



THE Cronin Case



BY
COL. DUKE BAILIE.

ILLUSTRATED.

CHICAGO:
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1890.

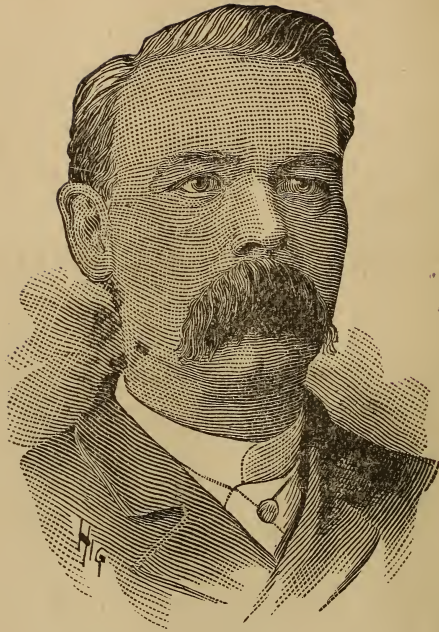


1868

WILLIAM WALKER

WALKER

WALKER



O. H. Cronin

THE
CRONIN CASE.

COMPLETE.

THE ASSASSINATION OF
DR. PATRICK HENRY CRONIN.

INCEPTION, CONSUMMATION, DETECTION,
PROSECUTION AND PUNISHMENT.

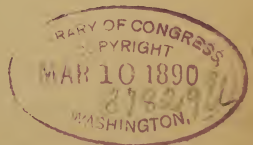
THE MOST REMARKABLE CONSPIRACY
OF
THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

AUTHENTICATED FROM OFFICIAL RECORDS BY,

DUKE BAILIE.

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1890.



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1889

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT.

To Citizens of the United States, Native Born or Naturalized:

When a man or men controlling a Secret Organization can, for their personal benefit, without trial or opportunity for defense, condemn to death and through underlings commit murder; and at the same time find police and court officials willing to aid their purpose before and after the act; when political influence is exerted in high places to shield them from punishment; when all this transpires, as it has in the Cronin case, it is time for American citizens to inquire how far such fearful power, so vilely exerted, may not be turned against the general good of society and the stability of National existence.

The discovery of the conspiracy which brought about the death of DOCTOR PATRICK HENRY CRONIN, in Chicago, on the night of May 4th, 1889, lays bare a secret power terrible to contemplate; an authority recognizing neither the laws of God, Humanity or the land that gives them shelter; the evidences of the forces at their command, the influences upon which they can rely for protection and call upon to shield them from punishment—all these are trumpet notes of warning that should arouse every citizen to action, should incite every true man to look well to the safety of himself, his family and country—

“ETERNAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF LIBERTY.”

THE CRONIN CASE furnishes such elaborate details of personal machination, concerted plotting, deadly working, and evidences of such unlimited, wide-spread, absolute power, that no other conspiracy of the day can approach it in interest for the reader or student.

ROMANCE GROWS TAME BESIDE ITS TERRIBLE REALITIES. THE TRUTH SILENCES THE WILDEST FLIGHTS OF FICTION.

The general outline of THE CRONIN CASE is too familiar to the public to require recapitulation here. In this work, every detail from first to last, is introduced; the causes leading to the conspiracy against the victim; his condemnation without hearing by a secret tribunal; the employment of emissaries for his "removal;" police and detective force active in aiding the murderous deed, and high officials supine in its investigation; the preparations, the calumny of the dead; plans to mislead justice; hiding of accomplices and witnesses; attempt by court officials to bribe jurymen; PROSECUTION AND RETRIBUTION.

In short one of the most complex, ingenious and terrible plots ever invented, is traced from its inception to the moment its agents are judged by a jury.

The author from day to day closely watched and noted every detail necessary for completing a clear, concise, consecutive narrative of the whole. Unnecessary tiresome legal verbiage and like superfluties are cast aside, and only real, verified facts embraced in the history.

Without pandering in the least to sensationalisms, such style is adopted as to the utmost enhances the startling, tragic events recorded.

To COL. DUKE BAILIE, the well-known journalist and popular author, the publisher committed the preparation of the work; his contract expired only with the ending of *THE CRONIN CASE*, and when this book, bearing that title, was published.

Col. Bailie having attended the trial from its beginning until the end, his report of the evidence and speeches, his characteristic sketches of scenes, incidents, behavior of the prisoners, etc., must necessarily be far more complete and satisfactory than the imaginative recitals of writers who assume to furnish "Detective" accounts. His is a bright, stirring story, authenticated from official records, with facts fresh from the lips of witnesses.

Such a work, produced under such circumstances, cannot fail to be of more than usual value. It is a book for the library, a work of reference in the future, and always a volume of absorbing interest.

THE PUBLISHER.

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THE CRONIN CASE.

CHAPTER I.

Introductory—Dangers that Threaten—A Menace to Life and Liberty—The Men and Motive—The United Brotherhood and the Clan-na-Gael—Objects of the Organization—Per-
version of Original Plans—From Legitimate Warfare to De-
struction and Assassination—The Leaders in the New Work—
Alexander Sullivan, Feeley and Boland—Changes in the Con-
stitution—Plundering the Treasury—Betrayal of Emissaries—
Fighting Against Investigation—Dr. Cronin Expelled as a
Traitor.

DOCTOR PATRICK HENRY CRONIN was murdered on the night of Saturday, May 4, 1889.

His "taking off" was basest, most cowardly assassination of vilest character; the deed was perpetrated by willing hands eager to do the bidding of thieves, who, under the guise of patriotism, had forced themselves into the leadership of an organization that they might rob the treasury of its accumulated wealth, gained from the contributions of toiling, patriotic men and women.

Dr. Cronin was a member of many associations formed for action that would tend to liberate Ireland from Eng-
lish rule. This object was dear to his heart; for its furtherance he labored incessantly; he was intensely enthusiastic, and he was *honest*. The plunderers who reveled in luxury upon their ill-gotton spoil feared the outspoken denunciations with which he branded their betrayal of trust, they dreaded the investigation he was

forcing upon them, they knew he was strong, in proof, that detection was inevitable; they knew that he could be silenced neither by threats, bribes or cajolery. They plotted long and carefully, their plans were wide-spreading and subtle, their vengeance was to follow him even after death, his memory was to be reviled by all who had ever known and respected him, he was to be branded as a traitor to the cause, to be published as a renegade, a spy, an "informer."

Deep brains and minds well skilled by experience, prepared the plot, the hands of hireling assassins and fanatical politicians struck the fatal blow.

Apart from the necessity devolving upon the legal authorities to detect and punish the principals and accessories in this crime, the American people are vitally interested in the investigation of the causes, the possibilities and the powers that can produce such results.

Herein are plainest facts showing the existence of secret societies that *acknowledge no moral or statute law* but their own will. With slow cunning and adroit manipulation of the political element at their command they have been able to dictate terms to, or demand subserviency, from the highest officials of state and city, they have unscrupulously squandered the money placed in their hands for a special purpose; to further their own personal interests and base designs, they have placed their minions in the police and detective forces in order that the ends of justice might be speedily betrayed and prevented, they have found court-bailiffs to act as their agents in the attempt to corrupt jurymen; they still found, in the face of damning proof, men of social influ-

ence, political and financial standing to defend their acts and aid in defaming their victim. The dread power of these head conspirators was so sufficient that terror of them could close the mouths of men who, during a long trial, felt each hour and day the hand of Retribution grasping, ever closing, about their throats.

The original object of this organization was, as stated by Luke Dillon, the prominent Irish Nationalist, to assist a like organization in Ireland and England, to establish a Republic in Ireland, and also to bring about fraternal feeling among Irishmen in this country and to assist in the elevation of the race. But when this first design is prostituted to secret trial and cowardly assassination of men, that the conspirators' plundering may be uninterrupted, their power perpetuated; when all this is plainly proven, together with the wide extending influence and multitude of fanatical assassins at command of this combine of Inquisitorial conspirators, it is time for the American people to consider how dangerous to state and national life it may grow, may be even now with such infamous plotters, such ever-ready, devoted tools to do their bidding. The national honor, welfare, existence, would be of no more value in the eyes of these conspirators, would no more restrain their acts, than did the life of their unfortunate victim, Dr. Patrick Henry Cronin.

It behooves all men to face these facts and seriously consider to what such things may lead. With "naught in malice set down," we shall tell the true story of this remarkable conspiracy, its wide ramifications, its murderous work, its attempts to mislead, to bribe jurymen,



JUDGE McCONNELL.

to defeat justice; and we hope to record the swift, severe punishment of every individual participating in the terrible crime.

The record as given will amply justify these introductory remarks, and without further comment this tale is begun.

THE MEN AND THE MOTIVE.

In the year 1869 there was organized in the United States a secret society called the United Brotherhood, generally known as the Clan-na-Gael. Its object was to effect the liberation of Ireland from England's rule, and this by force of arms. From warm hearted, hot headed, native born Irish men and women, and even children, this association received most enthusiastic moral support, and into its treasury, for the purpose named, were poured the hard-gained earnings of toiling, trusting multitudes until the sum collected amounted to hundreds of thousands of dollars. The majority of these people were sincere, were honest in the belief that they were doing simply their duty to their native land, and they stinted themselves without murmur and responded ungrudgingly to the incessant demands of their leaders.

Into this organization went Irishmen for political purposes, to secure their own advancement, and into it entered Irishmen for plunder. Every member of this secret band was required to be of Irish birth or descent, their oath bound them to loyalty to Ireland, every movement was to be with intent to free that land when the time for action in that direction arrived—not by

peaceful means, but by legitimate warfare. This was the avowed object of the United Brotherhood.

The opportunities for personal aggrandizement, political power and plunder soon caused men, seeking only selfish ends, to enter the Brotherhood and exert all their cunning in perverting the society and its accumulated treasure to their own base uses.

The association grew, it had its "districts" all over the land and extended until now it is represented in every hamlet and city in the United States, from ocean to ocean. Its members were numbered and instead of standing before the public in their real names they assumed other titles. Camp 20 was called the Columbia Club, and others were known as different named clubs and literary societies. So these organizations flourished for years without the general public becoming cognizant of their existence. They had their meetings and their national conventions. In each district there was a member in charge; he is now called a "District Officer." These members or officers constituted the "Executive Board." In 1879 there was a meeting or convention, and at that time there were fifteen districts, so that at that meeting there were fifteen men composing the executive board who directed the work and controlled the money of the organization, for the purpose of freeing Ireland.

But in 1881, in Chicago, Ill., at a meeting of the officers of all districts, in national convention, the executive board was reduced to five men, and Alexander Sullivan, with two others named D. C. Feeley and Michael Boland, were selected as of the five, thus constitut-

ing these three a majority of the board whose right was to command, whose power none dared question, whose orders none dared disobey; the members of the Brotherhood were sworn to obedience to the death, and the laws of that organization were held to be above the dictates of religion and humanity, far superior to the laws of the United States or any government of earth or Heaven.

So soon as Alexander Sullivan, Feeley and Boland obtained control of the executive board they began to send out circulars and orders for advancement of their own ends, and to divert the policy of the society from that for which it was instituted.

The organization was in the hands of this majority triumvirate of self-lovers. They adopted what is called the dynamite policy, they named it "active work," to blow up innocent people, public and private property. They inserted in the constitution of the order an addition to the oath, which every one becoming a member most obey:—"the policy and orders of this executive board must not be questioned;" and the calls for money from the camps became more frequent and importunate; the funds were to be used for "active work," not for legitimate warfare as originally intended, but for special acts against individuals and property in England. Unquestioning obedience was insisted upon and enforced by the oath taken; if they directed a man to go to England to kill or destroy, the order must be complied with.

In 1884 they adopted a figure which they called "The Triangle," to designate the controlling powers of the board. The members of the organization did not dare

to inquire, or know, who the executive members of this board were. It was the closest corporation that ever existed, save that of the Council of Ten, and its work was dark and deadly as that of its infamous prototype. In 1884, for "active work," the deluded men belonging to the order for special duty, were sent to England under assumed names; none were supposed to know their mission save the masters and the slave; but on the arrival of the poor tool on Britain's shore he was almost invariably, and promptly, arrested and thrown into prison—*somebody* had been informed in advance of his coming and how to arrive at proofs sufficient to convict him. To-day the prison doors are locked against twenty or more men who were sent there by "The Triangle," and all this was done, all these dupes were ruthlessly sacrificed, that the Triangle of the executive board might be free to steal the money contributed by thousands of misled Irish people in the United States. The Triangle were obliged to make some excuse for expending the money of the order, and they continued to plunder the treasury until they were forced to give reasons for the depletion of its funds; then they made their last report, framed to silence and frighten the members of the order; stating that English detectives had gained knowledge of their work, that it would be unwise to hold the annual convention, that instead of such convention the Triangle should alone take action, destroying every vestige of all they had done. They proceeded to take action, in so far that they destroyed their records and accounts and then sent out a circular showing that the order was indebted to them in the

sum of \$13,000, notwithstanding the fact that when they obtained control of the treasury it contained \$250,000.

The minority of the executive board were honest, even though mistaken men; they could not and would not submit to this robbery or endorse the lying, swindling report of The Triangle; they protested loudly, dissensions arose in the Brotherhood, men withdrew from it and started a new organization, camp after camp was formed by those opposed to the robbers and investigation was insisted upon and persisted in.

Probably the most earnest, untiring and able foe of The Triangle was Dr. Patrick Henry Cronin. When the disgusted members of the Brotherhood began to organize new camps in opposition to the Sullivan triangle, Dr. Cronin was active in the work and the newly formed association increased in numbers and influence. But before that was effected, Dr. Cronin in his camp, read his circular protesting against the action of The Triangle, and for that and nothing else, he was tried, Alexander Sullivan prosecuting him, and he was expelled for treason. That was in 1885, in Chicago. Daniel Brown, of the South Side Camp, made the charges. Daniel Coughlin, one of the men indicted for Cronin's murder, detective of the city force at the time of the assassination, sat on the committee that branded Dr. Cronin as a traitor. Le Caron, the notorious, the confessed spy, was also one of that committee. Dr. Cronin's treason consisted in reading a report protesting against the wholesale plundering of the treasury by the Triangle.

The new camps were organized and finally what was called a Union Convention was held in Chicago. But in the meantime the Triangle had broken and officially disappeared. Alexander Sullivan had ostensibly left the order, his co-conspirators always following his lead. When this Union Convention was called the members of the order were almost universally in favor of it. In June, 1886, it met and then and there charges were made against the ex-executive committee or board, against "The Triangle;" charges of robbery, prostitution of the purposes of the order and general disregard of their duty. These charges were made by Cronin and Devoy. A committee of ten was appointed to consider what action should be taken; they reported that a trial committee be constituted to try Alexander Sullivan, D. C. Feeley and Michael Boland, and such committee was appointed, three from one side, three from the other, representing both factions. Dr. Cronin was one of those committeemen against the Triangle. They met in August, 1888, and the trial took place at Buffalo, N. Y. Alexander Sullivan and his two coadjutors appeared and presented their defense. Then there was an effort made to require the Secretary to suppress the evidence, to destroy all records of everything said and done in the trial; there also a protest was made by Alexander Sullivan against Dr. Cronin being permitted to act upon the committee, but such protest was futile, the other members of the committee deciding that they had no power to oust Dr. Cronin from their midst. The trial was long, the evidence voluminous, the charges were proven, the work of the Triangle, what

they had done and what they had left undone, was laid bare and Dr. Cronin took the evidence, and he kept a full, faithful transcript of it.

The trial committee disbanded and made ready to report to the order. Four were in favor of the Triangle. One of the men selected by the adverse side was willing to shield the Triangle in order to keep the Brotherhood united and was willing to side with the others to a certain degree. Dr. Cronin insisted upon publishing the evidence and letting it go out to all the camps, with the report, that members of the order might be informed of the acts of their former executive board. That evidence would have shown that the Triangle had worked, not against the English government as a government, but that they had committed individual acts which were contrary not only to the law of their order, but in violation to the laws of this country and the laws of England, and would show that the Triangle had not only robbed the order of its funds, but had robbed men of their liberties and their lives. Dr. Cronin was ordered to make his report, but also ordered to return his copy of the evidence that it might be destroyed. This latter he refused to do, but was firm that he would send out the evidence with his report.

Up to the 4th day of May, 1889, the report of Dr. Cronin, with the evidence taken on the trial, had not been made public, but on the day on which Dr. Cronin was assassinated, the executive board was called together.

On the 5th or 6th day of May the report was ordered sent out to the camps. The board suppressed the evi-



JOEL M. LONGENECKER, STATE'S ATTORNEY.

dence which accompanied the report of Dr. Cronin, but with the report published went Alexander Sullivan's protest, charging that Dr. Cronin was a perjurer, a villain, a spy; that he had sworn allegiance to Canada, and that he was a traitor to the Irish cause. All this was charged against the murdered man, over the signature of Alexander Sullivan.

The report was not sent out until after the disappearance of Dr. Cronin, and it was then made public in the belief that his body would never be found until the conspirators saw fit to discover it; and to instill into the minds of members of the order a belief that Alexander Sullivan was right in charging the missing man with being a spy of the English, a traitor to the cause, a report was industriously circulated that he had fled to Canada, *en route* for Europe. They ridiculed the idea of his being murdered, brought men and women to testify that they had met him after the date of his disappearance, forged lying newspaper interviews with him in Canada and confidently asserted that they had positive evidence that he had gone to join Le Caron.

The object in thus defaming the good name of Cronin was to once more reinstate in power "The Triangle," and to give to the three the working and money of the order, and also to so impeach and ruin his reputation that no belief would be given his minority report or confidence placed in the copy of evidence held by him; should it ever be made public; evidence that would convict the Triangle of being embezzlers of funds entrusted to them, of being betrayers of men who had obeyed their orders, of being violators of national laws,

traitors to the cause they were elected to lead, thieves and assassins.

All this plan for the destruction of this one man, dangerous and hateful to them, was well studied and long premeditated. Months before these men and their tools had begun to educate the rank and file of the order, Coughlin, then detective, went along the street and in meeting places proclaimed that Cronin was a traitor even as Le Caron was a spy. Men would whisper and shrug shoulders and say that "Cronin would soon turn up in England well supplied with British gold." In Camp 20, on the night of February 8th, even so far back, they denounced Cronin as "another Le Caron" and a spy, and thus paved the way, excited indignation, hatred against him; to render it easy to find those who, when ordered, would "remove" him.

Daniel Coughlin, Patrick Cooney, Martin Burke and Patrick O'Sullivan all belonged to Camp 20, of which John F. Beggs was Senior Guardian. February 8th, with Beggs presiding at a meeting of the camp, all being excited over the testimony of Le Caron, who had for two days been upon the witness stand in London, some members interrupted the discussions about that spy by stating that it would be better for the Camp to occupy its time by investigating the Triangle, that the ex-executive board had robbed the order of its funds and should be made to answer for it. Daniel Coughlin and several others sprang to their feet and demanded the man's authority for such charge. He stated that he had heard read in a camp part of the report in which

it was plainly stated and proven that such misappropriation of the money by the order had been made by the parties accused. Coughlin moved that a secret committee be appointed to further investigate the matter. The Senior Guardian appointed such committee of three, to look into the charges made in the other camp, Dr. Cronin's camp. February 16th, the Senior Guardian wrote to the Senior District Officer, Mr. Spelman, of Peoria, telling him to investigate; that officer replied on February 17th, that he could take no action unless the charges were made directly to him. February 18th, Mr. Beggs again wrote Mr. Spelman that the investigation must take place, or that "there would be trouble."

They were beginning to realize their position, that they were beset by honest men who would not be silenced; time and reflection convinced them that there would indeed "be trouble." They were in desperate straits and only most desperate means could save them from ruin and ignominy.

There was one way they thought, to hush the clamor forever.

The plot was formed.

"DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES."

CHAPTER II.

Who P. H. Cronin Was—A Biographical Sketch of the Man—A Brave, True Friend—He Hated Dishonesty and Fought Fraud—Early Struggles—Devotion to Ireland and Duty—Why He Was Murdered—Words of Praise.

A name that has become historic since May 4 of this year 1889; that has passed into the history of two countries, is that of Patrick Henry Cronin. His untimely murder by a triumvirate of thieves, traitors and assassins robbed the cause of human liberty of a tireless advocate, the cause of right and truth of a daring, intrepid leader, Ireland of a true patriot, and America of a loyal, useful citizen.

On Easter Sunday, in the year 1846, Patrick Henry Cronin was born to parents whose ancestry numbered some of the most noted men of Irish history. On the mother's side Edmund Burke, the great law-giver and philosopher, was a blood connection, and the father traced his lineage back to some of the rulers of the ninth and tenth centuries. In the little village of Bullevant, County Cork, Ireland, young Cronin first saw the light of day, and two years later his home was in New York City. His father and eldest brother had preceded the mother and her babe across the Atlantic, and a home in great Gotham was ready to greet the young immigrant and his mother.

For seven years the Cronin family lived in New York City, during which time the father became a citizen of the United States. In 1855 business inducements were

held out to the elder Cronin in Canada, and the family removed to St. Catharines, Upper Canada. Here Patrick Henry passed the next eleven years of his life, attended school and attained the greater part of an excellent education that stood him such good stead in after years. Says the Doctor in some of his posthumous writings: "I have studied various branches of medicine since I was very young. In the Christian Brotherhood School, before I attended college or university, I was one of a special class in chemistry."

Cronin, the junior, came again to the United States in 1865. "This rudimentary medical education led me into the drug business," writes the Doctor; "which I began to learn of Dr. Christy, of Venango County, Pennsylvania, when but a boy and teaching school. Mastering the drug business, I took the few remaining branches that form medicine and surgery, and found myself prepared for my profession.

"Nearly twenty years ago," continues the Doctor, already penning his autobiography in his 42d year, as though some intimation of his coming fate ran through his thoughts, "I reached St. Louis, bearing letters of commendation to Vicar-General, now Archbishop Ryan, through him receiving social and business recognition. In 1874, having accumulated enough to warrant my going into my favorite business, I associated myself with William Bagnall, now one of the millionaires of Missouri, in the wholesale and retail drug business. Prosecuting my studies, I soon graduated from the medical department of the University of Missouri, and took the degrees of master of arts and bachelor of phil-

osophy in St. Louis University, the oldest institution of the Jesuits west of the Alleghenies."

In St. Louis Dr. Cronin first met the Conklins. An acquaintance ripened into a friendship, and the Doctor early in his career in St. Louis found it convenient and agreeable to take up his residence with the Conklins, who have since then, up till the time of his death, been his closest and warmest friends. Always a man of public spirit and unselfish endeavor, in 1878 the Governor of Missouri recognized in Dr. Cronin a man of affairs, and selected him to represent the state as a commissioner to the Paris Exposition. "During my trip abroad on this errand," writes the Doctor, "I took advantage of the opportunity to visit the leading hospitals of Europe and study their methods and treatment."

Shortly after his return to St. Louis, Dr. Cronin received the appointment of Professor of Materia Medica and Pharmacy, and was selected as one of the three members of the St. Louis Medical Society to draw up the "Medical Practice Act." In 1879 he was one of the five physicians to form the St. Louis Free Dispensary, and the following year he was appointed lecturer on physiology at Lindenwood Seminary for Young Ladies.

Learning through the medical journals that there was an opening for a professorship in the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Chicago, Dr. Cronin corresponded with the secretary of that institution, Dr. D. A. H. Steele, with a view of securing the appointment. "Dr. Steele answered my letter courteously, giving me

the desired information," says Dr. Cronin, "but wishing to look over the ground in person, I came to Chicago in the spring of 1882, and in the fall of that year settled here permanently. Then hearing of a possible opening for me as one of the Cook County Hospital staff, I made no effort to secure the college professorship." In the fall of 1883 Dr. Cronin received the appointment of staff physician at the Cook County Hospital.

Dr. Cronin was a man of fine attainments, a good musician and an excellent singer. Early in his residence in St. Louis he joined the choir at St. John's Catholic Church. Later on he became renowned as the tenor singer of the Rev. Boyd's Baptist Church, which position he held for nearly twelve years.

In Chicago his first musical work was at Bishop Cheney's church. He became known here among church people as a man of culture and of irreproachable habits. He was genial, talented, and soon became a great favorite in society. Upon his arrival in Chicago Dr. Cronin brought letters of introduction from prominent citizens of St. Louis to Marshall Field and other well-known Chicagoans. These, however, were never presented, the Doctor preferring to make his own way and trusting to his own merit to win success.

While in St. Louis the young man seemed to take no interest in political affairs, but on removal to Chicago in 1882, he plunged into politics and also became a most enthusiastic worker in the Irish National cause. He sided with the Republican party. As a devoted son of the Catholic Church, strict in all its observances,

he was noted. Quick and earnest in impulse, generous, brave and honest, he despised duplicity and dishonesty. Once convinced that he was right, nothing could daunt him, and when he discovered that a few cold-hearted, scheming, traitorous robbers were plundering the treasury of the Irish National Order, prostituting their power and deliberately sacrificing the liberty and lives of their blinded, over-zealous adherents, his indignation was aroused; he set himself the task of discovering the villainy; of proving it; of bringing punishment upon the guilty; of freeing the order and the cause from the incubus of these mercenary, murderous chiefs. He fought them fairly and openly, with tongue and pen. He established a newspaper, the *Cello-American*, and in hot words of editorial he told of their ill-doing, gave chapter and verse for his arraignment of them before the members of the order. Enemies he made of course; powerful, bitter, unrelenting and desperate enemies, who feared and hated him, who dreaded the exposure he vowed to make of their vile plots and proceedings; who denounced him openly, made false charges against his moral character and against his loyalty to the cause of Ireland; sought every means to ruin him socially and professionally, expelled him from the order he so faithfully served, as a traitor, and at last, to still the brain so active in warfare against them, to quiet the tongue they could not silence otherwise; to destroy, as they thought, the power and knowledge that would work their utter destruction—they brutally murdered him.

