

LAST EDITION.
IN DAYS GONE BY.

Political Reminiscences of Some
of New York's Well-
Known Men.

Sheriff Gorman Tells About John
Kelly's Nomination for Governor.

The Famous Split in the Democratic State
Convention of 1879.

Enthusiastic Tammany Delegates
Protest Against Party Divisions.

The fine old-fashioned face of Sheriff Gorman
spread into a gleeful smile of recollection
when THE MORNING WORLD asked him
for the most exciting, the funniest or the
most ludicrous incident within his political
experience.

Then he gathered his gray chin whisker
in his hand, half closed one eye in considera-
tion, and made reply:

"There was lots of fun twenty-five or
thirty years ago. Lots of it! In those old



THE SHERIFF BROOK WITH LAUGHTER.

times I wouldn't mind telling those stories
and having my name connected with them
—but not now. People might get the idea
that I was a rough or a rowdy, for men
were rough in those days; but I never was
a fighter, and I've learned that sort of a
reputation is not good to have.

"Why, I can remember thirty years ago,
when a primary was nothing but a war
from beginning to end.

"I've seen a man get the ballot box and
a hundred others strung all along around
the polling place pulling and hauling and
fighting to get possession of the box, while
the man in the middle hugged it up tight
in his arms like a baby, helped, perhaps,
by two or three friends."

The old-fashioned Sheriff shook his sides
with laughter for a moment, then his face
soured down and his tidy fat hand sought
and rubbed his smoothly polished dome re-
spectively.

"Why, the most exciting experience in
my political recollection by long odds was
the Convention of 1879 at Syracuse.

"Gov. Lucius Robinson had removed
Henry A. Gumbleton from the County
Clerkship and he was threatening to remove
Sheriff Reilly.

"These removals were without cause.
There was a bitter factional fight going on
here. That was all; and John Kelly felt
very much aggrieved at this interference,
and thought Robinson ought not to be re-
nominated."

The Sheriff waxed argumentative.

"The Convention was at Wieting Opera-
House, Syracuse, and we of Tammany Hall
went there. We went into the Convention,
and when nominations for Governor were
in order our men arose, one after another,
and pleaded with the Convention.

"One of the most eloquent appeals I ever
heard was made, followed by pleas from
Augustus Schell, John Cochrane and
others.

"Young Tom Grady, just turned twenty-
one, with a face as smooth as a schoolboy's,
and the most beautiful red rose on either
cheek, delivered that famous speech in
which he said:

"The gentlemen would have us dine of
crow, but—thank you, Mr. President—we
don't eat crow!"

"Charley Brooke made one of his char-
acteristic speeches, filling the house with
eloquence for half an hour.

aside, slowly shook his head and an-
nounced in a weak voice, 'The roll will
now be called.'

"We knew that the Committee on Cre-
dentials had placed it out of our power to
resist our opponents on a ballot, and Mr.
Kelly and his friends arose and left the
Convention."

Righteous indignation gleamed from the
twinkling eyes of the old-fashioned Sheriff,
and then returned the perplexed expression



FI-GHTING FOR THE BALLOT-BOX.

that probably marked the face of every
Tammany brave on that momentous occa-
sion, nearly twelve years ago.

"Outside we stopped and Mr. Kelly
turned to Augustus Schell and said: 'Well,
Mr. Schell, what shall we do?'

"Hold another Convention and nomi-
nate candidates," said Mr. Schell sturdily.

"Who shall we run? I think we had
better name you, Mr. Schell," said Mr.
Kelly.

"No, no," replied Mr. Schell. "You
would poll a stronger vote than I, Mr.
Kelly. We'll nominate you."

"Can we get a hall, John?" said Mr.
Kelly to me.

"That's what I can," I answered, and I
went off and hired Shakespeare Hall.

"That evening we met in Shakespeare
Hall, and we held the biggest and most
Democratic Convention the State ever had.

"There were rousing speeches by Erasmus
Corning, young Bourke Cockran, Tom
Grady, John Kelly and a host of others,
and we nominated John Kelly with a
hurrah. You see, we had a large number
of the country delegates with us, too,
besides representatives of country districts
who sympathized with us.

