

FERCE CROSS-EXAMINATION OF VALET JONES BY DEFENSE.

Lawyer Moore shortly after the afternoon session began, and the effect upon Jones was at once perceptible. He spoke more rapidly and loudly and unfolded his hands frequently. Patrick sat and eyed the valet as if enjoying his confusion.

Lawyer Moore was cold and pitiless. He seemed to be making an effort to break Jones down entirely, to throw him into a state of hysteria, if possible.

"Ever had a talk with Mr. Osborne in which you told him what you said in the last statement?"

"I had talks with him a number of times."

"How soon after the murder complaint did you have a talk with him?"

"I think it was the same day. It was in his office."

"Was a stenographer present?"

"Yes."

"Who was there then?"

"Mr. Osborne, Mr. Battle, a stenographer and myself."

A Denial by Osborne.

Mr. Osborne said that he never took a stenographic statement from him in his life.

Jones explained that it was when the complaint was made.

Detective Brindley, who guards Jones daily, sat behind Jones during the afternoon session. He watched the valet closely, and it was evident that the detective had been placed there under special orders.

A Snarl for Jones.

"Before you made the last statement saying you were the murderer did you know that Mr. Osborne had examined the elevator boys in the Rice apartments, and they said that Patrick was not there on the Sunday Rice died until evening?"

"I didn't know it."

"Didn't you know the boys had said they would contradict you?"

"I heard it from the boys. I didn't hear it from Mr. Battle or Mr. Osborne."

Wasn't It Because You Knew This That You Confessed?

"It was because Mr. Osborne told me he would not listen to me unless I told all the truth."

"Why did he tell you he didn't believe your confession to Mr. Battle?"

Mr. Osborne said he didn't know Jones had ever confessed to Mr. Battle until yesterday.

The attorneys began chaffing one another. Mr. Moore said he ought to put Mr. Osborne on the stand right now.

"I am ready," said Mr. Osborne.

"Stop this and go on," said the Justice.

Trying to Save Himself.

Jones then said that the story he told to Mr. Battle was contradictory.

"I was only trying to protect myself," he said, "and I did not care what I said so long as I protected my interests."

"Recall any contradictory statement you made?"

In the squabble between Lawyer Moore and Mr. Osborne the latter made a mock apology to the former, and a general laugh went around the room. Jones smiled in the mirth. He placed one of his large hands over his mouth and snickered.

Patrick laughed, too, but at Jones' nod at the joke.

"I don't recall any."

"Anything contradictory as to the way in which Mr. Rice was killed?"

"I don't recall."

"Any as to the signing of the checks?"

"No, sir."

"Any as to the letters and envelopes?"

"None that I recall."

"Any as to the embalming?"

"No."

"Didn't you say that Mr. Patrick called and saw Mr. Rice?"

"Not at that time."

About that Confession.

"Didn't Mr. Osborne tell you why he believed your statement—first statement—to be false?"

"The only said it could not be corroborated."

"When you confessed to Mr. Garvan in March, 1900, where were you?"

"In this building. I wrote a full confession in substance just what I have told here on my direct examination."

"Didn't you tell Mr. Garvan that you could influence Mr. Rice?"

"No, I told him the truth."

"You haven't been telling the truth very long, have you?"

"I began telling the truth about the first of January."

He Told Some Truth.

"Did you ever tell the truth in any statements you made prior to the last?"

"Yes, sir; there was some truth, some in every statement."

Jones made these admissions just as one might say, "Yes, I have had my lunch, thank you."

"Did Meyer say that he wanted to make sure that the signature to the will alleged to be Mr. Rice's was genuine before he witnessed it?"

"Yes, Meyer did say that."

"Did Short say he wouldn't sign it unless it was genuine?"

"No, Short didn't say anything that I can remember."

"Do you remember making a statement to Mr. Osborne just before you cut your throat that you never saw the alleged bogus Rice will of June 29 until the day of your arrest?"

"I do not remember, but I think I did."

"Did you see the will of May 26 in Patrick's office?"

"I did."

"Jones said that he saw Mr. Osborne the evening before he attempted to commit suicide."

"You saw Mr. Osborne, and then went back to the Tombs and cut your throat?"

"Yes, sir," answered Jones, seriously.

That's Good, said Patrick.

The question and answer caused a general laugh, in which Patrick joined heartily.

