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SULLIVAN ARRESTED.

The Jury Orders the Chicago Lawyer into Custody.

CROWDS CHEER THE VERDICT.

He is a Prisoner in 15 Minutes After the Jury Came In.

TWO ARRESTS IN NEW YORK.

They are Maroney and McDonald, and Murder is the Charge.

The Jury Recommends that Coughlin, O'Sullivan, and Woodruff be Held to the Grand Jury—Sullivan in Bed When Arrested—He Takes Matters Coolly—Other Arrests in Chicago Expected—Maroney and McDonald Both Clan-na-Gael Men—They Will Offer Proofs of Alibi—Dillon Furnished the Evidence Against Them—A Third Prisoner at Headquarters, but His Name is Unknown—Nothing but the Suspicions of Anti-Sullivan Men Divulged Here—Evidence Before the Jury.

CHICAGO, June 11.—At 10¼ o'clock to-night the doors of the jury room were thrown open. The verdict in the Cronin case had been signed by the six jurors and Coroner Hertz. The document contains about 800 words. After announcing their belief that Dr. Cronin was foully murdered, and that it was his body that was taken from the catch basin on Evanston avenue, the jurors declare it to be their opinion that the crime was committed after deliberate plotting, and that no person outside the Clan-na-Gael society was engaged in the work.

They then recommend that Alexander Sullivan, P. O. Sullivan, Detective Coughlan, Frank Woodruff, and "others" be held to the Grand Jury without bail as being accessories, if not the principals, in the murder.

They also declare it to be their belief that secret societies like those of the Clan-na-Gael or United Brotherhood are not in harmony with and are injurious to American institutions.

Before the verdict was read aloud, Coroner Hertz placed a mittimus in the hands of Detective Palmer, who, at the head of seven colleagues, rushed from the building. Alexander Sullivan was a prisoner fifteen minutes later.

As soon as the officers left the county building, Detectives Palmer, Williams, and Broderick leaped into a carriage and drove hurriedly to Alexander Sullivan's house in Oak street. The building was dark. A light burned dimly in the hallway. A hundred curiosity seekers, who anticipated this move by the officers, stood in the shadows of the buildings on the opposite side of the street, when Detective Palmer, with his men at his heels, ran up the stone steps of the Irish leader's pretty home. Palmer rang the door bell. Williams ran around the lawn to the rear of the house to cut off Mr. Sullivan's flight in the event of his attempting to escape. Palmer and Broderick waited a moment for somebody to answer their summons, and then, hearing no noise back of the big blue door, they gave the bell a vicious ring.

A moment later a young man in a night shirt opened the door. It was Henry Browne, Mr. Sullivan's law partner.

"Who do you want?" asked Browne, with some surprise.

"Alexander Sullivan," replied Detective Palmer.

"But he's in bed and asleep," continued Browne.

"Then tell him to get up," said the officer.

The detectives then walked into the house, while Browne ran hurriedly up the stairs. Detective Palmer followed him, and was the first to rap at the door of Mr. Sullivan's bedroom. Sullivan was apparently sleeping soundly. It took three vigorous raps on the door to awaken him. Then he leaped out of bed, opened the door, and the detectives who were to take him to the county jail stood before him.

"What do you want, sir?" exclaimed Sullivan, with an imperious air.

The mittimus was opened and handed to the Irish leader. He hemmed sarcastically, and then said:

"I'll be ready in a moment."

The prisoner manifested no surprise. He was not nervous, and seemed to enjoy the situation much more keenly than the big detective who towered above him. It took Mr. Sullivan less than five minutes to dress. Then he bade his clerk good-by and followed the three detectives into the carriage.

It was but a short drive to the jail. The vehicle rolled along Dearborn avenue at good speed, and at 11 o'clock the prisoner passed into Jailer Foltz's office. He was registered, weighed, and searched. Then he was led into cell 25, in Murderers' Row, where he quickly undressed himself and lay down for the night. He refused to be interviewed.

During all this ordeal Mr. Sullivan never flinched. His face was intensely pale, but he maintained his composure admirably. During the ride from his house to the jail he said nothing to the detectives.

The verdict was a great surprise to the thousands of persons who had sat up to hear it read. Most people expected the names of at least fifteen suspects would be mentioned, while others had made out a list of at least twenty-one prisoners. The "and others" clause in the verdict, however, is supposed to cover Sheriff Warden Beggs and the rest of the Clan-na-Gaels who were so active in their hostility to Dr. Cronin. With the mittimus, which is a sort of drag net, in his pocket, Coroner Hertz will be able to arrest all the men suspected of having a hand in the murder. There will probably be no more arrests to-night, however.

The Grand Jury will meet to-morrow. It will be a body composed exclusively of Simon-Pure Americans. The case will be presented to these jurors at once, and it is expected that indictments will be returned not only against the four men now under arrest, but against all the suspects whom the Coroner's jury for some unknown reason failed to specifically mention in their verdict.

