the little town of Lehigh, a short distance from this place, which tells of the last act in a drama in which a whole family have found a watery grave.

One year ago there was no happier, more prosperous and nicer family in Arkansas than the Bradley family, but hearing of he more productive soil of the Indian nation they decided to sell their well-equipped farm in the Arkansas Valley and emigrate to the land of milk and honey.

While en route and while crossing the Arkansas River their wagon was upset and the husband and father was drowned. The woman saved her two boys and proceeded on their sad journey to Lehigh, where she went to live on the property purchased by her husband.

The death of her husband preyed so upon the poor woman's mind that on Thursday last her mind gave way, and taking her two children, one by either hand, she went to a deep spot a half a mile from the town and threw herself and two boys in, where their bodies were found yesterday. Mrs. Bradley left a letter giving the cause of her insane act.

Frustrated a Big Burglary.

Burglars who had broken the front windows at 245 Broadway, where were $1,750 worth of fur-lined overcoats, were surprised by police, and one of them captured after a sharp chase. He was held in $3,000 at the Tombs Court for trial.

No Use for Pool Balls Now.

Max Burck, who was arrested on the Bowery last night with a bag of pool balls in his possession, was this morning held at Jefferson Market charged with robbing Peter Gevaer's saloon, 257 East Fourth street.

A Runaway Boy in Town.

Archie Hutchinson, a 14-year-old boy who ran away from his home in Chester, Pa., two weeks ago and went to Florida, is at Police Headquarters in this city, having arrived here Wednesday. He asks to be sent home. His mother has been notified.

Snow To-Day, but Fair To-Morrow.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—*Weather indications:*

For Eastern New York: Snow Saturday, fair Sunday; northerly winds.

The following record shows the changes in the temperature for the past twenty-four hours, in comparison with the corresponding date of last year, as indicated by the thermometer a Perry's Pharmacy:

	1890.	1891.		1890.	1891.
3 A. M.	20	8	9 A. M.	33	9
6 A. M.	4	27	12 M.	36	26

Average temperature for corresponding date last year, 24½.

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

Strange, Novel and Startling Things Told in an Interesting Way to the Readers of the SUNDAY WORLD.

BASEBALL HATCHET BURIED.

Association People Can Have a Club in Boston.

But at Least One Observer Says They Won't Be Happy Yet.

The baseball war is over and there is again peace in the land.

Boston's triumvirs have been over-persuaded; an American Association club is to be placed at the hub; a new National Agreement is established, doing away with baseball slavery and the sales system; Al Spalding has carried the day, and the forecast of all these things, printed in yesterday's Sporting Extra of THE EVENING WORLD, has been verified.

The felicity eventuated at 7 o'clock last evening.

Later, the hatchet was buried in the midst of a combined jollification, and during the same evening the Players' League was placed under the sod.

The American Association people were at the funeral, and jovial as they apparently were, a cold chill must have run up their backs as they heard the heavy thud of the cold, frosty clay upon the coffin lid, and as they reflected upon what had happened during that organization's last struggles, and what might happen to themselves before this time next year.

Like a spectre the power which they had buried in that coffin must have flitted before them.

Yet they had apparently gained their point in Boston; peace was declared forever, and why should they not be fully as happy as the League?

Simply because they had begun to do what they forgot before—to take in the situation from a purely business standpoint.

After being kept waiting for three days in anxious expectancy, meeting and adjourning until it suited the convenience of the League to do business with them, they had obtained from the League the privilege of locating a club in Boston, providing Mr. Prince return to the League all the League players he had on his teams; that the Association schedule be so arranged that Mr. Prince's Club should be playing in some other city while the Boston Club were at home; that he should call his Club by some other name than the Boston Club and that he should charge an admission fee of 50 cents.

"The restrictions really overbalance the concession," said a non-partisan observer, "and if Mr. Prince keeps his team in the field until the close of the season he will perform a miracle."

The Association purchased the franchises of the Toledo, Rochester and Syracuse clubs at a cost of $25,000.