"That's pretty good. That's pretty good," whispered Patrick, as he sneezed, sneezed and laughed outright.

"What motive did you have in making a false statement about the will of May 26?"

Important Notice.

It is hereby notified that the undersigned has been appointed executor of the last will and testament of the late JAMES M. MOORE, deceased, and has accepted of the said office. All persons having claims against the estate of the said deceased are hereby notified to present the same to the undersigned at his office, No. 111 Broadway, New York City, on or before the 15th day of April, 1901. Dated April 4, 1901. JAMES M. MOORE, Executor.

"I was trying to shield myself. The murder was what I had in mind then. I expected to shield myself by telling that Patrick committed the murder."

Lawyer Moore insisted that there must have been a very much stronger motive than merely to clear his skirts of any connection with the forgery of the signatures to the will.

"From what?"

"From punishment."

Was Shielding Himself.

"From murder-punishment for murder?" shouted Mr. Moore.

"Yes, murder," answered the valet meekly in a low voice. Then he drew a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped the palms of his hands.

"It is true that on the night of the murder Patrick called and took away a number of valuable papers?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then did you say in a statement that Patrick brought a checkbook the next day?"

"I did make that statement."

"Was it true?"

Here Was Another Lie.

"No, it was not."

"Didn't you know that if you filled out a forged check you were guilty of forgery?"

"No, not until I got into this trouble."

"Then you told all the lies you did to secure immunity for yourself from punishment?"

"Well, I suppose anything that I thought would help me," answered Jones. Patrick smiled. Lawyer Moore and Osborne looked at him with interest.

"I don't understand," answered Jones. Justice Jerome explained the question, and Jones answered "Yes" to the question.

"Did you ever say you gave Rice anything to make him sleep?"

"No, sir. I said I gave him sapola. I said it to Capt. Baker."

Jones said it was about Jan. 1 when he made the statement.

Justice Talks to Jones.

Patrick and Moore conferred for a some time. Justice Jerome talked in a low tone to Jones.

Mr. Moore resumed going back to the time Jones made the complaint against Patrick. He asked if he, Jones, at that time made any other statement. Jones said he did not.

"Didn't you notified the District-Attorney that it was mercury that killed Rice?"

"I told Mr. Battle it was both mercury and chloroform."

"Had you told about any poison other than mercury?"

"I think I told Mr. Osborne the first day."

"I had told Mr. Osborne that chloroform had been used. I told him that he had taken tablets of mercury."

"Did you say that was the poison that killed him?"

"I don't remember that I told him directly. I told him what he had taken."

"At the time the complaint was looked don't you understand the District-Attorney contended Rice was killed by mercury?"

"I couldn't answer directly. I gave him my information."

That Expert's Report.

Mr. Moore read the expert's report stating that Rice died from mercurial poisoning. Jones said he had not heard of it until now.

Then Mr. Moore harked back to the first visit Patrick made to Rice's apartments in November, 1899. He asked Jones to tell all about it. The valet repeated substantially his story told in his direct examination.

The following week, Jones said, Patrick called again. Once more the valet repeated the second meeting.

It was at this time that Patrick told Jones who he was and said he represented the heirs of Mrs. Rice in a pending lawsuit.

"Do you think this conversation was so impressive that you could remember it?" said Mr. Moore. "It seems to me that it is strange you can remember so many little things and can't recall important ones. When was the proposition made to write a bogus letter?"

"I think it was the third visit."

"What did he say about the fictitious letter?"

"He told me the form of the letter he wanted, and said he would draw it if I would write it for him."

"You agreed to that?"

"Yes, sir."

His Willing Friend.

"He was almost a stranger?"

"Yes, sir."

"You didn't know what his name was until the second or third visit?"

"He may have told me his name before. I knew it at least on this visit."

Lawyer Moore was evidently trying to picture Jones as the chief conspirator in the great conspiracy and the valet became suspicious and guarded. He could not explain why he had been willing to copy a forged letter for a man who was almost a stranger.

"You entered into a scheme with a man almost a stranger to you to commit a felony?"

"Yes, I did."

"You entered into the scheme, knowing it was a wicked and criminal act?"

asked Justice Jerome.

Betrayed Rice for \$250.

"Yes, sir; but I didn't know it was committing a felony."

"Then you were willing at first to betray your benefactor for \$200?" asked Mr. Moore.

"Yes, sir; to Mr. Patrick," answered Jones.