The Coroner's jury says in their verdict:

We further state that this plot or conspiracy, in its conception and execution, is one of the most foul and brutal that has ever come to our knowledge, and we recommend that the proper authorities offer a large reward for the discovery and apprehension of all of those engaged in it in any way.

We further state that, in our judgment all secret societies whose objects are such as the evidence shows that of the "Clan-na-Gael" or "United Brotherhood" to be are not in harmony with, and are injurious to American institutions.

Coroner Hertz closed his official inquiry into the assassination of Dr. P. H. Cronin at 4 o'clock this afternoon. The crowd in the court room was so great that the police were again compelled to draw their clubs to preserve order. The testimony of the last day was frequently sensational. It placed Alexander Sullivan, P. O'Sullivan, and Detective Coughlin still deeper in the mire; but the murdered man's private papers, which were read just before the jury retired for deliberation, caused much disappointment, as they failed to reveal anything not already known by the public.

John C. Garrity, the first witness, swore that Detective Coughlin had asked him two years ago to get Major Sampson to waylay Dr. Cronin and slug him. Then Dick Sergeants Hoefig and Montgomery of the East Chicago avenue station swore that they had often heard Detective Coughlin telephoning to P. O'Sullivan. Two days before the murder the police man telephoned to Sergeant Hoefig to tell Coughlin to come to his house that night. These stories about the two prisoners created a profound impression in the court room.

Policeman Patrick Scott and Thomas Murphy, whose daughter said she saw Dr. Cronin riding on a street car at the time he was no doubt dead, are Clan-na-Gael men, and the most persistent questioning failed to draw from them any important information. On the night of the murder a mysterious policeman called at Dinan's livery stable and asked the hostler if all the rigs let out that night had returned. It was thought Scott was this policeman. On the stand to-day he swore that he did not know where he was that night. Both men had poor memories, and the Coroner soon let them go.

J. D. Haggerty was a better witness. He told his story without hesitation.

Q.—Do you know Alexander Sullivan? A.—I do.

Q.—Have you heard him speak of Dr. Cronin? A.—I have. It was at the trial of Dr. Cronin in 1885. In a conversation with me he said in substance that Dr. Cronin was a scoundrel; that the Doctor was a menace to the cause, and that it would be well for the Irish cause if it were rid of him.

Q.—Can you give the exact words of Alexander Sullivan? A.—I can't. My memory doesn't serve me to that extent. I don't want to do an injustice to Mr. Sullivan, but he said, in effect, that Dr. Cronin was a danger to the Irish cause, and that he ought to be exterminated.

Q.—Did you understand Sullivan to mean that Dr. Cronin ought to be removed? A.—That is what I understood, and I must say that my feeling at that time was the same as I understood Mr. Sullivan's to be.

Q.—You are acquainted with the obligations of the order. Are they of such a character as would make it binding on your conscience that you ought to take life when ordered by the executive? A.—No, sir.

Q.—Would you carry out an order of that kind if it were given? A.—I would not.

Q.—Might not a man of weaker mind or character, or more impressionable, be likely to construe his obligations as extending to murder in case of spies and traitors? A.—Yes. The obligations might be so construed by some.

Chief Hubbard then gave the jury the only authentic statement Prisoner Woodruff has yet made. This is the Chief's story:

"Woodruff said that on the day before the murder two men came to him at Dean's barn and hired him for two days to drive a wagon ready at 9 o'clock that night. According to the agreement he had the wagon ready, and at about 11½ or 12 o'clock the two men rapped on the door of the barn, and he let them in. They were King and Fairburn. He hitched the horse, and the three drove to the Carlson cottage. Woodruff described the cottage exactly. When the three got within 100 feet of the house the two men ordered Woodruff to stop. He did so, and the two men went up to the house. They entered, and in about five minutes came out. They carried a trunk, and it seemed very heavy. Another man followed. They lifted the trunk to Woodruff, and he drove up in front of the house. They put the trunk in the wagon.

"'Who was the third man?' I asked. 'P. O'Sullivan,' said Woodruff. 'I know it was P. O'Sullivan, because some remark was dropped by the other two men which led me to believe it was O'Sullivan. I don't know what the remark was now.'

"'What did you do then?' I asked.

"'The two men got into the wagon with me, and we drove south on Ashland avenue to Fullerton avenue. We turned east on Fullerton avenue and went to Lincoln Park. We drove into the park and crossed a bridge and a clump of bushes. The men took the trunk out of the wagon and set it on the grass. They then considered whether they would throw it into the lake. They decided not to and ordered me into the wagon. I then drove north and away out to Lakeview on Evanston avenue. We met a policeman and threw the scared into us. We went further than we expected. When we had gone a couple of miles King and Fairburn got out and took the trunk out. They opened the catch basin at the corner of the street and attempted to force the trunk in. It wouldn't go in, and they broke the trunk open, took the body out, and dropped it into the basin. They then put the trunk back and we drove south. About 500 yards south King and Fairburn got out and threw the trunk into the bushes at the side of the road. From there we drove back to the city. King and Fairburn left me at Lincoln Park, and I drove back to the barn."