"That was the most exciting political
experience in my recollection. It was
Democratic, and there was no unseemly
fight. We polled 70,000 votes at the elec-
tion in November, and it was a rebuke to
those in the party who insisted on heaping
insult on any division of the party—a re-
buke that had a very salutary effect, too.

No wing of the great Democratic party has
ever undertaken since to cram an insult
down the throat of any other wing, for it
means defeat."

Charged with Robbing a Blind Man.

Oliver Jones, of 41 West Fifty-sixth street,
was held at the Yorkville Police Court, this
morning, charged with robbing a blind man,
during the night.

Again the Fatal Gas.

James McKibben, thirty years old, a guest
at the Long Island Hotel, 323 Front street, was
found asphyxiated by gas in his room this
morning.

Sarah Had a Sunday Jag.

Sarah Sillings, Essex Market Court, drunk
and disorderly, six months, Sarah carried a
broken bottle with her, and soother the
churchgoers in Forsyth street.

Discussing Southwestern Rates.

The regular bi-monthly meeting of the South-
western Railway and Steamship Association is
being held today at the Windsor Hotel. Rates
to Mexico, Texas, Missouri and Wisconsin
were the order of the day.

A Street Mendicant's Sentence.

William Bodine, an annoying one-legged
mendicant, of 48 Greenwich street, arrested
in the Bowery, was committed for six months
at Essex Market Court.

Archie Is Something of a Fibber.

Charles P. denies all knowledge of Archie
Hutchinson, the fourteen-year-old boy who
said he ran away from his home there two
weeks ago and to the city of New York. He is
at Police Headquarters in this city and will
be committed to a reformatory.

FRESH BITS OF CITY NEWS.

The Minor Incidents and Acci-
dents of Metropolitan Life.

Terse Chronicles of a Day's Haps and
Mishaps About Town.

Receiver Boone's Time Extended.

In the suit of Henry F. Gilling against the
American Exchange in Europe (Limited), Judge
Lacombe, of the United States Circuit Court,
today granted an order extending to February
7, 1901, the time within which Wm. C. Boone,
receiver of the Exchange, may file an ac-
count of his proceedings.

Fire Damaged Vaughan's Furniture.

Fire on the top floor of the five-story build-
ing at 451 East Eighty-first street this
morning did \$100 damage to the furniture of
John Vaughan.

Fell From a Street Car.

Philip Kiernan, forty-two years old, of 38
Lewis street, fell from the rear platform of a
street car this morning, and was injured
internally. He was taken to Gouverneur
Hospital.

Slippery Walk, Sprained Ankle.

Henry Neesho, forty-seven years old, of
341 Fifth street, was taken to Bellevue Hos-
pital this morning with a sprained ankle,
broken toe and a lacerated forehead, after
falling on the sidewalk, at First avenue and
Fifth street.

Fire from a Lamp Explosion.

Fire at 6:30 o'clock this morning, caused by
the explosion of a lamp, did \$200 damage to
the apartments of Louis Seibert, 115 Ludlow
street.

Yet Quiet at the Edison Building.

There was nothing new in the condition of
the new Edison Building, in Broad
street, this morning, for marble finishers
were busy as usual, they not having been con-
cerned in the strike.

Margaret Donohoe's Bad Fall.

Margaret Donohoe, forty years old, fell
downstairs at her residence, 320 East Twenty-
first street, this morning, and injured her
right shoulder. She was taken to Bellevue
Hospital.

Sanitary Inspector Belligly Dead.

Sanitary Inspector John Belligly died yester-
day, of pneumonia, at his home, 516 Bleeker
street. He had been connected with the de-
partment since 1878. He was attached to Major
Bullard's staff.

An Ex-Boodler's Son in Trouble.

Thomas L. Duff, twenty-four years old, of
156 East One Hundred and Second street, was
held in \$500 bail by Justice Weide, in the In-
ferior Court this morning, for examination,
charged with brutally assaulting Patrick
Kirk, of Ninety-ninth street and Second
avenue, in a broken bottle fight. He is the
son of an ex-boodler Alderman of that name.