To well illustrate the high estimation his character commanded from the one who knew him best, knew his soul secrets, the words pronounced over his mangled remains, by one who had been his spiritual adviser, can most properly here be introduced.

At the Cathedral of the Holy Name, Father Muldoon preached the funeral sermon of Patrick Henry Cronin. His eloquent, tender words were as follows:

“Man knoweth not his own end; as the fishes are taken with a hook, and as the birds are caught with the snare, so men will be taken in the evil time, and it shall come upon them suddenly.—*Eccles.* ix., 12.

“In the name of the Father, and the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, amen.

“These words I have just recited to you from the inspired writer, my beloved friends, tell us by example and analogy that death comes upon us suddenly—that it shall come, as we are told elsewhere ‘as a thief in the night.’

“The lesson taught us to-day by this text is that we should be prepared to meet this death whenever and wherever it shall come; and passing from the text of to-day to him whose memory we serve, it teaches us the lesson that death often comes as sudden as a thief in the night. It comes to snatch us away from all social relations, to take us away from home, to take us away from friends, family, and all that is dear to us; to take us from earth to heaven, to take us from time to eternity. Death points this out to us, and his death should teach us a strong and emphatic lesson. If he (pointing to

the bier) were here to-day to talk to you he would not ask for an eulogy on his life, but he would ask you to take a lesson home to yourselves from his life to make you purer, richer, and better. He would say: 'By my life so guide your own. If there is anything in my death to teach you to value life, to teach you to value Christ, and Almighty God, and the Holy Church, and the sacraments—oh! take it home to your own hearts, and make it part of yourselves. If I have suffered, let my suffering be a lesson to you; let it come home to your hearts and make you better and holier.' His life and his death, dear friends, teach us to make ourselves better, teach us to make ourselves holier, and to prepare ourselves for our last moment.

“What a change is here from a couple of weeks ago! To-day friends dear and near to him bore all that is mortal of him up this aisle to receive the last rites of the church; and only two weeks ago that same person walked this floor and came up these aisles in all the vigor of his manhood. He came here with all the charity of his faith and nature to worship at the same altar before which and on which to-day his obsequies are said. Oh! this is a strong lesson to us. Who would think when he led that body of men here to the sacrament of the altar to make himself purer and better—who would think that in the short term of two weeks that health and vigor and manhood would be snatched ruthlessly from him? But such was the fact; and this death, so sudden and awful, may be ours—if not in the same manner, in other manners, equally sudden, if not as atrocious.

“Therefore the lesson is brought home to us to be always prepared lest God should strike us, for His angel is always coming from Him to touch the young and the old, the deformed and the beautiful, and his touch is enough to call them from this earth to the land above.

“And now, my dear friends, have we reason to be sorry to-day? Have we reason to mourn that our friend has gone from us? No, my friends; there is no reason for mourning the death of a person who has lived a religious life. As the epistle tells us, the religious man, and one pleasing to God the Father, is he who visits the orphans and widows in their tribulation, and he is one, too, who preserves himself undefiled from the world. I shall not pronounce his eulogy, but examine his life in the light of this text, and see whether or not he was religious, and if his life were a religious life, and if it were, we must inevitably come to the conclusion that he was pleasing to Almighty God, and now enjoys the repose promised by Almighty God to those who serve Him while on earth. Religion pure and undefiled is to visit the widow and orphan. Did he do that? What was his avocation and mission in life? It was the grandest and noblest after the avocation of priest. It was to deal out charity—a charity of word and charity of example, to minister to the unfortunate, to heal the ailments of human life. This was his mission and this his vocation. Did he fulfill his vocation; I ask you here in the presence of his mortal remains, did he carry out his vocation? Most assuredly, my friends, he did so. And why did he do so? The very manner in which

he met his death will tell you in more emphatic terms than I can possibly utter. A call comes that a fellow being is in suffering. Other things are crowded upon him—other business demands were calling for him. But he hearkened to the call of humanity. He was told that a fellow-man was sick and instantly, without hesitation, with his heart full of charity, and in his hands the very instruments to bring relief and mercy to a fellow-being, he goes forth with mercy, charity, and good will to his fellow man and—meets what? An atrocious death! In the fulfillment of his mission, in the very carrying out of his avocation, he met his own death! Must we not say, then, that meeting his death, thus fulfilling his mission and performing his duty, whatever may have been against him, if there was sin upon his soul of any kind whatever, he shall be remembered before the throne of Almighty God? Yes, he did visit the widows and orphans and as the anecdotes and sayings about him pass away, coming to us as straggling rivulets to swell the stream of his worth, and to show that him whom we mourn had a noble Christian heart, and that is what we can not say of many to-day. He had a good heart, a Christian heart, a Catholic heart, and that heart was full of love and charity towards his fellow-man. Was he ever a man, opposite or opposed to the good of his fellow-man? Was he not ever anxious to improve the lot and well being of his fellow-men? Look at the associations to which he belonged. Every one of those associations has its being and life in those things which are for the betterment of man.

“I have often heard him urge those who are poor and of little means to join those associations in order to make themselves thrifty and better, and to build up for themselves a home here, and provide for their children a means to live decently afterward. Was not this patriotic? Was not this the best thing a human being can do on earth, to strive with all his power to better his fellow-man, to make his home more agreeable, and leave an inheritance for posterity? Most assuredly it was; and most assuredly we must conclude that his life was righteous, good, and holy. And did he preserve himself unspotted from the world? He lived a public life, a life with the people and among the people. He was in every sense of the word a public man, known of thousands, as the thousands here to-day testify; and if there was anything wrong or sinful in his life, long ere this it would have been brought forward in triumph. But now no single finger of scorn or imputation can be pointed toward him. After his life has been laid before you, we know that he had a good, Christian, Catholic heart, and that his heart went out to his fellow-men, and that in all his dealings with his fellow-men he was never in any sense greatly sinful—that he was not small or mean toward or in his dealings with his fellow-men.

“What better eulogy can we pronounce upon him than this? None. We have forgotten half our duty to-day if in our presence here whilst the priest has offered up for him the holy sacrament of the Mass, we have not let our own hearts go out in charity, holiness, and love toward him that is gone.

“There never was a time in the associations or organizations to which he belonged, or anywhere else that he denied his faith, that he ever was ashamed to acknowledge that he was a Catholic and held to the tenets and belief of the church. He could say: ‘After my title of Catholic, my title of patriot is prominent, and I am not ashamed to confess it to the world. I am willing to sacrifice anything in order to defend my term of Catholicity, and I am willing to do all in my power to help along the poor men of our country.’

“Therefore, my friends, pray for him who is gone. Let your prayers be that his soul may find rest. Remember him in your daily prayers. Remember him in the places you used to meet him. Remember him when on your knees before the throne of God. He was snatched from the earth without the sacraments of the church; he had not even the soothing words of the priest to bring him more quietly to his end, to help him on the perilous journey toward another life, but as I said, he met his death in the performance of his duty, and that supplied in part the place of the sacrament.

“Pray for him. Breathe his name with love; and as his body moulders in the earth, he may say to you: ‘Have pity upon me, you, my friends. Have pity on me, for I am now helpless and defenseless. I have no power in my own hands, but your hands are full of alms, deeds, and of blessings and prayers, and let them ascend before the throne of Almighty God that I may have rest and peace. Treat all with kindness as my life has been one of kindness—treat them with charity,

as my life has been one of charity. If any one say aught against me let it pass forgiven. The words of man are nothing and pass away as the wind from the mouth. Receive them, then, and mind them not, and those who have injured me most, in the name of mercy have pity on them.'

"Receive, then, O, God, his soul. Be merciful to him for his faith, and his hope, and his love."

Father Muldoon sounded the key-note when he said: "He (Cronin) hearkened to the call of humanity. He was told that a fellow-man was sick, and instantly with his heart full of charity, and in his hands the very instruments to bring relief to a fellow-being, he goes forth with mercy, charity, good-will, to his fellow-man, and—meets what? An atrocious death!" Most of the Protestant ministers also, took occasion in their pulpits to express their horror of this, the foulest murder in the annals of such bloody crimes. One of these ministers—the Rev. Frank Bristol of the Trinity M. E. Church—gave utterance to the following in a recent sermon which is an indication of the sentiments of the others:

"Ireland wants no liberties bought by crimes, and would endure a thousand wrongs rather than bear the stain of one crime—so deep and so damnable—committed by her murderous 'patriots' who have violated truth from mercenary motives and then commit crimes to conceal their guilt. It would be fortunate if this conspiracy ends with the taking off of only one Irish patriot, but if the murderers go unpunished fifty more may share the same fate.

“Dr. Cronin was opposed to dynamite and violence and he dared to voice his abhorrence to these measures. He dared expose corruption in society circles; he dared oppose mercenaries who were leading his countrymen to destruction; he dared demand a change—a reckoning—and for daring he paid the penalty! He was not a fanatic; he was not a man hurried on by violent prejudices, nor by the heated words of narrow-minded leaders. He was a man of thought and deliberation. He was a patriot and a statesman.”

CHAPTER III.

“Where Is Cronin?”—How He Left Home—A Mysterious Trunk—
“Was He Murdered?”—Rumors, Insinuations, and Theories—
Woodruff’s Story—Long’s Dispatches From Canada—A Clue
at Last—“J. B. Simmons”—Carlson’s Cottage—“Frank Wil-
liams”—Inside the Cottage—Evidences of a Tragedy—De-
tective Coughlin a Prisoner.

The Chicago papers of Monday, May 6, contained headlines to not very extended notices, asking “*Was Dr. Cronin Murdered?—Mysterious Departure with a Stranger on Saturday Night—A Bloody Trunk,*” and then they went on to tell that “Dr. P. H. Cronin, the well-known leader in Irish affairs, has been missing from his home, No. 470 North Clark street, since Saturday night at 7:30 o’clock. At that hour he was called away hastily by a stranger who said a man had been injured by a wagon in the north end of Lake View. The man handed the Doctor a card bearing the name of P. O’Sullivan, ice dealer, who, about three weeks ago, had engaged the Doctor as his regular physician. He came in a buggy and drove a white horse.

“Dr. Cronin quickly gathered up his surgical instruments, a bundle of cotton bandages and such other appliances as might be required, jumped into the buggy brought by the stranger and was driven away toward the north.

“Since then he has not been seen and his friends are positive that he has been murdered.

“To add strength to this theory, a large trunk was found in Lake View yesterday near the corner of Evan-

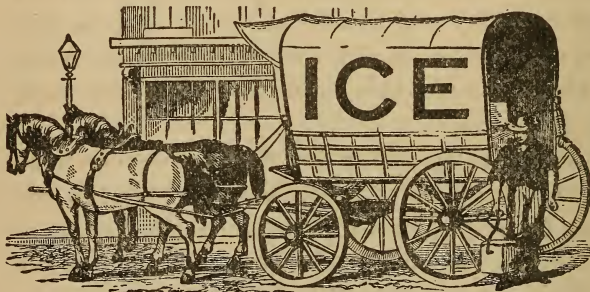
ston avenue and Sultzer street, which was found to contain a lot of cotton, such as Dr. Cronin took with him, dry leaves, green blades of grass, a bunch of black hair smeared with blood, as though a man's body had been enclosed in the trunk.

"The bunch of hair was identified by the Doctor's intimate friends as being exactly like his, and they are

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THE FATAL CARD.

positive the Doctor's body, after being mutilated, was placed in the trunk."

May 7th there came more extended reports, but they were even more contradictory, and the statements that Dr. Cronin was not dead, that he "would turn up all right," that he disappeared voluntarily for a time in

order to advertise himself and his business, and that he had been seen on a street-car on Sunday. All these rumors were circulated through the press on the Tuesday following his disappearance. The hair was declared to be that of a woman, the detectives sagely concluded that there was no connection between the trunk and Dr. Cronin's body; even if he had been killed, they said it was only placed there to mislead.

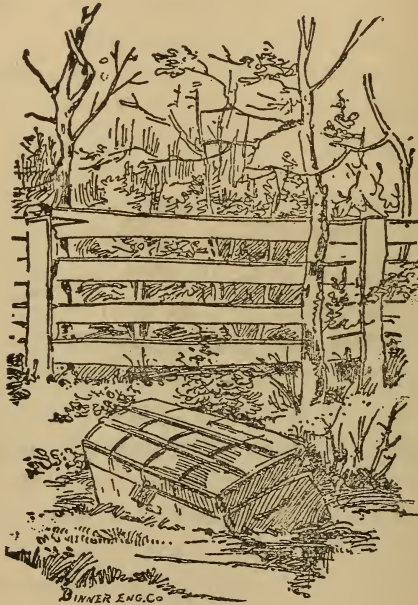
Mr. and Mrs. Conklin, with whom Dr. Cronin lived, insisted from the first that he had been murdered, and by political enemies. They denied that he had ever disappeared before or would take such a step for sensational purposes, and they said that for six years past he had not been out of their reach for twenty-four hours at any time. He lived with them in St. Louis and with them removed to Chicago.

They based their belief in his death on conversations with the Doctor in which he declared that his life was in danger from enemies made in the Irish societies.

“Dr. Cronin has been at war with some of these men ever since he came to Chicago,” said Mr. Conklin. —“They have tried to impeach his honor as a man and injure his standing as a physician. He held important information and papers and by means of these he proposed to vindicate himself and implicate others in frauds that have caused scandal among the Irish leaders. He intended to use his knowledge and his papers at the coming convention of the Land League in Philadelphia.”

For days the mystery of Dr. Cronin's disappearance was the topic of conversation, the subject of newspaper

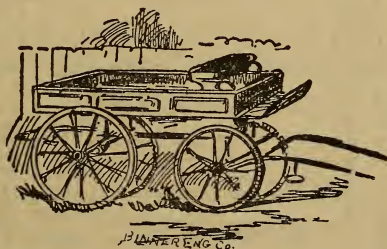
comment, a source of ridicule for his enemies and mortification to his friends, though the latter were ever loyal in their belief in his integrity and that he had been foully dealt with; while those who hated him insisted that he had gone to join Le Caron, the spy and informer, and would soon "turn up in Europe with his



THE COFFIN-TRUNK.

pockets well filled with British gold." The press was artfully and carefully manipulated, and aided in spreading reports detrimental to the honor and social and professional standing of the missing man, and though the police still kept up a seemingly active search for

him or his body, there was little belief in the statements of his friends that he had been murdered. On May 10, it was positively stated by Miss Annie Murphy, daughter of a member of Camp No. 20, that she had seen Dr. Cronin in a street-car after 9 o'clock on the night of May 4. To clinch her evidence came William Dwyer, who acted as conductor of car 415 on State street on that night, who insisted that he also saw the Doctor on his car about the same hour and date, and Dwyer described the physician and the professional-looking packages he carried.



THE HEARSE-WAGON.

On May 11, a man named Frank Woodruff, who gave the alias of Black, was arrested on suspicion of trying to sell a stolen horse. He told a story of the bloody trunk and his connection with it, in which known fact and evident falsehood was so blended that the police and the public were puzzled. He stated that he had been hired to secure a horse and wagon to carry the trunk away from its resting place. That he had taken the horse and vehicle from Dean & Co.'s stable where he was working, late at night, had driven to a barn and there had received a trunk containing the body of a woman. Three

men put the trunk in the wagon and one of these, whom the others called "Doc." Woodruff described as being Dr. Cronin. It was while trying to sell this horse and wagon that Woodruff was arrested.

Another phase in the wide-spread plot was developed in certain dispatches to the Chicago papers, and those of other cities, from Canada, stating that Dr. Cronin was in Toronto, had been seen and interviewed by a reporter named Long, who formerly lived in Chicago and who knew Dr. Cronin well. A certain notorious ex-lawyer, formerly of Chicago, now a fugitive from justice and one of the infamous Canada-American criminal colony, William J. Starkey, substantiated Long's statements and alleged that he too had seen and conversed with the Doctor. According to the dispatches sent and printed Dr. Cronin arrived in Toronto on May 11, and May 12 the newspapers of this country informed the public that the missing man was alive, in Toronto and had been at Starkey's house. The news was repeated on May 13, Long asserting that he had entertained the Doctor, who told him that he (Cronin) was going to France.

This is the substance of the plausible, well-concocted and seemingly truthful telegrams that brought sorrow and confusion to those who had before trusted and respected Dr. Cronin, gave his enemies an opportunity for "I told you so's" and, at first entirely deceived the editors of the papers publishing the bogus news.

But in a day or two, suspicious of anything coming from Starkey, and the antecedents of Long becoming known, they not being calculated to invite confidence

in his statements, the reports began to be discredited. None the less was it, and is it now, evident that these reports were part of the pre-arranged plot.

A CLUE TO SOMETHING AT LAST.

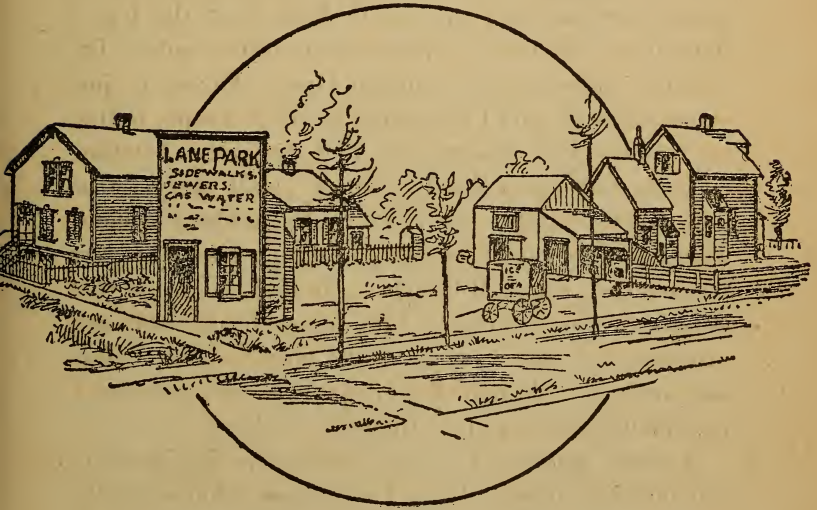
A few days after the arrest of Woodruff the fact was discovered that some mysterious man or men had occupied rooms in the fourth story of the building, No. 117 Clark street, from February 19th or thereabouts, until the 20th of March. Mr. E. G. Throckmorton is the cashier for Knight & Marshall, real estate agents. On the 19th of February he rented the top floor of No. 117 Clark street to a man who gave his name as J. B. Simmons for \$42 a month. This man paid him a month's rent in advance and took a lease of the premises and a receipt for the month's rent. On the 19th of March the collector for Knight & Marshall called for the next month's rent but no one was in the rooms. The collector looked through the letter hole in the door and saw some furniture in rooms 12 and 15. He called again on the 20th with a like result. On the 21st he made the third call and saw the furniture was gone. Mr. Throckmorton described the man as being about 25 years old, 5 feet $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches or 8 inches tall; would probably weigh 165 or 170 pounds. He had dark hair and eyes, also a mustache rather long and drooping. He wore a light Derby hat, and a short napped chinchilla overcoat. He had quite a roll of money when he paid the rent. He said he was renting the rooms for a sick man who was coming to the city to be treated for some ailment. "I thought," said Marshall, "it was strange

when he only wanted two rooms that he should be willing to take the entire floor, but I imagined that perhaps the sick man for whom he rented them wanted to sub-let them to decrease his expenses. I didn't consider him a very desirable tenant, but it was near the end of the renting year and I thought we could stand him until May 1st. These rooms would give him almost perfect seclusion, as the fourth floor is at the top of the house, with a solid brick wall on either side. Dr. Cronin's office in the Chicago Opera House is just across the way, and I remember the book-keeper telling me that the man wanted just that particular location.

Jonas Carlson, a Swede, owns a small story-and-a-half frame cottage, No. 1872 North Ashland avenue. This house he rented on March 20, to a man who gave the name of Frank Williams. He told the owner that his sister was coming to keep house for himself and brothers, but that several weeks might elapse before she arrived. He paid \$12 in advance and received a receipt for the rent up to the 20th of April.

A short distance from the cottage is the house of Patrick O'Sullivan. Jonas Carlson says that when the men went out of the yard O'Sullivan was standing in his back yard. Williams went over to him but he could not hear any conversation between them. When asked if he (Carlson) spoke to O'Sullivan about this man, he replied: "Yes. It was a week before the second month's rent was due that I went to O'Sullivan and asked him if he knew the man." He said, "Yes; I know one of the men: He is all right. Is the rent due?" I said, "No, not until the 20th of April."

Carlson was not at home at that time and the man paid the rent, \$12, to his wife, and their son gave a receipt for it. Three or four days after the first month's rent was paid a few pieces of furniture were moved into the cottage. When the second month was paid, Mrs. Carlson asked the man why they did not move in. He replied that his sister was sick at the hospital. Mr.



CARLSON'S COTTAGE AND O'SULLIVAN'S HOME.

Carlson was asked: "Did you see this man any other time?" "Yes, I saw him one Saturday night." "Do you know the date?" "No; it was the same Saturday night that Dr. Cronin was lost. Then he only looked out of the front door, and said he had got to fix up." "What time of the night was that?" "It was between 5 and 6 o'clock—something like that." "Was

that all he said?" "Yes, that was all he said, and then he went in." "Did you hear him fix up that night?" "No; then I went out to the gate and heard two men talking in the house, but what they said I could not tell."

Mr. Carlson did not see them afterward. They sent a letter from Hammond, Ind., asking him to place the furniture in the cellar for a few days, and saying they would pay him for his trouble. The letter was signed F. W.

After waiting a few days longer, the house was entered through the windows, the keys not having been returned. A paint pot and brush were found and paint had been rubbed over the floor. There were marks on the steps and in the hall as if made by bare feet.

Charles J. Carlson, the son of Jonas Carlson, made out the receipts for the rent to Frank Williams. On the 20th of April he asked if he could get out a trunk and lounge owned by a former occupant. Being told he could do so he went in with Williams. The front room and bed-room were furnished, and the carpet was tacked on the floor. He saw the furniture when it was brought. This witness was one who entered the house through the window. He saw that the recent occupants had not tried to paint the floor. The paint was smeared on in spots. He noticed the footsteps in the hall and bedroom. Dark spots on the floor, the south wall, the dresser and the key plate of the dresser, were examined, and believed to be blood-stains.

Lieut. Herman Schuettler visited the Carlson cottage May 23d. He found blood spots on the floor, on the

wall near the dressing-case, on the stairway, the fence, and the gangway over the ditch. He enumerated the articles of furniture in the house and their condition. An arm of the rocker was broken off, and the lounge had been injured. The bed had not been occupied. Returning to the cottage the following day with Capt. Wing, he took a bar of soap, on which was a hair, and a piece of cotton batting found in the basement with some yellow paint and blood on it. Officer Lorch found the key of a trunk under a bureau in the cottage which exactly fitted the blood-stained trunk.

An examination of the furniture revealed the letters A. H. R. & Co. A member of the firm of A. H. Revell & Co. went out to Lake View and readily identified the articles. The books were consulted and very soon the police were in possession of information showing when the goods were sold, the name of the purchaser, and when and where they were delivered. Mr. W. P. Hatfield was the salesman. He said: "I sold the bill of goods, a part of which have been found in the Carlson house in Lake View. I see by my sales book that it was on February 19, and to the best of my recollection it was in the morning. I remember the buyer's appearance. He was a young man, 30 or 35 years of age, a well preserved fellow about my height, say 5 feet, 6½ inches, full faced and well built, weighing about 150 pounds. He had what I think was an English accent, had nice manners, an engaging way and the address of a business man. By the way he had a moustache, dark brown, with a reddish tinge. He was well dressed in a dark cutaway suit, overcoat, and dark Derby hat. His

speech was clear and distinct, without any perceptible accent. He selected a cheap bedroom set and a cheap carpet. Then he wanted a trunk, the cheapest we had, but a big one, the largest procurable. He bought a large square deal trunk, one of those known to the trade as packing cases. He never asked the price of the goods and paid the bill without question."

The goods were sent by the man's order to No. 117 Clark street, rooms 12 and 15, fourth floor. When he receipted for their delivery he signed his name in letters two inches long "J. B. Simmons."

The following day he appeared again at the store and wanted a trunk strap. An ordinary strap was offered him but would not suit. He wanted "a big strap, the largest and strongest you can possibly get; I don't mind the cost, get it for me if you have to make it."

A satisfactory strap being obtained from the manufacturers, the man paid for it and departed.

The police were now active in their efforts to discover when the buggy and white horse that took away Dr. Cronin on the night of May 4, were hired, and by whom. Their work resulted in connecting the name of Detective Daniel Coughlin, of the East Chicago Avenue Station, with the case. May 4 Coughlin went to Liveryman Pat Dinan, of North Clark street, and told him to keep a horse and buggy in readiness for one of his friends that evening. The horse and buggy were given to Coughlin's friend about 7:10 P. M. The horse was white and the buggy a top vehicle, such as the one in which Dr. Cronin was driven away the night of his disappearance.

The morning of May 4 Coughlin called on Liveryman Dinan.

"I'll want you to keep a rig in readiness for a friend of mine to-night," he said. "I don't want you to say a word about it."

Coughlin added that the man would call for the rig that night, and told Dinan to give it to him; that he (Coughlin) would be responsible for it.

At about 7 P. M. a man called at the stable, and, saying he had come to get the rig hired that morning for him by Coughlin, was given the horse and buggy, and drove north. When the horse and buggy were brought out and the man saw that a white horse had been given him he protested. He objected because there were no curtains at the sides of the buggy. However, he took the rig and drove away with it.