Dr. Cronin's private papers, which were unimportant, were then read, after which the inquiry was closed.

When the jurors passed into the Coroner's office a great crowd followed them. The corridors were soon choked with people. It seemed to be the general opinion that at least five arrests would be recommended for arrest. Coroner Hertz was nervous and irritable. State's Attorney Longnecker was also excited. The only man who seemed undisturbed was Chief Hubbard, who tramped around in uniform. Sheriff Matson and a force of deputies were in an office in the county building waiting to hear the verdict of the jury. Around the doors of the Coroner's office the crowd was stubborn and dense. At least fifty reporters swarmed about State's Attorney Longnecker and Coroner Hertz whenever they left the room.

At 9 o'clock the report was circulated that Alexander Sullivan had been recommended for arrest. The crowd cheered wildly. The evening papers at once issued extras, and in half an hour hundreds of persons were standing under the street lights reading the papers. At 9½ o'clock Coroner Hertz carried a box of cigars into the jury room. He said that the verdict was almost ready to be submitted.

At 10 o'clock there were still no evidences that the jurors had completed their work. It was evident, however, that they were deliberating harmoniously and with great caution. Sheriff Matson became uneasy, and walked up and down the corridors. One of the deputies said the big county officer would arrest Alexander Sullivan as soon the jury recommended the incarceration of the Irish leader. It was also said that the Sheriff's force would make all the arrests.

While the great crowd surged in and out of the gloomy county building waiting for the announcement of the verdict, Alexander Sullivan sat in an easy chair at his home in Oak street. Lawyer Trude had a conference with him early in the evening. Standing in the shadows cast by Sullivan's house were two detectives who have been following Sullivan night and day for the past two weeks. They seemed to enjoy the prospect of being speedily relieved of their vigil. Detectives were also following Senior Warden Beggs, Harry Jordan, Larry Buckley, and Officer Daniel Brown.

Shortly after 10 o'clock somebody hurled a cannon firecracker into the street beneath the windows of the Coroner's office. There was a loud explosion.

It has been discovered that P. O'Sullivan not only allowed the men who rented the Carlson cottage to use his name as their employer, but that he vouched for them to Mrs. Carlson and her husband. When the old woman became worried about the queer behavior of her strange tenants she went to Sullivan and asked him if they were in his employ. Sullivan told her she might not to worry about the men so long as she was paid her rent. "They are all right," he said. "I know one of them, and I know he is all right and an honest man."

According to the testimony of the Carlsons, Sullivan held frequent communication with the occupants of the cottage, sometimes visiting them and sometimes receiving visits from them. He was on the friendliest terms with the men from the time they moved in until they disappeared. It is asserted, also, the police have positive proof that O'Sullivan not only bought the paint with which the blood stains on the parlor floor of the cottage were obliterated, but that he used some of the mixture to paint the hall of his own house.

As far as Dan Coghlin, the ex-detective, is concerned, there is enough evidence to show that he was an active member of the conspiracy. It is asserted that Mrs. Dinan partially identified him at the time he was seen with the stranger who drove Dr. Cronin away behind her husband's white horse. He was seen lounging around the North Side Turner Hall for an hour before the man returned the buggy.

The *Herald* will to-morrow advance the theory that John Walsh, sometimes known as John Hanley, the famous Invincible, had a hand in the murder, and that the assassination was ordered from across the water. Walsh was in Chicago several weeks prior to the murder of Dr. Cronin. It is not known when he went away. He was seen here at various times until the middle of February. He said nothing about his business. Walsh, accompanied by Philip McCarthy of Chicago, aided in the escape of the Fenians from Australia, in the Catalpa, in 1867. Walsh was selected for this dangerous task because of his great strength and iron nerve. When he returned to America he became possessed of the idea that the Irishmen of the world owed him a living, and acted accordingly. From that time to the present he has done no manual work. Walsh is an athlete. Though nearly 50 years of age, he does not look to be more than 35. He stands 5 feet 11 inches in height, and can handle an ordinary man with the greatest of ease. Walsh was the trusted agent of the Invincibles, and was assigned by them to perform dangerous work. He made several trips to England.

When the Clan-na-Gael passed into the hands of the famous triangle—Sullivan, Boland, and Feeley—Walsh was pressed into service. Acting, it is said, under the direction of Alexander Sullivan, Walsh made a protracted visit to Ireland and England, returning with valuable information. While there he went by the name of John Hanley. There is no record of Walsh's work for the triangle in the United States, but there are numerous stories which associate his name with the disappearance of many men.