For the rest of the business, the Wagners get the Athletic franchise in Philadelphia and Washington is admitted as an Association city.

Whether Milwaukee or Chicago is to be the eighth city was left undecided last night.

There are only three baseball grounds in Chicago, and Mr. Spalding owns or controls them all, and in order to locate a club in that city the Association will have to plank down $50,000 for a ground to start with, while it will require fully $25,000 more to put any team there which will make a respectable showing.

There was no provision made for Al Johnson last night, he being coolly referred to Mr. Brush.

The same non-partisan quoted above, summed up the situation as follows, in conversation with an EVENING WORLD reporter:

"By the time the Association gets through with its expenditures it will find itself out of pocket nearly $100,000 and still playing second fiddle to the League.

"The Association has been outgeneraled each year by the League for the last nine years, but this is the worst dose of medicine it has ever had stuffed down its throat.

"It is almost safe to predict that before the close of the season it will be skirmishing around for old clubs to fill up its circuit; when a few hours ago it stood within its power to form one of the most powerful baseball organizations that has ever been in existence."

FELL FROM AN L STATION.

Lineman Coakley Is Dying in a Brooklyn Hospital.

Michael Coakley, a lineman in the employ of the New York and New Jersey Telephone Company, lay in a dying condition this morning in the Cumberland Street Hospital, Brooklyn, resulting from injuries received early last evening by falling from the Union Elevated Railroad structure at the Vanderbilt avenue station.

Coakley had spent the day repairing wires in the Eastern District, and about 6 o'clock started to come downtown. When the train stopped at Vanderbilt avenue he left it and, according to the police, started to cross the track, to repair some wires that were strung along the structure.

It is supposed that he missed his footing and fell between the tracks. He struck the ground on his head and became unconscious. A crowd of people rushed to the spot to assist the injured man, and he was carried to a neighboring tenantry.

Blood flowed freely from several ugly gashes in his head. He was taken to the hospital in an unconscious condition and has not regained his senses this morning.

At the hospital the surgeons said that recovery was impossible, and it was thought the man would die before night.

BURGLARS' GANG BROKEN UP.

Important Capture by Harlem Police—Stolen Property Recovered.

Michael Lynch and John Brown, both under twenty years of age, who were arraigned at the Harlem Court on charges of burglary this morning and held in $2,000 bail each for trial, are suspected by the detectives of having been guilty of many mysterious burglaries in the last two months.

In Brown's house was found property stolen from Henry Barett, 2150 Second avenue, and articles stolen from the saloon of Jacob King, 2104 Second avenue. Beside these evidences, numerous pawn tickets were found upon the prisoners' persons.

Caught a Burglar.

Richard Ricker, of Long Island City, was arraigned before Justice Manley this morning, charged with breaking into the apartments of Mrs. M. Mulvey, at 68 West Fifth street, Long Island City, last night. He was seen to leave the rooms by Watchman Brooke, who gave chase.

Fire in the Washington Building.

Fire broke out at 12.40 o'clock this afternoon in the plaster-hardening room of the New York Bank Note Company in the cellar on the Washington street side of the Washington Building, No. 1 Broadway. The fire worked up into Julius C. Hartmann's restaurant and did $200 damage.

Both Boats to Blame.

Judge Brown to-day decided that the damages sustained by the schooner Evoline and the canal-boat Sweet by colliding near Stony Point, on Sept. 24, should be equally borne by the owners, both vessels being equally at fault.

Appointed Temporary Administrator.

Surrogate Ransom to-day appointed Justus L. Buckley temporary administrator of the estate of Daniel B. Fayerweather, the leather merchant.

The Mayor Takes a Few Days' Rest.

Mayor Grant will not return till Monday from his three days' visit to Lakewood, N. J.

Paid in for Water Taxes.

Receipts for the use of Croton water during the past week amounted to $20,492.96.

MANIA FOR MAIDEN TRESSES.

Jack, the Shearer, Clips Another Brooklyn Girl's Curls on the Street.

The Fiend Works Slyly While His Victims are Shopping.