"Coughlin came to me that morning," said Mr. Dinan, "and said that a friend of his would want a rig that night and to keep still about it. As he was in the habit of hiring cabs and rigs to do detective work, I didn't think much of his injunction to keep still. In fact, I didn't pay much attention to it. About 7 P. M. a man came up and said he wanted the rig hired by Coughlin. He got it and drove away north."

"And when did he return?"

"About 9:30 P. M. He drove the horse into the stable, turned him over to the hostler, and went out without saying a word."

"And have you seen him since?"

"No."

"Who, then, paid for the rig?"

"Nobody. It hasn't been paid for yet. I have charged it to Coughlin."

"Why didn't you report the matter to the police?"

"I did. Capt. Schaack knew of this thing the Monday following Dr. Cronin's disappearance. He said he'd look into the case. I also saw Coughlin at the station and he told me not to say a word about this thing, as he was known to have been an enemy of Dr. Cronin, and it might create some unpleasantness."

"Did Capt. Schaack investigate?"

"I don't know. One evening he came up here, got the gray out, and said he was going to show him to Mrs. Conklin for identification. I understand she failed to identify the animal."

"How did the fellow look who called for the rig that night?"

"He was possibly 35 years old, dark complexion, had a black moustache, and a four-weeks growth of beard. He struck me as being a workingman. He had on a light-colored soft hat."

Captain Schaack was questioned relative to the matter.

"It's nothing," he said. "In the first place, I hitched up that identical white horse this strange man drove, and at about the time Dr. Cronin was taken away I drove up to the Conklin's. I called Mrs. Conklin out, but she failed to identify the horse."

"Did you ever ask Coughlin for an explanation of this thing?"

"I did. Coughlin said that his friend was from Houghton, Mich., where his brother lives, and that his name was Thomas Smith. The man, Coughlin said, had

come down to Chicago to have a time. He wanted to hire a horse and buggy, and Coughlin said he could fix it for him."

"Did you do anything about Dinan's story?"

"I hustled Coughlin and Whalen out on it. They found the fellow on Clark street and he gave a satisfactory account of himself."

"Then they let him go?"

"Yes; the man was all right."

Capt. Schaack seemed to attach no importance to the statement of Dinan, nor was he inclined to connect the white horse and buggy hired by Coughlin's friend with that which took Dr. Cronin away.

But others were disposed to consider Coughlin and the white horse and the top-buggy, all in connection, as being worthy of investigation. The Mayor of the city insisted that every clue, however slight, must be followed to the end.

THE DETECTIVE A PRISONER.

At a consultation between Mayor Cregier and the Superintendent of Police, who had already listened to Coughlin's story of the hiring of Dinan's "rig" for a friend, the possible connection of Coughlin with the case was taken up and Superintendent Hubbard explained the result of his interview with the detective and his explanation of the white horse episode.

"Have Detective Coughlin brought in again," said the Mayor, "I want to talk to him. I want to ask him some questions which I propose he shall answer at once to clear away this mystery. If he does not we must act promptly."

During the day the Superintendent of Police personally visited Dr. Cronin's office, in the Opera House Block, and also his late apartments in the Conklin residence. Men were placed in charge to see that no one meddled with any of the murdered man's belongings.

During the afternoon Attorney Hynes called on the Mayor, and the two had a conference in regard to the case, but its result or the matters brought out could not be ascertained.

Detective Dan Coughlin was brought down to the Superintendent's office at 4:30 P. M. He stood the fire of questions for a while with a fair degree of self-possession. Then he became flurried and nervous, but said nothing that could be used against him. When the conference broke up at 6:30 the lips of all the parties were sealed. Coughlin left the room with Lieutenant of Detectives Elliott. He was then turned over to Detective Flynn. Coughlin and Flynn walked away together carelessly, but Coughlin was a prisoner. He was taken to a station and locked up.

Miss Murphy, when confronted with the newly found evidence, concluded that she must have been mistaken in the man she was so positive before she had recognized as Dr. Cronin; and William Dwyer, the car conductor, who was so certain that Dr. Cronin had been a passenger on his car after the time of the murder, suddenly found that his health demanded a change of climate, and he promptly left Chicago for Canada.

CHAPTER IV.

Offers of Reward—The Ghastly Find—Dr. Cronin's Body Recovered—Identification—Lying in State—Tributes of Regard—The Last Journey—At Rest—"Good-by, Asthore."

The friends of Dr. Cronin and the societies of which he was an honored member, persisted in their belief in his honor and discredited all stories against him.

A circular offering a reward of \$5,000 for information that might lead to the arrest and conviction of the principals in, accessories to, or instigators of his murder, or of \$2,000 for satisfactory evidence that he was not dead, and regarding his whereabouts, was issued, signed by James F. Boland, as chairman of committee of societies and friends.

For eighteen days the mystery of the disappearance continued and the controversy between the friends and enemies of the missing man raged fiercely. Rumors of his having been seen, of his stating that he was about to leave for France, assertions and contradictions, puzzled and annoyed the public.

May 22, Henry Roesch, a street foreman of Lake View, with two workmen, John Fenninger and Wm. Michaels, inspected the Evanston avenue sewer catch-basin, which had been complained of as being choked up and offensive. It was at the corner of the avenue and North Fifty-ninth street that the men noticed the most foul air. The sand from the roadway at this point had rolled down into the ditch, damming up the water. The men went to work to shovel this out, and all re-

marked the terrible and unexplained stench about the locality.

The catch-basin here is circular, built of brick, with a heavy wooden top. About two feet below this top is a barred iron grating set in the opening through which the water should flow. Foreman Roesch peered through this grating and saw "something white" floating in the water there. At first he thought it was the body of a dog, and the men wondered how a dog could have gotten in there.



THE CATCH-BASIN.

Closer inspection disclosed that it was the remains of a human being. Hastily removing the plank top of the catch-basin they found the nude corpse of a man partially covered with cotton batting that had been tossed in upon it. The basin is about four feet across and the water three feet deep. The body was floating, only the back and hips appearing on the surface; the head, bent forward on the breast, was entirely submerged, the legs and feet were also out of sight, in the water.

Roesch telephoned to Captain Wing, of Lake View police station, the news of his discovery, and the Captain, with officers, hurried in the patrol wagon to the place. The covering of the man-hole was removed and efforts made to draw up the corpse, but owing to the swollen, bloated condition of the body it was impossible to drag it through the narrow space. Then the entire cap of the sewer was taken off, a blanket was lowered and worked under the body until it formed a kind of sling, and in this way the remains were dragged out—literally dragged, for so narrow was the opening in proportion to the fearfully bloated corpse that great patches of skin and much of the hair was scratched and torn off in passing through.

The terrible object was laid at the side of the road. Captain Wing looked at the face. In spite of disfigurement and loathsomeness he recognized the features.

Before him was all that remained of Dr. Patrick Henry Cronin.

About the neck, all that was left of the habiliments of life, was the badge of the murdered man's religion, the *Agnus Dei*, a pious Catholic's safeguard. If the murderers respected that badge of faith it must have been from feelings akin to those which prompt Italian brigands to pray to the saints before preying upon unfortunate travellers. There is little doubt but that superstition was the cause of this symbol being left unmolested.

The locality of this foul sepulture-place is one of dismal loneliness. No house is near it. Large trees shadow the north-east corner and form a concealing

screen admirably adapted to hide those engaged in unlawful, ungodly deeds. The other corners of the connecting streets are quite bare.



ENTRANCE DR. CRONIN'S OFFICE,
CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.

The Fifty-ninth street and Evanston avenue junction is about 300 yards from the Argyle Park station on the Chicago and Evanston branch of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. It is but a short

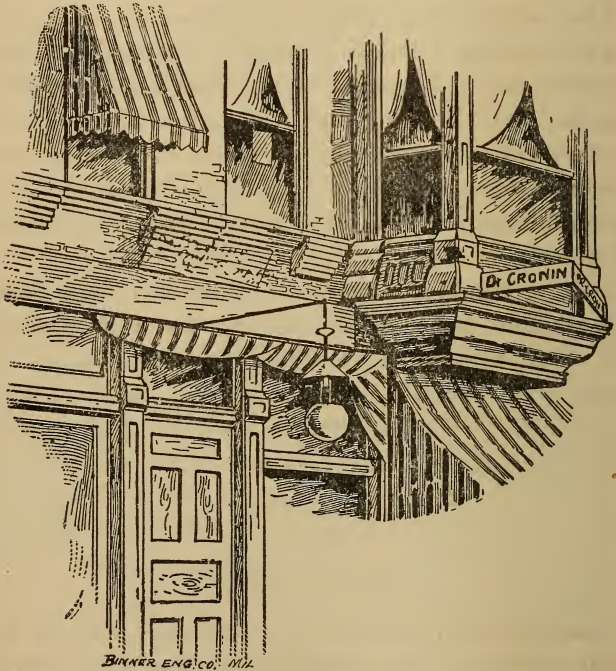
distance from the lake, and a little less than a mile north from where was found the gory, discarded coffin-trunk — at Evanston avenue and Sulzer street corner — on May 5, the day after the disappearance of Dr. Cronin.

Wrapped in the blanket the body was carried in the patrol wagon to Lake View morgue and the Chicago police notified of its finding, by telephone. Little semblance to humanity the corpse presented in its bloated condition. In strips the flesh hung from the hands and feet, the swollen eyelids were partly open, eight murderous gashes in the head gaped wide, and dumbly told how each had done its part in letting out a good man's life.

The identification of the body was complete beyond the shadow of a doubt. The remains were viewed by his close friends, T. T. Conklin, James Boland, the murdered Doctor's nephew, William Taylor, John F., Frank and Mortimer Scanlan, Patrick McGarry, T. T. Gleason and Messrs. O'Keefe & Ahern, who made the Doctor's clothing. Dr. Cronin wore false teeth on his lower jaw and the dentist, Dr. C. W. Lewis, who made them, had the cast used in their manufacture; this, on comparison with the mouth of the corpse, he pronounced to be similar in every feature. He was positive that the body was that of Dr. Cronin. Dr. Brandt professionally and scientifically examined the hair found in the trunk and emphatically declared it identical with the hair remaining on the head of the body. Under the chin and about the feet were still tufts of cotton precisely like that found in the trunk. In short,

the identification was so sure that none at that time, had the effrontery to dispute.

By Birren & Carroll, undertakers, of Lake View, the remains of the slaughtered patriot were prepared for interment, from thence they were removed, on the after-



DR. CRONIN'S OFFICE,
WINDSOR THEATRE BUILDING.

noon of May 25, to the First Cavalry Armory. Mr. and Mrs. Conklin visited the undertakers on the morning of that day to select a coffin. Mrs. Conklin had

not seen the face of her dead friend since the body was discovered, and at her request the box was opened and the features uncovered. She gazed at them closely for a moment, but without any traces of emotion, only saying, as she turned away, that she recognized the body beyond a doubt as that of Dr. Cronin.

The casket selected was a very heavy one, and with the body weighed over 600 pounds. It was of beautiful workmanship; a metallic case handsomely mounted in gold. All the trimmings were gold, and from each of the handles was suspended a gold cord and tassel. The veneering was French walnut, and produced a beautiful contrast. In the center of each panel of the lid was a gold wreath of appropriate design, the flowers being roses and pansies. Some tiny buds were delicately set in among the leaves. The plate was silver. The inscription was as follows:

.....
 : PATRICK HENRY CRONIN, :
 : BORN :
 : APRIL 16, 1846. :
 : DIED :
 : MAY 4, 1889. :
 :

LYING IN STATE.

Under the roof of the armory of Battery D, on the night of May 25, in a catafalque of flags and flowers, mingled with the dreary emblems of grief, lay the body of Dr. Cronin.

The body was not exposed to view at all. The many who came to get a glimpse of the victim of a horrible murder went away disappointed.

The guard was relieved every four hours during the night. The body remained in the Battery until 10 o'clock A. M. of May 26.

A sad scene was witnessed in the afternoon, when Mrs. Carroll, Dr. Cronin's sister, was admitted to the armory to take a last look at her dead brother's features. Workmen were busy arranging the draperies overhanging the temporary catafalque, but in the presence of the heart-rending grief of the stricken sister, hammers were laid aside, heads were bared, and a still silence fell upon the group as dead brother and living sister parted.

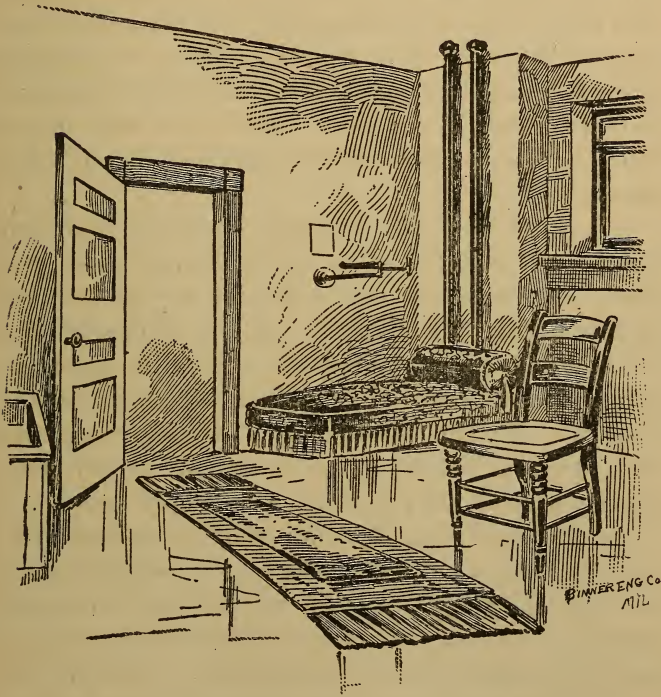
"It is my brother!" the lady cried, and the tears commenced to fall fast on the cold glass cover over which she leaned and that separated her lips from the lifeless form. She tried to kiss the disfigured face before her, but her lips pressed against the glass surface of the case while her heart-rending sobs echoed in the great drill-room. Her husband was almost overcome with emotion, and the group of men that stood about silently watched the scene and were deeply moved.

"Come, let us go," said Mr. Carroll, tenderly, taking his wife's arm. The lady leaned over the casket, leaving reluctantly. As she stepped back she said, lovingly, "Good-by, ashore," and her husband's support was necessary as she walked away. After Mr. and Mrs. Carroll had viewed the remains, the lid was replaced and the undertaker instructed not to open it again.

Early on Sunday morning, May 26, Police Lieut. Wilson of the Central Detail, in command of a squad

of police, arrived at the armory. The officers were drawn up in two lines on either side of the entrance. Then the doors were thrown open.

The crowd which had gathered outside the building poured in, many from idle curiosity, and many because



INTERIOR DR. CRONIN'S OFFICE,
CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.

they were friends of the Doctor in life. It was a strange spectacle. People passed through the outer doors hurriedly, noisily talking. They reached the

inner doors, and there was a hush. On either side stood a sentry at parade rest, and just beyond was the catafalque.

Many women were in the throng, but they nearly all passed on and out immediately after viewing the casket, while the men lingered to discuss the crime.

At 9:30 the crowd was so great that the side door had to be opened to afford an exit. Later it was found necessary to station an officer there to keep the crowd moving.

About 10 o'clock the squad of police was taken in from the outside of the armory, and a little later the doors were closed and the stream of people checked. The honorary pall-bearers marched out of the officers' room with bared heads and took their stations beside the catafalque. They were: J. P. South, High Council of Illinois Catholic Order of Foresters; Leopold Rohrer, Cathedral Court of Illinois Catholic Order of Foresters; Dr. D. G. Moore, High Court of Independent Order of Foresters; E. E. Connery, Court Friendship, Independent Order of Foresters; C. S. Commour, Alcyone Council, Royal Arcanum; John F. Beggs, Hancock Lodge, Ancient Order of United Workmen; C. D. Shoemaker, Ætna Lodge, Ancient Order of United Workmen; J. C. Brayden, Royal League; John O'Callaghan and P. M. Carmody, Ancient Order of Hibernians.

They were followed by the active pall-bearers, who took positions beside the casket. These were P. McGarry, Luke Dillon, Capt O'Meara Condon, Thomas P. Tuite, F. T. Scanlan, Dan Sullivan, Charles Barry, and M. J. Kelly.

A moment later the doors were opened and the casket was borne out to the hearse, the police clearing the way.

The procession was composed of military and civic societies and the route over which it passed was densely crowded.

Shortly before noon the funeral *cortege* entered the church. A guard of honor composed of officers of the Hibernian Rifles preceded the casket. A catafalque stood between six lighted candles in the center aisle, and when the casket had been deposited thereon the celebration of the mass began. Schmidt's Mass in D minor was sung by the choir.

At the conclusion of the mass the "Libera Me Domine" was sung by the choir, while the celebrant in cope and stole gave the absolutions. Father Agnew's voice, as he chanted the versicles, trembled perceptibly, and his eyes were filled with tears.

The Rev. Chancellor Muldoon preached the funeral sermon. (This feeling, touching tribute to his communicant and friend will be found in Chapter II.)

It was one o'clock before the procession started from the cathedral and moved to the Union Depot by way of State, Erie, Dearborn, Lake, Clark and Madison streets. It was an hour reaching the depot. Three trains, composed of thirty-six cars, were waiting on the St. Paul tracks and carried the party to Calvary Cemetery. The trains were crowded and must have carried 2,500 passengers.

At the cemetery a considerable crowd was found waiting, having gone out by private conveyances or by

the suburban trains. The crowd at the cemetery exceeded 3,000.

AT REST—"GOOD-BY, ASTHORE."

There were handsome floral offerings placed beside the casket in the vault. A large lyre of white roses and callas bore on its base the inscription, "Martyr," and a card attached to it told that it was given by the Philadelphia Clan-na-Gael, who "mourned for their patriot brother." There were also three crosses of white roses, lilies and pansies.

The crowd blocked the space around the vault. The guard of Rifles had to force back the people to open a passage for the mourners when they emerged from the vault. The small procession returned to the train and the ceremony was over.

Patrick Henry Cronin's body was entombed with honor. Will vengeance in this world overtake his brutal assassins, one and all? We shall see.

CHAPTER V.

Three Indicted—Coughlin, O'Sullivan and Woodruff—Short Biographies of the Prisoners—The Master Spirits Still Free—Coroner's Work Begun—His Jury Visit the Scenes of Murder and Burial—Hard on O'Sullivan—Mertes Heard the Fatal Blows—Mrs. Conklin and O'Sullivan—Their Interview—Luke Dillon's Talk of May 28.

After seven hours review of the accumulated evidence up to May 28, the grand jury on that date returned indictments against Daniel Coughlin, the city police detective; Patrick O'Sullivan, the Lake View ice dealer; and Frank Woodruff, alias Black, the horse-thief, for the murder of Dr. Cronin.

The *personnel* of the grand jury that passed upon the facts composed the following gentlemen: M. C. Hickey, foreman; John J. Maguire, S. M. Staples, John B. Honisby, Joseph Sakeys, John J. Sullivan, John E. Gleason, John S. Coining, M. L. Penny, J. W. Dutton, L. Oswald, Frank G. Haerther, Jos. H. Abbott, R. J. Bennett, A. C. Myer, B. Seesland, Chris. McDonough, P. Kerrigan, Fredk. Edgeworth and W. Hawkes.

The witnesses who gave their testimony before the jury were: John J. Cronin, the murdered Doctor's brother, who told of the victim's long-seated fear of violence and the many threats he received; Dr. Brandt, of Lake View, who explained the condition of the body when found, the wounds upon the head, their fatal nature, etc., Dr. Belfield, who analyzed the blood and thought that the stains in the trunk had come from Dr. Cronin's

body; Fred. Roesch, the street foreman, who found the body; T. T. Conklin and wife, with whom Dr. Cronin resided; the Carlson family—husband, wife, daughter and son—of whom the cottage slaughter-pen was rented; Milkman Mertes, who, living in the neighborhood, thinks that he overheard the tumult of the murderous struggle; Thomas O'Neill, private secretary to the Mayor, who took down Coughlin's statement and read it from his notes; Willard J. Smith, and his brother J. S. Smith, the "Smiths" from Houghton, Mich., who served to explode Coughlin's mythical friend "Thomas Smith"; Justice Mahoney, who introduced Iceman O'Sullivan to Dr. Cronin and whose testimony compelled Sullivan to admit that he was a member of the Clan-na-Gael; P. Dinan, the liveryman of whom the buggy and white horse that bore Dr. Cronin to his doom were hired; Capt. Schaack, Lieut. Schuettler, Officer George Hiatt of the Chicago police, and Capt. Wing of the Lake View police.

[The testimony of all these witnesses will necessarily have to be given at much greater length hereafter, in this work. It is unnecessary to here give the evidence of each of those named:—repetitions of stories *must* occur in a history of this nature, but such repetitions will be made as infrequent as possible.]

THE INDICTED MEN.

DANIEL COUGHLIN was born in the year 1859 in Hancock, Mich. About seven years ago he moved to Chicago and brought such credentials with him as immediately brought him into the good graces of the

Triangle, and a position was found for him in the city supply department.

Prior to his advent in Chicago, Coughlin had been in the mining districts of Leadville, Col., and other parts of the West. Under Mayor Harrison, Dec. 15, 1884, Coughlin went on the police force, being assigned to patrol duty at East Chicago Avenue Station. Dan



DANIEL COUGHLIN.

was appointed with the noted "300 batch," and entered upon his duties as guardian of the peace as a member of Camp 96, afterward Camp 20.

Alexander Sullivan's influence was such that Coughlin always had easy times and was soon made a detective. He became a pet of Captain Schaack and

stood entirely too close to that official for the good of the discipline of the force.

During the anarchist troubles Dan Coughlin was useful to his superior officers as an expert in explosives, having had experience in blasting in the mining districts. For about two years prior to his arrest Coughlin had traveled in citizen's clothes, having been promoted from a patrolman to a trusted detective. Jake Lowenstein, who figured prominently some time ago in the *Times* charges of dishonesty against certain police officials, has been for several years Coughlin's bosom friend and partner. Later on, Mike Whalen, suspended from the force for suspected complicity in the Cronin murder and a member of Camp 20, superseded Jake Lowenstein as partner of Coughlin, and was his confidant up to the time of Coughlin's arrest. Dan's number in Camp 20 was 94, showing an old membership in the camp, as each new member was given the next highest number, and there are nearly 400 members of the infamous camp.

Coughlin has a father and elder brother in Hancock, Mich., where the Coughlin homestead is situated. He was married in this city about a year or more after his appointment on the police force, and has one child, a little girl. The mother and child now reside at No. 116 Jay street, where for several years Dan Coughlin's home has been.

Coughlin, when arrested was a man of large proportions, weighing 186 pounds, which adipose was pretty equally distributed in all parts of his body. In height he stands 6 feet and 1 inch, is broad-shouldered and

big-limbed, with a blonde complexion, and were it not for his small, deep-set eyes would be considered a good looking man.

PATRICK O'SULLIVAN was born in Galena, Ill., thirty-one years ago. He, it seems, was the Judas Iscariot of the plot to murder Cronin. He it was who called the victim to an errand of mercy that he might be murdered by the midnight assassins in the Carlson cottage.

For ten years or more Patrick O. Sullivan, as he has been known and called himself until his arrest and indictment, when it became known that his real name was O'Sullivan, has lived in Chicago. He went there from Green County, Wis., where the family had been settled for some years. O'Sullivan's number in Camp 20 is 356. He is 5 feet 11 inches in height, and weighed, when arrested, 139 pounds. He has thick black hair, blue eyes, and a deep, perpetual scowl of the eyebrows. O'Sullivan looks to-day as he has looked since the trial began.

Before embarking in the ice business in Lake View O'Sullivan had been employed for some years as a driver for the North Side Street Railway Company, and when the late strike occurred on that road he sympathized with the strikers, and aided them in every way possible. About six or seven years ago O'Sullivan embarked in the ice business, with an office at Lincoln and Webster avenues. About a year or more ago he bought the property at the corner of Roscoe and Bosworth streets, diagonally in the rear of the Carlson cottage, where he lived up to the time of his arrest

upon a state warrant sworn to by John J. Cronin on May 25. O'Sullivan being a bachelor, Mrs. Whalen, the wife of his cousin, kept the house, and boarded the iceman and his four or five employes. He entered actively into politics in Lake View, and in the spring of 1888, was a candidate for alderman on the Democratic side, and was beaten.

O'Sullivan was one of the organizers of a Clan-na-Gael camp in Lake View, which was known as the Washington Literary Society. In the organization of this camp the services of Dr. Cronin were sought and secured, and it is the belief that even at this early date (in February) the real purpose in getting Dr. Cronin to assist in forming the Lake View camp was to get him out late at night in a lonely part of the suburban village. Be that as it may, O'Sullivan first met Cronin at the Washington Literary Society, and last met him when he made the infamous contract.

FRANK WOODRUFF, alias Black, the horse-thief, or worse, is the son of a farmer in San Jose, Cal. He was born in Wisconsin; has been in several penitentiaries for petty offenses. He last located in Chicago about April 1. His powers as an original and picturesque liar are phenomenal.

It will be remembered that Woodruff led the police to the identical spot where the trunk was found. He said that he had taken it from Watrous's barn on North State street, and that it had contained the body of a woman wrapped in cotton. Later developments conclusively proved that Dr. Cronin's body was in the trunk. Woodruff's story about the woman and the

State street barn, Alice, the "Doc.," and all the concomitants of that fine fairy tale were swept away and the culprit stood circumstantially convicted of complicity in the disposition, if no more, of Dr. Cronin's body.

Woodruff was arraigned on the morning of May 28 for larceny as bailee, to which he pleaded "not guilty." He evidently had no presentiment of the action the grand jury would take against him on a graver charge, for he was still figuring on trading valuable evidence in the Cronin case for a *nolle pros* of the indictment against him for larceny. He professed to know where King and Fairburn could be found inside of two hours, and all he wanted was freedom from prosecution for horse-stealing to put the police on their track.

