THE EVENING SUN.
Circulation larger than any other evening newspaper printed in the English language.

The Sun.

THE EVENING SUN
is the most popular and successful evening paper ever known.
Price One Cent.

VOL. LV.—NO. 62. NEW YORK, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1887. PRICE TWO CENTS.

GERMANS CHEER FELLOWS.

HE MAKES A DOWNRIGHT MANLY REPLY TO HIS SLANDERERS.

Read It and See What the Man is Like—The County Convention of German Citizens' Associations Endorses Him Heartily.

The County Convention of the German-American Independent Citizens' Associations was held last evening in Beethoven Hall, Fifth street, near the Bowery. Five hundred delegates were there. S. D. Sewards presided, and the Campaign Committee made a report through its Chairman, Charles E. Wendt, and Secretary Frank H. Rodenburg. The reference to a previous endorsement of the Democratic State ticket was received with cheers, and a report in favor of adopting the Democratic county ticket was received with equal heartiness. The applause that greeted the name of Col. Fellows was the loudest and heartiest of the evening, and from the body of the house a call went up to have the names presented separately, and that of Col. Fellows first. This method of procedure was embodied in the form of a motion and carried, and on the question of endorsing the Union Democratic nominee for District Attorney the vote was unanimous. The resolutions in part were:

Whereas, The nomination of John R. Fellows for District Attorney, whom for the last fifteen years we have had many opportunities of appreciating as an upright, disinterested, and public-spirited man, is to us a guarantee that in case of his election the boodle cases will terminate in a conviction of the guilty parties, inasmuch as heretofore a conviction was had only in those cases in which his powerful genuine coöperated, while no lawyer in this city ventured to take its place in the one case in which sickness prevented him from assisting, and which actually ended in a mistrial; be it therefore

Resolved, That we endorse his nomination, and declare him to be the candidate of the German-American Independent Citizens' Associations.

Col. Fellows was escorted into the hall by a committee that had been sent to inform him of the action of the Convention, when the discussion of the next endorsement was being considered. The calls from the delegates were so long and loud that the Chairman suspended the order of business and introduced Col. Fellows, who said as soon as his enthusiastic greeting permitted him to be heard:

"GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION: I have just received the notification, through your committee, that you have unanimously endorsed my nomination for District Attorney. For this distinction I return you my grateful thanks. It is known to all of you, for you are men who keep pace with public affairs, that the nomination you thus endorse came to me entirely unsolicited and unexpected. Within a few hours of the assembling of the Democrats of this city in their regular conventions there was no intimation that I was to be called upon to be a standard bearer. The recognized leaders, as was well known, had choices that lay in other directions. But upon consultation and discussion the names of those gentlemen were found to be not acceptable, and it was found that mine would be favorably received and endorsed by the two bodies representing the Democrats of this Democratic city.

"I am a party man and always have been so, strong, unyielding, and consistent. I believe in the principles of my party. I have sought to give ascendancy in the State and Union to that party and those principles. And when, with singular unanimity and without intrigue or solicitation, the obligation to carry its standard was laid upon me, I could not resist. I accepted the obligation and the responsibility. [Applause].

"These prefatory remarks are necessary to meet the insolent slander that I am a candidate of the bosses. The bosses had selected other names, but the committees and conventions would not agree upon accepting them. There never stood in the city of New York a candidate more absolutely the choice of a Convention of his party than the one who now stands before you.

"I have been twenty years a resident among you. My life has been to a large extent public, exposed to the keen gaze of the press and people of the metropolis. My life has been open. There was no stain upon my garments, as I supposed from the praises and compliments I had received from the press and people, those who knew my work. Yet simply by reason of my being presented as a candidate against the will of the insolent boss of a contemptible paper [hisses], I have been vilified and abused, my family relations assailed, my private character foully characterized. The discussion of that I leave to my neighbors and to those who know me. Full well I know what their verdict will be, irrespective of party predilections.

"My public life has been assailed, but not by open charges. Let this vile paper, through which the lechery of the city runs, dare to make a charge affecting my official career, and I will bring them before a jury [illegible] on a criminal libel. I [illegible] their ill-gotten money [illegible] do. They confine their [illegible] vile suggestions and [illegible] accusations.

"This torrent of vituperation [illegible] itself into the charge that I am poor, and have been poor all my life. I was born in poverty. My boyhood days were spent under its grinding influence. Whatever I have accomplished for myself and for others has been done in the face of adverse circumstances and against great difficulties. I have never cared about this. I have never coveted to be wealthy. And an intelligent constituency that knows men and affairs as they have been, knows that a man who has been in the position I have occupied for years need not be poor if he will consent to be bought. [Applause].

"Do you really believe, an intelligent jury of men such as I see sitting before me here—you are not graven images or voting machines, depending upon manufactured opinions—do you not know that this could not be true of the same man, 'poor and purchased?' You know that a man who has been connected with the trials of the last two years, if the things were true of him that are insinuated against me, would be lifted far above the danger or troubles that come from poverty. You know this. Let them do the writing—you do the voting. [Laughter and cheers.]