"Patrick told you he would give you \$250 if you would copy a letter for him on the typewriter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did Patrick ever pay you \$250?"

"He never did."

"Did you ever keep any letters written to you by Patrick?"

NO PROOF YET TO HOLD PATRICK ON.

As yet nothing has been shown to prove that Patrick is really guilty of murder, except the uncorroborated testimony of an acknowledged accomplice. There must be corroboration of Jones' statements in order to hold Patrick on a murder charge, and I will not accept a waiver of the present time from either side—Justice Jerome's statement to attorneys in court.

DEADLY HATE OF JONES FOR PATRICK SHOWN.

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VALET JONES HAS ODD PRONUNCIATION.

Valet Charles F. Jones pronounces some words oddly, like a blackwoodsman. "Where" he pronounces as "weere" if spelled "where," "more" as "moore," "very" as "vurry" and "kern" as "kern."

Osborne Got Angry Then.

Mr. Osborne arose and flushing hotly said: "I decline to hold any communication with Mr. Moore." Then he said, turning the table with his feet:

"Mr. Moore made a remark today which precludes my having any communication with him until he tells me what he meant by it."

"I'll tell you what I meant by it," said Mr. Moore. Then he apologized for the remark, saying he did not mean to offend.

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PATRICK READING TO THE COURT JONES' CONFESSION.

JONES DECLARES HE IS NOT THINKING OF SUICIDE

The statements in the public prints that I am on the verge of collapse and am again contemplating suicide are untrue. I never felt so well in all my life as I do now.

The fact that I have unburdened my mind is a great relief. Up to two weeks ago I was sickly, but since I have been able to be out in the open air I have recovered my usual strength.

I do not think the strain I am under sufficient to break down a man.

I have great admiration for Mr. Moore. He impresses me as being a man of wonderful force and intelligence. Statement by Valet Charles F. Jones.

PATRICK'S LAWYERS ARE SATISFIED.

The cross-examination will be continued today. We hope to get through and down to the last confession made by Jones. We are satisfied with the progress of the case so far. ROBERT M. MILLER, Attorney for Patrick.

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"Where does your father live?"

"Near Houston, Tex., in the country."

"Did you and your father have a talk apart from your lawyer?"

"Yes, sir, we had a short talk."

"What was said between you?"

He Declines to Answer.

"I decline to answer that question unless I am forced to," answered Jones.

"Answer," said Justice Jerome simply and quietly.

"Well, I asked after my relatives in Texas. I referred my father to Mr. Battle about the particulars of the case. He was weeping."

"It was weak and the whole case affected both my father and I greatly."

"What did you expect Mr. Battle would tell your father?"

"I don't know."

"Your father and you were weeping, you say?"

"No, I didn't say I was weeping," said Jones, angrily. "I said my father wept. I felt badly."

"You didn't expect Mr. Battle to tell all to your father—not all, all?" pressed Mr. Moore.

Jones was silent.

"At that time didn't you intend to tell your father about this case?"

Would Deceive His Father.

"I was too weak to talk to him, to tell him myself."

"Did you intend to deceive your father?" asked Justice Jerome.

"Yes, sir, I THINK I DID SO INTEND," replied Jones meekly.

"Umph," said Patrick, in a low voice, smiling at Morris Meyers, his clerk.

Jones recalled that Mr. Miller, one of the lawyers for the proponents for the Rice will of 1896, called upon him after Mr. Battle's second visit to the hospital. Capt. Baker was with him. They asked after his health. Jones said he was weak.

"Then you don't know to this day why Capt. Baker and Mr. Miller called on you then?"

"No, sir, I do not."

"Did Capt. Baker call upon you later?"

"He did not."

"When you were in the Tombs with Mr. Miller, Mr. Byrne and Mr. Osborne, did anything happen about retaining Weeks & Battle or some lawyer other than Mr. House?"

"No, sir, not that I recall. Mr. House was my attorney at that time. I thought he was a good attorney."

"Then, before you cut your throat, you thought you had a good lawyer?"

"No, sir, I thought then that Mr. House was a good lawyer; I think so today."

"You thought so the night you cut your throat?"

"I did not."

Osborne Frightened Him.

Jones related how Mr. Osborne had accused him of making a fictitious statement after his first confession. Mr. Osborne said he couldn't corroborate the alleged facts.

"He told you you were lying like a dog, didn't he?" asked Mr. Moore, shaking his finger at Jones.

