

DAISY HAMPTON BREAKS DOWN.

Sobs Hysterically After Testifying Against McLaughlin.

FOR HER OWN DISGRACE. The Girl Is Unnerved When Made to Publicly Admit Her Indictment.

VALENTINE ON THE STAND.

Brought from Jail, He Testifies to Swindling Operations of His Partner.

"DON'T TELL DAISY ANYTHING."

He Says McLaughlin Told Him She Thought the Checks Good—Goff Rebukes Howe and Osborne.

Daisy Hampton bore it bravely for a time. She bit her lips and forced herself to return the piercing gaze of her lover, Chester McLaughlin, the story of whose crimes she was asked to tell. She listened to the bickering and snarling of lawyers, who were playing their own little comedy, regardless of the drama of a woman's ruin, the denouement of which they were helping to develop.

Dry-eyed, with slender, nerveless hands lightly clasped in her lap she watched it all, and when it fell to her lot to speak she answered as it seemed best.

The woman's heartstrings were being wound up, as one winds an alarm clock. So the event proved, for when the welcome word "Excused" fell upon her ear the tension relaxed and she broke down. She left the witness stand and stood behind the jury box for a moment, with a curious look of doubt and terror in her eyes. Her bosom heaved quickly, and she clutched at a rail for support. Mrs. Foster divined what was about to happen, and made haste to lead her into an adjoining witness room.

Tears of Shame. Once there, Daisy Hampton threw herself into a chair and burst into a storm of sobs. "Did you hear what he said? Oh, did you hear what he said?" was the burden of her cry, repeated over and over again. "What did he say?" asked Mrs. Foster, bestowing a soothing embrace upon her charge.

"He—he said I was—was—under—indictment—for p-p-passing forged checks." It was no news to Daisy Hampton that she was under indictment, but the shame of having it proclaimed in that crowded courtroom had been too much to be borne quietly.

Before the trial of Chester McLaughlin, of the McLaughlin-Valentine gang, before Recorder Goff, had been in progress ten minutes Assistant District-Attorney Osborne and William F. Howe, McLaughlin's counsel, began to call names. The scenes of the day previous bade fair to be repeated. Mr. Howe raised his voice and shouted at the Assistant District-Attorney and that officer retorted. It was taken as an indication by the Recorder of what would follow, and he very properly stopped it.

"Your conduct yesterday," said the Recorder, "was disgraceful, and tends to defeat the administration of justice. I will not permit the continuance of such actions."

The Recorder's words had the effect of making both Mr. Howe and Mr. Osborne cease their personalities, and causing Mr. Howe to lower his voice.

Daisy Hampton Called. The trial was continued with the examination of Daisy Hampton. She was accompanied to court by Mrs. Foster, and gave a look at McLaughlin as she took the stand.

Check after check was admitted in evidence to show that while McLaughlin had a bank account he knew he had overdrawn it. The witness identified the checks as being in McLaughlin's handwriting.

The Assistant District-Attorney inquired of her about the residence at Long Branch and Valentine's visit to their house there.

"Was Valentine at the cottage while McLaughlin was there?" inquired Mr. Osborne.

"I object," said Mr. Howe. The objection was overruled and an exception taken.

"You might just as well ask if McKinley was there," said Mr. Howe.

Mr. Osborne inquired about how long Valentine remained there. The witness said about three or four weeks.

The witness was then given by Mr. Howe, who, after refreshing himself by a scent of Florida water, asked:

"When McLaughlin gave you that check, you were at Long Branch?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he tell you where to go?"