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EVA'S DILEMMA.

Damaging Self-Contradictions in Ham-
ilton's Alleged Widow's Testimony.

Her Story of Her Trip to Europa
with "Dottie" Mann.

Nearing the End of the Contest of the
Dead Assemblyman's Will.

The fatuous effort of Evangeline L. Steele to
prove her claim as his widow to the immense
fortune of Alexander Hamilton's grandson
was continued to-day before Surrogate Ran-
som and an audience limited only by the con-
sensus of the court chamber.

After Mrs. Steele's experience with a throng of
credulous, jostling people that stood in the
aisles clear up to the very rail that separates
the court from the pleaders, Surrogate Ran-
som issued an order to the police officers that
guard the entrances to the several court cham-
bers not to admit any but witnesses, counsel,
reporters and interested parties to the contest.

But the gallant policemen at the door made
an exception to the operation of this order,
and every fair New Yorker who applied got ad-
mission to the scene where Evangeline was
undergoing a cross-examination that revealed
a life astounding in its every detail and full
of confessions that should cause a blush to
suffuse every modest woman's cheek.

Not less than fifty-two women, handsome and
ugly, young and ancient, well dressed and
poorly clad, of refined mien and vulgar
aspect—in fact, every condition of woman was
there, having but one thing in common, an
eager interest in every detail of Evangeline's
confession.

Evangeline entered by the private door at
10:35, and this time with her morning veil
thrown back, revealing her plain face, schem-
ing, cold gray eyes, furrowed brow and
smooth, hair checks.

She was pale and nervous. Her hands were
never idle during the six minutes that she
waited for the beginning of the day's work.
Her dainty French gaiters tapped impatiently
on the floor, and her fingers worked in ner-
vousness.

But there was no apprehension expressed in
her face. Eva Steele seems to be incapable of
realizing that she has placed herself in a
most perilous situation by her wholesale con-
tradictions of a cloud of witnesses testifying
for forty independent acts of hers.

Either a score of people, some of Pennsylvan-
ia, some of New Jersey, some of this city
and some of New York, are perjurers or Evan-
geline is a perjurer.

Besides contradicting these witnesses, she
had coolly offered explanations of her own
sworn testimony in other legal proceedings—
explanations as transparently intricate as the
plotting of a innkeeper or the fairy prattle of a
little child.

AGAIN ON THE RACE.

To-day she must continue in the same strain.
At 10:45 she resumed her testimony, under
Elliott Root's skillful cross-examination.

She was shown the register of the Delavan
House, Elmira, bearing the names J. J. Mann
and wife and J. Steele and wife, Towanda.

She pointed to the names of J. Steele,
her brother, but identified that of John Mann.
"This was on Oct. 3, 1888," Mr. Root asked
at that time to take care of him?"

Eva thought it all over, and her face was
a study. She was searching a not very deep
mine for an answer to that question. Lines
deepened and faded again in rapid succession
in the manner of a child.

There was no mistaking her impression, then,
and finally she replied, curtly and with a com-
pression of the cold, straight lips, a smothering
of the curve between the apex of the upper
lip and the base of the nose, a distention of the
nostrils and their closing again:

"I don't know that I took Mr. Mann to
Elmira at all. I did take care of him then as
always."

"Why? Was he imbecile or helpless?"
He was, promptly replied the contestant,
whereat Mr. Root quickly followed up with:

"Couldn't he walk? Did he have to be
carried?"

"No, sir; but he was imbecile and in no
condition to take care of himself."

EVA'S THEORY OF IMBECILITY.

"Can't he talk?"
"Um—no, sir, yes, at times," assented Eva,
considering as she went along.

"Could talk at times; were there times when
he could not talk?"
"Why, yes; he was in a state of beautiful
intoxication nearly all the time."

"Didn't he testify on the trial of your
brother at Towanda in December, 1888?"
"I don't remember," replied Evangeline,
closing her mouth with a snap and a dash of
her cold eyes.

"You were there. Don't you remember
what testified? Did not your brother testify?"
"I think he did. I am not sure. I was in
the court-room only half an hour."

