GREAT CROWDS MOB COURT-HOUSE DOOR; MOLINEUX HAPPY WITH HOPE OF VERDICT.

er or not he has sufficient evidence upon which to proceed upon a particular individual.

Up to that time he advocates no theory. He has no theory—he has selected no human being against whom to bring this charge.

Up to that point he is acting as a sworn judge. There is a vast difference between that individual and the defendant's counsel, who is selected by the defendant, and he must under all circumstances and under every circumstance protect his client, defend his client, and he must see that his client is not convicted.

You can see that he, by his retainer, is bound to a particular theory.

NO REFLECTION.

I do not mean to reflect upon anybody when I say that, but I say that it is the natural inclination of every honest man. I do not care who that man is, whether it be the District-Attorney, whether it be Mr. Weeks, whether it be Mr. Carvalho whether it be Mr. Kinsley, whether it be any human being in this world—if he takes the Queen's shilling he will endeavor to live up to his retainer.

Now, I want you to distinctly remember that because I speak to you of that, still your good common sense will tell you the part to take. You, Mr. Hines, would not go to a lawyer and expect him to do otherwise than defend you. Now, remember that Mr. Bartow S. Weeks was retained in his absence, so he says, retained out of office hours by Gen. Molineux on the morning of Jan. 22.

When, at that time, no human being in the world knew for certain who committed this crime; when at that time there were as many as three hundred suspects, according to this testimony. So that at that minute Mr. Weeks and also Mr. Carvalho bound themselves to a theory. What was it?

Now, I am talking plain common sense to you. Under your sworn oath you must believe it because it is true that they fixed themselves to a fixed theory and that theory was that Molineux was not guilty.

SOUGHT THE TRUTH.

And I will have you believe, and I believe that each of you do, and under my sworn duty as District-Attorney and acting as I was as a judicial officer up to the time that I made the accusation, then, and then only, did I become an advocate.

I want you to understand that I regard my oath just as solemnly as any of you do, and every human being within the sound of my voice knows that that which I speak is the truth. Everybody within the sound of my voice knows that Capt. McClusky was not trying to settle this crime on Molineux; Kinsley was not trying to settle this crime on Molineux; and I want to say here that it does not do for a man who has been advocating the truth during many and many years, as Mr. Weeks did when he was in the District-Attorney's office—you must understand the District-Attorneys do not see victims—it is useless, it is useless, for reasons which I could not give you.

WEEKS'S INCLINATION.

Now the natural inclination of Mr. Weeks is to live up to his retainer; the natural inclination of Mr. Carvalho is to live up to his retainer, and the natural inclination of Mr. Kinsley was to live up to his retainer.

What was it? I leave it to you, and each of you. I leave it to every human being in that jury box that that is the tendency of the human heart which every one recognizes. You recognize it the day you go down and hire a lawyer to advocate your case. That time you recognize and the minute he accepts your retainer, that minute he has bound himself soul and body to your theory, whatever it may be, if he accepts the retainer.

And now I say it does not do for a man who for many, many years has been advocating only theories in which he believes, because that is one of the delights of the District-Attorney, because he is not bound to advocate any theory unless he believes in it; on the contrary, he can abandon any case he gets ready to abandon whenever his conscience dictates it.

HORRIBLE MYSTERY.

We were confronted with this terrible crime, this horrible mystery, and we knew that some individual with something peculiar about him willing to take the life of an individual by poison.

And I want to say to you that it was one of the most remarkable spectacles that was ever reiterated in this court of justice. I say that each one of you men of the jury saw Harry Cornish take the witness stand, but not once was mentioned the man that had a motive against him.

Did you notice that? Did you notice that? Did you, each of you? Did you notice that?

I say that in the history of criminal law never yet was the spectacle of a man taking the witness chair and testifying in a homicide case with his deadliest enemy sitting before him, and not testifying to one word of the motive. Why was it? Was it because it did not exist? Not at all.

You have to look for that explanation from somebody else. And whose explanation do you have to look for? Fortunately for the truth; fortunately, I say, for the truth, this defendant was called as a witness at the Coroner's inquest at a time when no human being knew who committed this crime.

I did not speak to Harry Cornish, but I went to those that could control him, I went to Ballantine and Sayre and to [illegible] Adams.

[illegible]FT OF THE DETECTIVE.

[illegible] behind his back. The nature [illegible] was revealed in that trans[illegible] Now, gentlemen, these are pre[illegible] remarks, but I want to show [illegible] where the prosecution is

[illegible]

in this case and where it stands to-day. Mr. Weeks has chosen to ridicule certain parts of this testimony, which, in my mind, reveal more of the fundamental traits of human nature—you know that a little learning is sometimes a dangerous thing.