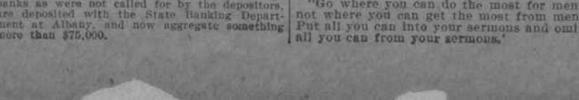
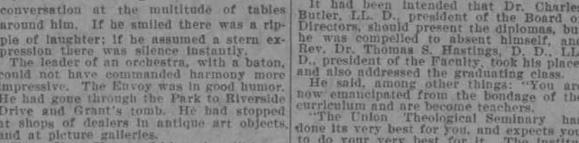
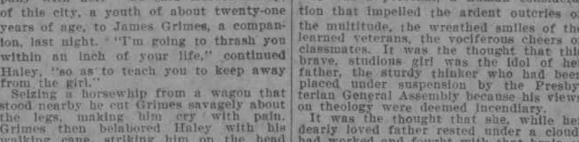
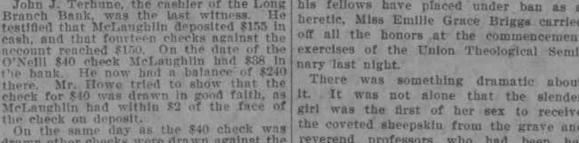
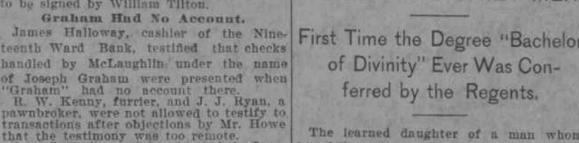
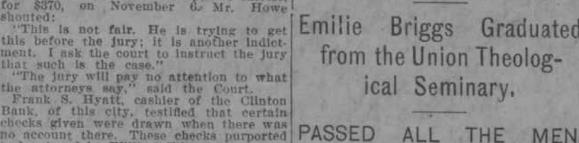
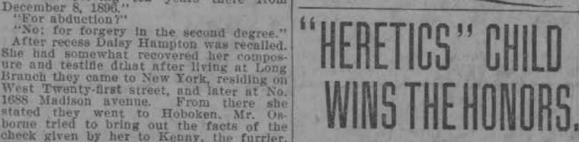
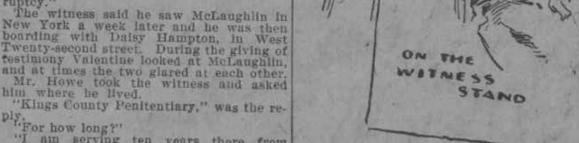
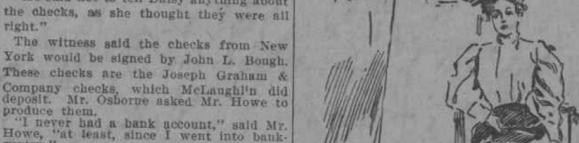
"No, sir. He told me I could go to O'Neill's," was the reply.

"He didn't direct you to go there?"

"Excluded," said the Recorder.

"What did he say?"

"That I could go."

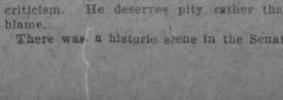
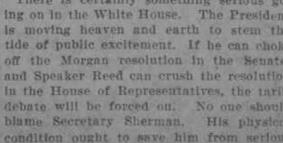
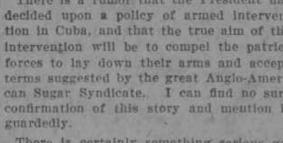
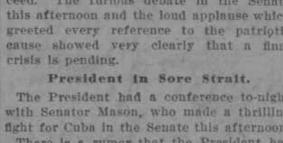
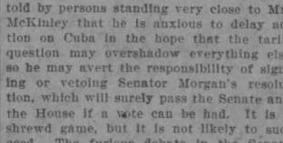
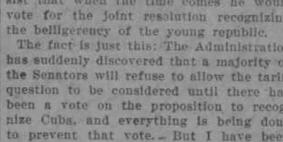
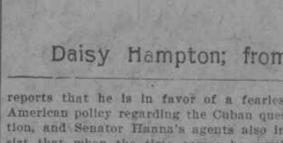


MCKINLEY WANTS NO VOTE ON CUBA

President Striving to Stave off Action in Senate.

MASON'S STRONG SPEECH Illinois Senator Demands Granting of Belligerency.

By James Creelman. Washington, May 18.—President McKinley's friends are busy to-night spreading



this afternoon. For two hours Senator Mason, of Illinois, pleaded for an American policy on the Cuban question, and he was attacked again and again by Senators Hale, Hoar and Wellington, the three champions of Spain. The galleries were packed and a fringe of spectators leaned against the wall on the main floor. General Sanguly, the redoubtable Cuban hero, sat in one gallery, and Bob Fitzsimmons, the prize fighter, in another.