John Hodgson, the car-driver on the Jer-
sey City and Bergen Bell line who was charged
with kicking off and running over Newbery
Johnny Healey last Friday, was this morning
discharged by Justice Stirling as blameless, ac-
cording to the testimony given.

In Bad Odor Over Cheap Perfumery.

occupied a room in common with Dottie
Mann, coquetted and considered.

The lines came and went; the eyes grew
vivid and then determined; the nostrils
dilated, the curved upper lip smoothed itself
out and the lips compressed.

Over and over again, with each shifting
scene Eva had been asked: "Did you and
Mann room together?"

At Mrs. Blake's, at Mrs. Everson's, at the
Laceyville hotel, at the Delavan hotel in Elmira,
at the house where she and John lived in El-
mira, at the home of the Atlantic County Court,
at Mrs. Adams's, and at each of the places
where they had lived in New York. Without
rhyme or reason, unless she spoke the
truth, she in every case replied in the negative.

Now, to the astonishment of every one, she
concluded her long cogitation of the question
by replying in a low, faint voice:

"One statement."

DID SHE FAINT AGAIN?

Then she whispered to the Surrogate, the
spot of which was her retirement to the
handsome and gallant stenographer's third
den.

Her story of her fainting in that room Thur-
sday, Mr. Underhill says, is not true.

"Why," says Underhill, "that woman will
never faint away. She isn't that sort of a
woman. She simply sat down in my room and
had a glass of water there. There was nothing
the matter with her in the least."

During her retirement this morning Steeno-
grapher Evans brought out last on that
where Eva was tried and convicted of stabbing
Nurse Donnelly in September, 1899, for which
she was sent to the Trenton Prison for a year,
was called to the stand to identify his records
of her testimony on that trial.

GONE OVER THE POWERFUL CASE.

Col. Fuller's sister-in-law, who was on the
New Jersey trial one of the jurors asked that
the cross-examination of Eva be stopped be-
cause she was not in a fit condition to testify
further, but it was not in the stenographer's
minutes, and he had no recollection of any
such occurrence.

"Well, Mr. Evans, you are a voluntary wit-
ness here? Came on from Camden, and ex-
pect to be paid, don't you?" asked Col. Fuller.

"Why, yes, sir; I expect to have my ex-
penses paid," replied the witness in an apolo-
getic, I-didn't-realize-whats-a-venal-fellow-I-
was-before tone of voice.

Col. Fuller asked for this transcript of your
stenographic minutes, too, don't you?"

"Well—always do get pay when I transcribe
a case for the lawyers," again apologized the
Jerseyman.

The silver-gray Surrogate looked over his
specimens at the witness, then at lawyer, who
read a letter dated at Liverpool, May 26, 1899,
and addressed to Mother Swinton.

It began affectionately: "Dear Grandma,"
Then it said that "we have arrived all safe
after ten days on the ocean. I was kept
very little; Dottie no at all." It en-
joyed Mrs. Swinton to "the fact that dear
Dottie was sitting on his stomach he could
not get up to his feet," and in the end
told grandma to kiss "dear little Eva," and in-
formed her of the starting news that "Dottie
is sleeping like a good fellow," and signing
it "your lovingly, Eva and Dottie."

"NOW A LETTER FROM JOHN'S WIFE.

"No, is not that a letter from Joshua
Mann's wife to Joshua Mann's mother?" asked
Mr. Root.

"No, sir; it was not, most assuredly," re-
plied the witness, boldly.

"Who was that dear baby?"
"Mrs. Dixon's baby, sistered the witness,
unhesitatingly.

"Who was that little Eva?"
"A—ah," murmured Evangeline, with a
long-drawn sigh; "Pan was my little doggie,
she dangled affectively, whereas the spec-
tators laughed and Eliza Root smiled grimly.

For if there is one thing which ties a lawyer
clear through it is an effort of witness to cre-
ate fact at his expense. It is a sure pointer to
the complete collapse that is going to follow.

Eva's letter referred to another in the same
mail from Joshua to his mother and spoke also
of their tour, which was to include London,
Paris, Carlsbad and other points on the Con-
tinent.