Why did McCafferty take part of his own handwriting? Why did he take a part of a woman's handwriting that had nothing to do with this case and give it to Kinsley? Great God, do I have to answer that question to a jury of twelve intelligent men? Do I have to say that was just like everything else that was done by the Police Department in this case? Do I really have to answer such a proposition to twelve intelligent men? Was McCafferty trying to saddle the crime on himself when he did it—when he took part of his own handwriting, part of the handwriting of some woman that appears to have no connection with the case, a few scraps of the defendant's handwriting and a part of Gen. Molineux's handwriting and deliver them all to Kinsley?

Did the Police Department want to have a man that knew his business or didn't it? We must remember that one of the most serious crimes of this century had just been committed.

A PRACTICAL TEST.

The Police Department was bound to get somebody that had some sense and that knew what he was doing. They thought that a practical test was the best way to find out whether a man knew his business or not.

So he took the address of the poison wrapper, he took his own handwriting—he knew the handwriting himself, he knew that he wrote it—he took a part of the handwriting of a woman that had nothing to do with the case, and a part of Gen. Molineux's handwriting that he knew Gen. Molineux had written.

I want to know which one of you would have done any better. He was not satisfied with one test. He makes two. Not satisfied with the first test he makes two. He wanted to know whether Kinsley knew his business or not. Now, I want to know which of you would have done any better; would have been more honest. Not a word was said to Kinsley about whose handwriting that was.

MR. WEEKS INTERRUPTS.

Mr. Weeks—Why didn't he take Cornish's handwriting?

Mr. Osborne—Mr. Weeks wants to know why Cornish's handwriting wasn't taken. The whole of this case can be explained by the answer which I will make to him. Because Cornish used a typewriter, and his handwriting was not to be obtained at the time.

And I want you to bear in mind that that address on that poison package is not written with a typewriter. Harry Cornish uses a typewriter. That is the reason why it took McCafferty many, many days to get that man's handwriting.

I did not get very numerous samples of it until this very trial, and you yourself saw one of Harry Cornish's handwritings brought in and thrown down on this table.

Mr. Weeks—I object to that statement of the District-Attorney as not supported by the facts.

Mr. Osborne—I say it is supported by the facts and the whole jury saw it, and it is now in evidence. That was brought in here and handed to me during this trial. The great trial of the District-Attorney was to get some of Cornish's handwriting written prior to Dec. 28, 1898. You saw it brought into court, and you saw it subsequently photographed, and Cornish makes the explanation by saying, "I use a typewriter." Easily denied, wasn't it? Easily disproved if he lied about it.

CARVALHO'S QUESTION.

Mr. Carvalho leaned over and whispered a question to Mr. Weeks. You all saw it. And what was the question? "Mr. Cornish, didn't Mr. Carvalho say to you at that time, 'I have seen enough of your handwriting, Mr. Cornish, and I don't have to see any more of it.'"

I want each of you, under your oath, to remember that that was put by Mr. Weeks and suggested by Mr. Carvalho. Now, do you want to know why Mr. Carvalho was not put on the stand? Because he was going to swear that Harry Cornish never wrote one of those letters, nor wrote the address on the poison package. That is plain enough.

I hope that there is not a man on that jury so—well, how could I express it? There was that question suggested by Mr. Carvalho to Mr. Weeks and put to Mr. Cornish on the stand, plain for all men to see.

And then Mr. Weeks gets up here and solemnly says that Harry Cornish may have written some of those letters. He laughs at McCafferty saying to Heckman, "Heckman, for God's sake, remember you have a wife and children. Remember the awful responsibility of making a charge against Molineux."