Senator Mason told in impassioned language the story of the shooting of boys, the ravishing of women and the sale of young girls. He described the herding of famishing American citizens in the small towns and villages. He declared that the friends of Spain in the Senate were trying to filibuster in order to prevent a vote on the resolution recognizing the belligerency of Cuba, knowing that there was a majority in favor of it. He read the promise of the Republican platform favoring the independence of Cuba and insisted that the party must keep its pledge.

If Not War, What Then? "President McKinley says in his message that, 'The agricultural classes have been forced from their farms to the nearest towns, where they are without work or money,'" cried the Senator, "who forced them from their farms? Was it the insur-

Rockhill Attacked. "In the communication yesterday received from the Executive Mansion, the facts of which were furnished to the President presumably from the State Department, it is stated that official information from our consuls in Cuba establishes the fact that a large number of Americans are starving. Where did the Assistant Secretary, Mr. Rockhill, get that information to furnish the Executive? Did he get it yesterday? Did he get it last night? Did he get it last month?"

"He may deny, if he will, directing the United States consuls to write reports, but he cannot deny and show the file mark of his office upon the proposition that we hereby to be true that for days and months he has had possession of that information, and that it never went to the Executive until Saturday."

The Senator from Maryland says that newspaper reports are not to be relied upon. Chicago had a reporter on the field of a three days' engagement in Cuba. Charles Crosby was killed in the island and his wife, Mrs. Crosby, was taken to the States. He was there to furnish news of struggling Cuba. Crosby was not a romantic. He answered to the effect: "I know four are dead, one of them is standing today in the shadow of the grave, and yet going into climate that is dangerous, going into the very field of battle."

Gallinger Adds His Voice. Senator Gallinger—As I remember the matter, Mr. Crosby, the correspondent of the Chicago newspaper, lost his life while he was on the field observing a battle between the Spanish and Cuban forces. Is that correct? Senator Mason—Yes, sir. He stood within six feet of the insurgent general. He was shot by a sharpshooter.

Senator Gallinger—Yet we seem to be hesitating, and some Senators are declining against our acknowledgment of a state of war in Cuba. They say it does not exist! Senator Mason, resuming, said: "The Senator from Maryland suggested how gunboats would clean our frontier."

"Let the road to you, my colleagues, the platform I submitted to the intelligent people of Illinois as a reason why McKinley should be President and I, or some other good Republican, should be Senator from that State. I read it, and I want every gentleman on this side of the chamber to remember, and those of you who have changed your minds say so when you help to filibuster against the joint resolution—Oh, filibuster is a harsh word. It jars upon the sensitive minds and the delicate touch of those of us who are popular in Spanish quarters. But filibuster is the word. You have indulged in it with a grave and gentle smile. You have filibustered with masked face and kid gloves, but I give you notice that when you get a filibuster from Illinois

reports that he is in favor of a fearless American policy regarding the Cuban question, and Senator Hanna's agents also insist that when the time comes he would vote for the joint resolution recognizing the belligerency of the young republic. The fact is just this: The Administration has suddenly discovered that a majority of the Senators will refuse to allow the tariff question to be considered until there has been a vote on the proposition to recognize Cuba, and everything is being done to prevent that vote. But I have been told by persons standing very close to Mr. McKinley that he is anxious to delay action on Cuba in the hope that the tariff question may overshadow everything else so he may avert the responsibility of signing or vetoing Senator Morgan's resolution, which will surely pass the Senate and the House if a vote can be had. It is a shrewd game, but it is not likely to succeed. The furious debate in the Senate this afternoon and the loud applause which greeted every reference to the patriotic cause showed very clearly that a final crisis is pending.

President in Sore Strait. The President had a conference to-night with Senator Mason, who made a thrilling fight for Cuba in the Senate this afternoon. There is a rumor that the President has decided upon a policy of armed intervention in Cuba, and that the true aim of the intervention will be to compel the patriot forces to lay down their arms and accept terms suggested by the great Anglo-American Sugar Syndicate. I can find no sure confirmation of this story and mention it guardedly.