LOADS OF INFORMATION IN CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, June 11.—To-night information was derived from detective sources that Maroney is a member of the Clan-na-Gael Executive, that is to say, the committee which governs the whole organization, and of which Luke Dillon is a member. Maroney, it is alleged, has been identified by the salesman as the man who purchased the furniture which first went to Clark street and afterward to the Carlson cottage. The identification is represented as having been from a cabinet photograph of Maroney. This same Maroney is claimed also to have been identified as the person who rented the cottage with McDonald as his companion. A witness has been found, it is asserted, who will swear that Maroney and McDonald are the men who posted the letter at Hammond, Ind., after the tragedy, telling the Carlsons that the rent would still be forthcoming. Maroney wrote the letter, so it is alleged, and McDonald was seen to leave the train and post it. In fact, the story in a nutshell is that Maroney and McDonald were the two mysterious "Williams brothers," popularly credited with being the actual persons who took Cronin's life.

With regard to the man McDonald, who seems to be considered the most important of the prisoners, Chief Hubbard said:

"We attach no great importance to the arrest, as all the fellow had to do with the case, so far as we know, is this: He is a well-known New York crook that is not known to Inspector Byrnes as anything of the kind, and was absent from New York at the time of the murder, and we think he was here, but we don't know yet. He cannot or will not tell where he was on May 4, but that does not prove that he murdered Dr. Cronin, or had anything to do with the crime."

"It is alleged that the Carlsons can identify him as the man who rented the cottage."

"Bah: sheer nonsense."

"And that he was in all probability the man who drove the Doctor away."

"Blarney."

Luke Dillon of Philadelphia, on whose information the arrests were made, declined to say what the grounds of arrest were. State's Attorney Longenecker said:

"The men are arrested, and there is nothing to conceal now. Maroney is the man who is suspected of driving the Doctor from his office to the Carlson cottage. About the other man I don't know so much, but we expect to prove he was in the conspiracy. Maroney is a laborer, I think, and McDonald is a blacksmith. I got this information from Mr. Dillon, and we will learn how much truth there is in it later on."

FRIENDS IN PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, June 11.—Maroney and McDonald are well known in this city in Irish circles. Maroney left Philadelphia about three years ago. He had been employed as a porter in a store on Market street. He was a bright, well-educated man, and was identified with the Nationalists. He was born in London, and was an eloquent and fiery speaker. He was frequently at the meetings of the Municipal Council. He was a delegate from one of the branches. McDonald was a blacksmith, and lived in Port Richmond, Philadelphia. He was no speaker, nor was he as well educated as Maroney. He left the city before Maroney did. He took quite an active part in Irish affairs, but he was not as far to the front as the other man, who was generally considered an energetic agitator.

ARRESTS IN NEW YORK.

Maroney and McDonald Remanded for Murder on Luke Dillon's Information.

The predicted arrest of two men in this city charged with complicity in the murder of Dr. Cronin, was effected by Chief Inspector Byrnes yesterday morning. The men were John J. Maroney, who the city directory says is a dry goods merchant at 350 Canal street, and Charles McDonald, a blacksmith, employed by John Johnson of 758 First avenue. The arrest of Maroney was no surprise to anti-Sullivan Irishmen in this city, but McDonald was comparatively unknown here, and all but a very few, even of Clan-na-Gael men, asked as soon as the news came out, who he was. Inspector Byrnes admitted yesterday that he had been shadowing the men for some time awaiting orders from Chicago to arrest them. It is known also that the Pinkerton agency was following up the men. For three weeks telegrams have been passing between Chief Hubbard of the Chicago police and Inspector Byrnes. On Monday afternoon a despatch came from Chicago which read:

Arrest M. and Mc. Will send officers and papers immediately.
LONGENECKER, State's Attorney.
GEORGE M. HUBBARD, Chief of Police.

Yesterday morning Inspector Byrnes sent Detective Sergeants Mulvey and Mulry to take in McDonald and Detective Sergeants Von Gerichten and Golden to arrest Maroney. McDonald was found at the blacksmith shop, and Maroney was taken at his flat at 925 Tenth avenue. Mr. Byrnes notified Chicago, and got the reply:

Hold John J. Maroney and Charles McDonald on a charge of murder. Will send officers and papers for them immediately.

This also was signed by State's Attorney Longenecker and Superintendent Hubbard.

The prisoners were taken to Police Headquarters. After a talk with them Inspector Byrnes told the reporters that both men had declared that they were not in Chicago at the time of the murder, and that the only knowledge they had of it was the discussions they had heard at meetings of the Clan-na-Gael. Both denied any complicity in the murder plot. The Inspector added that he knew nothing of the evidence the Chicago police had against them. He made the arrests to order.

Later in the day both prisoners were taken to the Tombs Police Court. Justice Patterson took them into his private room for a hearing. Upon the statement of the charge by the detectives they were remanded back to Police Headquarters. Each prisoner gave his age as thirty-eight. They will be held awaiting the arrival of detectives and papers from Chicago.

IS HE A NUMBER THREE?

In appearance this third prisoner somewhat resembled the descriptions of William Starkey, the Connecticut man accused of inventing the false report of Cronin's presence in Toronto after Cronin's disappearance.