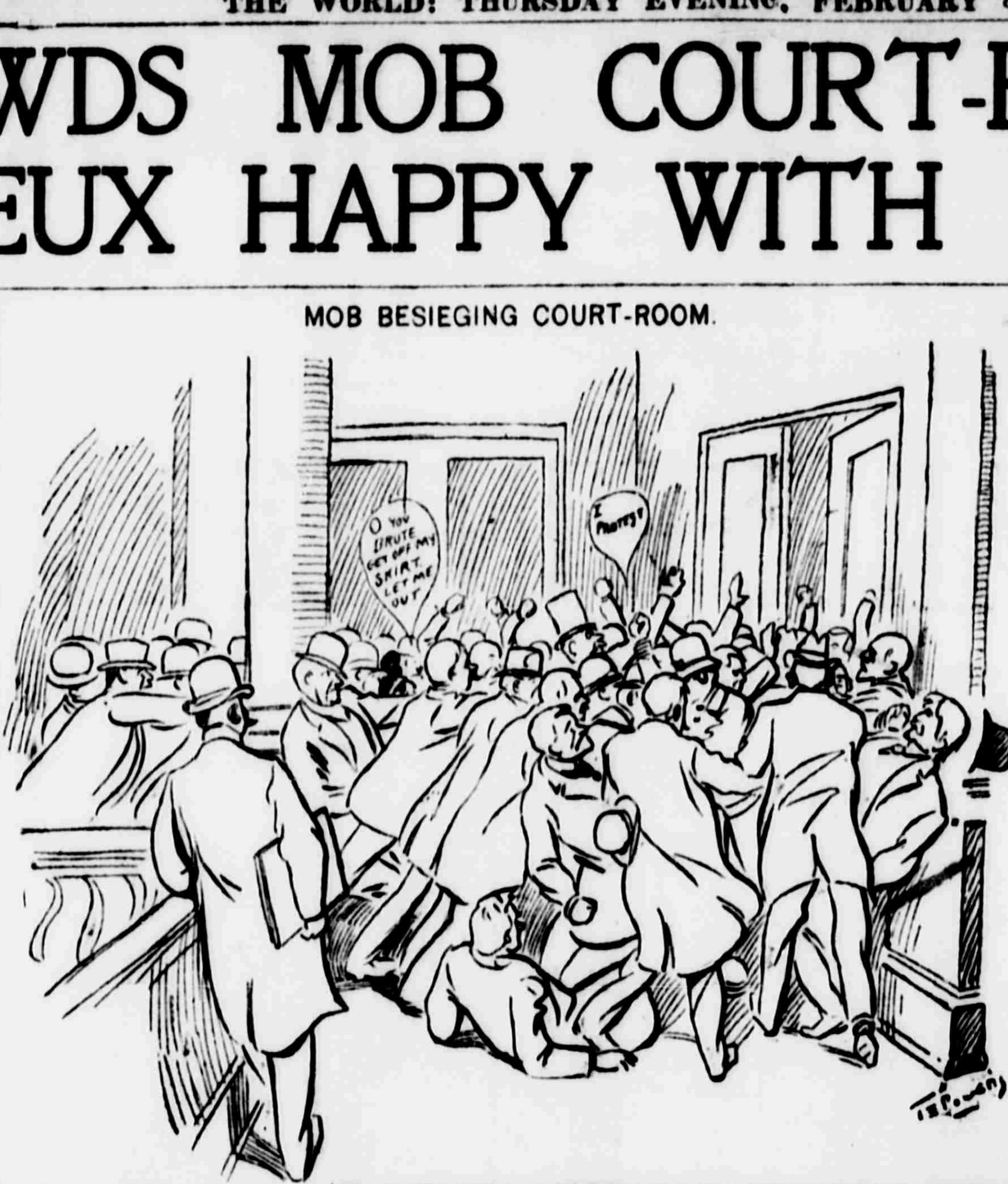
SHOT AT CARVALHO.

Kindly place yourself in the position of the officer at that time who represented the Detective Bureau. Remember at that time Kinsley had not made his report. Remember at that time Mr. Weeks, having retained Mr. Carvalho early in January, Mr. Carvalho, with that great intelligence which he is known to possess, had got himself sufficiently in the confidence of Mr. Kinsley to get Kinsley to go to Capt. McClusky and ask Capt. McClusky to be allowed to collaborate with Kinsley. Oh, surely, if ever I have a client who has committed a crime with which handwriting is in any way connected, surely I can safely say to my client, "For God's sake, let me go and get Carvalho."

Never in the world has the hand of a skilful Machiavelli directed things more marvellously, more honestly for the man who retained him!

Mind you, I am not questioning Mr. Carvalho in the slightest degree because, though he was willing to guide Mr. Weeks during all this trial and to act as a shrewd advocate and shrewd counsellor, he was not willing, ap-

MOB BESIEGING COURT-ROOM.



parently, to take that oath and perjure his soul.

Mr. Weeks—I object to that statement!

TURNS UPON WEEKS.

Mr. Osborne—I propose to prove it, and I propose to say to you that I will not permit you or any of you to stultify yourselves here in a case of this importance at the demand of Mr. Weeks. I say that the District-Attorney called Mr. Carvalho before the Grand Jury.

Why, he went before you yesterday and gave the whole thing away when he said Mr. Carvalho had been called as a witness in this case. And then he wanted to take it back when he found he had made a fatal mistake.

You all saw it, and the District-Attorney said to him, "No, you can't take it back now. You have said it. Let it stay on the record." And it was conceded by the District-Attorney and the defendant that Carvalho had been called by the District-Attorney before the Grand Jury which indicted this prisoner.

I did not call Mr. Carvalho because he was going to help the prisoner. No, I did not because at that time I was mad with him. You see the distinction, don't you? At that time I was advocating a proposition; at that time I was proclaiming with all the strength of my soul that this defendant was guilty of the crime of murder in the first degree, and I would not have called a single, solitary witness before that Grand Jury unless I thought it would help my proposition.