Brooklyn police are searching with vigor and determination to run to earth the latest fiend who has succeeded in terrorizing and annoying young women and girls of the city over the bridge. "Jack, the Shearer," he is designated, and his latest exploit was told in the Sporting Extra EVENING WORLD last night.

The scamp's victim was Miss Sylvia McMurray, the seventeen-year-old daughter of Artist McMurray, who lives at 224 Leonard street.

Miss Sylvia was looking into a show window yesterday afternoon when the mysterious hair-clipper stole up behind her and cut off a portion of her beautiful flowing curls.

The scoundrel who committed this bold outrage is no doubt the same who a few days ago cut off the hair of Miss Lulu Hewitt in a similar manner.

Miss McMurray is the third victim of the shearer's shears reported to the police in a few days, the first one having been Miss Florence Billings who, with Miss Hewitt, attended School No. 15.

Miss McMurray, when seen by a reporter, told the story of her despoiling thus:

"I was on my way to the grocery at Grand and Ninth streets, and went from my home through Powers street to Union avenue. I cannot tell the exact time that I lost my hair. I do not know whether it was on the way to the store or while I was returning.

"I was alone and met several persons on the street. I do not remember any one having approached me. As I often do on such occasions, I stopped to look in at the windows of the various stores, and I made a purchase in a dry-goods store in the neighborhood.

"When I think of it now, I believe my hair was cut while I was in Powers street. It is a lonely locality, but on Grand street there were many people, and I had difficulty in making headway, as I was jostled on all sides. At no time did I feel any twitch of my hair, and I was in ignorance of the mutilation until I reached home.

"My hair was braided, and owing to the length of it I wore it doubled or looped up and tied with a silk bow, which was hidden by my hat.

"On reaching home I removed my hat and outer garments and was about to sit down when my sister said:

"'Sylvia, what is the matter with your hair? Why, you have lost fully one-half of it.'

"I thought she was joking, but on putting my hand to my head found what she said was only too true. At least one-half of my hair had been cut away and the ends were ragged. I could do nothing but cry.

"My sister Carrie, whose hair was mutilated in a similar manner some years ago, recalled the incident, and thought it strange that I, too, should go through the same experience. Carrie was only fourteen years of age when she lost her hair. She is a blonde, and all who saw her admired her hair.

"At the time she lost it she was standing in front of the Thirteenth Regiment Armory on Hanson place and Flatbush avenue, waiting for the return of the regiment after a trip to another city. Her hair was cut away close to the scalp. She wore it flowing, not plaited as mine.

"The man seized her hair in his grasp, holding it close to the scalp, and in an instant had cut it with some sharp instrument. Father was present at the time, and when Carrie screamed he turned and saw the man and ran after him, but he escaped in the crowd. The police were notified, but no arrests were made. We lived on Wyckoff street at that time."

The police were at first inclined to regard the shearing as the work of a practical joker; but the people regard it with terror, and they have succeeded in waking up the authorities to the urgency of relieving young women from the apprehension excited by the frequent recurrence of these outrages.

HIS LIFE WAS CRUSHED OUT.

A Little Newsboy Kicked off a Horse Car and Run Over.

Little ten-year-old Johnny Healey, a newsboy, whose home was at 186 Montgomery street, Jersey City, died this morning in the City Hospital in that city from the effects of injuries received, as he said in his ante-mortem statement, by being brutally kicked off a horse car and falling under the wheels.

The driver of the car, John Rodgerson by name, was arrested, and was held this morning by Justice Stilsing, to be tried for manslaughter.

Little Johnny's story is that last evening, in his efforts to sell his papers, he jumped on the front platform of the car, but was ordered off. Not getting off the car quickly enough, he was kicked, so that he fell violently to the ground. He had no control of his movements, and fell across the rail.

The cruel wheel passed over the little fellow's leg, crushing and mangling it terribly.

He was picked up and conveyed to the City Hospital, where every effort was made to save his life, and amputation was decided on. It was of no use, however, and the little life ebbed out.

Rodgerson denied in court that the boy was kicked off the car. He said that the lad slipped and fell under the wheel.