"They parade the record of my debts. Perhaps I have been more generous than just. But those debts are nearly all wiped out, and the same record that disclosed the obligations showed also their discharge. This is the same kind of lying that under Judean skies caused Ananias to be stricken down. It is the lie that tells only part of the truth."

Mr. Fellows gave a history of the circumstances, refuting the charge that his sickness and trip to the Hot Springs were devices to avoid appearing in the prosecution of Cleary, and said that he was supported by his opponent in the canvass, by Mr. Martine, by the Judges, and by his physicians in all that he said about it. He continued:

"I have no unpleasant word to say against my opponent. For three years we have been associated in the closest tie of official relations. But who presented him? A meeting of citizens? An uprising of the people? A delegated convention? No. Weeks before any such step had been reached by any parties to the campaign the *World* newspaper (hisses) said: 'We have selected a candidate. You have got to take him or we will label you all thieves and boodlers.' So that is practically where his sole sponsor is to be found. There is where his campaign fund is to be raised. There is where the purse strings are to be unloosened. For what object I do not know. In what design I do not care to inquire. But I stand as the candidate of the Democratic party of the city of New York. There was no dissent, no bickering, no trade or barter. I am the unpledged choice of delegates representing 120,000 voters. That is the spirit of the contest, whether the people have yet the privilege of nominating their candidate, or whether they must take them from this or that editor or newspaper owner.

"Pulitzer knows my earnest, zealous work in the important cases that have challenged the attention of almost the entire world, and he knows that if I am elected that they will go immediately and vigorously on. I may be permitted to unbosom myself a little, and risk being accused, perhaps, in talking about myself when it is remembered that in his lying sheet he hints to-night that there are men in Canada willing to spend $50,000 to elect me. Why, that is almost as bad as he is. He has announced a willingness to spend $75,000 against me. Of course he never heard of any such willingness, or had any such intimation. It is utterly and entirely false, and he knows it.

"When this campaign opened I had $350 in the bank. I have spent that and about $800 that has been contributed for me by personal friends in small amounts. That will hardly pay one-third of my printing expenses. But that is the way my canvass has gone, and will continue to go on. The election will come to me, if it comes at all, entirely unpurchased. No assessment has been asked of me, and I could not pay one if it was."

Mr. Fellows then outlined his views of the duties of a prosecuting officer, and said that the office was not a juggernaut to crush every body that came in its way. He thought the protection of the innocent as important as the punishment of the guilty. He affirmed his accordance with the general policy of the party against sumptuary and prohibitive legislation. He reminded his hearers that new lies would be coined against him, and old ones refurnished from now until election day. They would be all that malice and devilish ingenuity could invent and plenty of money would be behind their circulation. But he asked that they be read in the light of his record and his past. For, he said:

"My character has been formed and fashioned, and to it I dare to appeal. The cause is yours, not mine. I pledge myself to one aim and object if elected: to administer the office so that life and property will be protected, and violators of the law brought to speedy punishment; and to bring to the work all the ability I am invested with."

The endorsement of Coroner Messemer was followed by a ringing speech from that gentleman in German, which elicited almost as hearty applause as that of Col. Fellows. The whole Democratic county ticket was endorsed, with this comment:

The other county nominations made by the United Democracy are such as commend themselves to the support of all well-meaning citizens, while the attempt of the Republican party, by placing two Democrats on the ticket to sound the tocsin of reform, is in reality a scheme to catch thereby Democratic votes for their State ticket built upon an illiberal platform.

NOW, JOSEPH, DROP THAT.

You Can't Work this Second-hand Lie Off on Your Customers for a Good Fit.

District Attorney Martine yesterday emphatically denied the reported interview with him published in some of the boodle organs, in which he was made to say he would support Col. Fellows.

"I am a Democrat," he said, "and shall vote the Democratic ticket, but beyond that I do not propose to go. Col. Fellows and Mr. Nicoll must fight their own battles."—*The World, Monday.*

A SUN reporter told Mr. Martine yesterday that he had been represented as favoring the election of Col. Fellows only on the ground that Col. Fellows is on the Democratic ticket.

"Then I have been misrepresented," answered Mr. Martine. "I am unreservedly and unqualifiedly in favor of the election of Col. Fellows. He is in every respect qualified for the office. His abilities and character both fit him to take charge of the office of prosecutor here. My position is well known. THE SUN has stated it correctly. THE EVENING SUN of Saturday expressed it fully. My personal acquaintance with Mr. Nicoll and my personal regard for him do not blind me to the merits of Col. Fellows, nor prevent me from supporting Col. Fellows, as I told you before, heartily and unreservedly."

WE TRY LYING, OURSELVES.

What an Unpractised Hand Can Do to Keep Up with Judas Down the Street.