WHY NOT CALLED?

And if I had called any other witness I would have been guilty practically of a violation of my oath because I would not have believed any witness that tended in the slightest degree to disparage that proposition. I would not have believed it and I would not call a witness that I did not believe. I did believe Mr. Carvalho, and I knew that his testimony would aid the prosecution and he was called by the District-Attorney before the Grand Jury which indicted this prisoner.

Is that the reason Mr. Weeks did not call him now? I did not call him now? What an idea! What do you think this is? Is this a farce, or is this an inquiry into the truth?

I tell you it does not do for the Anglo-Saxon mind that has been developing the truth for many years to suddenly get into the position that he has and begin to advocate a false theory. He gives himself away every moment. You were not made for such, Mr. Weeks. Mr. Weeks was made to advocate the truth.

VIOLATED HIS OATH?

I say he violated his oath when he did not call Carvalho if his testimony would tend to acquit this prisoner, and, God knows, Mr. Weeks is the last man in the world not to live up to his retainer. It was his duty to call Carvalho.

Mr. Weeks—I object.

Mr. Osborne—He should have permitted me to cross-examine him.

Mr. Weeks—I object on the ground that the defense was not obliged to call any witnesses unless in their opinion a case has been made out by the prosecution.

The Recorder—I will give the jury no instructions now. I will instruct them when the proper time comes.

The Recorder—Proceed.

Mr. Osborne—I quote the law that a witness who is at the power of a party to call him, and fails to call him, the testimony of that witness must be against the party who fails to call him. That is common sense, is it not? Just look at it.

COULDN'T SUSTAIN WEEKS.

Carvalho was called by the District-Attorney, and the District-Attorney had every right to believe him. He sat there by Weeks from the beginning of this trial, telling him every question to put to the handwriting experts, and this great genius put questions to them that were difficult for them to examine, then suddenly fails to go on the stand.

Why? You cannot believe it is for you to presume that the reason he did not go on the stand was because he would not advocate the theory of Mr. Weeks, and I not only say that this is a presumption—I say it is a fact that is sworn to in this case, and that you cannot deny, under your oath, which I will read to you when the proper time comes.

CRUELTY TO CORNISH.

Mr. Weeks wants to know why McClusky did not arrest Cornish. Now it just simply shows you the absurdity of the whole proposition. He wants to know why McClusky did not arrest Cornish.

Isn't he satisfied with trying to kill Cornish? Isn't he satisfied with sending cyanide of mercury? Isn't he satisfied that Cornish should take a part of it? To what extent does his cruelty go?

I don't believe Mr. Weeks put in any such thing as that himself, because I know that Mr. Weeks knows that Cornish did not commit that crime, and I know it because he put the question suggested by Mr. Carvalho. I heard him do it and you heard him do it. And yet Mr. Weeks makes an insinuation here against Cornish.

Is it not enough, Mr. Weeks, to send a man cyanide of mercury to make him the instrument of committing one of the most dreadful crimes ever known, that he should have taken a part of it himself for which he required the attendance of two physicians? Isn't that enough? But to come into open court and make an accusation against him when you know it to be false, you know it to be untrue!

And he did not do that, I venture to say, on the advice of Mr. Carvalho.

You claim here to advocate the cause of this defendant, and you tried to make this jury believe that the reason you did not call this witness is for some other reason. You have tried time and time again to deceive this jury, and I say I presume it is part of your duty as an advocate.

Mr. Weeks—I object to that statement that I have tried to deceive the jury.

Mr. Osborne—I say this evidence will show it. And if I do not prove it I will let the jury—I will ask the Court to permit the jury to consider the fact that I said it.

REPUTATION PRECIOUS.

Gentlemen of the jury, do you recognize that a Grand Jury of this county has solemnly charged Roland B. Molineux of the murder of Katherine J. Adams? Do you recognize the fact that he is the son of an eminent father? Do you recognize the fact that to honorable men there are some things more sacred even than life? Do you recognize the fact that there is such a thing as reputation? Do you recognize the fact that to some men in the world reputation is worth more even than life? Do you recognize the fact that in this country there are thousands, aye millions, of people that are willing to sacrifice their lives for what they think is their reputation?

And do you recognize the fact, that in spite of that indictment made by the Grand Jury, and in spite of that tremendous case made out by the District-Attorney that not one solitary word has been said by the prisoner's counsel to show that he was not guilty. I assume, Mr. Martin, that this jury would acquit him in five minutes in this case——

Mr. Weeks objected to the language of Mr. Osborne and the Court replied that both counsels for the defense have indulge in the practice of going outside of the province.

The Court refused to so instruct and Mr. Weeks took an exception.

MRS. BELLINGER'S CASE.

Why didn't they call Mrs. Bellinger out of that house?