SMITH BEFORE THE BOARD.

The Alleged Wife Murderer Tried by the Police Commissioners.

Patrolman William Smith, of the East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Street Station, who is accused of killing his wife at their home, 6 West One Hundred and Thirty-sixth street, a week ago, was taken to Police Headquarters this morning to answer several charges that were made against him previous to his arrest on a charge of murder.

He was taken out of the Tombs on a writ of habeas corpus issued at the instance of the Police Commissioners.

The charges against Smith were not properly patrolling on Jan. 4, absent without leave on the same day and neglect of duty.

Saloonkeeper Lewis testified that Smith was in his place Jan. 6 and had drinks. He was in uniform on that occasion.

William M. Gillespie, who was with Smith, testified to the same thing.

Mary Stewart, the woman with whom Smith had been associating and who apparently caused the trouble between him and his wife, testified that she was with Smith in Lewis' saloon on the night of Dec. 31. Further than that she said nothing.

Smith pleaded not guilty to the charges. He had nothing to say in answer to them.

After the trial Smith was taken back to the Tombs.

NINE PEOPLE REPORTED KILLED

In a Railway Accident of Which the Company Hasn't Heard.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

CHICAGO, Jan. 17.—At the Milwaukee and St. Paul train-dispatcher's office in this city nothing has been heard of a reported wreck, by which nine persons were said to have been killed in Iowa.

FATHER IGNATIUS and His Abbey—The historical building among the hills of Wales. The SUNDAY WORLD will publish a good description of it.

"DIAMOND DICK" IN A CELL.

Love for Pretty Grace Cobe Led Him to Be a Star Burglar.

He Plundered Simpson's Pawnshop, But Was Caught in the Act.

"Diamond Dick" and the brown-eyed siren who gave him the name, together with Steve Martin, who says he is a dupe, are guests of Warden Osborne in the Tombs to-day.

Justice Ford consigned them to the Tombs from Jefferson Market Court this morning in default of $2,000 bail each for Dick and Martin, and $2,500 for the slender and pretty siren aforesaid.

"Diamond Dick" is a youth of nineteen years, with the first soft premonitions of beard on his otherwise handsome face. His name is Patrick Forristall, and his father is a farmer in Morrisania.

Steve Martin is a small, thin, hard-featured young man of twenty-four, and he and Forristall were caught red-handed yesterday at daybreak as they emerged from Uncle William Simpson's pawnshop, 91 Park Row, with two leather-bags full of "duplicate wedding presents."

This was one of a series of robberies to which Simpson's establishment had been subjected, and the arrest was the culmination of a long and well-conducted job of detective work by Detective Sergts. Cottrell, Crowley and Formosa, of Chief Byrnes's staff.

The siren is known as Grace Cobe, though it is said that she was christened, in Ulster County, about twenty years ago, "Bridget," and that her father's name was Mullady.

A rose by any other name would smell as sweet, and be her name Grace or Bridget she is a pretty girl, with a slender form, bright eyes, a rosebud mouth, brown hair and an air pert and piquant.

Forristall has been her slave since September. He furnished a flat in One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street for her and at her feet he laid the proceeds of his crookedness.

But when "Diamond Dick" was led into the presence of Chief Byrnes he made haste, like Adam, to say "Lord, the woman tempted me to do this," and in an hour the dashing Grace was led into his presence at Headquarters in a lovely Persian lamb shoulder cape, a cute little velvet hat, a gown of rich black silk and sparkling diamond eardrops, rings, bracelets and brooches, the product of Forristall's adoration of her. She had been arrested at 304 East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street, as she was arising from her maiden's slumbers.

The story is the old one with variations. Patrick Forristall came down from the Morrisania farm to work for William Simpson. After a time he resigned, and in October Simpson began to miss articles from his store. The articles were invariably pledges the time for redeeming which had passed.

Oct. 8 about $5,000 worth of goods disappeared, including a magnificent diamond bracelet.

Chief Byrnes was informed of the state of affairs, and suspicion fell upon the employees, though Forristall's affairs were considered.