"Mr. Sharp is about the same," was the answer given to all inquirers at Ludlow street jail yesterday. But that was a campaign story. A remarkable change had occurred in Mr. Sharp's condition. At an early hour he had arisen from bed and displayed a wonderful access of vigor. He was led toward the patent reclining chair that is his refuge when he is well enough to get out of bed. But he pushed away the hand that would have controlled him. He spoke, and the unamiable accents at once dispelled the first suspicion that he was beside himself. The familiar harshness and infirmity of temper convinced the hearers that it was Jake Sharp who spoke and that he was in his right mind.

"Where's the desk?" he asked, querulously. "Don't Jim Keating have desks in the rooms of his hotel?"

He was directed to the centre table, where ink and pens and paper were at hand, and all the purposes of a desk were available.

"That's what I want," he cried, and seizing a pen he wrote out in a firm, bold hand, that astonished everybody, a check for $250,000.

His call for a messenger boy was not immediately answered, and the way that he stormed at the delay was an evidence that something had happened to do the old man more good than medicine. At last a boy was found. He was not a uniformed messenger boy. He was a rather ragged youngster, who had been caught in Essex street looking longingly in at the silver dollars that they pave saloons with there. He was hauled before Jake Sharp, who flourished the check so carelessly that it was now seen to be made out to the order of De Lancey Nicoll.

"Now, boy," thundered Sharp, "I want you to find Nicoll. Go to the Café Riche, the Republican headquarters, the *World* office, and if he is not to be found, then you might ask at the District Attorney's office if they know where he is."

Yesterday was a peculiar day at Sing Sing. Warden Brush, Principal Keeper Connaughton, and State Detective Jackson were aghast at the crowd of visitors that descended upon the corrective and educational institution that is their pride. The throng began to arrive on the earliest train, and every subsequent northbound train only added to the crowds that made the hackmen glad as they were driven up the hill to the prison. A curious coincidence developed when these visitors reached the prison. Almost all, asking to see a boodler. There were three boodlers in the prison, and inquirers into three crowds. There were friends of either Jachne, McQuade or Fox. The rules require that a prisoner must see his friends once in three months in the presence of Detective Jackson. Once in three months is a long time, so it was necessary for each man should see his friends. The office was not big enough, and a larger room was found. The prisoners were assembled there and the crowd let in. As they swarmed in three groups around the convicts it was soon apparent that all were bent upon the same mission. They secured a $100,000 fund from each prisoner for the Nicoll campaign fund.

Five of the seven indicted and untried Republican Aldermen—Finck, Pearson, Miller, Wendel, and Waite (all that haven't run away)—met the remaining indicted Democratic Aldermen in Madison square at 3 A. M. They agreed to negotiate with Henry George and Dr. McGlynn to take the next train to Montreal and dun Billy Moloney and Keenan for four millions to help Nicoll through.

All of the above, except the first sentence thereof, is a lie. It is the wildest kind of a lie. In fact, it is exactly the same kind of a lie as was printed in the *Evening Pulitzer* yesterday, and will be printed in the morning *Pulitzer* today, saying that an enormous fund is being raised by Jim Richmond and other indicted citizens for the Fellows campaign.

NICOLL'S TREACHERY.

A Democrat Using Democratic Patronage to Defeat the Democratic Ticket.

A Wall street man, a Democrat from the top of his scalp to his bunions, remarked yesterday of De Lancey Nicoll's candidacy that it represented the effulgent newness of a "brass young lawyer." When Mr. Nicoll accepted the nomination at Republican hands he was guilty of official and political dishonor.

"Nicoll was a County Democrat," the Wall street man continued. "He was appointed to his place in the District Attorney's office by a County Democrat and because of his allegiance to the Democratic party.

"Don't for a moment believe that any previous reputation as a lawyer secured him the place.

"Nicoll was a young sprig, taken from Long Island by his friend, Mr. Martine. By easy stages, after he got a $7,500 place given to him by the Democratic party, he graduated into an expert tennis player, and a dude who spent a good part of his leisure time before his mirror.

"Here is a Democratic official accepting money from Democratic patronage, running on a Republican ticket, and trying to defeat the nominees of the Democratic party. In my opinion Nicoll is worse than a traitor."

COME, COME, STOP LYING!

The World's Falsehoods About Mr. Fellows Refuted by Truthful Men.

The lying *World* seeks to make the public believe that Mr. Fellows is a thief and a dishonest man. Here is what some of the truthful men of this town say of him:

MAYOR HEWITT: "He is poor, but he would have been worth $250,000 if he had been corrupt."

DE LANCEY NICOLL, in yesterday's *Telegram*: "Col. Fellows always was and still is a friend of mine, and I believe that he is an honest, conscientious man, and always did his whole duty in this office."

ELIHU ROOT: "I have no word to say against Col. Fellows. I have been charmed by his eloquence and his genial manner after many a dinner, and I have learned to respect his oratory in many a court."

JOSEPH CHOATE: "Of Col. Fellows let me say a word. He is a brilliant orator, he is a good lawyer, and an honest man."