Why didn't they call Robert Zeller from Newark, the life-long friend, the private secretary of this defendant, the man who had access, according to this testimony, to that laboratory in Newark?

Why didn't they call him? And why did they leave it to me to call the servants out of their houses? Do you know why I called the servants?

If you do not, I don't think it is necessary for me to tell you. The servants lived no longer in the houses. They were arrested and under trial. I want you to call the owner of the house in New York to see how much you can get out of him, try it any time that you are advocating a case and you want to prove anything that happened in that house.

And I want one of you jurymen to try and get that woman, whoever she may be, to go on the stand and talk and do and say things. Try it, won't you?

Remember that the defendant here is charged with murder, but he has a reputation. And I say that a man innocent of this crime, that a man innocent of this crime, that a reputation to a man the son of such a father, ought to mean more than life to him. And I say that if he was innocent of this crime—I say that a troop of soldiers with Gatling guns at that door could not have kept away the witnesses that wanted to go and testify for him.

You have heard somebody say he wrote the address on that poison package, haven't you? The law allows a prisoner to put in evidence that he didn't write it. By whom? By people who know his handwriting.

REGARDING HEILES.

Another witness was Heiles, the intimate friend of the defendant—his friend in the club—Heiles, who had a bond of sympathy between the defendant in their common natural hatred for Cornish. Heiles, who hated Cornish! Molineux, who hated Cornish! Both of them having that common bond of sympathy which marks the keynote in this defendant's life: "Everybody that hates Cornish is my friend; everybody who is the friend of Cornish is my enemy."

I will prove that before I get through with this case. I will prove just what I say about that. That was the key of the defendant's life; that is the way he marked men.

Heiles is brought on the stand an unwilling witness for the prosecution, so unwilling that His Honor permitted the District-Attorney to ask him a leading question, a right very rarely granted. I had to pump it out of him. I had to take an affidavit and put it under his nose, he was so unwilling to testify against the prisoner. And though that man kept five sets of books, and though he had known Mr. Molineux's handwriting for years, Mr. Weeks did not ask him did Molineux write Exhibit B; did Molineux write Exhibit F. There was a man whose reputation was at stake, gentlemen.

There must be two or three hundred men in New York City who know the defendant's handwriting. He is a prolific writer of letters. Scheffler, Dr. Austin, members of the committees on which he was, members of the Committee of Governors of the New York Athletic Club, the stewards, people who signed tickets and things like that at the New York Athletic Club, the same at the Knickerbocker Athletic Club, and in the great city of New York not a solitary human being could be brought down here who would testify that the defendant did not write those letters. That is the fact. That is the cold, naked, undisguised fact.

And do you know why? Because that word "oblige" is reproduced absolutely and literally in Exhibit 14.

WROTE MANY LETTERS.

I am willing to now venture the assertion that there is not a member of that jury that ever wrote as much as the defendant. His life is full of letters. He is the most remarkable man I have ever studied, so far as I know. He would go down and dash off a letter on a moment's notice to anybody on the most trivial matter. He would have saved a lot of trouble if he had used a typewriter.

Now there was not a man in New York who ever received a letter from this defendant who would not come down here and swear to "oblige." Not a man on that jury who could say that the defendant didn't write the word "oblige" in Exhibit 14 and who could say that he didn't write it on Exhibit F.

CAB HITS TWO WOMEN.

They Dodged a Broadway Car and Were Bowled Over, but Only Slightly Hurt.

Two women were knocked down by a cab at Broadway and Duane street this afternoon. They dodged a car, and the cab coming in an opposite direction bowled them over.

An ambulance surgeon found that their hurts were not serious and sent them home. They said they were Frances Bennett, thirty-five years old, and Norah Ganagan, thirty-nine, both of 252 West Thirty-sixth street.

THREE KILLED IN CRASH.

Fast Freights Collide on Beech Creek Division of N. Y. Central Road.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., Feb. 8.—Three persons were killed and three seriously injured in a head-on collision to-day between fast freight trains on the Beech Creek Division of the New York Central road at Gordon Heights. The dead are:

Oliver C. Bennett, engineer, Williamsport.

Mark McFarland, engineer, and A. M. McAvenue, fireman, Jersey Shore.

The injured are:

P. C. Creighton, brakeman; John Linquest, brakeman, and Thomas Kane, fireman, all of Jersey Shore.

Both engines were demolished and thirty-seven cars were wrecked. The wreck, it is said, was due to a misunderstanding of orders.

SKYSCRAPER A FAILURE.

The Tract Society Building Needs $200,000 More to Make It Pay.

The American Tract Society wants $200,000. Its big skyscraper at the corner of Nassau and Spruce streets is declared to be not a paying affair. The building is valued at $2,000,000.

It is mortgaged for $1,500,000, and the rent does not pay interest on this amount.