The valet blushed, smiled in a shamefaced way and said:

"No, he never said that. He said that he knew I had made a fictitious statement. He never used such language as you do. Mr. Osborne told me I must tell the truth."

"He said if you didn't tell the truth he would see that both you and Patrick were punished alike, didn't he?"

"Yes, he said exactly that."

"He told you if you didn't tell the truth you would get in trouble?"

"I was a ready to trouble."

"Can't you tell what he said?"

"He said the statement I had made was fictitious and couldn't be corroborated. I came over from the Tombs. Mr. Osborne, Capt. McCluskey and Capt. Baker came. Capt. Baker asked me about the letters and asked me about those I mailed to Patrick. I told him I mailed them so Mr. Rice wouldn't know. Mr. Osborne said he believed I was telling the truth this time."

"Osborne told you that he had evidence that Rice was murdered?"

"I don't recall that it was mentioned."

"He asked you to testify at the inquest?"

"Nothing was said about it?"

"The doctor called you to the Tombs and went to bed?"

"Yes, I read a while."

"Who did you call up?"

"About 10 o'clock."

"Then you cut your throat?"

"Yes."

"How did the man who gave you your letters you wrote in the Tombs?"

"I don't know. I don't know how he looked. I don't know whether he had a beard or not. I think he was in his military uniform."

"Was this man a trusty?" asked Justice Jerome.

"It was my impression he was."

"If you saw him could you tell him?" asked Moore.

"I am not sure. He is not in the Tombs but he considered a very cute thing while Lawyer Moore was asking."

"Mr. Chapman."

"How long was it before Mr. Battle called on you in the hospital?"

"My best recollection."

"I don't want your best recollection. I want positive knowledge."

Justice Jerome interposed. He said that the best recollection was competent.

Jones' Lack of Memory.

Jones' recollection was vague when he didn't want to state positively.

"How did Capt. Baker happen to call on you?"

"I asked Capt. Baker to call. Mr. Battle came with Mr. Baker."

"Can you tell the first thing Capt. Baker said to you when he called at the hospital, or the substance of what he said?"

"No, I can't. All I remember is that I asked him to get me a lawyer."

Patrick took out his gold watch, a handsome timepiece, and patted it as he watched Jones.

"Many questions, put in an aggravating way by Lawyer Moore, coupled with Patrick's easy attitude and confident manner, angered Jones to the point of desperation. He began to snap back replies.

Patrick kept on prompting Lawyer Moore. He seemed to want to arouse the fury of the valet.

Jones told of Lawyer George Gordon Battle's visits to the hospital. He came three times and consulted with him as his now lawyer. Jones said his father called on him when he was in the hospital.

"Did you do any writing on that occasion?" asked Mr. Moore.

"No, I did not; Mr. Battle may have."

Jerome Checks Lawyer.

Lawyer Moore, urged by Patrick, spoke to Jones freely, and alluded to Jones as a "liar." Jones looked apologetically at Justice Jerome, who raised his hand and said:

JUST A MINUTE, MR. MOORE, PLEASE. THIS MAN IS AN UNBAPTIZED AND UNBAPTIZED MAN. THAT IS NO REASON WHY YOU SHOULD OFFER HIM A GRATUITIOUS AND UNBAPTIZED NO REASON TO CALL HIM A LIAR.

Jones Makes Admissions.

When Mr. Moore resumed he was more aggressive than ever. He was hard on Jones, and he seemed to admit that it was false, that everything else was true. JONES SAID HE TRIED TO SHIELD HIS WAY AND TO BEING MATTERS HIS WAY.

At this point the room was so crowded that the valet, who was sitting in the front row, was unable to see the witness stand at the present examination.

Patrick helped the clerk whenever he was unable to read the statement, which was in Mr. Battle's handwriting.

"I don't understand the reading of the statement. His face was impassive and his manner calm."

Jones seemed to be in a reverie. Suddenly he caught sight of Patrick helping the clerk in the reading of the statement he had made.

I amused the valet and he leaned far over the arm of his chair, and with a sneer, his face twisted to the valet, interest until he discovered that he was attracting the attention of the reporters and spectators.

But Patrick did not seem to mind Jones' amusement. He continued to turn the pages of Jones' confession and to prompt the lawyer's clerk.

The statement contained a few particulars about the confession and to prompt the lawyer's clerk.