A mysterious prisoner was ushered into the rear door of Police Headquarters, on Mott street, at 7¾ o'clock last night by Detective McNamight. He is supposed to be charged with complicity in the Cronin murder. He looks like a Western Irishman. He is short and stout and swarthy, and wore a black felt hat.

THE SUSPICIONS AGAINST THE PRISONERS.

When a SUN reporter told a small gathering of Clan-na-Gael men, who have been largely interested in securing these arrests, that Maroney was arrested there was a general exclamation of surprise, and the reporter's authority was demanded. It then came out that the Nationalists had been following the man up for a long time, but were under the belief that he had escaped, notwithstanding that some of the same men the night before had denied the truth of the Chicago report that a suspect had escaped from this city.

The opponents of Alexander Sullivan say they believe that they have secured the actual murderers of Dr. Cronin; that Maroney is the man who masqueraded in Chicago before the murder as P. H. Simons, and that McDonald, and not McGeehan, the Philadelphia blacksmith, now under arrest in Chicago, is the man who drove to Dr. Cronin's house on the night of the crime, and induced him to go to the house on North Ashland avenue, where the bloody deed was committed. If they have anything more than mere suspicions to go on they do not reveal it. Suspicion was first directed to McDonald, they say, soon after the discovery of Dr. Cronin's body, and while the country was buzzing with charges against Alexander Sullivan as the instigator of the murder. McDonald has not lived in this city two years, and is little known to Clan-na-Gael men. He came originally from the Pacific coast, and then moved to Philadelphia. He acquired property in Philadelphia, and it is said by his fellow workmen in Johnson's blacksmith shop that he is in receipt of an income of $108 a month from his investments there. When he came here and went to work for Johnson he took a room at the boarding house at 154 East Forty-first street, and has lived there ever since. Immediately after his arrival here he joined the un-town Shamrock Club. This Shamrock Club is a camp of the Clan-na-Gael.

M'DONALD'S SYMPATHY WITH SULLIVAN.

McDonald, the anti-Sullivan men said, was a forbidding looking fellow who did not make friends. He kept giving people surprises. He always declared roughly that he could not speak in public, but once when his interest was aroused he surprised all present by making an able speech, with a deliberation and address that showed him to be an old hand at public speaking. He was not regarded in a friendly spirit by the anti-Sullivan faction, which makes up the great proportion of the Clan-na-Gael men of this town. At a meeting in a down-town camp after the murder, in which Sullivan was warmly supported by a certain man and his accusers were denounced, McDonald, who was present, arose and shook the speaker warmly by the hand. The two then withdrew to a corner, where they conversed for a long time in whispers, and then left the room arm in arm. From that moment McDonald was treated as a suspect by Sullivan's foes, and later happenings, it is said, have increased the suspicion against him. Then, after Mrs. Conklin failed to recognize in Peter McGeehan, the Philadelphia blacksmith, the man who called for Dr. Cronin on the night of his death, the people here all of a sudden began to comment on the physical resemblance between Blacksmith McDonald and Blacksmith McGeehan. The newspapers were got out and examined, and McDonald, it was found, answered Mrs. Conklin's description. Further, Mrs. Conklin said that the man was much excited and red in the face, while McGeehan was known to grow pale when excited. McDonald, on the other hand, was known to grow very red under excitement. Again, Mrs. Conklin testified that she knew McGeehan wasn't the man, because McGeehan's nose was a little crooked, and the man who came for Dr. Cronin had a straight nose. McDonald's nose is straight. To be sure most noses are. Again, the mysterious man was of sallow complexion, and McGeehan was not. McDonald is of sallow complexion. The people here then offered a voluminous correspondence with Luke Dillon, in Chicago, by telegraph, in which McDonald was critically described. The result of Dillon's investigation there was that Mr. Longenecker was consulted, and McDonald was put under surveillance.

MARONEY HAS A HISTORY.

Maroney is a man of more mark than McDonald. He is fairly well to do and well educated, has travelled, and recently returned from a trip to Europe. The anti-Sullivan men say that he has been Sullivan's persistent backer. Wherever Sullivan appeared in conflict with Dr. Cronin and others of Cronin's faction, whether it was in Chicago, Buffalo, New York, or elsewhere, Maroney was on hand. What he did for a living was not known to his enemies, they say, but no confidence was placed in his assertion that he was a dry goods merchant. He spent his time in looking after Sullivan's interests. He was always well supplied with money. He has been in this country at least fifteen years. In England he was a member of several Irish organizations, and, it is declared, was there expelled from the Ancient Order of Hibernians and from the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood (the Fenian organization) on suspicion of being a spy.

