

Thoughts Photographed.
 What would a snap shot of your mind, at this minute, look like?
THE : NEXT : SUNDAY : JOURNAL
 Tells this, and many other things as interesting.

THE JOURNAL

THE JOURNAL'S
 Manner of reporting political conventions pretty well known. It will report the Chicago Convention in its best manner.

NO. 4,978.

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, JULY 3, 1896.—16 PAGES.—COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY W. R. HEARST.

PRICE ONE CENT.

A WOMAN'S SHOT AT "LUCKY" BALDWIN.

Emma Ashley Tries to Kill the California Millionaire.

Fires a Pistol at His Head in a San Francisco Court Room.

Her Sister Is Suing the Aged Millionaire for Breach of Promise.

BALDWIN'S WOUND IS SLIGHT.

Lillian Ashley Was on the Stand at the Time. Great Excitement Follows the Affair and Another Shooting Affray Is Narrowly Averted.

San Francisco, July 2.—A bullet came within an inch of suddenly terminating both the famous breach of promise suit of Lillian Ashley against E. J. Baldwin and the career of the famous horseman at one and the same time this morning. As it is, the latter, though wearing a crease in his scalp, considers himself more than ever entitled to the sobriquet of "Lucky," while the pistol wielder, the sister of the plaintiff, is locked up in the city prison in default of \$1,000 bail, with a charge of assault with intent to murder registered against her.

The shooting was almost immediately followed by an encounter between James Crittenden, attorney for Lillian Ashley, and H. A. Unruh, Baldwin's manager, that threatened for a moment to result in the men opening fire on each other, but they were separated before they could get their pistols into action, and both will endeavor to show cause tomorrow why they should not be punished for contempt. The case had gone over from last night. Judge Slack had announced time and time again that he was sick and tired of the whole business, and he did all he could to bring the case to an end last evening, but the evidence was not closed, and there was nothing for it but to resume proceedings at 10 o'clock this morning.

The parties assembled as usual, Lillian Ashley sitting beside her counsel, James Crittenden, pale and nervous, while her sister, Emma Ashley, occupied her usual seat outside the rail, smiling and happy, to all appearances. From the very first it looked as though Emma Ashley regarded the whole proceeding as a joke. She laughed when on the witness stand, and smiled from time to time, as something in the testimony struck her as interesting or amusing. She testified this morning, as usual, a small black bag in her lap.

It was 9:30 o'clock and Lillian Ashley was on the stand for the fifth or sixth time since the commencement of the trial. She was undergoing a severe cross examination at the hands of Baldwin's lawyer, upon the subject of a photograph, supposed to be of herself, Lillian Ashley, strongly repudiated and knowledge of it, even asserting that it was no reproduction of her. "It is not mine," she pleaded, "I never saw it."

The picture certainly looked very much like Lillian Ashley, except that the hair was curled. It had been introduced for the purpose of contradicting Lillian's statement that she at no time of her life had her hair curled. She was manifestly agitated, and threw up her hands, exclaiming pitiously: "It is not mine, at all. Really, it is not. If it is, it's a snap shot; but I know it can't be me; I never wore a dress like that!"

BALDWIN'S NARROW ESCAPE.
 During all this time Emma Ashley was sitting calmly at the back of the court room. Baldwin sat behind his attorneys—Reuben, Lloyd & Highton, with his head resting against the back of the jury box, on the side of the court room nearest the door.

Unruh, his manager, sat on his left. Just as the last answer left Lillian Ashley's lips there was a dash and a report; the smoke cleared away, and Emma Ashley was discovered standing right over the rail within a few feet of Baldwin's head, a pistol clutched in both hands. Baldwin clasped his hands to his head and sprang from his seat. Unruh, who was nearest the woman, made a grab for the pistol, and got it after a short struggle. Then Emma Ashley ran from where she stood to the further end of the room, nearest the windows, as if to escape Unruh's vengeance. As she did so Baldwin himself took a hand in the affair, seized Emma around the waist, and despite her struggles, held her until Sheriff Martin came up and placed her under arrest. Baldwin was white with rage and fear.

"I'll kill you ——" he roared, as he grappled with the woman. She collapsed and was led away to prison without difficulty or a scene of any kind. While this was going on there was another exciting scene enacted within the rail, right in front of the judge's desk. As Unruh stood with the pistol still in his hand, he was confronted by Crittenden, who shouted: "You let that woman alone! At the same time Crittenden, who is a duelist, swung his right hand around in the direction of his hip pocket, and there would have been bloodshed in an instant had not Clerk McElroy got between the two men, seizing Unruh's pistol and calling upon Crittenden not to draw. This settled the case. When the hubbub had ceased Judge Slack addressed Attorney Crittenden: "Have you a pistol on your person?" "Yes, sir, I have."