Not that Kind of a Man.

Wife—Who is this Hungry Joe who figures occasionally in the papers; a bunco steerer?

Husband (shocked)—Hungry Joe a bunco steerer! Heavens! No! Hungry Joe is an orator and wholesale dealer in junk.

SUCCESS IS IN THE AIR.

HERE WE TELL YOU COLD TRUTH AS NEAR AS WE CAN GET IT.

The Democratic Ticket Looks Safe and the County Ticket Sure—Pulitzer and His Citizens Have Fallen Out Already—Prizes for Votes—An Irving Hall Pilgrimage.

It looks better to-day for the election of both the Democratic State and county tickets than at any previous time since the nominating conventions were held. Keen judges predict that the State ticket will have over ten thousand plurality, and that it will be a fight between Nicoll, the Pulitzer candidate, and Post, the Labor candidate, for second place for District Attorney. Roosevelt fell 8,000 behind George last year, and Nicoll will not get as many Republican votes as Roosevelt got. Bliss, of Kelly & Bliss, laid $75 to $150 three times in the Hoffman House last night that Nicoll would be last in the race for District Attorney on election day. It will not be surprising to either Mr. Platt or the Democratic State Committee if the Democratic ticket should come down to the Harlem within 10,000 votes of the Republican ticket. The secret Republican reports coincide with the Democratic votes on this point. The last hope of Republicans is the cities of New York and Brooklyn.

The Hon. Mr. Pulitzer is having trouble with his citizens' movement. "Choe Jote," "Elihu Rood," and other respectable adherents of the movement disagree with the illustrious junkman about the expediency of attacking the character of "a good lawyer and an honest man." They want it stopped, for they believe it is doing Nicoll more harm than good. A large part of the citizens coincide with Mr. Choate and Mr. Root not to mention other names. Mr. Pulitzer has had one of the reporters of his staff in charge of the "citizens' movement," and the genuine "citizens" are resenting his use of them as advertising agents for the junk journal.

Mr. Pulitzer, on his part, has met with some severe snubs that have made him dislike the citizens. The ambition of Mr. Pulitzer's life is to get into the Union Club. He thought that becoming a municipal Mugwump and paying the expenses of a citizen's movement would give him a better social status, and perhaps induce Mr. Evarts, the law partner of Mr. Choate, to put him up at the Union Club, where he would rather be than in heaven. In his famous Magyar speech at Cooper Union he hoped to carry out this idea by familiarly alluding to Mr. Choate and other gentlemen of social and club prominence by their first names, thereby conveying to the public the idea that he was intimate with them.

Off the stage this failed. Mr. Choate has not invited him to dine or offered to put him up at the Union Club, and wouldn't shake him by the hand if they met on the street.

Added to this is the chill on Mr. Pulitzer's pocket. Mr. Pulitzer has announced himself to be a liberal and generous man, but he dislikes to pay over the $75,000 that he offered for the expense of a citizens' movement when his first movement failed to materialize. He is devising a new idea in politics, though he has something like it on his paper. He is going to offer prizes to the Republican leaders who can deliver the most of the machine Republican votes in their district to Nicoll. He thinks that by exciting Republican cupidity he can both get more votes for Nicoll and save a good part of his $75,000. Meanwhile the citizens are passing the hat among themselves. Any one who thinks of contributing may as well recognize the fact that he is saving just that much money to Mr. Pulitzer. It will take a good many tons of *Worlds* to bring $75,000 at the paper mill.

By the wish of the Democratic committee, who're managing the campaign with bees in their bonnets, the visit of Dan Lamont on Saturday has not hitherto been mentioned, but to satisfy everybody doubtful about the attitude of the Administration in the local or State contest, it may be said that Dan Lamont came over to New York from Washington on Saturday and returned the same night. He saw several prominent Democrats, Secretary Whitney and ex-Mayor Murphy, Chairman of the State Committee, among the number. He told them that, of course, the President wished heartily for the success of the State and local tickets. There was no doubt that he wished for the election of Col. Fellows, and expected that Nicoll and the rest of the Republican ticket would be defeated. It is perhaps worth while, since the matter has been mentioned, to have it correctly stated.

Nicholas Haughton, the leader of Irving Hall, accompanied by several friends, called at the main office of the United States Express Company, 82 Broadway, yesterday afternoon. Mr. Platt, President of the express company, was in his private office, and that was where Mr. Haughton went. He remained some time. Col. Richard J. Hinton, leader of the Progressive Labor party in the Seventh district, and some other labor men, were another prominent party which called. There were some other men whose names the reporter did not know, but who were labor men. They went into the private office at separate times and remained some little while.