One was that Patrick told Jones that he owned the property in Mr. Patrick's house, No. 315 West Fifty-eighth street, and that he gave him the rent of two rooms in the house.

Jones also stated that he had never heard of any impropriety between Patrick and Mrs. Francis, who he said

His Statement to Battle.

It told of the entire conspiracy, the forgeries and the murder of Mr. Rice, and all that happened from the time Jones met Patrick until he attempted to commit suicide.

The statement was the same in substance as Jones' confession made on the witness stand at the present examination.

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It told of the entire conspiracy, the forgeries and the murder of Mr. Rice, and all that happened from the time Jones met Patrick until he attempted to commit suicide.

The statement was the same in substance as Jones' confession made on the witness stand at the present examination.

Patrick helped the clerk whenever he was unable to read the statement, which was in Mr. Battle's handwriting.

"I don't understand the reading of the statement. His face was impassive and his manner calm."

Jones seemed to be in a reverie. Suddenly he caught sight of Patrick helping the clerk in the reading of the statement he had made.

I amused the valet and he leaned far over the arm of his chair, and with a sneer, his face twisted to the valet, interest until he discovered that he was attracting the attention of the reporters and spectators.

But Patrick did not seem to mind Jones' amusement. He continued to turn the pages of Jones' confession and to prompt the lawyer's clerk.

The statement contained a few particulars about the confession and to prompt the lawyer's clerk.

One was that Patrick told Jones that he owned the property in Mr. Patrick's house, No. 315 West Fifty-eighth street, and that he gave him the rent of two rooms in the house.

Jones also stated that he had never heard of any impropriety between Patrick and Mrs. Francis, who he said

Patrick's Lawyers Are Satisfied.

The cross-examination will be continued today. We hope to get through and down to the last confession made by Jones. We are satisfied with the progress of the case so far. ROBERT M. MILLER, Attorney for Patrick.

DEADLY HATE OF JONES FOR PATRICK SHOWN.

A feature of the hearing in Lawyer Patrick's effort to raise Valet Jones to a pitch of valet Jones hates the man he accuses with a fierce hatred. Every time Patrick prompts the cross-examiner the witness trembles with anger, and if a look could kill his would, once or twice today it looked as if the valet might break out.

VALET'S LESSON TO THE LAWYER.

Jones did what he considered a very cute thing while Lawyer Moore was asking him to describe a man in the Tombs, a prisoner. Lawyer Moore asked if the man had a "moustache."

"I do not recall that he had a moustache," answered the valet, with a smile, as he pronounced the word as correctly as a Frenchman, valet's correction.

Lawyer Moore, who was once a blacksmith "up state," didn't notice the

JEROME SEES NO EVIDENCE.

Couldn't Hold Patrick on Testimony So Far Given, He Declares.

(MORNING SESSION.)

Valet Jones came to the Criminal Courts Building early to-day to resume his seat as the chief witness in the examination of Albert T. Patrick, the lawyer accused of the murder of Millionaire Rice.

He was accompanied by Detective Brindley, who never permitted the former valet and self-accused murderer of the millionaire to get beyond his reach.

"What is the use of going on with the examination any way?" asked Lawyer Moore, Patrick's counsel. "Why not adjourn until Tuesday?"

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was a "respectable person as far as he knew."

As the clerk read this Lawyer Patrick's face flushed.

Finally the law clerk said that he could not read the statement. It was handed to Lawyer Moore. "I can't read it," said he.

Patrick, at his stand and took the statement.

In a clear voice Patrick read the statement made by Jones of just how he killed Mr. Rice. The man who Jones says should live for Rice's death did not omit a word.

He read Jones' words:

HE TOOK THE SPONGE AND SOAKED IT IN CHLOROFORM AND PLACED IT IN A TOWEL SHAPED LIKE A CONE AND HELD IT OVER MR. RICE'S HEAD.

Patrick smiled and grew red as he read this.

Jones Turned White.

Jones was white as the paper in Patrick's hands. It was the most astonishing and dramatic incident of the examination, and Patrick's reading of the confession was listened to without a sound disturbing the stillness of the library.

After that a recess was taken for luncheon.

MORRIS MEYERS IS RELEASED.

Bail in \$5,000 Furnished for Him by a Brooklyn Glass Maker.

Morris Meyer, one of the witnesses to the Rice will, and who is under arrest, charged with forgery in the first degree