The formality of serving the capiases was pursued, but as the defendants were all under restraint, they gave no evidence of emotion or surprise.

O'Sullivan was arraigned May 28 before Justice Kersten at the East Chicago Avenue Station a second time, to be sure that no question of lack of jurisdiction could be raised. He was then taken to a cell in the station and thence to the county jail.

One of the most interesting features of this grand jury's action is that it found no indictments against the Clan-na-Gael leaders and other Irishmen of prominence who have been popularly marked out as parties to the plot. The matter of the Clan-na-Gael trials and sentences were not broached, nor was there a particle of evidence adduced upon the popular theory of political conspiracy.

The grand jury closed its deliberations at 7 o'clock and filed down to the court-room, where Judge Williamson was in waiting. The true bills were returned, capiases issued, and the jury discharged for the day.

"We have a strong circumstantial case," said State's Attorney Longnecker as he issued from the jury-room at the end of the day, and in reply to the eagerly pressed inquiry on that point, he declared:

"No evidence was heard that implicated any one but the three against whom true bills were found.

"This is the end of the present grand jury's work on this case," he further said, "and the jury goes back to the routine consideration of jail cases to-morrow."



CORONER HERTZ.



T. T. CONKLIN.

The Coroner's jury which was impaneled on Thursday, May 23, to hold the inquest upon the body of Dr. Cronin, met at the Coroner's office on the morning of May 28, to begin hearing testimony in the case. W. S. Forrest was present to look after the interests of his client, Daniel Coughlin, but remained only a few minutes, for, as soon as all the jurors had arrived, Coroner

Hertz proposed that they should first go out and view the locality where the body and trunk were found.

The jury selected by Coroner Hertz to make the investigation was composed of intelligent business men—all of them in middle life. R. S. Critchell, of R. S. Critchell & Co.; Victor U. Sutter, clerk for Sutter Bros.; Justus Killian, chief clerk of F. Madlener; H. A. Haugan, of Haugan & Lindgren; John H. Van Housen, president of the Steuben Wine Co.; Rudolph Siefert, tobacco dealer.

The jurors proceeded to Lake View in a procession of carriages; vehicles with reporters following close. The Coroner traveled in his own one-horse buggy and arrived last at the Carlson cottage. Policemen were in charge of the building and a crowd in possession of the sidewalk. Men, women and children hung over the fence and sat on the walk—all staring at the story-and-a-half building as if it were covered with blood-spots and might at any moment turn into a ghost with streaming red wounds.

WHAT THE JURY SAW.

Coroner Hertz pointed out to the jurymen the splatters of blood on the south wall and the dark spots beneath the reddish-yellow paint on the floor. Finger-marks of yellow paint on the broken rocker were examined and the lamp whose paint-smeared stand indicated that the floor was hastily daubed in the night time. The finger-marks on the shutter. The jury saw the prints of the naked feet on the painted floor and in the hall and bedroom adjoining. Tacks with

shreds of carpet clinging to them and tack-holes indicating that the carpet had been hurriedly torn from the floor were found. Juror Critchell asked some questions about the previous occupants and the condition of the room when rented to the supposed murderers.

After everything had been minutely examined about the cottage, inside and out, the jury and the Coroner,

WHAT THE JURY SAW.



ALL BLOOD-BESPATTERED.

under the direction of Lieut. Spangler of the Lake View police, drove out Evanston avenue to the place where the trunk was found. A halt of the procession for two minutes was long enough for Mr. Hertz and the policeman to indicate the spot where the blood-stained trunk had been hidden. A few minutes' ride further north brought the train of carriages to the Argyle man-hole. The position of the body was shown,

the depth of the water in the basin measured, little bunches of cotton pointed out, and the surroundings noted.

The jurors all took a long look into the dismal hole.

"How could they have crowded the body in there?" was asked. "It is hardly wide enough to permit a man's body to go in straight, and Cronin's corpse was doubled up!"

Melancholy contemplation destroyed the effect of the ride through the bracing air and among the fine scenery, and the party was quiet and solemn when it returned to the Coroner's office. There a consultation was held and the inquest adjourned until 10 o'clock A. M. of the next day.

SOME OF THE TESTIMONY

on which the three men were indicted is sufficiently interesting to warrant its introduction at more length than the mention made at the opening of this chapter. When the younger Carlson gave his evidence before the grand jury, under the questioning of State's Attorney Longenecker and Foreman Hickey, he told a startling story.

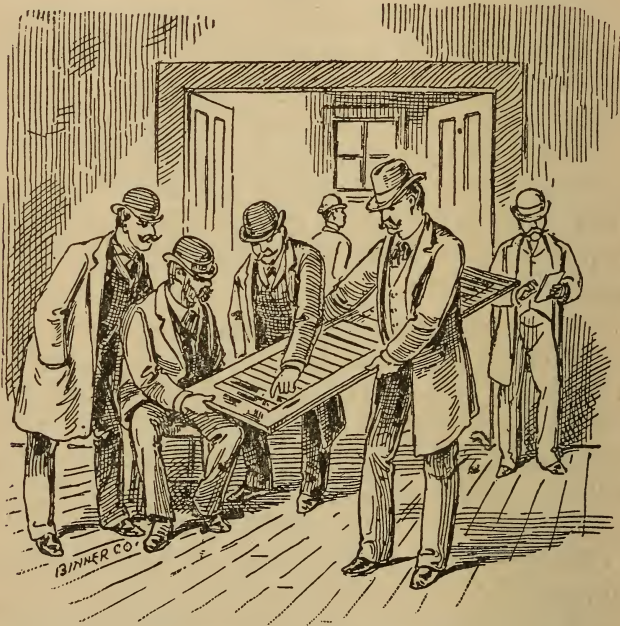
Having described the person who rented the cottage as has already been described, as about 30, with a blonde mustache, striped pants, black frock coat, and of rather stout build, he proceeded to tell the jurors, that the man was an intimate friend of P. O'Sullivan, the iceman.

"How do you know that?" asked Judge Longenecker.

“Why, every time I saw him out at the house he went to Sullivan’s.”

“Did he go to the Sullivan house before he went to the cottage?”

WHAT THE JURY SAW.



FINGER MARKS ON THE BLIND.

“Yes. He used to leave the key with Sullivan.”

“Latterly was that the case?”

“No; every time he came latterly he used to complain that he had lost the key, and so got away all our keys from us, so that we could not get into the cottage.”

“Would your tenant talk long with Sullivan?”

“Why, yes. They used to walk about conversing, stop and consult, and walk again. They were intimate, I should judge, as intimate as brothers.”

“Did you ever talk to Sullivan about the renter?”

“Yes. Once Sullivan said in reply to my questions about the man—he gave the name of Williams—‘O, he is all right. He is good for the rent. I’ll pay it out of my own pocket if he fails to do so.’”

“Did he ever pay it out of his own pocket?”

“Not directly. But I’ll tell you what I saw once. I saw Sullivan handing Williams some money before he paid the rent. This was in his barn where the ice wagons were kept.”

“Who made out the receipts you gave for the rent?”

“Williams, Sullivan’s friend. He made them out at Sullivan’s house, I believe. I signed them.”

The receipts were produced.

Carlson, who had been taken to see Coughlin in his cell, was asked whether he ever saw him around the murder cottage.

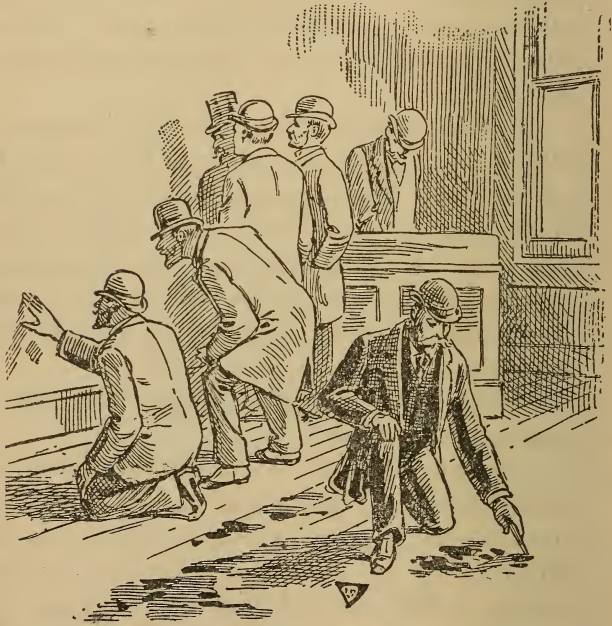
Carlson replied: “No, I did not, but I saw him with O’Sullivan in a Lincoln avenue saloon, I don’t know exactly where.”

His father, mother and sister were recalled, and corroborated him fully as to the intimacy between the person who went by the name of Frank Williams and P. O’Sullivan.

And then a new lead was struck. Capt. Schaack was put on the stand. He testified that he had discovered that Coughlin and O’Sullivan, the iceman, were

intimate friends. They are collateral cousins, so to speak. Coughlin is a cousin of Mike Whalen, the detective, and Mike Whalen is a cousin of O'Sullivan. O'Sullivan also claims kinship with a somewhat obnoxiously prominent Irishman and a former leader in the

WHAT THE JURY SAW.



TELL-TALE SPOTS ON WALL AND FLOOR

Clan-na-Gael. Coughlin was called up by telephone at the station by O'Sullivan to meet him at down-town resorts; also at the saloon corner of Lincoln and Fullerton avenues. Schaack also stated that he had discovered that after March 4, and for some time previous,

O'Sullivan had lots of money. He spent it lavishly and displayed a large roll. As it was early in the ice season, and as O'Sullivan is not reputed to be wealthy, this display attracted much attention.

Following testimony in relation to O'Sullivan and next in order of importance, was the testimony of Justice Mahoney to the effect that O'Sullivan and Cronin were old comrades in the Clan-na-Gael order. As nearly as it can possibly be given Mahoney's testimony was as follows:

"I was a member of the U. B. (Clan-na-Gael) society March 22. I was then a candidate for the office of Justice of the Peace. It was suggested to me, by Pat O'Sullivan, I think, that it would help me if I were a member of the Clan. He said there had been a meeting for organization some time before and Dr. Cronin was present: that he would come again to introduce new members."

"Did O'Sullivan appear to recognize Cronin then?" was asked.

"Oh, yes. He was an old member, O'Sullivan said, and Cronin was the organizer for the district. He said he intended to get his transfer from his old camp. Well, I went with O'Sullivan to the camp meeting, as he called it, and was duly inducted as a member. My name had been proposed at the previous meeting by O'Sullivan."

"What position did O'Sullivan occupy at that meeting?"

"He was placed at the inner door by Cronin."

"Did Cronin explain why he put him in that position?"

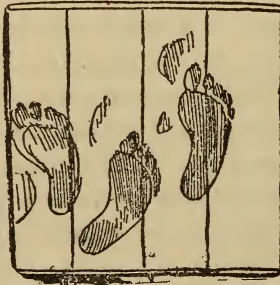
“Well, he said that he knew O’Sullivan as an old member, and he was entitled to the post of honor.”

“You were asked afterward by O’Sullivan to take him (O’Sullivan) to Cronin to be introduced, and to talk about the ice contract?”

“Yes.”

“Were you not a little surprised at the talk about an introduction and the character of the contract?”

WHAT THE JURY SAW.



THE BLOODY FOOT-PRINTS.

“Well, yes—but I thought that O’Sullivan merely wanted an excuse to become better acquainted with a pleasant man like Cronin. Cronin seemed to take kindly to me, and perhaps O’Sullivan thought that I might be able to make them both good friends. I did not think much about it at the time.”

“Did you since?”

“Why, yes. When I look over the whole thing, I am a little puzzled over the matter.”

“Did O’Sullivan speak to you since about his and your meeting with Cronin?”

"Yes. He said 'the less said about it the better.'"

"The meetings which you attended were known to outsiders as meetings of the Washington Literary Society?"

"Yes; but we on the inside knew them as Clan-na-Gael or U. B. societies."

Mr. Mahoney was asked to give the names of some others who joined them. He hesitated for a time, but finally named several, among others Whalen, the street car conductor, Tierney, the iceman, and a former conductor.

Milkman Mertes, who resides near the Carlson cottage, testified that on the evening of the murder, about 9 o'clock, he passed the Carlson cottage on his way to Friese's grocery store, going for kerosene oil. As he was passing a buggy drove up and stopped at the gate. A tall man, wearing a slouch hat and carrying a leather case or satchel, jumped out and walked up the steps. He was evidently expected, for he did not have to knock at the door. It was opened from within as he reached the doorstep. The shutters were closed and the room was lighted. The man who remained in the buggy turned around, whipped up the horse, and drove rapidly south. Shortly after the tall man had entered the cottage loud voices were heard. Mertes did not stop to listen, but proceeded to the store. Returning twenty minutes later he heard the noise as of men hammering nails into planks.

"How did you recognize it as such a sound?" asked Foreman Hickey.

"I am a carpenter by trade," replied Mertes, "and I ought to know."

An eye witness and auditor of the actions and words of both Mrs. Conklin and P. O'Sullivan, when the iceman was brought to the Conklin-Cronin flat by an official of the Pinkerton agency, thus describes that strange interview:

"When I reached the Conklin-Cronin residence," he says, "the Conklins were out. I spent two hours waiting for their return. Shortly after 7 o'clock a coupe stopped in front of the Conklin flat and two men got out of it. One was Frank Murray, Assistant Superintendent of the Pinkerton Agency, and the other was P. O'Sullivan, the man now held as one of the arch-conspirators of the Doctor's death. I stopped Mr. Murray just as he was going up the steps and asked him for news regarding the Doctor's whereabouts. He said he had none, and shut the door in my face.

"In the course of a few minutes Mr. and Mrs. Conklin returned and I followed them up-stairs, and by Mr. Conklin was invited into the Doctor's private office, where O'Sullivan and Mr. Murray were seated on a sofa.

" 'Take a seat over there,' said Mr. Conklin to me, 'and you can hear what O'Sullivan has to say, inasmuch as the man who took the Doctor away brought one of his ice cards.'

"I took the seat indicated and watched and listened for developments. In the meantime Mrs. Conklin, who had been pacing the floor, wringing her hands and moaning that she knew Dr. Cronin had been murdered, pulled the Doctor's revolving chair very close up to O'Sullivan and began to question him, assisted by Mr. Murray. The iceman appeared extremely nervous and

moved about in all sorts of positions, all the while toying with his big, black, soft felt hat. He denied that he had sent for Dr. Cronin or that he had authorized anybody to send for him.

“ ‘How did you come to engage Dr. Cronin as your physician when no one in your family or in your employ was sick?’ O’Sullivan was asked.

“ ‘To this he gave the explanation which brings in the name of Justice Mahoney, of Lake View. Then in tones anything but mild Mrs. Conklin commanded O’Sullivan to stand up. He did so, very awkwardly, and his face turned two or three different colors.

“ ‘No, the man who called for the Doctor and took him away was not near so tall as you are. I think he was about 5 feet 6 inches. He was just about your height and your build,’ addressing me after asking me to stand up. (I am just 5 feet 8 inches.) ‘He was very dark complexioned; even darker than you are,’ addressing O’Sullivan. ‘He had a black mustache, was smooth-shaved otherwise, wore a dark or black suit of clothes, and wore a black, soft felt hat, just like yours, only not so large; the brim was more narrow. He was about 30 or 35 years old. I should say that he had black eyes, and they danced about as though he was very nervous. He kept telling the Doctor to hurry—that the man was very badly hurt. I sat in the front window and watched them get into the buggy and drive north on Clark street. The horse was perfectly white, or looked so to me, and the rig had the appearance of just having been taken out of a livery-stable.’

“ ‘Mr. Murray, Mr. Conklin, Mr. O’Sullivan and my-

self left the house together. Mr. Murray told O'Sullivan that he was convinced of his innocence and that he might go."

In the light of subsequent events, however, it seems that Mr. Murray, Assistant Superintendent of the Pinkerton Detective Agency, had allowed those keen perceptive faculties usually ascribed to gentlemen of his profession, to, as it were, become befogged, if not entirely blinded.

WHAT LUKE DILLON THOUGHT.

The Philadelphia Cronin-supporting Clan-na-Gael, Luke Dillon, in discussing the indictments on May 28, said:—"I do not think it wise to mention the names of any prominent persons who are said to be implicated in the plot to kill Dr. Cronin, until the evidence is conclusive against them. It would not be just or fair to create prejudice against parties who may be innocent. At the same time I would rather see the actually guilty persons who committed the deed go free than the instigators of the plot. If any one should hang for this crime it is the person or persons who instigated others to do the bloody work."

"Do you think it possible that those who instigated the plot made the murderers believe that Dr. Cronin was a friend of Le Caron and a British spy?"

"It is possible, if the murderers were ignorant enough. As a matter of fact Le Caron was chairman of the tribunal that expelled Dr. Cronin from the Clan-na-Gael. That does not look as if Le Caron and Dr. Cronin were friends, and all members of the order are aware of the fact that I have just mentioned."

CHAPTER VI.

Le Caron, the Informer Speaks—Cronin Anticipated Assassination—Mrs. T. T. Conklin Testifies—Dr. Cronin told Her Alexander Sullivan Would Have Him Killed—Hagerty Repeats Alexander Sullivan's Words, Abusive of Cronin—Mrs. Lomasney and the Trianglers—Their Cruel, Treacherous Deeds—A Man Sent to Death, His Family Left to Starve—Verdict of the Coroner's Jury—Alexander Sullivan in Cell 25, Murderers' Row.

As if to fasten upon those who would slay not only Dr. Cronin, but his good name also, the unparalleled infamy of their vile deeds, at this time came a letter reciting the substance of an interview, in London, with Le Caron, the confessed spy, with whom the Clan-na-Gael leaders, his sponsors in that order, classed Dr. Cronin, for the purpose of exciting their tools to murder him. Le Caron, bad though he may be, had more manliness than those who denounced him; he did not utter slanderous lies against a man betrayed and slaughtered. The communication is dated, "London, May 25," and reads thus:

"Since the British spy, Major Le Caron, retired from the witness box in the Parnell trial, the public has almost forgotten him, but he turns up to-day in interviews in the *Evening News* and *Post* with the distinct charge that Cronin was murdered by the friends of a certain person in Chicago. Le Caron says he was quite intimate with Cronin and used to live five doors from him. In reviewing Cronin's prominent career in the Irish movement Le Caron says he was an ardent advocate of the dynamite policy, and, owing to his scientific

attainments, he was appointed and acted as a sort of an instructor in the use and the handling of explosives. After giving the causes of the sharp quarrel between Cronin and the person in question, beginning in 1881, and coming down to the trial of last November, Le Caron was asked:

“Do you think Cronin would have split on this man?”

“My own impression is that he would not,” answered Le Caron; “but if he wished to he might have been of great value, as he could have told much of interest and importance to the authorities. That he possessed such knowledge is well known, and, as he had told so much that he should not have said, it may have been feared that he would say more.”

“How did Cronin stand in the fight between Egan and Devoy?”

“He sided with Devoy,” was his answer.

“Have you heard of any threats against Cronin in connection with the dispute in Chicago?”

“You can state this, and I am willing to have it published, that for some time past threats have been made against Cronin, and they have been made in my presence, not once, but repeatedly. They were threats of violence by the anti-Cronin faction.”

“Do you think there are men in the organization who would thus murder a man like Cronin?”

“There are many in the Chicago organization,” said Le Caron, “who would unhesitatingly kill any man if they thought it their duty to do so. They would not do it for money, but if they thought it best for the or-

ganization they would kill anybody they were told to."

"Do you connect the threats you have mentioned with the actual commission of the crime?"

"I have no moral doubt," answered Le Caron, speaking with emphasis, "that those threats were uttered in no idle spirit, and that they are connected with the removal of Cronin."

"Do you think you know the murderers?"

"Yes, I am as positive that I know the men who murdered Cronin as I am positive that I am sitting here. I could name the leader of the crime beyond question, but it would be quite inexcusable for me to give the names for publication."

"Were you surprised at the murder?"

"I cannot say that I was. Cronin's murder is only a side light of the organization in America, and is quite in accord with the sentiments and actions of members of the revolutionary body."

"Do you think Cronin was coming to London?"

"No, I do not think he was."

In commenting on the interview the *News* says:

"Le Caron confidentially uttered the names of several men whom he believed were the murderers of Cronin, one especially as the leader, but all we are at liberty to state is that the persons thus referred to have not as yet figured in the published reports of the crime."

The reader will note the date, May 25, of the above interview and will remember that at that date the Coroner's inquest had not been held and *certain names* had not yet been mentioned in any official investigation.

This testimony is from a man whom Dr. Cronin, a fair and open antagonist, denounced as a spy and traitor to the Irish cause, in 1886.

The Coroner's work of investigation and hearing testimony began on June 3, Messrs. W. J. Hynes and Luther Laffin Mills assisted the State's Attorney, and Lawyer W. S. Forrest appeared on behalf of Daniel Coughlin.

The inquest was not concluded until June 11. The testimony was voluminous and clear. It will not be given at any length here, for the reason that during the trial, and in the speeches and arguments of the lawyers, both for the prosecution and defense, every atom of evidence will be rehearsed and recapitulated, and to enlarge on the statements at this time would cause needless repetition.

From the great mass of evidence given by all then known to have cognizance of any facts bearing upon the crime, it was made plain that Dr. Cronin had long, and with good reason, feared that he would meet death by cowardly assassination. He did not fear any man who would attack him openly and give him a "chance for his life," but he knew that the murderous blow would be dealt by the hand of a skulking assassin, and such a fate he was brave enough to acknowledge he feared.

Personal hatred it was that sought his taking off. Personal hatred and a desire for safety from punishment, for liberty to luxuriate still longer on stolen wealth, had created the wish and plot to silence him forever.

He knew the men who had, by dark and subtle working, imposed themselves upon the Irish National movement, forced themselves to the front, and gained supreme power, with absolute control of the hundreds of thousands of dollars in the treasury of the order, had squandered, for their own benefit, that money; had been false to their oaths and those for whom they were supposed to act; had betrayed to prison and death the dupes they had sent out on murderous missions, and, with all, had so cunningly manipulated affairs, so well preserved their influence, that they walked free of punishment and still possessed the power to laugh at and crush any who would expose their misdeeds. It was this vile clique that Dr. Cronin was battling against, these were the men against whom he had, slowly, but with untiring devotion to his patriotic duty, gathered a mass of testimony that would convict them of the crimes he charged against them and would bury them beneath mountain-heaps of infamy. At the same time he knew these men would not scruple to take his life, if by so doing they could destroy their accuser and the evidence he held against them. They had previously tried to ruin his reputation, socially and professionally. They had caused him to be expelled from the order as a traitor; but they had not silenced his tongue, they had not broken his pen, nor had they paralyzed his active body and brain. Death alone could silence Cronin, and they killed him.

Mrs. T. T. Conklin's evidence was most important and startling. This lady, her husband and Dr. Cronin had been close friends for years, the Doctor having made

his home at Mr. T. T. Conklin's house. In her testimony Mrs. Conklin described the nervous and impatient manner of the man who had called with the white horse and buggy, to lure Dr. Cronin to death. She told how reluctant he had been to enter the room when invited; how he urged haste and hurried the Doctor away, even while he was talking to a friend on the sidewalk. She swore positively to the identification of Dinan's white horse; had fully recognized it when exhibited to her by a reporter; and she swore that Dr. Cronin told her

ALEXANDER SULLIVAN WOULD HAVE HIM KILLED.

This was the first time the name of Alexander Sullivan had been publicly mentioned in the criminal proceedings following the murder.

Dr. Cronin had told her that his life had been threatened, and warned her husband and herself, that if he ever remained long over-due and without notifying them, they were to become suspicious and to hunt him up. He had frequently telephoned them when detained by business in order that they might not be alarmed.

Mrs. Conklin was asked if the Doctor had ever mentioned the names of the persons he suspected. He had named one person who would be the source of any attempts on his life.

"Who was that person?" asked the Coroner.

"Alexander Sullivan."

Firmly, clearly, and in a tone that showed how religiously the witness believed that Dr. Cronin was right in his selection of the person—the name was given.

“Dr. Cronin told me he had information very detrimental to Alexander Sullivan. It would probably ruin him,” she added.

Again like testimony was given by Mr. Conklin; how the Doctor had several times spoken of the danger to his life, and had mentioned the name of Alexander Sullivan as the source of his fears. The cause assigned for anticipating danger from this one man was that he had exposed him, that Alexander Sullivan would be ruined when all was known, and that he would get the Doctor “put out of the way if possible.”

Mr. Frank Scanlan testified that Dr. Cronin had told him of his fears of personal injury. Alexander Sullivan was the man he feared—not personally, but as the originator of his murder by stealthy means.

Justice John A. Mahoney told how he had, at O’Sullivan’s solicitation, gone with the iceman to introduce him to the Doctor in order that the fatal contract might be made; “but the performance was an unnecessary one, as the two men were evidently well and previously acquainted.”

Henry Mortensen was found to be the expressman who carted the furniture from No. 117 Clark street to the Carlson cottage, and he gave evidence to that effect.

Chief of Police Hubbard told of the statements made to him by Woodruff and Coughlin, and his testimony was damaging to both prisoners.

Desk Sergeant Paul Hoefig, of the East Chicago Avenue Police Station, testified to many and mysterious conversations through the station telephone between Coughlin and O’Sullivan.

J. D. Hagerty's evidence was even more sensational than that of Mrs. Conklin. He repeated words that had fallen from the lips of Alexander Sullivan.

The Coroner asked:

"Has Alexander Sullivan ever spoken to you about Dr. Cronin? and if so state when, where, and what he said."