"You must deliver the weapon up at once, sir."

WHY THE SHOT WAS FIRED.
 Crittenden complied, and his pistol joined Emma Ashley's in the clerk's drawer. Then His Honor asked everybody in the room if they had any more weapons were forthcoming. He ordered the belligerents to appear before him tomorrow morning and adjourned the case until Monday, owing to the nervous state of Lillian Ashley. The unfortunate woman, whose rash display of rage and affection had caused so much trouble, had been escorted to the City Prison, where a formal charge of assault with intent to murder was placed against her. Outwardly calm, she was inwardly excited, for, though she told every one that she had nothing to say, when she got within the confines of the matron's room she walked up and down, wringing her hands and crying out: "I did it. I did it. I shot him because he betrayed my sister. I meant to have killed him, but God was not willing, and it's all over now."

Baldwin, his attorneys and manager, went down to the Baldwin Hotel. The aged town girls.



Senator Turpie. Isham G. Harris. Altgeld. Senator Cockrell. Senator Jones.
GOVERNOR ALTGELD IN CONSULTATION WITH THE SILVER SENATORS.

LAWYER BOUND BY A GANG OF RUFFIANS.

Attacked While Riding on His Wheel, Near Asbury Park.

Pleads with Them to Spare His Life and Is Heeded.

PROMISES NOT TO GIVE ALARM.

It Is an Experience Which Samuel A. Patterson Will Not Soon Forget, Although the Highwaymen Secured a Trifling Sum.

Asbury Park, N. J., July 2.—Last night, about 1 o'clock, Lawyer Samuel A. Patterson, of this place, left his office to go to his temporary home, in Loch Arbor, on his bicycle. He crossed the bridge over Deal Lake, and when opposite Andrew White's house, which is about a block from his own, two men stepped out from behind the trees and grabbed his arms. Each man pointed a revolver at the lawyer and cautioned him not to make any noise if he valued his life.

In a short time the robbers fastened his hands behind his back with ropes. They searched his pockets and secured \$15 in money. Then they walked their victim to a near-by woods and took hold of him as though they would throw him to the ground. He pleaded with them and promised to make no outcry after their departure. After pointing pistols at his head they went away.

As soon as they were gone Patterson managed to release his hands, hunted up his wheel, and returned to town and informed the town marshal of what had happened. His assailants were a white man and a negro. A detective and Night Officer Nutt went in pursuit, but did not catch the fellows.

Mr. Patterson said: "When they seized me they poked their revolvers in my face and kept them there for fully fifteen minutes. I did not offer any resistance, because I saw they meant business. The negro did most of the talking, and when they relieved me of my money they walked me to the woods which skirt the lake."

FIGHT FOR OLD TOWN GIRLS.

They Like the Green Spring Boys and a Pitched Battle Is the Result.

Piedmont, W. Va., July 2.—Old Town, Maryland, and Green Springs, West Virginia, are rival towns about the same size on opposite banks of the Potomac River. For years it has been an unwritten law that the young men from one town should not visit girls of the other. Franklin Parke, of Green Springs, met and was pleased with one of the Old Town belles. Last Sunday night he called on her and later was waylaid and nearly beaten to death. This evening thirty Green Springs young men went to Old Town to avenge the outrage. The battle lasted an hour, and clubs, rocks and knives were used. The conflict was furious and the officers of Old Town, assisted by many citizens, were hardly able to separate the combatants. Further trouble will follow any attempt of Green Springs boys to visit Old Town girls. The Old Town girls favor the Green Springs boys.

ALTGELD ON THE SLUMP IN STOCKS.

He Says It Is a "Panic Trick" of the Eastern Bankers to Frighten the Chicago Convention.

In reply to a question as to what he had to say of the recent depreciation of the stock market, Governor Altgeld telegraphs to the Journal as follows:

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TO W. R. HEARST, JOURNAL, NEW YORK.
 Springfield, Ill., July 2.

In answer to your question, I will say that there has been a steady shrinkage in prices of every kind of property, as well as in the stocks representing property, going on for a number of years, and it must continue to go on and grow steadily worse so long as we maintain the single gold standard, because we have a steadily contracting standard of values with a constantly increasing population. Formerly all of the gold and all of the silver that was mined each year was added to the stock of money of the world, and so rapid was the increase in population and the demands for money that even then it was difficult to maintain prices. Now the annual addition to the stock of money is less than half what it formerly was, while the annual increase in population is much greater.

This shrinkage in values goes on steadily and imperceptibly, but the holders of property and the holders of stocks or paper representing property naturally try to keep up the prices. They hold out awhile and then there is a break; then they hold out again until the strain is too heavy and there is another break.