There is certainly something serious going on in the White House. The President is moving heaven and earth to stem the tide of public excitement. If he can choke off the Morgan resolution in the Senate, and Speaker Reed can crush the resolution in the House of Representatives, the tariff debate will be forced on. No one should blame Secretary Sherman. His physical condition ought to save him from serious criticism. He deserves pity rather than blame.

There was a historic scene in the Senate

above their heads. That is not the sentiment of the Nazarene. Nineteen hundred years we have professed to follow Him. It is not the sentiment that comes from an American conscience.

"I would not extend our trade one dollar or sell one pound of American goods to the island of Cuba nor favor the acquisition of territory by force, or by another name for grand larceny."

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RAILWAY CAR A FIERY FURNACE.

A Gas Tank Exploded Under the Passengers' Feet.

BURNED WITH A ROAR. Men and Women Flying in Terror Got Jammed in the Aisle.

AT THE SPRING VALLEY DEPOT. Fire Extinguished at Last by Backing the Car Under a Water Tank.

A railway car wrapped in flames and filled with shrieking men and women was the spectacle that made matters lively at the Spring Valley depot of the New Jersey & New York Railroad on Monday night.

They were no ordinary flames. They burst out from the bottom of the car and soared skyward with a roar that could be heard at a great distance. The column burned blue and pale yellow, and when the breeze struck it it swayed and bent like a poplar in a tempest.

A gas tank under the car had exploded. It is supposed that there was a leaking supply pipe and that a spark from some one's cigar had ignited it, causing the explosion. At all events, there was a report like that of a cannon, and next instant the half hundred passengers in the car were in a situation very much like that occupied by Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego on a celebrated occasion.

From a spectator's point of view nothing finer had ever been seen at Spring Valley. The inhabitants took the opportunity of referring disrespectfully to a grotesque exhibition, with balloon ascension, given in the neighborhood some months previously, and it was asserted on all hands that the show had not been worth the money charged.

The passengers of the burning coach looked at the matter from a different point of view. They were all anxious to leave the car at the same time, and as the doors were too narrow to permit of this wish being gratified some confusion resulted. Conductors, Thibault and the attaches of the depot shouted to the terrified men and women to emerge one at a time, but that did not deter them from trying to clamber over each other.

The woodwork was cracking merrily by the time the last passenger had landed with an indignant grunt on terra firm. The back of the car was a mass of flames, backed down to the water tank. Thus the wavering column of fire danced off, amid the frantic cheers of the populace.

Arrived at the tank a brakeman climbed up and started the water running, and all the other hands set to with buckets. For twenty minutes they fought the fire, and brought it under after it had inflicted damage amounting to about \$100. Whereupon the residents went home, well satisfied with the entertainment.

KEYPORT'S MISSING YACHT. Boatmen Say They Sighted Mrs. Lazzaro's Boat Near Stapleton.

Keyport boatmen, who were cruising in the vicinity of Stapleton, S. I., Monday, stated yesterday that they sighted a yacht answering the description of the missing Adelaide, of Keyport, N. J. The vessel is also reported as having been seen anchored off Ulmer Park, Gravesend Bay.

These are the only tidings that Mrs. A. E. Lazzaro, the owner, has received from the yacht, or any of her three occupants, since the receipt of a letter from the vessel, dated Plymouth City Cove, near Atlantic Highlands, May 2. The letter stated that the yacht was in the possession of a severe storm and was safely anchored. It is stated that Mrs. Lazzaro is a resident of New York City, and her post office address has been general delivery. It is also stated that she stopped for a few days before coming to Keyport, at the Saint George Hotel, East Twelfth street, New York City.

ROOSEVELT AT NORFOLK. Will Investigate Complaints of Laborers at the Navy Yard.

Washington, May 18.—Assistant Secretary Roosevelt left Washington to-night for Norfolk, in continuance of the work on investigating complaints made by laborers in the navy yards of unjust treatment. He will spend to-morrow at Norfolk, and will visit Newport News Thursday to look at the work under construction for the navy in the yard of the shipbuilding company there.

The prosecution of this work has prevented the completion of the report upon the state of affairs in the New York Navy Yard.