"To the best of my recollection it was at the trial of Dr. Cronin, which occurred, I believe, in 1885. The conversation, as set forth in my affidavit, was in substance that the Doctor was a scoundrel and a menace to the Irish cause, and that it would be a benefit if the cause were rid of him. This occurred in a conversation which took place while we were walking from the hall on West Madison street, in which the Doctor had been tried, to La Salle street."

"Did Alexander Sullivan say anything to you that night about having an idea that Dr. Cronin's life ought to be taken?"

"That was my impression. That was the view I took of the conversation, and I must say that I coincided with him at the time. I believed that men who were trying to get the secrets of people who were trying to elevate themselves, should be exterminated."

"At that time you had the same opinion?"

"From the reports that I had heard, especially from Mr. Crean, who is now dead, and who, with other men, had been instrumental in scattering this information, which, as I believe, was scattered for the removal of Dr. Cronin."

"Did Alexander Sullivan use the words that 'Cronin ought to be removed'?"

“That was my impression at the time.”

“Did you get the impression that that was what he meant?”

“Certainly I did.”

“Could he at that time or any time later have spoken to others in the same way?”

“Most undoubtedly—to hundreds.”

“Did you know whether Tim Crean and Alexander Sullivan were intimate friends?”

“I am certain that they were close associates.”

“And Tim Crean was the man who circulated the information?”

“Yes, because he told me the same things that Alexander Sullivan had said—that this man was a traitor. The word ‘traitor,’ to an Irishman’s vision, calls up a terribly vengeful feeling. It does in me. The Irishmen know what informers are and do not feel leniently toward them. The impression that I got from Mr. Sullivan’s talk was that this man should be removed from our ranks in some way or other; that he was a menace to the cause, and for the success of the objects that we were trying to accomplish—and Mr. Sullivan was not alone in the opinion as to the removal of men of that description—that is, the removal of them from our ranks, not by death, but that we should get them out of our organization. There was nothing more laudable, considering the actions of Le Caron, who is now proven to have been Mr. Alexander Sullivan’s friend according to the testimony now before you. This Le Caron, by the way, was on the trial committee and was present at the trial. We were all there for

the purpose of being present at the trial, seeing the charges sworn to, etc. I saw Le Caron there. Mr. Sullivan, in that trial, acted as prosecutor. Le Caron was introduced to me that evening by Mr. Sullivan as a man worthy of our confidence and of the highest character, and coming from such a source, it being understood that Sullivan occupied a high office in the order, and considering the confidence with which Sullivan was looked up to by the Irish people at that time, myself being nothing but a plebian, I could not but believe what he said."

"At that trial were you a friend of Cronin?"

"I was not, on account of what I had been told. I could not be the friend of any man who was pointed out as a traitor. It is repugnant to the instincts of humanity, not to speak of those of Irishmen."

"Did you believe that he was a traitor?"

"Yes; Mr. Sullivan gave me that information; that was his idea. He did not give me any proof, but considering his position I could not do otherwise than take his *ipse dixit* for it."

Hagerty said that he belonged to Camp No. 52, formerly Camp No. 117.

"Is there anything in your obligation and the constitution of the order that would make you believe that you ought to remove a man if the executive ordered you to do so?"

"No, sir."

"That you ought to take life?"

"No, sir; on the contrary, I would not do it if the order came to me."

“Do you think that a man with less principle and less brains might do so?”

“I certainly believe now, to my sorrow, that such might be the result.”

It remained for the notes of Mrs. Mackey Lomasney's testimony, offered before the Clan-na-Gael Buffalo committee, to reveal a condition of affairs in the management of the Irish secret societies, so callous, cruel, selfish, treacherous and revolting, that a shudder passed through the auditors as Coroner Hertz read it, with precision and emphasis, from the papers left by the murdered man.

The woman told the story of her husband's separation from her, and the trials and tribulations through which she had passed, in such a way as would have melted the stoniest heart. Captain Lomasney, who, according to another witness at the trial, was a pure-minded, unselfish and fanatical patriot, was called away from the support of his wife, five children and aged father, in the early part of 1884. He obeyed the call, deeming it a patriotic duty. He left his family as wards of the society which directed his action. He was sent on a mission of death. He met death. It was probably intended he should. The spy, Le Caron, knew of his mission two days after he left Chicago, and before he was half a day at sea.

The Scotland Yard detectives knew of the time of his arrival, of the false name he would assume, and of the men with whom he would associate. Two other men accompanied him; one was his brother. It might have been dangerous to leave him behind to expose the

traitors who betrayed his brother to death. The faithful wife waited for his return, hoping against hope. She was on the verge of starvation. She had to sell her furniture, her bedding; to mortgage her little stock; to beg of her friends. The sheriff turned her out on the streets, and when she appealed to the so-called Irish patriots who had deprived her of a husband, and who denounce evictions in Ireland with passionate vehemence, they would not listen to her plaints. They turned a deaf ear to her appeals. She went to Chicago—to Alexander Sullivan. He knew all the facts concerning her husband's disappearance. She appealed to him for aid. He gave her legal advice; told her to schedule the stock of her store. He got her a return ticket to her home in Detroit and advised her not to make known her presence in Chicago. She appealed to Father Dorney. But that pious priest was too busy with his religious duties to listen to her. She was turned away from his door.

But she found good samaritans in Col. Dick Burke and Luke Dillon. They heard of her distress and raised money for her among their friends. She was able to discard her borrowed garments, to pay the rent and her debts, to find food and clothing for her family, the aged father, and herself. Even the triangle were compelled to disgorge part of their ill-gotten gains for her succor and support. This whole story is a terrible moral indictment of the notorious triumvirate for treason, treachery and infernal indifference to human suffering.

This same document, left by Dr. Cronin, recites how men were sent on dynamite missions to England before

and since Capt. Mackey Lomasney's departure; that they were invariably betrayed, or that every possible means was taken to betray them. They were deceived as to the means to be supplied for the accomplishment of their missions. Their assumed names were given to the detectives. Most of them were arrested, all but one or two of them are now in jail. Facts known to the public corroborate those brought to light by Dr. Cronin from the secret circle of the Irish societies. The betrayal of the men who went on the missions, Dr. Cronin believed, was to cover up the facts of defalcation by those, who, on this side of the ocean, had the management of the funds. Only \$724, all told, he says, was given to four men engaged on a dynamite mission of life and death.

John C. Garrity swore that about two years ago Dan Coughlin approached him at Ontario and Market streets, and asked him if he could not get "Maj." Sampson to "do up" a fellow for him. Garrity asked him how much of a "licking" he wanted the man to get. Coughlin said he did not care how much. He suggested taking a base-ball bat and breaking his nose or knocking out his teeth. He wanted the man disfigured for life, and did not care if he was killed. About two weeks later Sampson told him that Coughlin had wanted him to "do up" Dr. Cronin. Garrity advised him to have nothing to do with it, and told him to go and tell Dr. Cronin.

George Reilly gave his testimony that once, when Coughlin and P. O'Sullivan were in company with him, the detective had said that "a prominent North Side

Catholic would have to have his mouth shut up—he was talking too much.”

All the facts elicited tended to clearly prove to the Coroner's jury that a conspiracy had been formed to bring about the murder of Dr. Cronin, and that those of the Triangle faction of the Clan-na-Gael were the active instigators and participants in his slaughter.

The following

VERDICT OF THE CORONER'S JURY

will therefore be considered a natural consequence. The document handed in is as follows:

We, the undersigned, a jury appointed to make inquiry according to law as to how the body viewed by us came to his death, state from the evidence:

First—That the body is that of Patrick H. Cronin, known as Dr. Cronin.

Second—That his death was not from natural causes, but from violent results.

Third—That the said P. H. Cronin was decoyed from his home on North Clark street the evening of May 4, 1889, by some person or persons to the Carlson cottage, situated at No. 1872 North Ashland avenue, Lake View, Cook County, Ill.

Fourth—That at said cottage the said Cronin was murdered by being beaten on his head with some blunt instrument in the hands of some person or persons to us unknown the night of the said May 4, or between May 4 and May 5, 1889.

Fifth—That the body, after the said murder was committed, was placed in a trunk and carried to Edgewater on a wagon by several persons, and then placed

in a catch-basin at the corner of Evanston avenue and Fifty-ninth street, Lake View, where it was discovered May 22, 1889.

Sixth—That the evidence shows conclusively to our minds that a plot or conspiracy was formed by a number of persons for the purpose of murdering said Cronin and concealing his body. Said plot or conspiracy was deliberately contrived and cruelly executed.

Seventh—We have had careful inquiry into the relations sustained by said Cronin to other persons while alive, to ascertain if he had any enemy or enemies sufficient to cause his murder.

Eighth—It is our judgment that no other person or persons, except some of those who are or have been members of a certain secret society known as the United Brotherhood, or “Clan-na-Gael,” had any cause to be the instigators or executors of such plot and conspiracy to murder the said Cronin.

Ninth—Many of the witnesses testifying in the case have done so with much evident unwillingness, and, as we believe, with much mental reservation.

We find from the evidence that a number of persons were connected with this plot and conspiring to murder the said Cronin, and that

DANIEL COUGHLIN,

PATRICK O’SULLIVAN,

ALEXANDER SULLIVAN, and

FRANK WOODRUFF, alias BLACK,

were either the principals, accessories, or have guilty knowledge of said plot and conspiracy to murder said

Cronin and conceal his body, and should be held to answer to the grand jury.

We also believe that other persons were engaged in the plot, or have guilty knowledge of it, and should be apprehended and held to the grand jury.

We would further state that this plot or conspiracy in its conception and execution is one of the most vile and brutal that has ever come to our knowledge, and we would recommend that the proper authorities offer a large reward for the discovery and conviction of all 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 those of the Clan-na-Gael or United Brotherhood to be, are not in harmony with, and are injurious to, American institutions.

We hope that future vigor and vigilance by the police force will more than compensate for past neglect by a portion of the force in this case.

R. S. CRITCHELL,
JOHN A. VAN HOUSEN,
RUDOLPH SEIFERT,
H. A. HAUGAN,
JUSTUS KILLIAN,
VICTOR U. SUTTER.

THE "TRIANGLER" IN A CELL.

A mittimus was quickly made out against Alexander Sullivan and placed in the hands of Detective Palmer, who, with two other officers, arrested Sullivan at his home. He was taken directly to the County Jail; while he walked once or twice back and forth in the

inner corridor, bedding was arranged in cell No. 25, Murderers' Row. He was escorted thither and the bolts were shot against him.

The night of June 11 the Dictator of the Clanna-Gael Triangle slept in a cell in Murderers' Row, in custody, charged with complicity in one of the most dastardly and cold-blooded assassinations ever perpetrated in a civilized community.

CHAPTER VII.

The Chief Triangler Released on Bail—A Special Grand Jury—Martin Burke and Patrick Cooney—They Disappear—Burke Located in Manitoba—Events From June 15 to 29—Positive Identification of Burke—Four More Indicted—Beggs, Burke, Cooney, and Kunze—Alexander Sullivan's Name Not in the Indictment—Bad Records of the Suspects—Burke's Fight Against Extradition—Money Lavished to Prevent His Return—October 11.

It was hardly to be supposed that a gentleman possessed of the "influence" of Alexander Sullivan would long be subjected to the confinement forced upon others under the same charge, but of commoner clay. Counsel for the Chief Triangler sued out a writ of *habeas corpus*. Judge Tuley, on June 14, released the distinguished prisoner on bail of \$20,000, and Mr. Alexander Sullivan was free from prison bars. His sureties were Fernando Jones, Michael W. Kerwin, James W. Tuohy and Dennis Corkery.

State's Attorney Longenecker was prompt in moving in his department following the rendering of the verdict by the Coroner's jury. At his request, Judge Shepard ordered a special grand jury to be summoned by Sheriff Matson, and twenty-three men were on June 12 impaneled for inquiry into the murder.

The following named gentlemen comprised

THE SPECIAL GRAND JURY:

J. H. Clough, of J. H. Clough & Sons; D. B. Dewey, President American Exchange National Bank;

H. P. Kellogg, of Kellogg, Johnson & Bliss; W. B. Forsythe, of Forsythe & Smith; J. McGregor Adams, President Adams & Westlake Co.; Jacob Gross, of Felsenthal, Gross & Miller, bankers; Francis B. Peabody, of Peabody, Houghteling & Co., bankers; W. H. Beebe, of Beebe & Co., commission merchants; J. F. Wollensak, hardware; Isaac Jackson, stenographer; H. S. Peck, President Chicago Jewelers' Association; W. J. Quan, wholesale grocer; Henry Greenebaum, insurance agent; C. Gilbert Wheeler, President Wheeler Chemical Works; C. J. Rhode, painter; Geo. W. Waite, civil engineer; Henry A. Knott, Knott & Lewis, real estate; Wm. D. Kerfoot, real estate; D. A. Pierce, real estate; A. G. Lundberg, Lake View; Louis Hasbrouck, Hopkins & Hasbrouck, insurance; John O'Neill, ex-County Commissioner; A. P. Johnson, President Johnson Chair Co.

After reading the section of the statute defining the duties of grand juries, Judge Shepard charged the jury in direct and vigorous language. In closing his remarks he said:

“But the prime matter which will come before you, I presume, will be the murder of the late Dr. Cronin. This appalling murder demands a most vigorous investigation. Dr. Cronin, an American citizen, has been struck down and killed under circumstances so horribly indicative of conspiracy, premeditated design, and malice, as to warrant the most searching inquiry. Fortunately the power of a grand jury is fully equal to the emergency.”

More than two hundred witnesses were examined be-

fore this jury. The police, under Chief Hubbard, industriously followed every clue promising results; constant surveillance was kept over every known member of Clan-na-Gael Camp No. 20. State's Attorney Longenecker is reported as saying, June 25:

"We have established to our own satisfaction that there was an inner circle in the notorious Camp No. 20, and we are satisfied from evidence in our possession that a trial of Dr. Cronin was ordered in this inner circle some time in February or March."

Besides those indicted and already in prison, and Alexander Sullivan, who walked the streets a free man, except for the \$20,000 bail bonds, two other men were much desired "to have and to hold" by the police and state authorities. These were Martin Burke and Patrick Cooney. Both had been seen very frequently in company with Dan Coughlin just prior to the murder. They were both members of Camp No. 20, and both immediately mysteriously disappeared after the assassination.

Through the efforts of Officer Collins, who knew Burke, a photograph of the man was procured; his picture was one of many on the plate, but it was at once recognized and pointed out by the Carlson family, as the man "Frank Williams," who had rented the cottage. Martin Gavin, with whom Burke had worked for months, testified before the grand jury that Burke had often cursed Dr. Cronin for a British spy, and said that he "ought to be removed."

This man Burke was a day laborer; for months before the murder he had done no work, yet money

was always plenty with him, and the saloons he frequented benefited largely from his liberality. From Chicago he fled to Joliet; he was nearly penniless on his arrival there, but soon received a remittance and disappeared. Finally he was arrested in Winnipeg, Manitoba, where he gave a false name. He had with him a ticket for Europe.

On June 15, before the grand jury, Thomas G. Windes testified that Daniel Coughlin was a frequent visitor at the law office of Alexander Sullivan. Frank Woodruff made another "confession" amounting to nothing. June 16—Officer Collins left Chicago for Winnepeg to identify Burke, under arrest in that city. Burke sent a telegram to John F. Ryan, of Hancock, Mich., and Ryan refused to receive it. June 17—Evidence accumulated pointing to Burke as the actual murderer of Dr. Cronin, and on June 19, the grand jury indicted him. Extradition papers were at once prepared. Patrick Cooney was closely hunted, but no trace of him could be found. June 20—Martin Burke was positively identified by Officer Collins at Winnipeg. Little doubt now exists but that Patrick Cooney was the "J. B. Simmons" who rented the Clark street flat. On June 21, Mortensen, the express man, who hauled the furniture to the Carlson cottage, identified Burke at Winnipeg. June 26—The State Department at Washington issued to Assistant State's Attorney Baker, the necessary papers for extradition of Martin Burke. June 27—John F. Beggs, Senior Guardian of Clannagael Camp No. 20, was arrested for complicity in the murder of Dr. Cronin. June 29—The special grand

jury entered Judge Shepard's court-room and returned indictments against

Daniel Coughlin, Ex-Detective.

John F. Beggs, Lawyer.

Patrick O'Sullivan, Ice Dealer.

Martin Burke, Laborer.

Patrick Cooney ("The Fox"), Bricklayer.

Frank Woodruff, *alias* Black, Thief.

John Kunze, Laborer.

The case of Alexander Sullivan was given due consideration and allowed to rest for action of the next grand jury. Coughlin, O'Sullivan and Woodruff were already in prison. There were ample reasons, as will be shown, for the arrest and indictment of John F. Beggs. John Kunze, a young German, was identified by Milkman Mertes as the man who drove a buggy with a companion in it, up to the Carlson cottage, between 8 and 9 o'clock on the night that Dr. Cronin was murdered. The companion entered the cottage, another man took his place in the vehicle and it was driven away. Kunze was a companion or "hanger-on" of Coughlin's. He was identified as one of the men who occupied the Clark street flat while it was tenanted by "Simmons." On July 1st he was arrested at a house on Cottage Grove avenue, where he was boarding under the name of Kaiser.

JOHN F. BEGGS, Senior Guardian Clan-na-Gael Camp No. 20, was born in Lowell, Mass., in 1852, of the proverbial "poor, but honest parents." His appearance is remarkably youthful for his age. He measures 5 feet 8 inches and weighs 149 pounds—with light hair,

sandy mustache, and ruddy, clear complexion. Young Beggs attended school in his native town until his fourteenth year, when he went to Cleveland, O., and soon after began to study law with Attorney A. M. Brown. Four years later he was admitted to the bar.

In 1879, John F. Beggs first appeared in the criminal court of Cleveland, O. It was as defendant in two serious charges. The first charge he disposed of by marrying the girl he had betrayed, the daughter of his friend and benefactor. The ceremony was solemnized in the corridors of the Cleveland jail. On the charge of embezzlement, Judge Blandon sentenced



P. O'SULLIVAN.



JOHN F. BEGGS.

John F. Beggs to the state penitentiary for two years and debarred him at the same time from all future practice of the law in Ohio.

After serving his time in the penitentiary, Beggs, in 1881, went to Chicago. His wife procured a divorce. Through the influence of "Trianglers," to whom he presented letters by parties in Ohio, he was admitted to practice at the bar in Chicago. He also at once became identified with, active and prominent in, different Irish societies. He is a fluent talker, a man of some

education, and did not find it difficult to gain money by very "shady" means and still pass for a gentleman. In 1887 he joined Camp No. 20, then Camp No. 96, and on the last Friday in January, 1889, he was elected Senior Guardian upon the refusal of Dennis Ward to occupy that position for the third term. Beggs married again after his first wife secured her divorce, and with his second wife lived, prior to his arrest, at No. 417 West Madison street. July 1 he was placed in the county jail, having been detained since his arrest, on June 27, at Warren avenue and Harrison street police stations. Beggs was a witness before the Coroner's jury and before both the grand juries which considered the Cronin case. He was also one of the honorary pallbearers at the funeral of the murdered man.

MARTIN BURKE, the only native Irishman among those indicted, was born in County Mayo, Ireland, in 1863. Since his complicity in the plot to murder Dr. Cronin, Burke has had several *aliases*. He rented the Carlson cottage under the name of Frank Williams. In Joliet, after his slaughter-work was done, and in other places as he fled, he was known as Martin Delaney, and when he appeared in Winnipeg he called himself Cooper. In Camp No. 20 Burke's number was 332. He had been a member of a revolutionary secret society in Ireland, and when he came to this country, about 1884, he brought letters of introduction from William Malley to Alexander Sullivan. It was not long before he was duly initiated into the "inner circle" of Camp No. 20, and was a full-fledged, enthusiastic Triangler. Burke resided, before he fled Chicago,

at No. 37 East Erie street. Immediately upon his arrest in Winnipeg, the best lawyers of the Canada bar were engaged, utterly regardless of expense, to prevent the fugitive's extradition. Burke worked little after his advent in Chicago, and that little labor was mostly in the employ of the city, where "influence" could obtain him a "job." December 18, 1888, he received his last pay from the city of Chicago. The entry on the book records that Martin Burke received pay for eleven days' work at the rate of $22\frac{1}{2}$ cents an hour, or for the 110 hours, \$24.75. This entry appears on pay-roll No. 4,398.



MARTIN BURKE.

Most of Burke's time and money were spent in the saloons of the North Side, in the neighborhood of Market street and Chicago avenue. He was a constant frequenter of Matt Danahy's, Larry O'Tool's and Pat Dolan's saloons, and these all are places of rendezvous for Camp 20 Trianglers.

JOHN P. KUNZE. The life and career of "the little German" is enshrouded in doubt and mystery, because Kunze has told so many extravagant and improbable lies about himself, and on every other subject of which he has uttered words. "I was born at Remich, Luxembourg, Germany, in 1866," he says. Probably the year of birth is correct, but Chicago Germans from the province of Luxembourg indignantly deny that Kunze was born there. "I was given to a nurse and brought up in a little village near Remich, my mother



JOHN KUNZE.

not wishing to be troubled with the care of a nursing babe. My father," Kunze continued, in his broken English and poor German, "died in the year of my birth, in the German-Austrian war of '66."

"The wonder is," says a Lake View German, "that the little scamp did not tell you that his father was some great General or Prince. The truth is that Kunze's father died in an asylum in Luxembourg, and that the son is illegitimate." To return to the narrative according to the defendant: "When four years old I was adopted by the sister of my nurse, with whom I lived until fifteen years of age." Here Kunze grows

indefinite. He says: "I visited the high school a short time, and also a military academy, when I ran away and came to America in 1882." Kunze uses poor language and it is evident his education was very meager. It is probable that his "visits" to the schools and academy were particularly short ones. Immediately upon his arrival in America he came to Chicago and found work in the factory of A. H. Revell & Co. He worked for this firm for a year or more, at wood-finishing, and then went to Lake View, where his career has been checkered indeed. At one time he was under bonds of \$8,000 for a jewelry swindle. His acquaintance with Coughlin began about the middle of 1888, when he claimed to have seen the bomb thrown that nearly destroyed the Schufeldt distillery. Kunze of late has worked now and then, when he had no particular swindling scheme on hand. Everybody he came in contact with he told about his rich mother in Germany and of his aristocratic and wealthy relatives across the seas. He "had a large inheritance coming to him, and would soon be rich." With such apparent honesty did he tell this story that on the strength of his coming wealth he wheedled many an unsuspecting German out of much coin of the realm. Kunze had two *aliases*, Kogel and Kaiser, both of which he utilized after the Cronin murder when he went to live on the South Side.

A SUMMARY OF MANY DAYS.

To keep this history within reasonable space and bulk it is necessary to be most brief in statement of certain events, all of which, though bearing directly

upon the Cronin case, must be recorded, yet the details are foreign to the subject matter of this work and would detract from its interest most materially were they introduced at length and only at length could they be told.

On July 9—Charles J. Carlson, who had been sent to Winnipeg, identified Martin Burke as the man “Frank Williams” who rented his father’s cottage. John F. Beggs’ attorneys asked for the release, on bail, of their client. July 10—Judge Bains, in Winnipeg, decided that Burke must be returned to the American authorities. Judge Tuley, in Chicago, denied Beggs’ application for release on bail. July 16—Beggs applied to Judge Horton for a writ of *habeas corpus* and was again denied. July 27—Car-conductor Dwyer, who claimed, with Miss Annie Murphy, to have seen Dr. Cronin two hours after he was dead, was discovered in Toronto, Canada, where he had fled. July 29—Two witnesses, Sennott and Gleason, of Camp No. 20, told State’s Attorney Longenecker about the trial committee appointed by Beggs. July 30—Burke’s appeal to Chief Justice Taylor was denied and Judge Bains’ decision affirmed. The prisoner must go back to the United States. July 31—Chief of Police Hubbard and Lieut. Ross started for Winnipeg to take Martin Burke back to Chicago. On August 4—Burke left Winnipeg in charge of the Chicago officers, and on August 5—The fugitive reached Chicago and was taken to the county jail. August 9—Before Judge Baker, Martin Burke, when arraigned, pleads not guilty. On August 15—The rival picnics of the Cronin and

anti-Cronin factions of the Clan-na-Gael were held at Cheltenham Beach and Ogden's Grove. Much hot talk was indulged in at each against the opposition party. August 26—Tinsman Gus Klahre informs the State's Attorney of a tin box soldered at his place for Martin Burke, on May 6.—The Cronin case was called for trial before Judge McConnell. Motions for separate trials made by the attorneys for each of the prisoners. August 29—Judge McConnell denied the motions for separate trials of the suspects, except in the case of Woodruff, and on August 30—The trial began in Judge McConnell's court, with the examination of talesmen. On September 9—Attorneys Forrest and Wing, of the defense, broke into the Carlson cottage and carried away portions of the blood-stained flooring and wall. Officer Robinson tells of his arrest of two prowlers at the cottage the night following Cronin's murder. September 18—The first panel of four jurors in the case was accepted by both sides and they were sworn in. October 8—The second panel of jurors was found and sworn in. October 11—Still fighting for a jury. The court-room is crowded daily. Eight jurymen secured in thirty-six days, the net results of Mr. Forrest's procrastination for the defense, his innumerable motions and objections, hectorings and bickerings. Peremptory challenges of the defense are nearly exhausted and the state could, if desired, foist upon them a very objectionable quartet who might still be within the range of the statutory juror. Such, however, was evidently not the wish of the prosecution. Edward Spelman of Peoria arrived in Chicago, in response to

the state's subpoena. He is the district officer with whom Senior Guardian Beggs corresponded in regard to Dr. Cronin's secret trial and punishment.

CHAPTER VIII.