An appeal has been sent broadcast asking for the $200,000 to settle a floating debt. Then it is hoped that the building will pay.

FGIHTING CIGARETTES.

Little Falls Police Ordered to Arrest All Small Boys Caught Smoking.

LITTLE FALLS, N. Y., Feb. 8.—Parents in Little Falls have become so alarmed at the hold of cigarettes upon their children that they have undertaken a cigarette crusade. Chief of Police Halling gave orders to the patrolmen to arrest all boys apparently under sixteen years of age found smoking cigarettes.

Several boys have been arrested since the order was given.

NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR IT.

Advertisements for THE WORLD will be received at any American District Messenger Office or Postal Telegraph Office in New York City at office rates. Call a messenger if you have a bell.

MOLINEUX COOLEST MAN IN THE COURT.

This was a fateful day for Roland Burnham Molineux, for there was a strong probability that his case would go to the jury before night.

It all depended upon Mr. Osborne. If he kept his promise of yesterday and only consumed three or four hours of the jury's time there was an extreme probability that the Recorder would cut his charge short in order that the jury might not be detained longer than necessary.

Mr. Osborne's course to-day was followed with much interest. The court-room filled early. The corridors outside were jammed with an eager, pushing crowd of morbid curiosity seekers. It was realized that this might be the last day, and every one wanted to be in at the death—so to speak.

FOUGHT FOR ADMITTANCE.

The crush was terrific at the entrance. It took the combined efforts of five policemen to force the crowd back. Men and women fought like wildcats for a place near the coveted entrance. They fairly clawed over each other in their efforts to get in.

Every time the court attendants opened the door there was a rush with the power of Niagara behind it, and in spite of all efforts half a dozen persons would filter through the space into the court-room.

There was to-day an entirely new crop of women in the section reserved for the sex. In the most part they were garbed solemnly in black, and if it had not been for the eager, open-eyed expressions they wore, one might have readily imagined that they were attendants upon a funeral.

One woman, clad in flaming scarlet, was the sole bright spot in this accumulation of sombre women.

The Molineux party, bright, cheerful and chatty, were in the court-room early. Their faces were illuminated with the hope that before another twenty-four hours their beloved boy would be restored to their waiting arms.

Mr. Weeks was confident. Mr. Osborne was serious and determined.

The jury looked bright and happy in the consideration that their labors were almost over.

PRISONER WAS RADIANT.

Molineux came into court smiling and happy. He was in splendid fettle. His face had lost the worried look of apprehension and he nodded brightly to several friends he noticed among the spectators. He gave his wife the usual warm and clinging kiss. On his mother he conferred the same caress. The old General shook hands with his boy, while his eyes moistened and his face flushed.

Molineux looked radiant, and it was difficult to imagine him the same man who, with anxious eyes, has gazed upon the jury for so many weeks. His face was transformed at the thought that perhaps liberty was close at hand. There was no brighter or more cheerful man in the court-room than he. He and his fond wife chatted gleefully, as if discussing the points of a new play.

Not the steadiest glare that Osborne could shoot from his steel-gray eyes appeared to disconcert the prisoner.

MOLINEUX DID NOT FLINCH.

"It was my duty to find the murderer," shouted Osborne, looking full at the prisoner. Molineux never wavered.

Mr. Osborne was very melodramatic. He strutted up and down in front of the jury, his arms flinging like the flails that thrash wheat. His fists pounded the rail in front of the jury-box. His open palms slapped with resounding cracks when he wished to emphasize a point.

DEFENDED CORNISH.

Mr. Osborne defended Cornish.

"Their own expert, Carvalho," he said, 'said to Cornish at Police Headquarters: 'Mr. Cornish, I have seen enough of your handwriting.'

"Now, gentlemen of the jury," said Osborne, slowly and impressively, "you know why Mr. Carvalho was not put upon the stand. He would not have been consistent with Mr. Weeks's theory. It doesn't do, Mr. Weeks, to advocate false theories after advocating the truth for so many years.

"I was convinced that Molineux was guilty of murder in the first degree, and I was convinced that Carvalho would help prove that theory. That is why I called Carvalho before the Grand Jury."

Mr. Osborne then took up the crime and the actions of Cornish during the time just succeeding the murder. He pictured Cornish as a white-robed innocent.

"WEREN'T YOU SATISFIED?"

"And Mr. Weeks wants to know why Cornish was not arrested. Weren't you satisfied to have sent him the poison? Weren't you satisfied to have him take part of it? What more do you demand?"

Osborne was looking straight at the prisoner. The room was as still as death and every one hung on his words.

"How dared you make such an accusation when you knew that you could not substantiate it!" hurled Osborne at Weeks, using almost the identical words that Weeks used yesterday. "You have tried to deceive this jury time and again," shouted Osborne in fiery tones.