Exchange for Women's Work. The Newark Exchange for Women's Work had its annual meeting in Newark yesterday, with Mrs. T. K. Kinney, president, in the chair. An address was made by the Rev. Dr. D. Sage Meade. The treasurer's report showed receipts, \$6,888.16; expenditures, \$6,202.83; balance, \$685.33.

Surrogate Morrison Dead. Salem, N. J., May 18.—George B. Morrison, Surrogate of this county, died this afternoon. He was sixty-six years of age. He had been Surrogate for twenty years.

Kept Growing Worse. Little Girl in a Terrible Condition Owing to Impure Blood—Wonderful Change Since Taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"My little girl was affected with impure blood. Every little scratch and impure would make a great sore which would not heal, but kept growing worse. Hearing of great cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla we began giving it to her. After taking it a while she was permanently cured. She did not have a sore blotch on her. I have given Hood's Sarsaparilla to both of my little girls since then for loss of appetite and it is wonderful to see the change in them. They have gained in flesh and their cheeks are rosy." Mrs. Edward Gas, Jr., care Warren Foundry, Philadelphia, Pa. Jersey.

Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"HERETICS" CHILD WINS THE HONORS.

Emilie Briggs Graduated from the Union Theological Seminary. PASSED ALL THE MEN.

First Time the Degree "Bachelor of Divinity" Ever Was Conferred by the Regents.

The learned daughter of a man whom his fellows have placed under ban as a heretic, Miss Emilie Grace Briggs carried off all the honors at the commencement exercises of the Union Theological Seminary last night.

There was something dramatic about it. It was not alone that the slender girl was the first of her sex to receive the coveted sheepskin from the grave and overland professors who had been her father's colleagues. It was not alone that she had earned first honors and left the strong men of her class following humbly in the rear. It was not alone that she was the first of either sex to receive the degree of Bachelor of Divinity from the University of the State of New York, nor that with that proud bachelorhood she had come the additional compliment, "Summa cum laude."

Her Father's Idol. It was a personal, a human consideration that impelled the ancient authorities of the multitude, the wretched smilers of the learned veterans, the vociferous chiefs of classrooms. It was the thought that this brave, studious girl was the idol of her father, the sturdy thinker who had been placed under suspension by the Presbyterian General Assembly because his views on theology were deemed incendiary.

It was the thought that she, while her dearly loved father rested under a cloud, had worked and fought with that brain of hers to lift the saddened heart with joy and pride.

And so, when Emilie Grace Briggs stretched out her hand to grasp the diploma extended to her with a courtly bow by Dr. Thomas Matthews, D. D., LL. D., the president of the faculty, every man and woman in the hall hailed the occasion as one exemplifying a daughter's love as well as a woman's wit, and the applause was absolutely startling. Many of the women present shed tears.

Serious, as befitted such a momentous occasion, but artless and graceful, without a trace of self-consciousness, the clever girl accepted the visible sign and token of the honors she had made her own and returned again to her place with her placid brow just faintly tinged with the blush of pride, while the graybeards on the platform wagged their beards with delight.

Miss Briggs is in her twenty-first year, and before entering the seminary was educated at a private school.

It had been intended that Dr. Charles Briggs, LL. D., president of the Board of Directors, should present the diploma, but he was compelled to absent himself, and the honor was conferred by Dr. Matthews, D. D., LL. D., president of the Faculty, took his place, and also addressed the graduating class.

He said, among other things: "You are now emancipated from the bondage of the curriculum and are become teachers. The Union Theological Seminary has done its very best for you, and expects you to do your very best for it. The institution has fought for the liberty of scholarship and has won a most important victory. That victory cannot be understood at once."

He gave the members of the class Luther's advice to ministers, and then said: "I do not ask for easy roads for you. The stumblers stumble least in a stony path, and it is for the rugged paths that I devote you. You are entering the true aristocracy; the aristocracy of noble men who have done noble work for God."

"Go where you can do the most for men; not where you can get the most from men. Put all you can into your serious and omit all you can from your serious."

Daisy Hampton; from Innocent Girlhood to Complicity with a Swindler.

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