Anti-Sullivan men assert that Maroney was the agent who arranged in this city for the departure of numerous Irishmen on missions to England, nearly all of whom were arrested upon landing. Maroney was one of several men who went to England at the time of the Queen's jubilee on a mysterious errand. Considerable money was carried over in the party. Every one of the party was arrested soon after landing, except Maroney, who went to Paris and elsewhere in Europe. Some time afterward, in the late fall of 1887, the New York papers told of the arrest of a woman named Kennedy for smuggling diamonds in her bustle. She was accompanied by a man who gave his name as Melleville. It was said then that Melleville was Maroney, and great stories were told of his high times in European capitals in company with the Kennedy woman. Again, when the lamentable trouble befell Alexander Sullivan in this city by the committee of six, of which Dr. Cronin was one, came off, Maroney was constantly in attendance, apparently at the head of a body of twenty-seven men not concerned in the trial, who constantly hung around Ledwith's Hall in Third avenue and Forty-fifth street, where the trial was going on. It is declared by the other side that all were armed.

Maroney, who was recently interviewed by a SUN reporter, is a medium-sized man of muscular frame, well built, weighing perhaps 170 pounds, of dark complexion, dark-brown hair and moustache, and small, lively eyes. The immediate reason for his arrest, also the result of much-telegraphed consultation with Luke Dillon, is that he is said to correspond exactly with the description of the man J. B. Simons, who bought the furniture that was afterward found in the house where the crime took place. The furniture was bought of Alexander H. Revell & Co. of Fifth avenue and Randolph street, Chicago, and he will be depended upon to identify the prisoner. It was this same J. B. Simons who, under the name of Williams, was one of the occupants of the house where the crime was committed.

Several weeks ago, in an interview which a SUN reporter had with him, Maroney declared that the talk of any Clan-na-Gael men being concerned in the murder was nonsense. He called Dr. Cronin "a masher," and declared that it was a scrape with a woman, and that she had brought Cronin to his death. He laid great stress upon the fact that a finger was found in the catch basin where Cronin's body had been dumped, and said it was a woman's finger, and clearly pointed to the solution of the case.

M'DONALD'S ALIBI.

There was a commotion in the blacksmith shop of John Johnson yesterday when a SUN reporter asked about Charles McDonald, who was employed there. Johnson himself, an Irish-placed Irishman, who said he did not belong to the Clan-na-Gael or any other Irish society, was indignant that his workman should be suspected. Half a dozen blacksmiths gathered around and joined in the protest, declaring that they were ready to prove an alibi for McDonald. One of them said:

"There are other McDonalds than my man, and the police have made a mistake this time, sure. McDonald came from Philadelphia to me nineteen months ago, and has shown himself a steady, sober, good workman, always attentive to his business. In all these nineteen months he has been absent from the shop only three days outside of holidays and Sundays, and those three days were a year ago last June, and not three days together. When Cronin disappeared, before that, and ever since, he has been working right along every day in this shop.

"And we can prove it," chorussed the smiths.

MRS. MARONEY LAYS IT TO DILLON.

Mrs. Maroney was alone last night in the flat at 925 Tenth avenue when a SUN reporter called. She declared that her husband's arrest was an outrage, for which Luke Dillon's personal enmity was responsible. Her husband, she said, has not been out of her sight twenty-four hours at a time since last November returning home every night to the flat which they have occupied for the past two years.

"My husband has not been regularly employed," Mrs. Maroney said. "Since last November, when he gave up the wholesale dry goods business, which he was in at 350 Canal street. The firm was O. D. Gut & Co., but the other members did not treat him right, and the firm was dissolved. He has been expecting a place in one of the departments, which had been promised to him last November, and he was waiting to hear from that every day. We came two years ago from Philadelphia, where my husband had a good dry goods business. It was there he knew Luke Dillon. My husband helped Dillon to get on his feet three years ago, and this is the return that Dillon makes him for it. McDonald, my husband, knew in Philadelphia, but he hasn't seen anything of him since we've been here. I know he must be just as innocent as my husband."

ROWE CALLS MARONEY'S ARREST RIDICULOUS.

Edward J. Rowe of this city, who is a stanch friend of Maroney's, is positive that Maroney's arrest is due entirely to Luke Dillon.

"Dillon appears to be running the Chicago police just as he pleases, and every word of his is law to them," said Mr. Rowe last night. "It is ridiculous to think of arresting a man like Maroney, who can so easily prove his innocence. I have seen him at least every three days since last October, and the day following the news of Cronin's disappearance he was at my saloon, and late in the day went down to Staten Island. We have often talked the Cronin murder over together, and he was never sparing in his denunciations of the murderers. I saw him at Police Headquarters to-day, and he told me he was anxious to go to Chicago at once, without formalities, and clear himself of the charge. I think there will be no need of any of his friends accompanying him. Although, personally, I don't belong to any Irish organization, I know it to be a fact that within them all there is a constant fight between cliques, each trying to gain the supremacy, and reckless as to the means used to gain its ends. Each is trying to drag the other down into the mire, and prudent enough to profit by the other's downfall. I happen to know that Luke Dillon and others who are now pretending to be searching for Dr. Cronin's murderers form a faction that has been endeavoring by the foulest means to brand as traitors men whom they want to get out of the way. There is a Commissioner in the city, and another man, a member of the Press Club, whose lives they have threatened and whom they are anxious to see put out of the way. The Chicago police might just as well order the arrest of a man at hap-hazard in China as to have pitched upon Maroney as one of the conspirators. It shows the way things are run in Chicago by the man who is unquestioned innocent men here in New York as Dr. Cronin's murderers. Last night Maroney and I went down to Staten Island, and on the way we were debating as to who the men could be which an evening paper were said to be arrested in New York. Maroney's arrest accordingly this morning on Fifty-ninth street, on his way to see me, was naturally a big surprise to him."