Detectives Cottrell, Crowley and Formosa were detailed on the case. They found that Forristall was not working, but dressed well and spent money freely.

Thursday evening they listened while the youth arranged in a Bowery saloon to meet two other young men at 2 in the morning.

The detectives were not invited, but they "came in" also. Forristall was met by only one of his friends and they sat and drank beer till 6 in the morning. Then they left the saloon and went straight to Simpson's. Forristall unlocked the front door with a key and both entered. Forristall touched the siren burglar-alarm button three times, a signal to the burglar alarm office that the alarm had been sounded by the clerk who was opening for business.

Forristall knew the safe combination and where the key was hidden usually, but it was somewhere else at the moment, and so the burglars filled their bags with opera-glasses, jewelry and other valuables and carried on their arms a $800 sealskin dolman and $250 worth of fur-lined coats.

As they emerged the detectives locked arms with them, and at headquarters Forristall confessed all and declared that he had robbed to gratify the family ambitions of Grace.

The officers found on Grace's bureau a diamond bracelet, gold watch, gold chain, six diamonds in a pearl charm, a turquoise and pearl ring, black onyx ring, diamond earrings, lace and other booty afterwards identified by Simpson as his property. Besides these were a score of pawn tickets for Mr. Simpson's goods that she had pawned in other shops.

Grace said this morning: "I gave him the name of Diamond Dick. I didn't know he stole the things he gave me. I've only known him slightly for five months, and he never furnished a flat for me."

Forristall was held on two charges of burglary Oct. 8 and Jan. 16. Martin was held on one charge, and Grace must answer for larceny in receiving the stolen property.

Altogether Mr. Simpson has lost more than $10,000 worth of goods.

LEADERS OFF TO ALBANY.

Gilroy, Fitzgerald and Others Want to See Hill Made Senator.

A committee, consisting of Commissioner of Public Works Gilroy, Police Commissioner James J. Martin, Register Frank Fitzgerald and District Leaders Charles Steckler and John F. Carroll, will go to Albany to-morrow to look after the interests of Tammany Hall in the Democratic caucus for United States Senator.

They are for Gov. David Bennett Hill and expect to see him nominated.

THOUGHT IT WAS A GIFT.

A Colored Man's Novel Excuse for a Theft.

On Christmas morning three or four years ago, says a Detroit *Free Press* writer, I started out for a hunt with a Mississippi planter, and when we had gone about half a mile from the house we came full upon a colored man who had killed a pig weighing about 100 pounds, and was dressing it. He had no warning of our approach, but exercised wonderful nerve. As soon as we came up he removed his hat, bowed very low, and said:

"Kurnel, I war jist comin' up to de house to restore you my thanks. 'Low me, sah, to say dat I nebbor dun depreciated anything like this present of yours."

"What present, boy?"

"Dis yere pig, sah. I was dun outer meat, an' I can't tell you how much obleeged I ar'."

"Look yere, boy!"

"Yes, sah."

"I don't know you. You are a stranger in this neighborhood. You run that hog down."

"Why, Kurnel, how you talk! Doan' you member dat day las' July when you was down to Biloxi?"

"No, sir. I wasn't down there in July!"

"Ar' it possible! An' you didn't tell me to come up heah an' git a shoat Christmas?"

"No, sir!"

"Nebber dun tole me nuffin'?"

"No, sir!"

"An' dis ar' your pig?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wall! wall! It's mighty quare dat I made sich a mistake. Mebbe it's on 'count of dat tree which fell on my head las' Winter. Did you want de pig car'ed up to de house, Kurnel?"

"I do. Take it direct to the house and then make tracks!"

"Suah, Kurnel, suah! I'll take it right up an' den hurry right away. Sakes alive, but when dat tree cracked my head I did de sense mus' her run right out! Good by, Kurnel. I'll leab de pig right at de house an' walk right off. No harm, Kurnel. All a mistake on my part. Nice pig, Kurnel, an' I wish you many returns ob de same!"

Carmencita Goes to the Hub.