Fateful Documents—The “Treasonable” Clan-na-Gael Circular—Dr. Cronin Read It in His Camp—He was Expelled and Branded a Traitor—Its Text Proves that Cronin was no Dynamitard—The Scathing Report of September 15, 1885, in Full—Cronin’s Statements and Proofs—Men of Unmindful Minds—The Charges of McCahey and Cronin Against the Triangle—Other Papers Left by the Victim—Evidences of Trianglers’ Brutality.

Dr. Cronin was expelled from Camp 96, now Camp 20, in the spring of 1885, he being at that time the Senior Guardian of the camp.

The excuse for his expulsion was treason, the charges being preferred by Daniel Brown, of Camp 16, a police officer. The Doctor was tried by a joint committee, consisting of three members from each camp. Those from Camp 20 were: Daniel Coughlin, John O’Malley, and Frank Murray, now a resident of Omaha, Neb. Those from Camp 16 were: Larry Buckley, John Dwyer, and James J. Cuneo. With such a committee, backed by the very chief of the Triumvirate himself, but one verdict could be reached.

Alexander Sullivan, then a member of Camp 16, conducted the prosecution, the committee being appointed by his sturdy henchman, Tim Crean, the then district member.

Dr. Cronin’s “treason” consisted in making the well-grounded statement that Tim Crean was not a regularly elected delegate to the Boston Convention of August, 1884, where the Triangle was elected, and in reading to

his camp a circular issued by Camp 11, of Troy, N. Y., protesting against the action of the Boston Convention, and against the dynamite policy.

It effectually disposes of the claims set up by the Cronin defendants that Cronin was a dynamiter, and that the trouble in the Clan-na-Gael was but a war between rival factions of dynamitards.

TROY, N. Y., Jan. 7, 1885.—*To the S. G.'s and J. G.'s of our Brother D.'s.* Brothers: The following report was submitted to, and adopted by, D. [Camp] No. 11. It was drawn by a committee consisting of the S. G., the J. G., the treasurer, and four others who have been S. G.'s and delegates to the conventions of the Brotherhood. We respectfully ask you to cause it to be read in your respective D.'s, and if you agree with us in the sentiments expressed, or any of them, to make known your feelings to the proper officers. We would be pleased to learn your views on the subjects discussed. Success is achieved only by united action.

Fraternally yours,

D. No. 11.

THE CIRCULAR.

The principal points of this circular which have interest for the public are as follows:

There was another feature by which it meant to be distinguished from its predecessor, the Fenian organization, and that was the creation in each of its branches of a treasury, to be managed by a board of trustees, the funds in which were to remain at home until, in the good judgment of the proper officers, and in the pro-

motion of the policy of the organization, the branches should be requested to surrender their moneys.

This is all changed, and the funds of the camp were all called into the central treasury, controlled by the Triangle.

The Chairman of the Executive Committee, through the change in the constitution, is to make his report hereafter, not to the convention of the order, but to the Committee on Foreign Relations, which may consist of but three members.

In the days when the organization held large conventions the chairman always made his report to the convention, but in these modern times, when the convention is reduced to a mere handful in numbers, it seems to be considered dangerous to the safety or welfare of the organization that the chairman should disclose the manner in which he has fulfilled his stewardship to more than three members.

The constitution is so changed that it contains no provision for the election either of the executive, the secretary, the treasurer, or the district member. We learn, however, from the report as to the mode of election of the executive, though nothing whatever is said about the other officers. In regard to the former it appears that the convention passed a vote of "want of confidence" in itself, abdicated its rights, resorted to a sort of "blind-man's-bluff" game, and intrusted to the presiding officer and two tellers, the counting of the ballots cast for the new officers and sole knowledge as to who these officers are. In view of this fact we may remark that it shows considerable assurance, at least,

on the part of the delegates, who tell us in their reports that the new executives are worthy of our trust and our honor, when they had already voted away all means of knowing anything whatever as to the integrity, the competency, and the identity of those officers.

It seems to be made as difficult for a brother to get a hearing under this new constitution as it was for a claimant to get his case through the Circumlocution Office, or a litigant a decision in the old Court of Chancery.

Referring to the policy of financial centralization the circular says:

“A dollar will hardly have touched the fingers of the trustees before it must be sent to a central treasury, where there are no better safeguards and no more honesty than could be found surrounding it in every camp. What is the cause for this? Have not the camps heretofore responded with alacrity to the calls that have been made upon them? All reports show that they have. Why then, is there a resort to the policy of centralization? The officers of the Troy Camp say: More than \$4,300 forwarded by us to the central treasury in the two years and a half succeeding the convention of 1881, besides liberal contributions made from its contingent fund to the National League and to the special fund, attests the faithfulness of its brothers to the principles of the organization and their desire to promote its welfare by every means within their power.”

THE DYNAMITE POLICY.

Then coming to the dynamite policy the circular declares:

“We find that \$128,000 has been paid to the executive, which of course means the American members of that body, and that is the portion which “favors action.” What are we to understand by favoring “action?” Is it the policy of explosion? Of sending large sums of money on failures? Is it the scattering of mortar, stone, and brick, the breaking of windows, and the maiming of innocent men, women, and children, among whom are your own race, traveling on railway trains or standing at railway stations? Are these the lofty heights to which the organization aspires? If, however, this is not the policy, what is it, and on what has the money been expended? We think this subject is deserving the earnest consideration of every member. We must seriously ask ourselves whether we are prepared to support a policy of this kind, as against the better judgment and in defiance of the wishes of the men at home. We know that it is claimed in the report that the concessions that have been made to Ireland are due to that policy; but the men who make the claim must have strange notions of the intelligence of the men whom they address if they expect them to believe it. What concession has been made to Ireland since the inauguration of this policy? What has Ireland received in the shape of remedial legislation that was not passed, or that was not within the probabilities, before dynamite was set to tearing up railroad ties and breaking window panes? Must the labor and achievements of the Parliamentary party and the splendid agitation of the Irish people be robbed of a portion of their glory, and the success due to them be attributed

to this new policy in order that it may obtain any consideration at the hands of our people? We know as a result of this policy that the Irish residents in England are looked upon with hate and suspicion and threatened with dismissal from their occupations; that English ministers and newspapers are seeking a plausible pretext for a renewal of a terrible Crimes act, which has ground the faces of the people of Ireland, and that they are finding that pretext in a policy that scatters death and ruin in the streets of London; we are told that if a certain one of these explosions had proved successful, it would have cost the lives of two of the most valued members of Parliament, who were stopping at a hotel near by; we know that the man here who starts the balls a-rolling will not feel the horrors of the Coercion act as they will be brought home in a spirit of vengeance to the people of Ireland. In spite of all this, in disregard of the fact that this policy has never been submitted to the judgment of the camps, singly or in district convention, we are told by the report that the new governing body has been instructed to pursue the course laid down for them by their predecessors."

IRELAND'S BEST INTERESTS.

The circular concludes as follows:

"We feel that unwise steps have been taken; that injurious methods have been followed; that dissatisfaction existed, and the convention has not allayed it; that there is an uneasy, restless feeling on the part of many good men in the organization that bodes no good

to its welfare or the objects which it was formed to promote.

“We therefore recommend that the executive be urged to call a convention in each district for the purpose of taking into consideration the changes in the new constitution, the policy of our leaders, and our relations with the home organization; that the district conventions select two delegates to a general convention, at which these matters shall be thoroughly discussed, and such measures shall be taken as will be in harmony with the traditions and feelings of the brotherhood and the best interests of Ireland, and that a representative of the home organization be invited to attend such convention.”

It was for indorsing these suggestions and sentiments that Dr. Cronin was declared guilty of treason and posted as a traitor in every Clan-na-Gael camp in the United States.

A SCATHING DOCUMENT.

A report of the New York Convention, held Sept. 15, 1885, further served to intensify the antagonism and increase the hatred of the Triangle against those who were opposed to their villainous proceedings, and Dr. Cronin was looked upon as the chief offender and the instigator of all the “trouble.”

This report is as follows:

[The initials used throughout the matter should be read as follows: “V. C.,” United Brotherhood; “F. C.,” Executive Body; “U. S.,” United Sons; “D.,” Camps; “I. R. B.,” Irish Republican Brotherhood; “R. D.,” Revolutionary Directorate; “S. C.,” Supreme Council.]

HEADQUARTERS F. C. OF V. C., Sept. 15, 1885.—*To the Officers and Members of the V. C. and of the U.*

S.—BROTHERS: In accordance with the call of the Committee of Safety a general convention of the V. C. was held in New York City, Aug. 3 and 4, for the purpose of taking the necessary measures to save the organization from the ruin which threatens it. A full account of its proceedings will be found in the printed report, to which we invite your attention.

Having been chosen by the convention to fill a position of great difficulty and responsibility in the organization during this, the supreme crisis of its existence, we feel it to be our duty to lay before you the plain facts of the present situation and to ask the assistance of every honest man in bringing about a remedy. We make this appeal without regard to the side you may have taken in the recent and present troubles, knowing full well that nine-tenths of the organization are in a state of utter ignorance as to the actual facts, and the honest men have been led to sustain wrong. We make it more particularly to those who are supporting and yielding blind obedience to men who have turned their backs on the I. R. B., thereby ignoring the fundamental principle which is the cause and object of our organization. If that support is withdrawn an effective remedy can be at once applied. That there is trouble you will not now deny, and that it is serious enough to menace the existence of a once powerful organization, and to threaten the ruin of the hopes that have hitherto stimulated our efforts for Ireland, every day will make more clear to your understanding. The efforts at concealment made by the men who created this trouble, the withholding of in-

formation as to the wholesale suspension of D.'s, and the mendacious assertions made in recent circulars, have all failed of the desired effect; and in every D. in the organization to-day there is gloom and discontentment, and members are fast falling away. No official denials, a thousand times repeated, can any longer conceal this fact. Every member from Maine to California can see for himself. The truth is beginning to filter through the barriers set up against its entrance to the D.'s by desperate men, whose characters depend on its suppression. The frantic efforts and reckless statements of the army of paid organizers sent around, to counteract the progress of truth and avert the exposure of wrong-doing, are useless and unavailing. Many of these are the men under accusation of complicity in the fraud, and they now use their money to deceive you and prolong the reign of dishonesty. The prevarications, contradictions, and shuffling evasions are doing more to establish the truth of the charges against which they are vainly struggling than the strongest statement made in the interest of right and justice, and a spirit is gradually growing up in the organization which will produce one of two results—reform and punishment of the evil-doers, or disruption of the organization and escape of the prisoners.

WHICH RESULT SHALL IT BE?

One or other of these results is inevitable. And whichever it is, it will be the clear and logical result of your action. Your withdrawal from the organization in despair or disgust, will no more enable you to shake

off your responsibility than if you give an active support to the criminals. Which result shall it be? The decision rests with you. If the men responsible for this state of things cannot succeed in stifling all investigation into their misdeeds, they would prefer to see the organization smashed. "Dead men tell no tales." They know that an honest investigation would overwhelm them, and they are fighting for existence, therefore they are determined there shall be none, and every D. that demands one is suspended or left without communication. This conduct is capable of but one explanation. They cannot stand investigation. The question with them is: Shall their personal reputations be destroyed, or the organization be ruined? And they have chosen the latter. Men with true instincts, and whose records were clean, would scorn to force themselves on any organization—to handle its funds and direct its policy—while under such accusations as have been leveled against the Triangle. Men with the real good of Ireland and of the V. C. at heart would refuse to hold office at the expense of the unity and efficiency of the organization. Looked at from any standpoint their conduct is indefensible and unpatriotic. No man fit for the duties of the high offices these men hold would acquire it by such means, or hold on to it when acquired. No men who honestly intended to aid the men at home to free Ireland—which is the fundamental principle of the V. C.—would begin their official career by deceiving their colleagues in Ireland and persisting in carrying on any policy against their protest.

Since the disastrous gathering, miscalled a convention, which met in Boston twelve months ago, the organization has been going from bad to worse. The deceit and trickery by which three members of the F. C. were enabled to continue themselves in power, and so change the whole form and object of the order as to make it a convenient instrument for the furtherance of personal ambition at the expense of the personal cause of Ireland, have continued to play havoc in our ranks. The strength and vitality of the national movement have been shattered. The oldest and strongest D.'s are being driven out one by one, and a system of repression of free speech, and sham trials, copied from the worst features of British tyranny in England, is brought into requisition for the purpose of crushing all independence of thought and stifling the voice of patriotism. No honest man in the V. C. who sees and hears what is going on around him, can fail to recognize that ruin and disintegration must speedily make shipwreck of all our hopes, if a strong and vigorous remedy be not soon applied. No intelligent man can fail to see that every effort of the three men who have usurped the governing authority of the V. C., every dollar entrusted to them for the advancement of the cause, is being devoted to the maintenance of their power, and to the work of driving from the organization every man who charges them with wrong-doing, or who advocates an investigation of the charges made.

INVESTIGATION DEMANDED.

That the aims and objects of the organization, and also its money, are being sacrificed to the necessities

of the war of self-defence waged by three desperate men, must be plain to every intelligent man, and it must be equally plain that an honest, impartial investigation of the serious charges made against these men would put a speedy end to all this trouble, by either convicting them of wrong-doing or their accusers of falsehood. In either case the organization would be freed from evil-doers and restored to harmony. Why, then, is such an investigation refused? The men who make the charges are ready to substantiate them and take the consequences. The accused men shirk an investigation, drive their accusers out of the organization, so that their evidence may not be available, and hold on with the grip of desperation to the positions they are accused of disgracing.

Can any organization of intelligent, self-respecting men tolerate such a state of affairs? You who submit to the scandalous methods by which it is kept up are making yourselves responsible for irreparable injury to the cause you are sworn to serve.

Let us recapitulate the work of the Boston "convention," the charges made against the Triangle, the disruptive policy they have since pursued, and the remedy we propose. We charge that the three members of the last F. C., who now constitute the Triangle, are solely responsible for the evils of their present situation, and that deceit and trickery have characterized their action at every step. There is no statement of theirs now promulgated that is not made for the purpose of misleading the organization in regard to vital facts. These facts cover the postponement and change of

form of the convention, the proceedings of that body, the relations with the I. R. B., the disbursement of the largest sum of money ever handled by any F. C., the authority and responsibility of the R. D., and the policy pursued. In short, they embrace every question of vital importance to the organization, and to their characters as officers and members of the V. C.

First—The postponement of the convention.—It is claimed that these men had nothing to do with it—that it was entirely the work of the organization. Here are the facts:

Those who were delegates to the Philadelphia National Convention will remember that the subject was first mooted there *at the request of the three members of the F. C. in question*, in a caucus of members of the V. C. It was proposed by a member of D. 11, and seconded by a member of D. 1, and passed as a recommendation to the D.'s, that they favor a change in the constitution by which each district should elect delegates, in proportion to membership, to the National Convention. It was recommended in that form to the F. C. for promulgation to the D.'s. When promulgated it has undergone a remarkable change, by which each district was allowed two delegates, irrespective of membership. This would give a district having then less than 100 members in good standing the same representation as those having 1,500 members.

The proposition of the F. C. was passed in some D.'s with an amendment providing for representation according to membership, and a request that the amendment be submitted to all D.'s. The reply of the

F. C. was that there was no time to do so, and yet about a year elapsed before the convention was held. Thus they secured a postponement of the convention under pretense of submitting a constitutional question to the D.'s, but so altered the question itself as to deprive large districts of representation in proportion to their membership, reducing the number of delegates to the convention, thereby making the work of manipulation easier. Thus, you see, the proposition originated with the F. C., was supported by them in caucus, and they voted and worked for its passage, and yet they tell you they had nothing to do with it; "that it was the work of the organization."

This was the first part of the programme by which they sought to deceive and hoodwink the organization, escape a proper accounting of their trusts and secure a continuance in office. Let us now examine the second part of the programme, or farce, played at Boston.

THE CONVENTION.

Notwithstanding the long delay and the evidence of elaborate preparation for the convention on the part of the F. C., the notice received by the delegates was only given at the last moment. Both the first circular after the convention and the so-called "report" of its proceedings, issued by the Triangle in the name of the delegates from each district, contained deliberate mis-statements of facts. There was no Committee on Credentials, and the word of the secretary of the F. C. was the only voucher for the genuineness of the delegates. There were three persons present who were not

delegates, and one of the three presided. The composition of the committees appointed by the chairman after dining with the men who controlled the F. C., and disbursed its funds, left every consideration of decency and *bon fide* investigation out of account. To investigate the work of these men, a Committee on Foreign Relations, consisting of two of them, and a man who was entirely dependent on them for information, was appointed. The Finance Committee consisted of three district members, two of whom were the agents of the F. C. in the "active policy," and notoriously their partisans. These committees, sitting jointly, and having out of the six members only two who were not previously concerned in the work of governing and spending the funds, had the coolness to report that "The Finance Committee are fully satisfied with the economy and prudence with which the expenditures have been made, and the Foreign Relations Committee find complete exactitude in the financial acknowledgements of the R. D., etc." That is, two members of the American part of the R. D., who had been receiving and spending in the name of that body vast sums of money, of which the three home members knew nothing; aided by two accommodating district members who had been helping them to spend the money, find "complete exactitude" in their own accounts. And then, on the plea that "lives of faithful and devoted men are in the keeping of each of us who have served on either of these committees," they appeal to be allowed to keep the knowledge to themselves, and assure the organization that they "individually and collectively agree that it is a

misfortune that so many of us should have this knowledge." They describe their anxiety to "see in the flesh the officer in charge of the new policy" a staunch confederate of theirs whom they appointed and who merely carried out their orders—so that they might, forsooth, determine whether economy characterized his work and their own. But the crowning hypocrisy of all was their desire to ascertain if the receipts "acknowledged by the Home Branch of the R. D. corresponded with those reported with the F. C. as having been paid out." That is, they wanted to see if money received and spent by the American Branch of the R. D., without the knowledge or consent of the Home Branch, was properly accounted for by men who knew nothing about them, and whose representative was kept away from the convention lest the truth should become known. And the men guilty of this shameless deceit and hypocrisy are running the United States to-day.

USE OF FUNDS.

Third—Relations with the I. R. B.—Without the presence of an envoy from the I. R. B. the convention was dependent on the word of men who admitted the receipt and expenditure of \$266,000, and who are positively known to have received a much larger sum, for the genuineness of the account. They place \$128,000 to the credit of the R. D., and \$75,000 to that of the S. C. of the I. R. B., and they make it impossible for an envoy from Ireland to confirm or contradict the statement by withholding information from him as to the time and place of the convention.

They aver that they sent the information both by cable and mail, and yet there are letters at our disposal, dating from June to October, from a member of the S. C., complaining they could not get the information they sought, and the last one affirming that the old address was still good for cable or mail. No letter passing between the two organizations ever miscarried before that time, and others have reached the same address since. The F. C. were made aware of the non-receipt of the information, and if it was intended to reach the S. C. it would have been received.

The true explanation for all this is found in the admission in the "report" of the convention in a radical difference of opinion between the F. C. and S. C., and a determination to dictate to the latter body. There is not a shadow of doubt that three members of the F. C., who represented the V. C. on the R. D., usurped the functions of the whole body, and spent the money voted to it by the F. C. without the knowledge of the home members. By keeping away the one envoy of the I. R. B., and auditing their own accounts, and speaking in general terms of the R. D. as if they spoke for the whole body, they hoped to conceal this fact and secure a continuance of the fraud. We now begin to see why it became necessary to impose silence by oath on the delegates for the first time in the history of the conventions of the V. C. The "report" of the convention issued by the Triangle, and the tone of circulars since issued, show a deliberate purpose to prepare the minds of the members of the V. C. for a break with our brothers at home. Are such men worthy of your confidence?

Fourth—The R. D.—The R. D. is a fundamental law of the V. C., protected and ratified by internal treaty with the I. R. B. It cannot be altered or abolished without the consent of the I. R. B., and the consent of the D.'s. It was adopted by the Philadelphia Convention of the V. C., by a unanimous vote in 1876, with the proviso that it should become a law only when approved by a two-thirds majority of the D.'s. It was submitted to the D.'s, and after being discussed by special meetings in every D., was approved by much more than the necessary majority. It was then submitted to the S. C., and having been agreed to by them, the R. D. was elected, and by a solemn treaty invested with the supreme authority in all revolutionary matters.

The R. D. could not be abolished without the consent of both the contracting parties, nor its functions assumed by a minority of that body or their confederate "in flesh" without the consent of the S. C. or consulting the D.'s, who created it, and that most accommodating body, called the Boston Convention, has empowered the Triangle to elect an R. D. or not, as they see fit. That is, to elect the whole body and run a boat of their own, as did the Flannagans at the Flood, with the assistance of their confederate "in flesh."

PROTESTING.

The R. D. provided the means of adjusting the differences between the two organizations, of adopting a common policy, of auditing all expenditures, and made out of previously disjointed fragments, one united Irish

revolutionary body throughout the world. Every intelligent man will now perceive that the assumption of power by the V. C. members of the R. D. and their officer "in flesh," as well as the action taken at Boston, meant broken faith with the I. R. B., means secession, disruption, divided councils, and is a direct blow at the integrity of the national movement. We cannot believe that you will continue to condone this offense on the part of the present Triangle, or indorse this breach of faith with the I. R. B.

Fifth—The other work of the convention. The mode of electing the Triangle is inconsistent with honest intentions, and gives the organization no protection against wrong-doing. The oath of secrecy as to the whole proceedings is absolutely without justification or valid reason. Its evident intention was to cover up the farce enacted by the committees.

No reasonable member of the V. C. wants information involving danger to men within the enemy's reach. But every man should know who audits accounts covering hundreds of thousands of dollars, and insist on having some guarantee that an honest inquiry is made into the most important work of the F. C., viz.: Their relations with the men at home. The change in the oath bodes evil to the cause. What intelligent man will bind himself to promote all measures adopted by the Triangle, "whether known or unknown?" Are you to follow these men blindly in every enterprise to which fancy or ambition leads them, including schemes of American politics?

This, brothers, is the true situation of the Irish national movement in America to-day.

The only possible remedy is in a general convention, which will pronounce final judgment, and calmly and impartially set aside all men who stand in the way of union. We have appealed to the Triumvirate for such a convention, as have many of you, in vain.

They will never call it, for the simple reason that they dare not. The only possible means of securing it, and thereby ending this trouble once for all, is by your shaking off the lethargy that has overtaken you, and joining hands with us. Your appeals and protests to your leaders will be met by hollow pretenses and subterfuges such as have met all such efforts for the last year.

Waiting for the "regular" convention means submitting to another farce, and allowing the work of disruption to go on with accelerated speed. Come frankly and openly to our side, and the settlement of the trouble will be in your own hands. We are empowered to call a convention at any time when we see the necessity for it without waiting for the period fixed, and it shall be called as soon as you say the word. Then let the culprit suffer, whether it be accused or accuser, and the unfaithful, incompetent and factious step to the rear.

The cause of truth, justice and patriotism will triumph, the confidence now broken be restored, the gloom now hovering over the organization dispelled, and with brightening hopes we will march on to the accomplishment of our object—the restoration of

national independence under a republican form of government to our native land.

Fraternally yours,

THE F. C. OF THE V. C.

X. F. G. (W. E. F.), Chairman.

Y. F. C. (X. E. B.), Sec.

All communications should be addressed to John C. Phillips, care of P. O. Box 2,049, New York City.

As this is a "document" chapter we will introduce another paper from Dr. Cronin that was introduced at the Coroner's inquest, with a small portion of the testimony immediately connected with it.

Lawrence R. Buckley there testified that he was chairman of the committee which tried Dr. Cronin for treason. Coughlin, O'Malley and Murphy (the latter being the father of Miss Anna Murphy, who positively asserted that she met Dr. Cronin on the night of his disappearance), were also on that committee. He said that Le Caron was not a member of it; yet the latter's name was signed to the findings. Buckley recollected that Dr. Cronin was expelled, but his memory on certain points was very defective. The Coroner asked him: "What did Dr. Cronin say in his own defense at the trial? You said he was there."

"He made a speech after the testimony was all in."

"What did he say?"

"I don't remember the language, but it amounted to that he thought he was right. If the committee could find anything in the constitution of the order that made him out guilty, the committee should do its duty."

John F. O'Malley, also of the trial committee, possessed a particularly non-retentive memory. He could not recollect who the members of the committee were, though he finally recalled that Lawrence R. Buckley and Daniel Coughlin sat upon it. He could not be sure about Murphy and Le Caron, nor could he be positive if Officer Brown did or did not prefer the charges. Brown might or might not have been present, he said. He could not remember how he himself voted, how Coughlin voted or if he made any remarks. But he did know that the charge against Dr. Cronin was treason, and that he was expelled.

Daniel Brown, policeman, was another individual afflicted with shortness of memory, or no memory at all. He is the man who preferred the charges on which Dr. Cronin, in 1885, was expelled from the order. Brown had forgotten entirely the nature of the circular which provoked the charges, and could not tell who was the prosecutor.

It came out, however, that Policeman Daniel Brown at the time the charges were made, was a member of Camp No. 16, now Camp No. 41. He had heard at a meeting of Dr. Cronin's camp, a discussion regarding a circular from a camp that had been expelled; that circular was read by Dr. Cronin. As this was a violation of the rules of the order, he preferred charges of treason in his own camp against the Doctor and the trial committee was the result.

Timothy Crean, an agent and partisan of Alexander Sullivan, was the man who instigated Brown to such action, and according to the testimony of his own pro-

test, Alexander Sullivan was the prosecutor. It is on record that Officer Daniel Brown was recommended for a position on the police force by henchmen of Alexander Sullivan. That he is a close friend of Dan Coughlin, is also well known, and it was very evident to all who heard testimony that he is a weakling who had become the tool of brighter and more powerful minds.