Scared at a Bicycler.

A horse driven by John Slater of 47 West Fifty-fifth street was scared by a bicycler in Central Park, opposite the Webster statue, yesterday afternoon, and upset the dog cart, throwing out Mr. Slater and his wife. They were unhurt, but the cart was demolished.

Royal Baking Powder. Absolutely Pure.
For twenty-five years the standard.—*Adv.*

A banker who spends money liberally for advertising criticises this form of advertisement. We claim to be perfected engraving and do not know much about advertising, but we engrave certificates for one third less than other companies. New York Bank Note Co.—*Adv.*

WORK OF THE LIGHTNING.

St. James's Cathedral Set on Fire and Burned.

ST. ALOYSIUS'S IN NEWARK STRUCK.

A Building Blown Down in Brooklyn.

TWO PERSONS KILLED AND THREE INJURED.

Pranks of the Electric Fluid—Elizabeth Darkened by It—A Factory in Newark Set on Fire and Destroyed—A House Struck in Brooklyn—A Man Killed on the Newark Meadows—Other Damage.

"It may rain some time to-night."

He was a humid man in a flannel shirt standing on the steps of THE SUN building at 5¼ o'clock yesterday afternoon who ventured the prediction. Looking over toward the Jersey sky he saw rising in sullen indolence there a blue-black cloud that stretched and seemed to move up toward the north. It wasn't much of a cloud. It hadn't got big enough or high enough to hide the face of the sun.

But soon there was a transformation. The long, low hanging blue-black body stopped its northward march, and wheeled toward the city. It climbed up and hid the sun. The brilliant light in which everything had been glistening was cut off as in an eclipse, and the people whose backs up to this time had been toward that wonderful cloud now turned and looked upon it in surprise. It had become heavier and blacker. Out from its upper part there were thrown loose light masses that seemed like little whirling clouds of snow. Within a minute after the sunlight had been shut out the vivid illumination of the lightning began, and then the tossed-out snow-like clouds were shown plainly against the huge, grim black body behind. Higher and higher the nimbus rose, and fiercer it flung the white tufts far in advance. The minute hand on the City Hall clock had moved forward just three notches since the humid man in the flannel shirt had said it might rain "some time to-night."

All the lower stretch of the approaching cloud was green. It seemed as if there the greatest sort of a ruction was going on. The air through which people looked at the cloud was clear, and they could see that all along the green base there was a fierce wind disturbance. Out from the peculiar front rugged films were thrown and sucked up into the black body at the middle of the long mountainous mass, and then up and out from that black stretch the snowy patches were blown.

So far there had been no thunder, and only a little wind. The people stood or walked slowly on Park row, intensely interested spectators. But a few seconds after 5:20 o'clock there was a streak of lightning over in the line of Park place, a rumble of thunder, and at the same time a swooping down of swift wind. The gust hustled from the Post Office over toward Trinity church, and picked up all the dust and dirt in the street and blew it into people's eyes, and made them stop looking at the clouds, and hunt doorways. At 5:22 the cloud got right over the town and broke all to pieces. The rain fell in big drops close together, and the lightning and thunder and wind put in all their work at once and together. The streets, crowded the minute before, were empty the minute after. Foreleven minutes the rain cloud covered every bit of the sky. But it was constantly moving across the city, and at 5:33 there was blue sky once more to be seen over on the Jersey side. Even then the wind fighting continued down on New York. Ten minutes later the storm had passed clear over Manhattan Island, and here its retreat over Long Island could be watched. By 6 P. M. the sun had come out again, and the heavens about New York were bright and smiling.

The wind and the lightning did some damage in this city. A tree in front of Mrs. Langtry's house in West Twenty-third street was shivered by lightning. So was the flagstaff on the West 100th street station house.

A large plate-glass window, nearly seven feet by fourteen, was blown from a second-story window of the building at 862 Broadway and went to smash on the sidewalk. It belonged to the Germicide Company, and cost nearly $500.

The squall blew in a big plate glass window in the second-story show window at 802 Broadway.

The huge flagstaff on top of the West Shore Railroad depot, at the foot of West Forty-second street, was struck by lightning and shattered.

BROOKLYN'S CATHEDRAL BURNED.

Struck by Lightning and Entirely Destroyed—Little Saved.