One of the campaign stories started by the Pulitzer papers and that can be stopped best by instant contradiction was printed yesterday, and said that ex-Treasurer R. A. Maxwell was in Washington collecting contributions to the campaign fund. Mr. Maxwell is the present State Superintendent of Insurance. He was in Washington a few days ago on business connected with the department of which he is in charge. He did not visit the department, and never thought of soliciting or collecting campaign subscriptions. In their zeal to elect Nicoll the Pulitzer press is inventing every kind of tale against well-known Democrats, and this was one of the lies.

One good effect of false attacks is shown in the canvass of Rastus S. Ransom, for Surrogate. Since some base tales have been printed about him, over five hundred members of the bar, the majority of them Republicans, have assured him of their support. He is a lawyer of long standing, who came to New York and began as a poor lawyer's clerk. He has worked up to one of the best and most highly respected places at the bar. Mr. Pulitzer is so wrought up over the coming defeat of Nicoll that if the Angel Gabriel were to appear as a candidate on the Democratic ticket, Mr. Pulitzer would charge that he stole his trumpet.

NOW BRING ON YOUR FACTS.

Francis L. Stetson, Referee, to Report on the Disputed Fifth Inspectorships.

"If you had not taken the case to the Court of Appeals it might have been settled by this time," said Presiding Justice Van Brunt to Edward M. Shepard, counsel for the United Labor party, yesterday, when the dispute over the fifth election inspector came up.

"I thought I was right in carrying it up," responded Mr. Shepard, "but I have been convinced that I was not."

Mr. Shepard was anxious to have the case tried now speedily. Mr. T. B. Wakeman, for the Progressive Labor party, was not. The lawyers repesenting other interests had no objections to a speedy trial.

Judge Van Brunt told Mr. Shepard that the case could not proceed to trial before a Judge sitting at a regular term of the Supreme Court, because all the trial terms stood adjourned to the first Monday in November.

Mr. Shepard looked disappointed. Mr. Wakeman smiled.

Judge Van Brunt said that the case could be tried by a referee. The attorneys agreed on Francis L. Stetson, and an order was made directing him to begin his inquiry at his office, 45 William street, at 10 A. M. to-morrow, and to report his findings forthwith to the General Term. The order submitted four questions. The first is:

Is the political party or organization now known as the United Labor party in the city of New York the party which cast upward of 50,000 votes for its candidate for Mayor in 1886?

The second and third questions substitute "Progressive Labor Party" and "Irving Hall Democracy" for "United Labor Party." The fourth question is:

Is it the fact that any of the said organizations is the political party or organization which cast the said 50,000 votes or upward?

Stray Dogs.

"What material are these dog collars made of?" he inquired of the dealer.

"Nickel silver."

"Will they tarnish?"

"Ye'as, they'll tarnish, but they are very cheap, you know."

"Yes, they're cheap enough. Well, I'll take one, anyhow, and just have engraved on it: 'I'm Pulitzer's dog; whose dog are you?'"

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

A perfect preparation for children's complaints.—Adv.

MURDERED IN A LODGING HOUSE.

'Longshoreman Hennessey Beaten to Death for Going to Bed Noisily.

William H. Hennessey, a 'longshoreman, was kicked and beaten to death in the Phœnix Lodging House at 53 Bowery shortly after Sunday midnight. He had been a frequent lodger at the house of late, and had turned in about 12 o'clock on Sunday a little under the influence of liquor. He was inclined to be noisy. He was sent to bunk 86, on the third floor of the lodging house, and in undressing he made so much noise as to disturb Joseph Dillman, a lodger in bunk 85. Dillman says that when he awoke Hennessey was standing over him with something in his hand. It might have been either a knife or a pistol. He pushed Hennessey away and told him to go to bed. When the day clerk, John Goetchions, came to lock up Hennessey's clothes, Dillman complained to him of the disturbance, and Goetchions called William Downey, the night clerk.

The account of what followed is given by the lodgers who saw Downey and Goetchions beat Hennessey. They pounded him and kicked him, and when at last he lay insensible upon the floor they dragged his body across the bare floor to the washroom, leaving a trail of blood. They washed the wounded man's face, and then Goetchions went down stairs and called Policeman Holland.

The Phœnix Lodging House has a very bad name. It was there that Greenwall, the murderer of Lyman S. Weeks of Brooklyn, was captured, and thieves and desperate characters are among its regular patrons. On this account Holland heard the stories of the assault on Hennessey with a feigned indifference, and then went for help before he undertook to make any arrests. He returned with three more policemen, and they took Clerks Goetchions and Downey into custody. Dillman, Morris Stone, James O'Brien, Philip Bassert, and Charles Rusofsky were arrested as witnesses to the assault and taken to the Eldridge street station. Holland sent out a call for an ambulance, but Hennessey died before the surgeon's arrival.

Downey and Goetchions admitted the assault, but Downey made a curious plea of self-defence. He gave the police a revolver of 38-calibre, which he said had belonged to Hennessey. Two chambers in it were empty. Downey said he knew Hennessey had this pistol, and he pounded him with his fist for fear that he would draw his revolver. The men denied that they had used a club, though Charles Rusofsky, one of the lodgers, stated that he had seen Downey hit Hennessey over the head with a club, and such a weapon was found in the lodging house. At the autopsy made by Coroner Nugent yesterday it was found that the skull was fractured, evidently by some blunt instrument, and the police have no doubt that Hennessey was killed with this stick, which seems to have been a spoke of a wheel, with a leather thong attached.