All this leads up to the papers left by the murdered man, which were presented in evidence to the Coroner's jury. They related to matters connected with the conduct of affairs by the R. D. (Revolutionary Directorate), when the executive (the Triangle), consisted of Alexander Sullivan, Michael Boland and D. C. Feeley. Among these papers were telegrams from, and to parties in New York and Dr. Cronin, charges made out against the Triangle, and the proof which was to sustain them. The serious accusations contained in these, the strong evidence prepared in their support, suggest a most powerful motive for silencing the man who makes them and destroying them if possible.

The document commences thus: PHILADELPHIA, PENN., Jan. 15, 1889.—*To the F. C. of the U. S.*—DEAR SIRS AND BROTHERS: The Trial Committee appointed at Chicago was unable to elicit all the facts connected with the charges placed before it, because of the refusal of several of the witnesses to answer many of the questions asked, and because of the inability of others to remember events and figures that might be supposed to be indelibly impressed upon

their memories. From the evidence presented I am obliged to report:

WHAT THE CHARGES WERE.

1. That the family of one who lost his life in the service of the order was scandalously and shamefully neglected and continued to be neglected for two years after their destitute condition was known, and that Alexander Sullivan, Michael Boland, and D. C. Feeley are responsible and censurable for that neglect.

2. That Gen. C. H. McCarthy, of St. Paul, Minn., was unjustly and deliberately excluded from the Boston Convention, and subsequently shamefully prosecuted and driven from the order, and that Alexander Sullivan, Michael Boland, and D. C. Feeley are responsible and censurable for that series of reprehensible acts.

3. That a delegate from home organization was excluded from the Boston Convention, and that the same three defendants are responsible and censurable for that exclusion.

4. That the same defendants issued a deceptive report to the Boston Convention, leading the order to believe that its affairs had been examined by independent committees, and that the order was \$13,000 in debt; that in fact Alexander Sullivan and Michael Boland were on the Committee of Foreign Affairs, and the treasurer states that there was a balance in the treasury, and not a debt.

5. That prior to the Boston Convention one hundred and eleven thousand (\$111,000) dollars were expended without any direct or indirect benefit to the

order, and most of it in a manner that could not in any way have benefited the order, and that the three same defendants are censurable and responsible for this enormous and wasteful expenditure.

6. That this enormous sum was spent without the sanction or knowledge of the home portion of the R. D.

7. That various persons sent abroad were not supplied with sufficient funds, and that the agent of the Triangle is responsible and censurable for that criminal neglect, and not the three defendants.

8. That Michael Boland and the late secretary of the I. R. B. issued fraudulent transfers for the purpose of deceiving the order in Philadelphia into believing that the union with the home order had not been broken.

9. That Michael Boland and D. C. Feeley, the former by acts and the latter by assent, are guilty of attempting to pack the Pittsburg Convention, by: First, excluding the delegate from the Pacific slope; second, excluding Mr. McGlaughlin, delegate from Dakota; third, excluding O'Sullivan and Delaney, rightful delegates from New York; fourth, admitting the Rev. Dr. Betts and John J. Maroney on bogus credentials from the bogus districts; fifth, admitting Boland and Malone, illegal delegates from New York, sixth, admitting proxies from Iowa, Brooklyn, and Illinois; seventh, sitting as delegates themselves, in direct violation of the constitution.

10. That the \$87,491 reported to the district convention as having been spent in active work, was not

spent for any such work, no such work having been done or contemplated during the eleven months within which the large amount was drawn from the treasury. The active work done between the Boston and other district conventions was paid for out of the surplus held by the agent of the Triangle at the time of the Boston Convention, and not out of the \$87,491 drawn from the treasury months after such active work had ceased.

11. That Michael Boland, and D. C. Feeley, the former by acts and the later by silence, are responsible for the expenditure of this large amount of money, and censurable for deceiving the district convention as to the purpose for which it was spent.

12. That Michael Boland, Alexander Sullivan and D. C. Feeley, the former by acts and the two latter by assent, illegally suspended D.'s in January, 1885, and that Michael Boland and D. C. Feeley, the former by acts and the later by assent, illegally suspended U. D.'s in New York in January, 1886.

Yours respectfully,

P. McCahey.

I concur in the within and foregoing report and would recommend, in strict fairness to all concerned, and in justice to the entire organization, that the evidence from which were deducted the foregoing, be printed by F. C. and sent to each D. O., and by him read at the general meeting or district over which he presides.

P. H. CRONIN.

[Signed Jan. 19, 1889.]

MORE INTERESTING PAPERS.

There were other papers of interest and importance, left by Dr. Cronin, produced at the inquest, and as they follow exactly in the lead of the documents just quoted they are given here.

The next paper consisted of Dr. Cronin's notes of the proceedings and testimony at the trial of the Triangle at New York and Buffalo.

The committee met at the Westminster Hotel, New York, and adjourned to Aug. 28, 1888, at Buffalo, the defendants not being ready, owing to short notice.

Pursuant to that adjournment the committee met at the Genesee House, Buffalo.

In relation to the testimony given before the trial committee the notes said that the first witness testified that some time previous to the Buffalo Convention he was called on by certain members of the order with reference to doing some secret work abroad. This witness complained that he was not properly provided with funds, having been given only \$50, and that after seven weeks absence he returned without having done any work. This man again went across the water, in company with another man, they having \$100 apiece, and having been told by Donovan that sufficient funds would be furnished them on the other side by the agent in London. They called on the agent, who was found to have no funds for any such purpose. The agent had only \$200, which was barely enough for his expenses. This man thought he had been betrayed and moved his lodgings several times, claiming that he was watched by detectives. The work was delayed six weeks for

that reason. The witness told the agent that he would do the work and on a Saturday he did it. After the work was done the witness was so reduced in funds that he asked the agent for £4, which the agent gave him out of the £16 he had left.

The witness stated to the committee that he received \$500 in all for four persons, and of this the agent had \$200. They engaged altogether in three "enterprises." They always bade good-by to each other before each "enterprise." One of the men had to sell his clothes in order to get back. On his return all he got was \$7. When this man told Gen. Kirwin that he ought to send some help to William Lomasney, Kirwin replied that he ought to be expelled. A few months later this man (the witness) met a woman from Detroit who told him that Capt. Lomasney's wife was in trouble. The sum of \$1,025 was raised for her by private subscription and sent to Detroit. Those who went to hand the money to her found her condition much worse even than it had been represented. Dr. Gallagher's people were also found in want. Delaney had recovered the money that was on Dr. Gallagher's person, but it was only a little sum, most of it having been used in his defense. There was \$100 raised in New York and sent to Mrs. Gallagher. The witness suggested to the executive that the men on trial on the other side of the Atlantic should be defended, but Gen. Kirwin said that friendless men were better off in such cases.

Under the head, "Deceiving the I. R. B.," it was stated that the witness produced five papers purporting to be transfers, made out in accordance with the rules

of the order, by the executive, but which were found to be bogus.

The next heading was "Pittsburg Convention." It was stated that D. O'Sullivan and J. J. Delaney represented as delegates to the convention eleven camps; that in order to keep these two men out of the convention and prevent them from telling what they knew, the entire eleven camps were suspended. There were two delegates from Chicago, Tim Crean and Florence Sullivan, the former being a proxy for Alex. Sullivan and the latter for Father M. J. Dorney. The statement was made that Sullivan had been selected by cablegram by a branch in Australia to represent it in the convention. The secretary being questioned, stated that the organization in Australia had never sent any money and that it was only about to organize. It was shown that such a cablegram would have to pass through London, and that it was therefore not probable that it would reach Chicago.

Another witness stated that he received \$500 from Boland with instruction to use it according to his judgment in England. He asked Boland if he was to do any "active work" and Boland said he could use it as he wished. Then followed some statements about caucuses and intrigues for the purpose of capturing the offices of the National Land League, in which the witness refused to engage, although he was offered the presidency of the league, in place of Patrick Egan, who was to go out. The witness stated that he was led to believe that the organization intended to oppose Parnell on account of his recognition of others. The

reason why Alexander Sullivan and Father Dorney sent proxies was stated to be that Dorney was having trouble with the Bishop and that Sullivan was shadowed by British detectives. A charge was made that Maroney's debts were paid by the executive. In August, 1882, Maroney was a porter in a grocery store. Three years after he was representing two counties and was himself dealing in groceries. He had \$400 from the Executive Committee, which was advanced until he had earned enough to pay it back.

Another witness testified in detail as to the condition of Mrs. Lomasney. The witness who testified stated that he was closer to Lomasney than a brother, and offered him his hand the day he told him of his project. Lomasney had little help. Mrs. Lomasney had to take care of four children and an aged father. Her condition showed a most outrageous case of neglect. Fleming's brother died in the poor-house.

DENYING RESPONSIBILITY.

The witness spoke to Carroll and Mulraney about Mrs. Lomasney's condition. They professed complete ignorance and told him to see Boland. Boland denied all responsibility and said he would have nothing to do with it. Personally, he claimed that she had received much money. The witness said she had not. Boland was non-committal, but his admission that she had received money had made him responsible. Witness said to him: "If you respect the memory of the dead, and the widow and the orphans, you ought to do your duty by them." The witness visited Mrs. Lomasney

and found her destitute of clothing and food, and with nothing but her poverty and pride. In 1887, the Sheriff put Mrs. Lomasney out in the street. No home was ever bought for her, although much money was collected. An investigation into her habits was made, and it was found that she was economically inclined.

The paper concluded with the statement of another witness who had been sent to England, that he had no shoes and sold his clothes and his trunk in order to get home to America.

CHAPTER IX.

Alexander Sullivan—Born on British Soil and a British Subject—
In Business in Detroit—Charged with Arson—Political Work,
Offices and Quarrels—Marriage—Murders Principal Hanford
—Twice Tried for Murder—Acquitted—Was the Jury Bribed?
—Practices Law in Chicago—To the Front in Irish Secret
Societies—He Flourishes Financially—Becomes a “Plunger”
in Stocks—“Lost and Squandered \$95,000”—Dr. Cronin and
His Investigations—Luke Dillon Tells What He Knows—
Alexander Sullivan’s Protest Against, and Vituperation of,
Dr. Cronin.

Alexander Sullivan was born in Amherstburg, Ontario, Canada. His father was, at the time, in the English military service, and is now a pensioner of Great Britain.

When yet a youth, Alexander Sullivan went to Detroit, Mich., and found employment in the boot and shoe store of A. J. Bowe. Subsequently he entered upon the same trade for himself, in that city, his store being in the Brester Block, on Michigan avenue. His business career was not a success, and was closed by the destruction of his entire establishment by fire, evidently the work of an incendiary. It was charged by his enemies that he set fire to the place himself; but the investigation failed to fasten the guilt upon him.

Previous to this time he had gained prominence as an advocate of trades unions and labor movements. In the political campaign of 1868 he took the stump for the republican candidates. He is a polished and forcible speaker, and did excellent service. His political

course greatly offended his Irish brethren, nearly all of whom were democrats, and they denounced him vigorously. Soon after the installation of President Grant he was appointed collector of internal revenue, at Santa Fe, N. M., but the appointment was never confirmed by the Senate. Subsequently, however, he was made secretary of the Territory. He established a newspaper at Santa Fe, to advocate republicanism, and published it for some time. He became embroiled in several quarrels in the Territory, and was once shot at by Gen. Heath. He was next heard of in Chicago, where he was connected, in a reportorial capacity, with the *Inter-Ocean* and *Times*. His interest and activity in politics was as great as ever, and in 1873 he was made secretary of the board of public works, of Chicago, and held that position for some time.

About 1874 he was married to Miss Margaret Buchanan, who for a time occupied a prominent position as a teacher in the public schools of Chicago, being at one time principal of the Houghton School.

The evening of August 7, 1876, Alexander Sullivan shot and killed Francis Hanford, principal of the North Division High School in that city. The record is, that at a meeting of the city council on the evening mentioned, when the report of the committee on schools was submitted, it was accompanied by two letters, written by Mr. Hanford; in one of these he wrote: "The instigator and engineer-in-chief of all the deviltry connected with the legislation of the board of education is Mrs. Sullivan, wife of the secretary of the board of public works."

The letters further accused Mrs. Sullivan of bringing editorial and Catholic influences to bear upon the board of education, and of conspiring with Mayor Colvin and others to have J. L. Pickard, superintendent of public schools, superseded by Duane Doty. The latter and Mrs. Sullivan, it was further stated, were a "mutual admiration society."

Sullivan was present in the council chamber when these reflections upon his wife were read. He went home, and after talking with Mrs. Sullivan, took her and a younger brother in a carriage to Mr. Hanford's house, and, meeting Hanford on the sidewalk in front of his home, demanded a retraction of what he had written. Hanford refused to retract a word; Sullivan struck him and a general confusion ensued, during which, it was alleged, Hanford pushed Mrs. Sullivan, and thereupon Sullivan shot him. Hanford died in thirty minutes. Sullivan was indicted for murder and twice tried. The first trial began October 17 and ended October 26, 1876. The jury disagreed. The second trial began February 27 and ended March 10, 1877. Sullivan was acquitted.

At that time there was some talk of indicting the jury, a strong belief prevailing that their verdict had been bought. Nothing came of this, however. Since his acquittal Alexander Sullivan practiced law in Chicago and gathered unto himself that influence with Irish secret societies, notably the Clan-na-Gael, which resulted in his election as president of the new Land League, which consolidated the Irish-American societies of all kinds. Sullivan's connection with the Clan-na-

Gael and the charges against him of having diverted the funds of the order to his own use, were long a matter of frequent discussions among certain circles in the organization.

When the Trader's Bank of Chicago failed, then Dr. Cronin learned that in 1882, Alexander Sullivan placed the proceeds of a draft for \$90,000 in that bank, drawn by the Metropolitan bank of New York, in favor of



ALEXANDER SULLIVAN.

Young, Windes & Co.; and another draft, bearing the same names, for \$1,000. That money belonged to the fund of the Irish secret society. Sullivan operated heavily in stocks in 1882 through the house of J. T. Lester & Co., Chicago.

The *Daily News* of Chicago, on the 10th of June, says: "In 1882, when Alexander Sullivan was 'plung-

ing' in railroad stocks and bonds at the rate of \$30,000 a 'plunge,' Mr. Egan was a resident of Paris, France, having sought that gay capital as an exile. It was after Alexander Sullivan's visit to Mr. Egan at Paris that the former began his operations in stocks and bonds through John T. Lester & Co. It is claimed that on his visit to Paris Mr. Sullivan received \$100,000 or more of Irish funds which he carried back to America. This has been denied. Mr. Trude, however, says that after Mr. Sullivan returned from France he received from Mr. Egan a trust fund of \$100,000, which he deposited in the Trader's Bank and subsequently drew out on checks made payable to J. T. Lester & Co."

It appears that Sullivan closed his account with these brokers June 20, 1883, having a balance in his favor of \$95,000. What became of this money was a problem that Dr. Cronin endeavored to solve. Sullivan was still speculating in July, 1887. After the firm of Morris Rosenfeld & Co. was formed he operated through it, and when that firm failed, his profits, or what was left of them, were swept away.

In the *Chicago Tribune* of June 13, 1889, is the following: "The gap between Alexander Sullivan's speculations with J. T. Lester & Co. in 1882, and Morris Rosenfeld & Co. in 1887, has at last been bridged. The prosecution now has absolute evidence that Mr. Sullivan lost and squandered the \$95,000 returned to him by the firm."

This money was Irish funds. Dr. Cronin hunted all this out. He knew that no accounting had been rendered, nor could one be forced, or in any way ob-

tained, hence Cronin's charges at the Buffalo Convention of the Clan-na-Gael; which charges were not disproved, but a majority of the committee were partisans of Alexander Sullivan, and they, without attempting thorough investigation, reported in his favor.

The rebuff only spurred Dr. Cronin to greater exertions. He industriously accumulated evidence, wrote scathing editorials for the *Celto-American*, and he was prepared to present, at the convention in July, overwhelming evidence against Alexander Sullivan. It was fear of this exposure, added to the hate already existing against him, that gave good reason for "quieting" him.

Luke Dillon, the Irish Nationalist, whose name is universally known, was a strong witness before the Coroner's jury.

He stated his business was that of a retail shoe dealer in Philadelphia.

He admitted that he is a member of the United Brotherhood.

"Have you, as a member of that society, taken an obligation?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is there anything in that obligation that would conflict with the duty which you owe to your country, the United States?"

"There is nothing in that obligation which would conflict with my duty as a citizen of the United States, except the occasion might arise when it would be necessary for myself and other Irishmen, who had

taken this obligation, to violate the neutrality laws. Those are the only laws which we could violate.”

“Can you state to the jury the objects of your organization?”

“The object of the organization is to assist a like organization in Ireland and England to establish in Ireland an Irish Republic, and also to bring about fraternal feeling among Irishmen in this country and assist in the elevation of our race.”

“Did you know Dr. P. H. Cronin?”

“I knew him very well—intimately. He was associated with me on the executive of the order when a division existed. I used to communicate with him regularly, perhaps every week or two. I knew him to be intensely patriotic and very useful in the Irish movement.”

“Have you ever had any conversation with Dr. Cronin touching his being in any danger?”

“Yes, sir, we have spoken of it. He has told me that the personal ambition of Alexander Sullivan to rule both in Irish and American politics in this city would be the cause of his death, for he felt the man had no more blood than a fish, and would not hesitate to take his life. I thought at the time he had Alexander Sullivan on the brain, and that there was not the slightest likelihood of any man hurting him.”

“Has anything happened since that time, Mr. Dillon, to change your mind in regard to this matter?”

“Yes, sir. At the trial of Sullivan, Boland and Feeley, at which I was present, and of which Dr. Cronin was one of the jurors, Alexander Sullivan

protested against Cronin sitting in judgment upon him, because of the intense enmity existing between the two men, himself and Cronin, and his language to Cronin at that time was very abusive, and I felt that the man who would speak so disparagingly of another was capable of going to further extremes. Another reason why I have changed my mind and why I believe that Alexander Sullivan is responsible for this murder, if not the principal, is that Dr. Cronin's verdict against him and others was "Guilty." The trial to which I am referring took place partly in Buffalo and partly in New York, and I had ample time to study the feelings exhibited there, and I unhesitatingly say that Sullivan showed great prejudice against him, and since then I have received as a member of the executive a request that Alexander Sullivan be permitted to send out a protest along with the trial report and which would be sent to the different clubs. As a member of that executive body I objected to the sending out of a circular by a man who was not a member of the order, as he had resigned some four years previous, but I was evidently overruled, for such a document has been sent out, and with the permission of the Coroner and of the jury here I will read it."

"When was that trial in Buffalo held?"

"About a year ago."

"Who were tried?"

"Alexander Sullivan, Dennis C. Feeley, of Rochester, and Colonel Michael Boland, now of Kansas City. There were two sets of charges, one by John Devoy, charging them with spending \$128,000 without per-

mission of the home organization, notwithstanding the agreement with that organization not to spend any money without their sanction. My charges were that they had spent \$87,000, and had failed to account for it during the years, I think, from 1885 to 1887."

"Did the trial proceed?"

"Yes, sir, notwithstanding the objections of Mr. Sullivan, Dr. Cronin acted as a member of that committee in the capacity of a juror."

"You suggested just now, Mr. Dillon, that you would read a document. Is that a report of this trial committee?"

"It is Alexander Sullivan's protest against Dr. Cronin, which was issued to the order and is now sent to all the camps in the country, stating that Dr. Cronin was a British spy, and other like matter."

"Was that protest attached to that report of the trial?"

"It was. This protest, against the issuing of which I protested, on the ground that Alexander Sullivan was not a member of the order, has only been issued to the clubs during the past week, and since the death of Dr. Cronin."

"Is that protest made a part of that report of the trial?"

"Yes, sir, it is made a part of the report."

THE PROTEST AS READ BY MR. DILLON:

NEW YORK, Sept. 15, 1888. *P. A. O'Boyle, Secretary.*
DEAR SIR:—At the opening of the investigation in Buffalo, I protested against the presence of P. H.

Cronin as a member of the committee to investigate any charges against me. The committee decided that it had no power to act in the matter, but, through the chairman, said that I could file my protest in writing. Therefore I formally and in writing renew said protest. My grounds are:

1. He is a personal enemy.
2. He has expressed opinions in this case.
3. He is a perjurer and a scoundrel unfit to be placed on any jury.

To the first objection I cite the men of the U. B. organization in Chicago from which he was expelled in a case where I conducted the prosecution. There is no question in Chicago of his personal hostility. Before the National League Convention of 1886 his was one of the signatures to a circular assailing me, and he was a regular attendant at meetings hostile to me. This is so notorious to men from all parts of the country that it is not necessary to enlarge upon it. But if substantiation is required it can be furnished to an overwhelming degree.

In support of the second objection it is only necessary to recite the now notorious fact that Cronin was a member of the executive body of the U. B. Hence he was one of those who circulated charges against my former associates and myself. He, therefore, not only expressed his opinions, but in his official capacity caused these opinions to be published and circulated. Your committee is chosen from two bodies, whose members differed on many subjects, but who all agreed, or, at least, professed to agree, in denouncing

unfair trials, packed juries and prejudiced jurors in Ireland. Yet I am asked, after a period of four years has elapsed since I was a member of the organization, to come to trial before a committee chosen in my absence, at a place where I was given no opportunity to be heard, although I was within a few hundred feet of that place; and while you ask the world to believe that you want fair trials on this side of the Atlantic, you ask me to accept as a juror a creature who would be excluded in any civil court from a jury in a trial of a case in which I had an interest, however trivial.

BETWEEN TWO EVILS.

I am told that it has been declared that if I did not appear before this committee I would be denounced as one unable to defend himself against an accusation filed, so I was left the alternative of being tried before a jury with at least one prejudiced member, or of being abused or villified for my non-appearance. And this, it appears, is what the men who selected Cronin were led to believe was fairness. They should never again be so indecently inconsistent as to criticise the composition of juries or courts chosen to try men in England or Ireland. Had he as much decency as an ordinary dog, he would not sit in a case in which I was interested.

As to the third objection to Cronin, I charge that the brand of perjury is so burnt into the scoundrel's brow, that all the waters of the earth would not remove the brand. He was a delegate to the district convention held in Chicago, March 23, 1884, that being the first one held in this district after the constitution

was so amended as to provide for the election of two delegates from each district. Two delegates were elected at the same session; one being chosen immediately after the other; yet Cronin, after officially reporting to his D. (camp) that two delegates were elected, circulated a report that only one was elected, and added that he would not be permitted to speak nor present any suggestions from his D. Every other delegate at the convention has been sworn, and every one, including those who were with Cronin in the U. D. organization, testified that the two delegates were chosen; that Cronin was present when they were chosen; that every delegate not only could speak as he pleased, but was actually called upon to speak; and that every delegate, including Cronin, did speak.

Cronin was expelled a convicted liar, who added perjury to his slander.

CRONIN'S RECORD PER SULLIVAN.

I have further investigated his record, and find that in civil matters outside of this organization he is also a perjurer. The record obtained from Ireland by William J. Fitzgerald, a solicitor at Mallow, recommended to me by Mr. Healy, shows that Cronin was baptized at Buttevant, April 20, 1844. Cronin has sworn that he lived at St. Catherines, Canada, until after the assassination of President Lincoln, April 14, 1865. Capt. McDonald, of No. 2 Company, Nineteenth Battalion of the Canadian Militia, of which this P. H. Cronin was a member, says that at its formation in 1862 or 1863 he had P. H. Cronin in his company, or

shortly after its formation. He was known as the "Singer Cronin." At the time of joining he took the oath of allegiance as follows: "I swear I will bear true and faithful allegiance to Her Majesty, her heirs, and successors." About 1863 positive orders were sent from the Government that every man had to take the oath of allegiance, and that there was none under his command who did not take it. The official records show that Cronin's father, John V. Cronin, was a British subject, and voted in Canada up to the time of his death, so that P. H. Cronin until 1865 or 1866, when he left Canada, was a British subject, and if, as he claims, his father was naturalized in the United States before going to Canada, he voluntarily abandoned his American citizenship, and resumed his position as a British subject, just as P. H. Cronin voluntarily swore allegiance to Her British Majesty, and became one of her loyal British militiamen.

Yet this creature swore in his name as a legal voter in St. Louis, Mo., and voted in that city, as he confessed under oath. After coming to Chicago and residing here one year, he sneaked down to Macoupin County, Ill., doubtless being afraid of attracting attention in Chicago, and swore that he "arrived in the United States a minor, under the age of twenty-one years, that he resided in the United States three years preceding his arrival at the age of twenty-one years." He professed to have believed that he was born in 1856, and not in 1844. But even if that was true, he was over nineteen years old when he left Canada, because he has sworn that he was yet in Canada when

President Lincoln was assassinated, and that he came to the United States in 1865 or 1866; yet he swore he resided in the United States three years preceding his arrival at the age of twenty-one years, and thus secured his papers on this minor petition falsely sworn to.

This much of P. H. Cronin's character I submit, should be considered in connection with any report his malice and prejudice may dictate.

I have not made any formal protest against the continuance of Dr. McCahey's presence on the committee, but it is well known that he has been active in publishing documents and interviews hostile to me, and it is at least strange that one who has been so engaged should be willing to serve on such a committee.

Respectfully,

ALEXANDER SULLIVAN.

The witness continued:

"That has only been issued within two weeks and might have been in the press longer."

"Has that protest, Mr. Dillon, been in the hands of your order or some officer of your order before Cronin's murder?"

"Yes, sir, for about four months, I should judge."

"That protest is dated when?"

"Sept. 15, 1888."

"How do you know that this protest is the protest of Alexander Sullivan?"

"Because I have received official notification from the secretary that Mr. Alexander Sullivan desired to send such a protest out. I objected to its being sent out, because he is not a member of the organization,

and I knew that the protest would attack the character of a decent man.”

“What right had you to object to its being sent out?”

“I had every right, as a member of the executive.”

“Are you at present a member of the executive?”

“I am.”

“How many members are there?”

“Nine.”