Carmencita, the Spanish dancer, has gone to Boston to dance to-night at the cadet theatricals in the Tremont Theatre.

FATALLY BURNED THE COOK.

Ann Moore Accidentally Set the House on Fire.

She Waited Until the Blaze Was Out Before Telling of Her Terrible Injuries.

Ann Moore, a cook in the employ of Mrs. F. F. Lockwood, of 339 West One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street, was fatally burned this morning, by her clothing being accidentally set on fire by a candle.

About 6 o'clock this morning Mr. Lockwood, who is in the insurance business, was aroused by a servant knocking at his door and crying that the house was on fire. Hastily donning some loose garments, Mr. Lockwood ran to the cellar, where the fire appeared to be.

The heat and smoke drove him back, and he rushed out of the house and told a policeman, who ran to the nearest engine-house and notified the firemen. Ten minutes' hard work sufficed to put out the flames, which were confined to a big pile of burlap in the middle of the cellar floor and no damage to the house resulted from the blaze.

Mr. Lockwood then went to his room to dress, when a servant again called him and told him that Ann Moore, the cook, who had given the first notice of the fire, was horribly burned.

He found Mrs. Moore in a terrible condition and hardly able to speak. As nearly as could be ascertained she had gone down in the cellar with a candle to rake down the furnace, and her dress had caught fire from the candle, which she had placed on the floor.

In her effort to extinguish the fire in her clothing she had rolled in the pile of burlap, setting it on fire but extinguishing her blazing dress. Then she went upstairs and gave the alarm, and when the fire in the cellar was put out went to her room and calmly changed all her garments.

Not until she came downstairs again did she tell anyone that she had been burned.

She was removed to the Manhattan Hospital, where an examination disclosed that every part of her body, except her face, hands, arms, breast and feet, were horribly burned. The hospital physicians expressed a doubt if she would survive six hours.

TO FORM A NEW IRISH PARTY.

McCarthy Nationalists Hold an Important Meeting.

[DUNLAP CABLE NEWS SPECIAL.]

DUBLIN, Jan. 19.—One of the most significant gatherings that has been held here since the beginning of the present crisis, was held yesterday.

It was nothing less than an effort made by the McCarthy National Committee to create a new National organization, which shall represent all Irish constituencies and shall indorse the action of the Irish members of Parliament in ousting Mr. Parnell.

The policy to be advocated is that pursued by the United Nationalists and English Liberals since 1886.

LONDON, Jan. 16.—The air is full of rumors to view of the approaching reassembling of Parliament, some going so far as to assert that Messrs. Salisbury and Balfour have prepared a surprise in the way of a novel scheme of Irish local government, which, it is fondly hoped by its framers, will take the wind out of the sails of the Gladstonian Home Rule craft.

Henschel Will Not Direct the New York Philharmonics.

[DUNLAP'S CABLE NEWS SPECIAL.]

LONDON, Jan. 17.—The well-known composer and musical conductor, Henschel, has received the offer of the directorship of the Philharmonic Society's concerts in New York, to fill the vacancy left by the resignation of Theodore Thomas.

Mr. Henschel prefers to stay and enjoy his well-earned reputation in Europe. He will stay at home, therefore, and leave the New York Society to go further.

The German Emperor Declares for the Gold Standard.

[BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.]

BERLIN, Jan. 17.—The Emperor at a dinner given by the Minister of Finance said he considered the currency question settled in favor of the gold standard.

TO FORCE A SENATE VOTE.

House Republicans Will Delay the Silver Bill.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—The following suggestive expression is from Congressman Grosvenor, of Ohio, who stands as near to Speaker Reed as any man in Congress.

"My ideas are in a very concise form. The Senators representing more silver than constituents have made a practical coalition with the Democrats to defeat the Election bill and pass a Free Coinage bill.

"To do this, they bolted the Republican Senatorial caucus and, to all intents and purposes, left the party. Not only so, but they aided Senator Vest, a Democratic leader, to assume control of the Silver bill, and they passed his bill.