Downey and Goetchions were arraigned in the Essex Market Court yesterday morning and committed to await the action of the Grand Jury, and the men held as witnesses were sent to the House of Detention.

MR. ANDERSON COULDN'T WORK IT.

The Nicoll Boomer's Effort to Keep a Republican Incompetent in Office.

The fact that E. Ellery Anderson, the alleged County Democrat, who has come out for the Republican county ticket, had protested to Collector Magone because Peter D. Ludington, a Republican officeholder in the Custom House for twenty years, had been dismissed for incompetency, was very generally commented on yesterday. Collector Magone declined to talk about the matter, but Deputy Collector McClelland of the Seventh division, in whose division Ludington served, said:

"I recommended Ludington's dismissal. When I took charge of the Seventh division I found Ludington charged to my division as a clerk. He was really doing messenger service in another division. I learned that he was utterly incompetent for clerical work. He got $1,400 a year. I don't want any incompetents around me, and he had to go."

Mr. Anderson's letter to Collector Magone says:

Mr. Peter D. Ludington has been for many years a clerk in the Fifth and other divisions. He passed his examination for promotion last fall with much credit. I am informed that within a few hours after his transfer to the seventh division he was reported as incompetent and removed. I do not know what reason for that I know of Mr. Ludington, that injustice has been done him, and if anything can be done to examine into the facts I shall feel much obliged to you.

Collector Magone refused to reinstate Mr. Ludington.

GEN. HUSTED'S AGE.

When Will he Ever Stop Running for Speaker of the Assembly?

The Republicans of the First district of Westchester county in Tarrytown yesterday renominated J. Irving Burns for Assemblyman by acclamation. Gen. Husted made two little speeches. With hands gently clasped and eyes softly closed, he said that Col. Grant would have a majority of 30,000, and Judge Robertson a majority of at least 1,500 over Evarts for Senator. In his second speech he referred to certain rumors mentioned by a previous speaker.

"I never answer slanders," he said. "I don't think I was ever accused of selling out a candidate until a short time ago in the case of George Woods, and that was by a man for whom I had worked, who had eaten at my table, and in whose behalf I had—er—er—well, made some investments in aid of aged and infirm voters."

As the General was leaving the hall some one said: "Gentlemen, I think you will be pleased to know that this is the fifty-fourth anniversary of Gen. Husted's birth."

Owing either to the reference to his age or to the cheers which followed it, Gen. Husted blushed to the roots of his hair, which means a very widespread blush. It was predicted that he would keep on being Speaker far into the twentieth century.

GEN. EWING'S VIEWS.

He Thinks No Third Party Will Contend for Power Next Year.

KENT, O., Oct. 31.—Gen. Thomas Ewing spoke here to-night on national topics. He said with regard to next year's canvass:

"We may assume that no third party will contest for national power next year, with any possibility of success. In fact, I noticed that at the National Convention of the Knights of Labor at Minneapolis a few days ago a large majority of the delegates were interviewed and generally expressed the opinion that the labor organizations had better, for the next three years, at least, act as a balance of power rather than attempt an independent national canvass. Whatever the industrial organizations may do hereafter, when they shall have united and organized and modified their political issues, it is apparent that they can do nothing in the Presidential contest next year further than to decide whether the Democratic party shall be retained or the Republican party restored to power. Knowing them to be earnest and honest, I take it for granted that they will make a choice between the old parties, especially if they can see that one of them has been generally true to the interests of the people on industrial questions since the war, and the other generally false to them. Just now it looks as though next year would be a repetition of '84, with Cleveland and Blaine on the track. But neither may be nominated, and it is idle to assume that either will be."

No Especial Credit Due to Nicoll.

From the Boston Globe.

In Mr. Martine's office an immensity of work is done, requiring the continual service of a host of assistants and employees. The work is divided and sub-divided. When the boodle cases came up, the District Attorney relied naturally upon Inspector Byrnes, the chief of our detective service, to procure evidence against the Aldermen. He did so. The work in the office was naturally distributed in this way. The clerical perfunctory duties, which could be performed by any ordinary clerk, were intrusted to Mr. Nicoll. The work in court, the work of presenting, clearly, forcibly, earnestly and eloquently the facts to the jury, was intrusted naturally to the chief assistant, Col. Fellows.

Every case presented to the jury by Col. Fellows resulted in a conviction, a sentence, and an imprisonment. The one case intrusted to Mr. Nicoll, by reason of the absence of Col. Fellows, failed of a conviction.

Nominations in Long Island City.