"We object to that statement," said Mr. Weeks.

"Such language is improper," admitted the Recorder.

"I was wrong," said Osborne smiling. "He did not deceive the jury.

NO DEFENSE PROVED GUILT.

"If Mr. Weeks had believed his client innocent," went on Osborne, "he would have offered some defense."

Again Mr. Weeks arose and interposed an objection to what he termed the most flagrant violations of law. The Recorder refused to entertain it.

"If this man was innocent," exclaimed Osborne, dramatically, "he would say, 'Away with technicalities! Let in all the light!'" he shouted, turning to the large windows at the side of the court-room and flinging wide his arms.

He commented on the fact that Molineux did not buy the bottle-holder and then asked why Robert A. Zeller was not put on the stand.

"We didn't keep him off. An army with a hundred Gatling guns at that door could not keep his witnesses away if he wanted them!" shouted Osborne.

"It's a cold, naked, undisguised fact," said Mr. Osborne when he got to the letters, "that not a man could be brought forward to prove that Molineux did not write these letters. Why? Because the word 'oblige' is an exact reproduction of the prisoner's handwriting."

MOLINEUX'S SPIRITS RISE.

Molineux regained his composure as

the morning wore on, and toward recess he was again in his smiling and happy mood, frequently commenting humorously on Mr. Osborne's words to the wife alongside of him. He realized that Osborne had not yet offset the splendid and impressive summing up of Mr. Weeks.

JUROR BROWN ILL AGAIN.

Juror Brown, while at luncheon in the Astor House, had another bad turn. His rheumatic pains came back, and it was feared he would be unable to resume the afternoon session.

His physician was sent for at once. An easy chair was placed in the jury-box, and later it was said that Mr. Brown had recovered sufficiently to go ahead with the afternoon's work.

ANOTHER MOB AT DOOR.

After recess there ensued the same disgraceful mobbing of the entrance that was witnessed at the morning session. It was a fight for admission and the crowd was prepared to battle with any one that barred ingress.

Another new crop of women also appeared. This is a feature of the trial. At every session, morning and evening, a new bunch of females came to hand, and rarely are the same faces seen again. The lot this afternoon included a lady in royal purple and a damsel with "Zaza" hair. In all they were quite a relief to the funereal bunch of the morning session.

Mrs. Molineux came into court carrying a blood-red rose. Her party were in high good humor, and when Mrs. Molineux handed about a bonbon box Gen. Molineux made some joking remark which caused the others to laugh heartily.

All sorts of rumors were flying about the court-room concerning Juror Brown. One had it that he had collapsed and would be unable to resume. Another said that he was only a bit tired from the long strain, but would be able to go on.

FRANK W. THORP.

MILLER CAUGHT.

(Continued from First Page.)

refusing with a little smile and with evident good humor at being pressed.

The men talked together for a little while, then Chief Devery sent Reynolds with Miller to the room upstairs in which pictures and measurements of men are made for the Rogues' Gallery. Miller walked out quietly, as if going home, and Capt. Reynolds took him up to the measuring-room. The marks of the pressed thumb, its size, the sizes of the different parts of the body and other measurements were taken, besides the photograph of the face and head.

When this was done, Miller and Capt. Reynolds returned to Chief Devery's office. There he was seen by an Evening World reporter.

He looks shabby. His face was unshaven, his linen soiled and untidy and his clothing creased, greasy and worn.

Miller wouldn't talk, but smilingly said that he had nothing to tell of his swindling game, his escape or his capture until he had consulted his lawyer.

Capt. Reynolds was mysterious.

"I located Miller up in Canada," said Reynolds, "but I could not get my hands on him. Two days ago I saw a man on the street, a friend of Miller. I followed him and he was joined by Miller.

"Then I spoke to Miller and told him if he would come back to New York it would be all right.

"Miller said he would go. We took the train for New York. When we got off at the Grand Central Depot I took a warrant from my pocket and served it.

"Of course he offered no resistance. It would have done him no good.

"That's all I'll tell now. Anything further I have to say about the capture will be in my written report to Chief Devery."

Miller heard all that Reynolds said, but offered no comment.

He was taken to Brooklyn at 4 o'clock by Capt. Reynolds and will be arraigned in court to-morrow morning.

Capt. Reynolds and his prisoner crossed the bridge on a cable car, and when they got off at Police Headquarters there was a great crowd waiting to welcome them.

Newsboys had already shouted The Evening World's "Extra" containing the news of Miller's capture throughout the streets of Brooklyn. Hundreds of men and women whom he had swindled of their savings had hurried down.

Reynolds and Miller crushed their way through the crowd, the prisoner cool, smiling and nodding familiarly to many. He was taken to the office of Assistant Chief McKellar, where there was more handshaking.