St. James's Cathedral in Brooklyn, the oldest church in the Catholic diocese of Long Island, was destroyed by fire last night. It was struck by lightning during the severe thunder storm about 5:40 P. M. The electricity set fire to the roof, but it was not until a few minutes after 8 o'clock that the fire was discovered. The building is in Jay street, at the corner of Chapel, and extends back more than 200 feet toward Bridge street, with two wings. It was one of the oldest landmarks in the city, having been completed and dedicated in 1826.

Fathers J. H. Mitchell add James F. Mealia, two of the priests attached to the church, were sitting at the priests' house in Jay street, directly opposite the cathedral, during the thunder storm, when they were startled by seeing the lightning strike the tin roof near the tower, on the Chapel street side, and after rolling along the roof like a ball of fire disappear down the side. They momentarily expected to see flames rising from the roof and started out through the rain to give the alarm if necessary. Seeing no smoke arising from the roof, and no other indication of fire, they congratulated themselves that the cathedral had escaped, and that the only trace of the lightning was a slight break along the stonework on the Chapel street side. They then returned to the house, and had ceased to talk about the startling incidents of the storm when a loud ringing at the door bell at five minutes past 8 o'clock excited their attention. They were met at the door by two young men, who excitedly told them the cathedral was on fire. They ran across the street, and then they could see a bright light under the front doors of the church. When the three doors were opened almost simultaneously, it was seen that the sanctuary, which was at the furthest side of the building, was ablaze, and that fire was falling from the roof in all directions.

Fathers Mitchell and Mealia without hesitating an instant rushed through the smoke and fire to the sanctuary, and removing the sacrament and sacred utensils, hurried out and placed them in safe keeping in their house on the opposite side of the street. Both returned, and although the fire had made much progress during their brief absence, Father Mitchell again made his way to the sanctuary. Sparks of fire were falling on him, and he was almost overcome by smoke, but he succeeded in reaching the room in the rear of the sanctuary and rescued the records of the church. His return with the heavy books in his arms was attended with great peril, and the firemen and police who had meanwhile arrived were surprised at the courage he displayed. His clothing was on fire when he reached the front of the building, and he was so much exhausted that he had to be supported across the street.

Only one alarm was sent out, the fire engine and two truck companies which it brought being considered sufficient by Chief Engineer Nevins to manage the fire. The interior of the building was flooded, but the fire had been so steadily working its way before its discovery that the flames soon extended in all directions, and Chief Nevins concluded that it would be a useless task to try to save the beautiful altar or any of the pictures which ornamented the walls at the back of the sanctuary. Some of the parishioners, however, tried to force their way toward the altar, and had to be held back by the firemen. The galleries, which extended all around the church, gave way in several places and came down with a crash, and from time to time portions of the roof above fell in. The fire was well under control in an hour and a half, but by that time the interior was completely burned out, and the organ, the altar, the paintings, and the statuary on either side of the organ were entirely ruined.

Vicar-General Keegan witnessed the destruction of the cathedral from the opposite sidewalk, but Bishop Loughlin was absent in Jersey City, officiating at a service of confirmation in the Jesuit church for Bishop Wigger. Bishop Loughlin was greatly attached to the old church, and until a few weeks ago, when he moved to the new episcopal palace in Clermont avenue, adjoining St. John's Church, he officiated there every morning during his thirty-five years residence in Brooklyn. Father Mitchell said last night that the loss would probably reach $50,000. The altar, which was constructed of wood by Architect Kelly, and which it took eight years to complete, was one of the finest in the country, and could not be replaced, he said, for $20,000. The three most valuable paintings were the Crucifixion, the Holy Family, and St. Francis.

The church was a plain Gothic stone structure, in the shape of a cross, with an unpretentious tower in front. Adjoining it on the other side of Chapel street is the Sisters' school, and close by is the Brothers' school. An old churchyard, which has been unused for a long time, surrounds the church on all sides except the front.

The only other fire which has visited the church occurred about eight years ago. It partly destroyed the altar and the ceiling, which had to be refrescoed.

Last night's loss is partly covered by insurance.

WORK OF THE WIND.

Two Persons Killed and Three Injured by the Fall of a House.

A three-story frame building in course of erection at the southeast corner of Evergreen and Cooper avenues in Brooklyn collapsed last evening shortly before 6 o'clock. The building was in process of construction and had neither doors nor windows in, but the roof had been put on. The wind lifted the roof and the timbers fell in.

On the ground floor were several persons who had run into the building to obtain shelter from the storm. Among them were Frank Masterno, an Italian of 6 Broadway, East New York, Henry Doescher, a son of the proprietor of the building, Willie Doescher, Henry's little brother, 8 years old, Matthew Doremus and John Jenkins, two lathers who were at work in the house when it fell, and an unknown Italian workman. At the time the building fell there was a cloud of dust in Evergreen avenue followed speedily by a downfall of rain. Cries were heard from the building by John Doescher, the owner, who was in his house diagonally opposite.

Mr. Doescher did not know that his sons were in the building. He ran to the nearest fire box and gave the call for