The Republicans of Long Island City held their convention last night in Smithsonian Hall. Henry Burden, Chairman of the Republican General Committee, presided. The following nominations were made: Supervisor, George H. Smith; Overseer of the Poor, John Fallon; Aldermen at Large, William H. Delahanty and John Chapman; Constable, Louis Horekie; Game Constable, John Bechtold. The nominations are the same as have already been made by two factions of the Democrats. This combination is in pursuance of a deal to beat the Mayor Gleason faction.

TWO WOMEN CANDIDATES.

ONE IS YOUNG AND BEWITCHING, AND THE OTHER IS CLEVER.

The Pretty One Labors with Individuals, Scatters her Pictures, and Permits Brass Bands—The Clever One Reasons.

CLYDE, N. Y., Oct. 31.—Although this is a very lively campaign in Wayne county, and there is an abundance of stump speeches and political meetings, the canvass of two of the young women of this county for election as School Commissioners is by far the most interesting and unique feature of it. There has never been such general enthusiasm in the canvass of any local candidate in these parts as in that of these young women. In the First or eastern district of Wayne county Miss Nellie L. Cook of Wolcott is the regular Democratic candidate for School Commissioner, and Miss Ellen A. Clark of Macedon is the Prohibition candidate for School Commissioner in the Second or western district of the county. The First district usually goes Republican by several hundred majority each fall, and when Everett O'Neill, a bright young man from Cornell University, was nominated by the Republicans for School Commissioner four weeks ago, it was generally thought his nomination was equivalent to an election. When the Democratic Convention assembled in the hotel at Rose two weeks later there was no candidate for the nomination. The delegates

MISS NELLIE L. COOK.

were nearly all young men, and when, after an hour's discussion of the names of many eligible citizens, the name of Miss Nellie L. Cook was proposed by a young man from Lyons, the result was electrical. Miss Cook was immediately nominated. Her letter of acceptance appeared a week later, and she began a lively canvass.

Miss Cook is the daughter of a prosperous farmer in the town of Wolcott. From her early years she has taken an unusual interest in political affairs, and has been a devoted believer in the doctrines of the Democratic party. Her fame as an ardent advocate of the election of Grover Cleveland and David B. Hill extended for miles beyond her home, and in Wolcott the Republicans say she won a score of votes from her friends among the young Republicans there. She is very handsome, her eyes being large and expressive, her complexion uncommonly clear and fresh, and her head crowned with a wealth of light, silken hair. In Wolcott village she has for several years been regarded as the most prepossessing girl in the place. Her age is 21 years and 4 months. She is tall, stately, and graceful. Her manners are especially charming. Her education was obtained at the public schools of Wayne county and at Genanverth Academy in Wolcott. She is a good reader, and an exceptionally rapid and animated talker.

The announcement of the acceptance of the nomination by the fair young candidate was coldly received throughout her district. Many of the voters among the Democrats openly declared that it was "too preposterous to contemplating a gal for office," and many more said they would never vote for her. The news of this came to the ears of Miss Cook. Several people urged her to withdraw from the canvass, but instead she resolved upon making the liveliest and most vigorous canvass for her election ever known in Wayne county. She has a small fortune of her own, and decided to draw upon this to further her plans for election. For a day or two she was in consultation with the more prominent local Democrats in this county, and then began her canvass. William L. Cook, a smart young Republican lawyer of Wolcott, was the main convert, and he makes no secret of his efforts and counsel in behalf of Miss Cook. This week he has been very industrious in her interest, although a pronounced Blaine and Fred Grant man.

Last week Miss Cook began her visits to the several towns in her district. She was accompanied by members of the Democratic County Committee, and carried with her a poll list of each school district in the county and several hundreds of her photographs, recently taken. At nearly every town she made her temporary headquarters at the hotel, and there consulted in private and public with the Democratic town leaders. The fame of Miss Cook's uncommon beauty and attractive manners preceded her to each town she visited, and at nearly every place she held a short public reception. Hundreds of young men went to meet her, and the older Democrats began to see that her popular candidate they had named. The supply of photographs was soon exhausted, and a double quantity ordered. Fully 2,000 people asked for a picture of the candidate, and each was promised one before election day.

This week Miss Cook has visited more towns, and some of the towns a second time, and she having become more of an expert in practical politics, is managing her own canvass according to her own ideas. She is the most industrious candidate for any local office in this county this year, and the Republicans do not deny that she is making it pretty warm for them in some of the towns where there are many young men. She has a remarkable memory for names and faces, and it is said that in some of the places she has visited in her second political journey this week she has been able to recall the name and face of every one to whom she was introduced a week or two before. She is jolly, animated, and enthusiastic, and by her manners alone wins many votes to her side. Some of the old Republican farmers in the northern part of Wayne county are particularly in her favor. "Why, would you believe it," said one of the backwoodsmen to-day, that Miss Cook is the liveliest young woman I have seen in many a year. She came up into our neighborhood electioneering all by herself the other day. I never saw or heard of a woman running for a political office before, and would not have believed they could make any headway at all, but she's going to make a wonderful good run. She came out where I was at work in my field with my three hired men, and I swear if she didn't talk to us so nice and pretty and look so sweet that every one of us is going to vote the Democratic ticket for School Commissioner next Monday, even if we be Republicans. I know of lots more Republican farmers she has caught in just the same way. She's the best one to catch votes without money I ever saw."