Many of the policemen had been friends of Miller's, and some are reputed to have good-sized bank accounts, accumulated by investments in his syndicate.

They were all glad to see Miller, and he appeared to be equally glad to see them.

Miller was taken before Justice Hurd in the County Court, Brooklyn, this afternoon. Three indictments were read to him, one for the larceny of $500, another for $700 and a third for $150.

The complainants were Anton Glock and Peter Lefferts.

In a loud voice Miller said:

"Not guilty."

Bob Ammon, his counsel, then asked the Judges to fix the bail:

Justice Hurd fixed the bail at $12,500.

Ammon said he would get bail. Miller was committed pending the appearance of a bondsman.

The "Franklin Syndicate," with offices in a wooden dwelling at 144 Floyd street, was exposed and broken up by The Evening World. Exposure led to Miller's flight Nov. 23, when he went away attended by two detectives, who followed him to the office of "Bob" Ammon, his lawyer, in Nassau street, where they let him slip off under their noses.

The swindler's main business was transacted on a promise to pay 10 per cent. a week to investors. It is variously stated that it ran three years and that it only existed one year.

Accounts discovered show tht its receipts were about $600,000 during the last month and disbursements less than $300,000. Circulars sent out hinted that stock operations "on inside information" were the source of profits.

In the place were Cecil Leslie, nominally a press agent; Miller's brother, now under arrest, and a mysterious man, said to be named Schlesinger, who was supposed to be interested. Ammon was also frequently consulted by "Manager" Miller.

So bold were the operations that even after exposure the syndicate carried on business. An indictment was found, however, on Nov. 23, by a Grand Jury in Brooklyn, upon the facts published by The Evening World.

In some way that the police and detectives then in charge in Brooklyn have not explained, Miller left his office immediately after the indictment was found, and was allowed to become "lost" by the two sleuths who were at his heels.

Chief Devery sal later that Miller had been found by Capt. Reynolds in Montreal. He was asked if Col. "Bob" Ammon, Miller's lawyer, was the man Reynolds traced to Montreal, and he said he was not, but went on:

"I will say, though, that Ammon should be indicted for aiding Miller to escape."

Chief Devery was asked again if Reynolds's capture of Miller would reinstate him as head of the Brooklyn Detective Bureau. He answered:

"No, sir. I made up my mind to get Miller somehow, and we got him. Capt. Reynolds was acting under my orders."

Miller, in giving his pedigree, said his name is William F. Miller, that he is twenty-two years old, lives at 132 Vernon avenue, Brooklyn, is a broker and married.

Chief Devery telephoned to Deputy Chief Mackellar to have Miller committed to Raymond Street Jail.

SIGNS TUNNEL BOND BILL,

Gov. Roosevelt Puts His Signature to the Measure — No Opposition.

ALBANY, Feb. 8.—Comptroller Bird S. Coler, of New York; Rapid Transit Commissioner George L. Rives, and Assemblyman Gherardi Davis were the only persons to appear before Gov. Roosevelt this morning at the time set for the hearing on the Rapid Transit bill. The bill permits the city to sell tunnel bonds in various amounts.

In view of the absence of opposition the bill was signed by the Governor at 12.30 o'clock and became a law.

GRIP'S AWFUL WORK.

Caused 7,000 Deaths in New York State in Four Months Last Year.

ALBANY, Feb 6.—The annual bulletin of the State Board of Health shows that the number of deaths in 1899 was 121,820, being 850 more than in 1898 and 4,740 more than in 1897.

Grip is estimated to have caused 7,000 deaths from January to April. This mortality could have been reduced several thousand if every one had taken Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey as directed.

DR. WILLARD H. MORSE, F. S. Sc., American Director of the Bureau of Materia Medica, after hundreds of tests and a careful analysis, says Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey is the only absolute cure for Grip, Pneumonia and Consumption.

Dr. Morse says: "Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey is the only reliable and absolutely sure remedy for the grip, pneumonia and consumption. Ordinary whiskey is as useless as it is dangerous for the same diseases."

Don't take any chances. When you feel the grip coming on take a tablespoonful of Duffy's Pure Malt in a glass of water every two hours. It will cure the worst case of grip in 24 hours. All druggists and grocers, $1.00 a bottle. Be sure you get the genuine.

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Our latest importation of Carved Cuckoo Clocks has many new and effective patterns.

Cottage design Clocks, at $4.00
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GIRLS	16	VARNISHERS	3
GROCERY CLERKS	3	WAIST HANDS	4
HOUSEKEEPERS	5	WAITERS	4
HOUSEWORK	147	WAITRESSES	19
IRONERS	6	MISCELLANEOUS	[illegible]
JANITORS	3		
JOB COMPOSITORS	6	TOTAL	[illegible]