Mr. Root now drew from Eva a repetition of
her former statements about Joshua's imbeci-
lity and helplessness, and the necessity that
she should watch and care for him constantly.

JOHN'S LETTER WAS READ, TOO.

Then the wily cross-examiner read John's
letter to his mother. It was a rational docu-
ment, reflecting no very brilliant intellect, but
such a letter as are ninety-nine out of every
one hundred letters that Uncle Sam's mail dis-
tributes daily.

"Did you know that Dottie was writing
these letters?" asked Mr. Root.

THE REPUBLICAN JUGGERNAUT.

Bombardment of Chili's Capital
Momentarily Expected.

The President Prepared for
Flight, if it Be Necessary.

Disaffection Said to Be Spreading
Among the Government Troops.



The letter was addressed to Mrs. William
Steele, and began: "Dear sister,"

Col. Fuller objected to its reading, but the
Surrogate said clearly:

"Evangeline has denied and contradicted
the testimony of the St. stele that she ever in-
troduced Mann to me as her husband.
Clearly this letter is admissible as throwing
light on that point."

Another letter addressed to Evangeline by
John Mann's sister-in-law, Mrs. Dixon, was
read to her, and was admitted. In it the writer
addressed Eva as "sister."

"Do you mean to say that the writer of that
letter did not consider you the wife of her
brother, J. J. Mann?" demanded Mr. Root.

"I do mean to say that she never thought of
me as anything," calmly replied the witness.
Another letter, dated at Elmira, Dec. 18,
1898, and addressed to Mrs. Swinton, by John,
spoke of Eva's anxious hope that she had got
"those things" done.

"What things" did that letter refer to?"
Mr. Root asked.

"A warlock," Eva replied, simply, revolv-
ing back and forth on the swivel chair and
gazing out of the window dreamily.

"A wardrobe! For whom?"
"A baby."

"What baby?"
"My baby," murmured the witness dream-
ily, turning her face full towards the audi-
ence.

"Was that baby alive Dec. 18, 1898?"
Objections, instructions, peremptory, char-
acterized the proceedings for five minutes, and
then Eva said:

"Where was that infant born?"
More objections and instructions that there
must be an answer.

"You have admitted that the baby was born.
There can be no danger of your reply to the
question further degrading you. You must
reply to my question."

Eva needs no lawyer. She leaned forward
and told the Court that she did not want to
answer, because there were other litigations
which might be prejudicial if she told more about
her baby Kate.

The Surrogate informed Evangeline that she
was reading herself liable to commitment to
Ludlow Street Jail for contempt of court in
refusing to obey his instructions.

This was a regular picnic party for Eliza
Root, unseeing man.

The Surrogate listened while Eva informed
him that Col. Fuller had advised her not to
answer about the baby, and advised her that
the Court could not compel her to reply.

Then she said: "Well, Col. Fuller's advice
may be very good, but I may be obliged to
override Mr. Fuller's advice. I instruct you
because of your sex and for your own good."

"Well, I shall not tell anything about that
baby," snapped Eva, petulantly.

Col. Fuller intimated that his advice was
on the clear legal principle that no witness need
answer a question which would tend to degrade
her.

"But, Mr. Fuller," returned the Surrogate,
"how we have an admission that there was a
baby Dec. 18, 1898, that it was her baby. Fur-
ther answers cannot further degrade her."

"But you have so ruled, although it has
been in evidence that she was Mr. Mann's
mistress," insisted Mr. Fuller.

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REBELS GAINING.

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Disaffection Said to Be Spreading
Among the Government Troops.

[BY CABLE TO THE PRESS ASSOCIATION.]
LONDON, JAN. 18.—The latest news from
Chili, received at Buenos Ayres, is favorable
to the revolutionists.

The insurgents openly parade their forces on
land, and are continually receiving additions
to their ranks.

Disaffection is more than ever manifest
among the Government troops.

The bombardment of Valparaiso is momen-
tarily expected.

Consternation prevails there and in the cap-
ital.

It is reported that President Balmaceda has
made preparations to ensure his escape should
the revolutionists succeed.

AT BOTH ENDS OF THE BRIDGE.