The effect that Miss Cook's efforts for her election are having in this district is also to be felt in the rural newspapers in this county, which are edited by young men upon whom the handsome candidate has called. The Lyons *Press* supported Alanson Church for School Commissioner, but has now come out with a ringing editorial in behalf of Miss Cook, and has put her name at the head of its columns. The *Press* is edited by two young bachelors. The Lake Shore *News*, a strong Republican journal, is an advocate of the young lady's election. Next week Miss Cook will begin her campaign speeches, as she will have finished by that time her personal visits to the farmers and rural merchants. In some of the villages in which she will speak she will be received with musical demonstrations. Her speech will be devoted briefly to the political issues in Wayne county and largely to the public school question in her district. The speeches will be partly spoken extemporaneously and partly read from manuscript. The young Democrats in each town in which she will speak will escort her to the public hall with a band of music. In South Butler and North Wolcott, where Miss Cook has scores of admirers among the young Democrats, she and one or two other friends among the young women in those places will be drawn to the place of speaking in an open carriage by the Democratic young men. At Rose a banner painted by a local artist is to be strung across the street next Monday bearing a portrait of Miss Cook and the words, Vote for Nellie Cook for School Commissioner." The Republicans contend for the office in the First district says himself that he is alarmed at the inroads Miss Cook has made upon the Republican vote, and he fears he does not know the extent of it yet. Two weeks ago he jeered the nomination of a woman for School Commissioner.

The canvass that Miss Ellen A. Clark of Macedon is making for her election as School Commissioner in the Second or western district of Wayne county is much different from that of Miss Cook. She is about thirty years of age, and has been a school teacher for over twelve years. She is a very decided person in her

MISS ELLEN A. CLARK.

opinions, and will have none of the counsels of the Prohibitionists who nominated her. Several members of the Prohibition party in Palmyra, hearing of the success that Miss Cook was having in the eastern district, were rejoiced in the hope that Miss Clark might effect her election by the same sort of personal canvass through her district, and so informed their candidate. She refused outright to visit any one, or to personally ask any one to vote for her. Miss Clark is a very good speaker, and last week began a tour of stumping the western Wayne district. There are not enough prohibition young men in the whole county to receive her in each town and escort her to the speaking place in the style that Miss Cook is to have, and, more than that, Miss Clark refused to have any brass band preceding or following her in any town. She has spoken in five places, and, notwithstanding that she will not allow any booming for her, she has attracted very large audiences in each. At Marion the hall was packed and many were turned away. The novelty of a young woman running for a local political office and making a canvass for herself is a very strong attraction. Miss Clark deals very little with political matters in her speeches. She argues that women are eligible to be Commissioners of Schools, and that in rural districts they are better adapted to manage the public schools than men, because of their knowledge of the needs and characteristics of children. At Newark last evening Miss Clark addressed a very large audience and won many more votes. She lacks the personal attractiveness and affability of Miss Cook, and there is doubt of her election unless she very soon changes the manner of her canvass.

A MILLIONAIRE'S DAUGHTER IN A CELL.

Arrested in Troy while Fighting in the Street with her Dusky Maid.

TROY, Oct. 31.—About two years ago a great scandal was created by the elopement of Minnie Moore, the seventeen-year-old daughter of a millionaire mill owner in Cohoes, with Thomas Nelligan, a youth who was known as "Dude" Nelligan, and whose parents had very little of this world's goods. A stormy scene followed between father and daughter when the marriage was made known to him, and he forbade her to darken his doors again until she separated forever from Nelligan. The girl wife was true to her husband, however, and shared his humble home in preference to the handsome residence of her childhood. A child was born to them, but it died. Nelligan found employment with Macy & Co. of New York, but soon returned to Cohoes, and is now a lock tender. Soon after the child's death Mrs. Nelligan left her husband and returned to her father's home.

This afternoon Mrs. Nelligan came to Troy accompanied by her maid, a dusky damsel named Malvina Gilbert. While here they visited a fashionable restaurant, and drank more wine than was good for them. Then they visited a dry goods store on Broadway, and a controversy that arose between them relative to the desirability of certain goods they inspected, was continued when they reached the street, and Minnie, heated by the wine, struck her maid in the face with her fist. The street was crowded with pedestrians, and a large number of persons congregated about the two women, who were slugging each other in the most approved style. Each scored a knock down, but the battle was not decided when a policeman came along and took them in. They are resting in cells in the Second precinct.

A POLICEMAN KILLED.

Struck by a New York Central Express Train at Kingsbridge.

Policeman Patrick J. Treanor of the High Bridge police was killed by a New York Central north-bound train at the F