In addition to the foregoing it has been repeatedly demonstrated in this country that the representatives of a few great banking houses have it in their power to temporarily produce a sort of panic, and they have also shown that they are sufficiently unpatriotic and unscrupulous to do it. Just now they want to frighten the Chicago Convention, and are playing some of their panic tricks. It is necessary to have a change of system. First stop the shrinkage and restore selling prices; second, to get our country out of the clutches of unscrupulous manipulators.

BIG "SHAKE-UP" EXPECTED.

Sergeants and Roundsmen Have Been Answering the Chief's Many Questions.

It was rumored at Police Headquarters yesterday that a big shake-up in the Department will soon take place. For the past few days nearly all the sergeants and roundsmen have been at the Chief's office, where they were asked to answer a number of questions that simply overbored them. All the men in the Police Court squad, a position considered especially desirable, have been before Chief Conlin.

It is said he will weed out the young men in these positions and put them on the sidewalk. Police officers who have been in some of the department squads for years have become invaluable, and are up in arms over the rumored shake-up.

DOWN FOUR FIRE ESCAPES.

Floorings Gave Way, and Mrs. Dorothy Landed in the Yard.

Mrs. Kate Dorothy, a young married woman, living at No. 173 North Eighth street, Williamsburg, was standing on the fire escape in the rear of her home on the fourth floor yesterday afternoon when the flooring gave way beneath her. She landed on the flooring of the escape below, which also gave way; so did all the other platforms of the escapes, as she struck them, and when she was picked up in the yard she was unconscious.

DELMONICO'S LITTLE FIRE.

Extinguished, Without Damage, by Employees with Buckets.

One of the chimneys of Delmonico's, at Broadway and Twenty-sixth street, was discovered to be a-fire yesterday evening by a pedestrian, and an alarm of fire was turned

in. In the meantime some of the attaches poured water into the blazing chimney with some buckets, and before the engines or firemen arrived they had succeeded in extinguishing the blaze.

The fighting of the fire was done in such a systematic way by the employees that few guests were aware that anything unusual had occurred. The cause of the fire is supposed to have been due to a defective flue. No damage was done.

HOBART BACK FROM CANTON.

Placed with His Trip and Says Mark Hanna Will Be Here Soon.

Garret A. Hobart, Republican candidate for Vice-President, returned to Paterson yesterday afternoon. He is in the best of health and spirits, and expressed great pleasure at the reception he had received in Canton and Cleveland.

He stated that New York City would be made the headquarters for the campaign, and that Mark Hanna will come East to take charge within the next ten days. The distribution of campaign literature will begin immediately and be pushed more extensively than in former years. Mr. Hobart retired early, as he felt quite fatigued after his long trip.

SCHEMING TO MAKE HILL TEMPORARY CHAIRMAN.

Members of the National Committee pose to Make a Last Stand on Him.

Stevenson, Under Orders from His Mark Is Silently Awaiting the Presidential Lightning.

Bland's Boomers Shout Loudly for Their Leader—Gold Open Their Headquarters To-day and Begin Their Work in Earnest.

Journal Headquarters, Palmer House, Chicago, July 2.—The announcement by the Journal this morning that David Bennett Hill would be the choice of the National Committee for temporary chairman of the Democratic convention was confirmed today by three members of the National Committee, having the matter in charge. It is composed of Chairman William F. Harrity, Secretary S. P. Sheerin, Colonel John G. Prather, Colonel Thomas Shelly, Hugh C. Wallace, E. C. Wall and R. E. Spangler, the latter acting as proxy for Ben Cable.

Usually this sub-committee selects the temporary chairman. As a matter of fact, it had selected Hugh C. Wallace. The objections of the silverites made him unavailable, and the sub-committee then decided to select no one formally, but to wait until all the members of the National Committee arrived here on Monday. At its meeting the situation will be explained, and, not formally, but very earnestly and judiciously, David B. Hill will be put forward as the men.

The National Committee will then take a vote on the New Yorker's selection. He will be named and the silver men will be informed when they call for recognition and consultation in the selection of a temporary Chairman that one has already been decided upon and that his name is David B. Hill. It will be a terrific blow in the face for the committee appointed by the

GOVERNOR CLAUDE MATTHEWS, POSSIBLE SILVER



TURPIE ON THE MATTHEWS

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To W. R. Hearst, Editor Journal, New York:
 The canvass for Governor Matthews is proceeding successfully. The active workers on the India have organized the campaign with a great care, and the initial work has reached a stage of progress. Governor Matthews as a candidate every day in the consideration of thoughtful and members of those delegations who are working through extreme men and methods.

DAVID T. U. S. Senator from