"Now their scheme is to come up for passage in the House. The friends of the Elections bill there will see to it that the Vest bill shall not pass the House until the Teller-Vest combine in the Senate breaks up and the elections bill is brought to a vote.

"It is not their votes for the election bill we want, or demand, but they must bring it to a vote. If the rules of the Senate are defective let them change the rules.

"If the rules of the House permit it, and they do, fifty and fifty-five resolute men can easily defeat any action on the Vest bill until March 4.

"The Vest-Stanford combine has played a very attractive engagement, so far, but the time has come when others can play at the same game."

WHERE TO TRY HORNER.

Question of Jurisdiction Argued Before Commissioner Shields.

E. B. Horner, of 88 Wall street, who deals in bonds issued by foreign lotteries, was before United States Commissioner Shields this morning charged with violating the Federal lottery law in sending the circular of a lottery drawing to a customer in Illinois.

District Attorney Mitchell and his assistant, Maxwell Evarts, claimed that Horner should be tried in Illinois.

Alfred Taylor, who appeared for Horner, said that if an offense was committed it should be tried here, inasmuch as the circular was sent from here.

Commissioner Shields said that was a question of law for the courts to decide and sent Horner before Judge Brown. There Mr. Taylor raised an additional point—that the indictment was insufficient.

He was given till Wednesday to submit briefs.

DIED.

CONNELLY.—On Friday, Jan. 16, 1891, at 646 East 11th st., EDWARD CONNELLY, beloved husband of Katie Kiely and late foreman at Henry C. Allen's, 128 William st.
Notice of funeral hereafter.

BILLY O'BRIEN LAID AWAY.

The Popular Sporting Man Buried in Holy Cross Cemetery.

Many Old-Time Friends Pay Respect to His Memory.

In the driving sleet and rain all that remained of the popular sporting man, Billy O'Brien, was borne to the grave to-day.

The residence of the widow, at 255 Bridge street, Brooklyn, where the body has lain since the physicians held the autopsy to determine the cause of death, was visited by numerous friends of the dead man this morning, many of them bearing floral offerings which were laid upon and stood about the satin-draped casket.

Among the pieces was a large pillow of white roses and the words "My Husband," in blue immortelles, told whence it came. There was, besides, a large cross in immortelles and ivy, from the "T. D. Sullivan Association" of the Second Assembly District, this city; a large cross and wreath from Richard K. Fox; a pillow from Arthur Lumley; a cross from the dead man's sisters; a large basket from his sisters-in-law, Priscilla, Annie and Ella Egan, and a wreath from W. J. Gavin.

Peeping from this mass of flowers was a plain silver plate on which was inscribed the simple legend: "William O'Brien, died Jan. 13, 1891, aged thirty-three years."

As most of the sporting men are absent from the metropolis, few having yet returned from New Orleans where they went to witness the Fitzsimmons-Dempsey fight, there were not many at the funeral, most of them being represented among the pall-bearers. These were Dominick McCaffrey, Billy Madden, James C. Kennedy, David Halland, Dr. George W. King, and Ted Sullivan.

Among others present were: John Murphy, Patrick Murphy, William Murphy, Michael Sullivan, of Springfield, Mass.; Daniel Sullivan, of Jersey City, and William Johnston, representing Richard K. Fox.

A solemn requiem mass was celebrated at the Church of Our Lady of Mercy, in Decevolse place, near DeKalb avenue.

The pastor, Rev. Father P. J. McNamara, was celebrant; Rev. Father J. F. O'Hara, deacon, and Rev. Father N. Nevin was subdeacon.

The burial was in Holy Cross Cemetery, in Flatbush.

GREAT COUNCIL OF INDIANS.

The Best Results Expected to Come from the Gathering.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

CHICAGO, Jan. 17.—Pine Ridge despatches say the best of results are expected from a big council held yesterday in the vicinity of the friendlies' camp, near the agency.

The Ogallalas had prepared the feast for the council and about six hundred Brules were present.

American Horse, Short Bull, High Pipe, Two Strike, Standing Soldier and other chiefs made addresses in which they advised implicit obedience to Gen. Miles's request for the disarmament of the t