The witness told of how the widow of one of the men who had perished “in active service across the water” had been on the verge of starvation until he (Dillon) raised \$1,000 for her relief. The Triangle, which had spent in two years \$128,000, for which there was not a voucher, refused to give this woman any aid.

And then came the story about the \$97,500 given to Dr. Gallagher, now in prison in England. The Triangle caused the impression to spread in the order that Gallagher got that amount, but as a matter of fact the Triangle did not pay Dr. Gallagher one cent. “I know that,” said Dillon, with emphasis.

The Triangle must, therefore, have misappropriated the whole sum of \$128,000.

And here again the Coroner put in his oar. He asked Dillon whether he believed that men had been sent to England on a dangerous mission and betrayed. Dillon believed this to be the case.

“Who could have betrayed them?”

“Only members of the executive or some one in their confidence,” replied Dillon.

“And who were the members of the executive at the time of betrayal?”

“Sullivan, Boland and Feeley.”

The Coroner put some other questions which elicited somewhat unexpected replies. “Did Mr Dillon hear whether the Triangle received \$100,000 from Patrick Egan about June 1, 1882?” Mr. Dillon replied in the negative.

“At that time,” said Mr. Dillon, “the executive had more than \$100,000, or ought to have had more than \$100,000 of the funds of the organization.” Then there was some more questioning about the amount of money the Triangle controlled. “It was about \$350,000,” said Mr. Dillon.

Then followed some questions about Sullivan’s resignation in 1885. The witness said it was a mere pretense. Dillon saw Sullivan’s hand-writing in the official documents of the order after the date of his resignation—for a year after.

He was asked: “Have you any other information, Mr. Dillon, which would be proper to give this jury, sitting to inquire into the death of Dr. Cronin, which would assist them in arriving at the cause of his death?”

“Well, I believe his death is the result of the abuse heaped upon him by the friends of Alexander Sullivan. He has been denominated a spy and a traitor, perjurer, and, in fact, all the invectives have been piled upon him that could be heaped upon the head of any man by the friends of Sullivan, all because of Cronin’s enmity to Sullivan.”

Mr. Dillon said it was utterly impossible that an order should be issued by the executive for the "removal" of a member. It had no power to violate any law of this country. He did not believe that a majority of the committee could come together and issue such an order without his knowledge; neither could any of the subordinate camps issue such an order. If they did it would be in violation of their oath and of the constitution of the order.

Being asked to give some details about this alleged misappropriation of funds which Dr. Cronin and himself talked about, he gave this explanation:

"John Devoy charged that there was \$300,000 and more in the hands of the Triangle, and that \$128,000 was spent in violation of the constitution; that there were no vouchers furnished for it, and that all the papers were burned at the convention, either in Boston or Chicago. This money was supposed to have been spent in using violent measures against England, or carrying on what they termed an 'active policy.' Previous to the resignation of Alexander Sullivan all documents bearing on expenditures for this purpose were ordered burnt by the convention, which was run by Sullivan and his friends. John Devoy was present at this convention and gave his testimony before the trial committee. The amount mentioned by John Devoy as having been misappropriated did not include \$100,000, which was said to have been obtained from Patrick Egan. As to this sum Mr. Dillon could not give any information. The funds of the order were supposed to be used in case of England getting involved in diffi-

culty, in assisting Ireland to liberate herself. It was also supposed that if a man lost his life in the service of the organization his family would be assisted. There was nothing in the constitution that required men to sacrifice their lives or directing the use of the funds to support their families, but it was believed that common decency and Christianity would compel the executive body to do so."

CHAPTER X.

Another Vile Plot Exposed—Attempt to Bribe Jurors—Court Bailiffs Implicated—The Guilty Confess—Who and What They Are—Were the Defense Lawyers In It?—Arrest of the Briber's Chief Agent—Promises, Not Pay, for Triangler's Tools—That \$8,000 Given Mr. Forrest Causes Trouble.

Friday morning, Oct. 11, was consumed in the weary examination, excusing and rejection of veniremen. At the closing of the afternoon session it quickly became evident that there was "something in the wind."

At 2 o'clock, the time for opening the session, the counsel for the defense were at their posts, the prisoners in their seats, and Judge McConnell in court, though he did not take his place on the bench. The state's attorney and every lawyer engaged in the prosecution were absent.

Thirty minutes later the judge sent his bailiff to the state's attorney's office to inform him that the court was waiting. The message he brought back caused his Honor to at once repair to the chief prosecutor's rooms. In about fifteen minutes both officials entered the court room. The judge was at once seated on the bench, and the bailiffs rapped for order. Then, on motion of the state's attorney, the court was adjourned till one o'clock next day, in order that the investigation being made by the prosecution might be continued.

Saturday, Oct. 12, publicity was given to the result of the investigation instituted the day before, by the public prosecutor and his assistants, and which had interrupted the proceedings of the court in the afternoon.

The activity, mystery, and intense excitement pervading the atmosphere in and about the state's attorney's office occasioned endless wild, and some most ridiculous rumors.

Plain truth was sufficiently startling. The lawyers for the state found that a villainous plot, wide in its ramifications, had been set on foot to secure a packed jury to try the men accused of the murder of Dr. Cronin.

The conspirators responsible for that assassination did not believe that the body of the murdered man would be found, or if recovered, that it could be identified. But the body was found and was fully identified and a new conspiracy was formed to extricate suspected parties from the net-work of circumstantial and other evidence thrown about them. Those in this plot declared for the benefit of the public that there had been no murder, but they did not base their hopes of acquittal on mere brazenness of assertion. This was to open the way for the work of the real conspirators whose objective point was the jury. While the lawyers for the defense were on parade or engaged in bold or adroit manœuvre to catch the eye of the public, the real workers for the defense were employed in a scheme of intimidation on one hand and bribery on the other. Possible witnesses for the prosecution were driven from the line of action marked out by their own impulses, and possible jurors were plied with bribes. The bribery scheme contemplated not only the bribery of jurors but the corruption of officers of the court. The plotters did not believe that their machinery could fail them, but, as in the finding of the body, exposure

came upon them, and for a second time they were in dire extremity.

Through the manliness and integrity of Mr. George S. Tschappat, one of the veniremen whom the agents of the Triangle had attempted to buy, the first clue was given to the state's attorney.

Within thirty-six hours from the time investigation was begun the whole plot was laid bare and six of the principals were arrested, indicted and placed in the county jail to await trial on the charge of attempted jury bribery. The names of these culprits are: Alexander J. Hanks, Mark Salomon, Fred W. Smith, Thomas Kavanaugh, Jeremiah O'Donnell, Joseph Konen.

Hanks had been a bailiff in the criminal court for seven years. He was appointed in 1882 at the instance of Thomas Sennott, clerk of the probate court. He is of German extraction, is married and has two young children. He had little or nothing to do with summoning jurors, his task being to do some very heavy sitting as one of the bailiffs having immediate charge of the prisoners. He sat every day just behind Coughlin. Hanks, like Salomon, approached jurors whom he knew. One of the men on the bailiff's list said Hanks had been to see him and told him he could get \$1,000 for a verdict for the defense. Hanks further told him how to answer questions and that "the defense is fixed all right and will understand you."

Salomon was likewise a bailiff of the criminal court, appointed in 1887 on the recommendations of M. Lorimer, a West Side politician, and several other prominent residents of Chicago's Second District.

The two bailiffs, by reason of their official connection with the court, were enabled to enact their perfidious parts with advantage to their employers, the Triangle, in this unscrupulous, audacious, and villainous attempt to interfere with the cause of justice.

F. W. Smith, until jailed, was a manufacturer's agent at Nos. 135 and 137 Lake street. In style he is of the order known as the "dude." He resided for a period in Oshkosh, Wis., where it is alleged that he narrowly escaped conviction for perjury. His father-in-law is James Reynolds, of New Haven, who is ex-treasurer of the Clan-na-Gael Triangle.

Smith's method of approaching jurors was described by two or three of the men summoned to the state's attorney's office. One of them said Smith met him on the street one day and asked him how he would like to get on the Cronin jury, adding, "There's 'boodle' in it." The man replied that his business would not allow him to serve on the jury. Smith fixed the amount of "boodle" there was in it at \$2,000. The man said he was busy, but would talk about it again. He then reported the offer he had received to his employer. In a second interview with Smith the latter renewed his offer.

A business man whose name is on the list furnished Salomon, gives a substantially similar account of the manner in which he was approached. Smith, however, made some discrimination in the amounts he offered. To the book-keeper for a man to whom he had offered \$2,000, he only offered \$500.

Thomas Kavanaugh, another of the indicted men, was not given notoriety for the first time. He was

engineer at the county insane asylum during the "boodle" days, and his name and management at that institution figured frequently in the investigation of that institution made by the State Board of Charities in 1885. He is a member of the Clan-na-Gael, and seems to have been furnished with ample funds for his latest exploits. He has been active in spreading the report that Cronin was a spy. He began public life as a labor agitator. Later on he became a democratic politician and narrowly escaped indictment with the "boodlers." When the indictment was returned against him he professed unconcern. He was a member of the Ogden's Grove picnic committee. Kavanaugh's partner, Brown, was summoned as a juror three weeks before, but the state challenged him peremptorily.

Jeremiah O'Donnell was a recently appointed United State gauger at South Chicago. He was, for a number of years, a street-car conductor on the West Side. He said that he had met Kavanaugh on the street one day and was asked by him if he would assist in acquitting the defense by securing a juror who would vote that way for money. Kavanaugh promised to pay the money out of his own pocket. O'Donnell remembered a friend he had in Calumet and struck a bargain with Kavanaugh. He then approached his friend, who is not much more than a boy, expressing his own views on the Cronin case, instructing the young man how to answer the lawyers' questions, and promising him \$1,000.

The sixth man indicted was Joseph Konen, a fruit dealer at 246 West Madison street. He had been

summoned as a juror, but had not yet been examined. He was offered \$1,000 to go on the jury, with a promise of \$5,000 in case of an acquittal. He failed to report this to the authorities, leading to the inference that he had accepted the offer, and for this reason doubtless he was indicted.

Mr. George S. Tschappat, who did the state the grand service of exposing this plot, is foreman of the Page Lard Refining Company on Erie street. He was summoned as a juror on October 8, but was not examined on that day. He attended court the next morning, remaining with the other unexamined men in the ante-room. About 10:30 o'clock Bailiff Mark Salomon, whom he knew well, came and invited him out to have a cigar. His civility extended, Salomon asked him if he didn't want to make some money, and Tschappat naturally gave an affirmative reply.

"Very well, then," responded Salomon, "you get on the jury and stick for an acquittal, and you shall have \$1,000." The bailiff also told him that the arrangement could be carried out with his wife. The money could be paid to her, and if paid by a certain day she should appear in court wearing a dress of a color arranged upon. Tschappat replied that he was not that kind of a man; to this Salomon answered that he was working for the court, and pointing to a horse and buggy said: "That is my horse and buggy."

Mr. Tschappat in the afternoon was excused because he said he could not give the defendants a fair trial. As he was leaving the building Salomon met him and said: "Where were you this noon-time? I looked

everywhere for you. They said to me they would 'make it \$5,000, and d—n him, make him do it.' ”

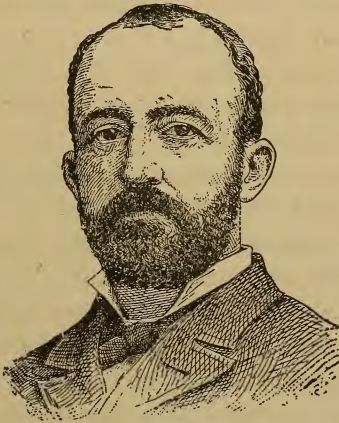
Tschappat told his employer, Mr. Page. Thursday Mr. Page repeated the statement to Mr. Mills, who held an interview with Tschappat, who repeated the story as he had told it to Mr. Page. Tschappat was then invited down to the state's attorney's office and seated in an ante-room. Bailiff Salomon was called in and questioned. He denied everything. He was confronted with Tschappat and broke down and made a full confession, in which he implicated those who were indicted Saturday night.

Salomon's confession was that he was handed a list of corrupt or corruptible jurors by Bailiff Alexander L. Hanks, who said: "If we get a man on this jury to fix it or if you fix one man, it means \$2,000—half of it for the juror and the other half for us." Further, Salomon was to approach the veniremen he knew, and Hanks those he was acquainted with.

Immediately on Salomon's confession Hanks was arrested, and he too confessed and produced a list of talesmen which tallied with Salomon's. Every man whose name was on these lists was immediately sent for. Some of them at least told all they knew readily, and from their statements the connection of Frederick W. Smith, Thomas Kavanaugh and Jeremiah O'Donnell was established.

One of the first questions asked after the discovery of the conspiracy was whether the attorneys for the defense were aware of it. At first the prosecuting lawyers were disposed to exonerate them from all knowl-

edge of the plot. But later they were less emphatic in such acquittal. Kavanaugh, though he refused to say who supplied him with money, declared that he reported to Mr. Forrest. The statement of a man approached by Bailiff Hanks, that the bailiff said "the defense is fixed for you," looked strangely. So did the apparently uniform method of instructing the approached jurors as to the answers they were to give under examination and their demeanor in the jury box.



W. S. FORREST.

Mr. Forrest, early in the trial, stated, in addressing the court, that he had practiced law in Chicago for twelve years, and it had never been suggested against him that he was a jury-fixer. At another time, when arguing his motion to have jurors drawn from the box, he read from Jeremy Bentham's works wherein that writer says that jury-fixing can only be accomplished

in two ways: Either by getting men of the requisite disposition into the jury box, or by giving those already there the requisite disposition. The former method seems to have been attempted in this case. Whether this frequent reference to jury-fixing on the part of Mr. Forrest arose from a consciousness of innocence, or a consciousness of guilt, is a question perhaps psychologists might solve, and only Mr. Forrest certainly knows.

Every attorney for the defense most emphatically denied the least suspicion of the attempt at bribery.

So important and urgent was the discovery of this latest conspiracy considered, that in the morning of Saturday, Oct. 12, Judge Horton granted an order for a special grand jury to be called immediately. The members were summoned for 1 o'clock, at which hour the following named gentlemen were sworn in:

The Hon. John A. Roche, foreman; George Lanze, Wilhelm Heinzeman, J. W. Brockway, George A. S. Wilson, W. H. Rose, H. B. Stimson, John Tomlinson, C. W. Gendale, T. F. Haigh, S. M. Moore, H. L. Dow, Richard L. Dagen, William L. Grey, John B. Miller, Andrew Peterson, W. D. Preston, Richard Berlzheimer, D. V. Purington, H. C. Hayt, Thomas Moulding, M. Selz, Joseph Cahn.

Judge Horton's charge to them was very brief. They retired to the grand jury room and remained there until 11.30 o'clock at night when they returned to the court with indictments against the six men.

In Branch No. 1, of the criminal court, presided over by Judge Baker, on Monday morning, Oct. 14, the

regular grand jury for the term was impaneled. Its members were:

P. W. Gray, Charles L. Norton, H. Ketterling, Joseph O. Noyes, Edward McCarthy, Thomas Maney, John A. Rolf, A. J. Tucker, E. F. Brooks, F. Precht, W. G. Brushaber, Samuel B. Chase, John N. Summers, A. Krueger, Charles Biehl, William W. Latto, George Murman, Charles J. Vokiaka, John O. Loughlin, John J. Hyland, George N. Davis, E. E. Gilbert, Henry Severin.

The court appointed Mr. S. B. Chase as foreman.

Directly after the grand jury retired to its room State's Attorney Longenecker and Assistant State's Attorneys Neeley and Jampolis went to the grand jury room. In a few minutes officers from the state's attorney's office conducted witnesses before the grand jury, and before 1 o'clock Alexander J. Hanks, the ex-bailiff, who was indicted on Saturday, had, it is said, made a clean breast of the whole affair to the grand jury; likewise, ex-bailiff Salomon, Tom Kavanaugh, Fred W. Smith and Jeremiah O'Donnell.

At 1:50 o'clock the grand jury entered Judge Baker's court and handed in four indictments—against Alexander J. Hanks, ex-bailiff, Mark Salomon, ex-bailiff; Jeremiah O'Donnell and John Graham, clerk in A. S. Trude's office.

John Graham, the seventh man taken in custody and indicted on the charge of jury bribing, has been connected with A. S. Trude's law office, as a personal friend put it, "since Noah built the ark," which means twelve or fifteen years at least. He is a mild-mannered

man of middle age, a modest dresser and slightly lame. He is a member of the bar, but does not practice, being connected with Mr. Trude in the relation of a confidential clerk.

He was arrested on the night of Sunday, the 13th, and locked up until indicted. He was the man who furnished the money wherewith to bribe the jurors. The state's attorney asserted that the evidence against him was very conclusive. But it is also certain that Graham, whatever connection he had with those indicted, was merely a go-between for deeper minds and wiser heads.

"The reason we re-indicted the two bailiffs and the manufacturer's agent along with Graham," said the state's attorney, "was in order to make out a case of conspiracy against Graham. You see one man alone can not be indicted on a conspiracy count."

Hanks, Salomon and Smith are directly responsible for Graham's arrest. Salomon confessed all he knew when first confronted with the evidence of his crime. He was a mere tool in the hands of greater villains, however, and did not know enough of the inner workings of the after-plot of the Cronin conspiracy to enable the state to reach so high as Graham. But on Sunday afternoon ex-bailiff Hanks unburdened his mind. He knew much more of the scheme than did Salomon, and he it was that gave the name of John Graham to the state's officers. Then Smith made a clean breast of his knowledge of the plot, which was considerable, and corroborative of the ex-bailiff's confessions. Late in the day both O'Donnell and Graham were released on giving bail for \$5,000.

On the night of October 16th, Henry N. Stallenberg, the private secretary of Alexander Sullivan, was taken into custody, but he was released the next morning.

The substance of the testimony given by Hanks before the grand jury, it was learned from good authority, amounted to this:—That the negotiations with Graham began in August. Hanks moved slowly, because he disliked the job and because the money was slow in making its presence felt. Graham and Hanks, so says the latter, had frequent consultations concerning the method of procuring a corrupt juror. Hanks wanted to be “cock-sure” the job would go through before he attempted it, and required explicit instructions respecting his method of procedure. After the plans had been agreed on Hanks wanted to know what assurance he was to bank on that the money would be forthcoming at the proper time. Graham assured him that a certain *triangler* would furnish it—there was plenty of it—some wealthy people who were under obligations to the person named were furnishing all the money needed.

Hanks went to work, but was not successful. Finally Graham became impatient and told him that he must hustle and get a man on the jury. A few days after he called Hank's attention to the fact that eight men had been secured and not a man of them could be relied on to acquit the defendants. Graham complained that these men could not be reached and the defendants must have a man put on the jury at once. Hanks wanted money. Graham told him that “the fellow at

the Chicago Opera House" was having a hard time to pay the lawyers. In this connection Graham said that Alexander Sullivan had raised \$8,000 for the defense, but he had been compelled to give it all to Attorney Forrest, who was clamoring for money.

Another big sum of money was coming in soon, Graham said, and Hanks was given to understand that he could rely on getting some of it. Hanks was further promised that a house would be built on two lots that he owns but has been unable to build on.

The \$8,000 given to Mr. Forrest is said to have been the cause of a breach between Mr. Foster and his associates. Foster charged that Beggs was being left out of consideration, nothing was being done for him, and his lawyer was not getting any of the money raised by the triangers. He protested that Mr. Forrest should not have all the money, and in behalf of Beggs demanded a portion of the \$8,000. Being left out in the cold Mr. Foster used his peremptory challenges—which were worth more than money then—for Mr. Begg's sole and exclusive benefit.

So it seems, and such is Bailiff Hank's story, not a dollar was paid the jury-bribers. At any rate Hanks got nothing except promises. Money with the defense is scarce. One of the boss triangers is said recently to have demanded \$600 for the defense fund from a lawyer who is a candidate for judge. The triangler relied on past political methods and the pull he is supposed to have with the Irish voters. Emissaries have recently visited Denver, Kansas City, and Davenport, Iowa, for the purpose of recouping the defense fund.

It is said that John Graham and Alexander Sullivan had recently been in frequent conference. Graham went to Sullivan's office, and Sullivan went to Graham's office.

October 17—The grand jury returned indictments for conspiracy against all seven men included in the two indictments of October 12 and 14.

And here, for the present, rests this sub-plot in the Cronin case. When the jury-bribers are brought to trial the instigators of the attempt may be detected.

A more desperate defiance of law than has characterized this case in all its phases never sounded an alarm to the public. It has been evident to the close observer that every scheme, however dishonorable, that might operate to save the suspects from hanging, would be employed by the defense; and it was strongly suspected when the persistent demand for special bailiffs was made that the purpose was to hamper the state in the selection of an honest, intelligent jury. Few imagined, though, that a plan was devised for buying one or more jurors to assure the acquittal of the defendants. The names involved in the conspiracy as it has been revealed indicate the extent and magnitude of the infamous influence at work to keep clear of the hangman's noose the necks of the murderers of Dr. Cronin. These men are unscrupulous, and have too much at stake to trust to an honest, thorough investigation of the case against their caged agents of murder. Time alone can show if the fountain-head of this great stream of iniquity will ever be discovered.

CHAPTER XI.

A Jury at Last—The Jurors—First Link Forged—The Prisoners' Bearing—Opening Address of the State's Attorney—Defense Has Nothing to Say at Present—Hearing of Testimony Begins—Witnesses Who Identified Dr. Cronin's Corpse—Tactics of Prosecution and Defense.

About 5 o'clock on the evening of October 22d the Cronin jury became an accomplished fact and the last quartet were sworn in. The twelve good men and true who were finally selected to adjudge the question of life and death were as follows:

W. L. NORTH,	B. F. CLARKE,
JOHN L. HALL,	JAMES A. PIERSON,
HENRY D. WALKER,	CHARLES C. DIX,
FRANK ALLISON,	ELIJAH BONTECOU,
E. S. BRYAN,	C. L. CORKE,
CHARLES F. MARLOR,	JOHN CULVER.

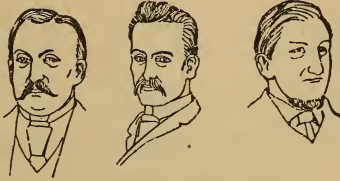
William L. North manufactures sewing machines at No. 60 Michigan street. He is 43 years old, an American, and a member of the Fourth Presbyterian Church.

John L. Hall is a draughtsman, age about 29. His home is at Fernwood. Is an American born, a Methodist, and belongs to no society but a benevolent association. An advocate of temperance.

Henry D. Walker is 58 years old. American by birth. Lives at 3733 Cottage Grove avenue. Is engaged in the upholstery business.

Frank Allison, of 5495 Redwood court, is a machinist, a Presbyterian and an American, born in New York

State 39 years ago. He was a most acceptable juror to both sides, having evinced a remarkable freedom from prejudice.



W. L. NORTH. JOHN L. HALL. HENRY D. WALKER.

Edward S. Bryan, of Maywood, is a salesman. Born in America. A member of the Congregational Church. Admitted prejudice against the Clan-na-Gael, but would not let that interfere with his hearing the evidence fairly and impartially.

Charles F. Marlor is a native of New York State, a member of the Episcopal Church; by profession a druggist. He acknowledged a prejudice against the Clan-na-Gael, but could lay that aside and judge impartially.



F. ALLISON. E. S. BRYAN. C. F. MARLOR.

Benjamin F. Clarke, of 4432 Evans avenue, has for twenty years been prominent in real estate business. Belongs to no church or secret society. Said Mr.

Clarke: "I am strongly prejudiced, but if I am on the jury I shall throw aside my prejudices and give a verdict on the law and evidence."



B. F. CLARKE. J. A. PIERSON. C. C. DIX.

James A. Pierson is a farmer living near Glenwood, 55 years of age, does not belong to any church nor secret society. Is from old Pennsylvania Dutch stock.

Charles C. Dix was born in Chicago. Lives at 132 North Carpenter street. Is cashier of the Rollo Insurance Company. Attends the Episcopal Church. Is a member of the Royal Arcanum. Age, 26.

Elijah Bontecou is a native of Troy, N. Y., 35 years of age, and a resident of Chicago for twenty-three



E. BONTECOU. C. L. CORKE. J. CULVER.

years. Belongs to the Royal Arcanum, the Legion of Honor, and the Knights of Honor. He is a salesman for Bissell & Co.

Charles L. Corke is a druggist; lives at Evanston; age, 30 years. Is a Methodist. Member of the Royal League. Admitted prejudice, but it would not affect his verdict.

John Culver is a real estate agent doing business in Chicago; lives at Evanston; about 40 years old; an American and member of the Methodist Church. Is a strong temperance man. Belongs to no secret societies.

Mr. B. F. Clarke became foreman of the jury.

It took three weeks in the "omnibus boodle" trial to secure a jury, and 720 veniremen were examined before that result was attained. In the anarchist trial a little over three weeks was occupied in the examination of 982 veniremen. The Cronin jury required one week longer to complete it than the anarchist and the "boodle" juries together, while the total number of veniremen fell short by over 500 of the totals of the two former trials.

Up to the close of Oct. 22, that is, before the twelfth man was secured, 1,115 men had pledged themselves that they would "true answers make to such questions as would be put to them by court or counsel touching their competency to serve as jurors." Of this number 175 answered the lawyers' questions in such a manner as to entitle them to be qualified as jurors, and 756 citizens declared themselves unable to give the defendants a fair trial.

The cost for fees alone to veniremen summoned amounted to \$3,800.

Thursday morning, Oct. 24, 1889, the Cronin trial began in earnest.

It was almost on the strike of 10 o'clock when, the judge, the jury and the attorneys having been seated, the clerk called the roll of the twelve good men and true, and each juror answered "Here," in clear, distinct tones. As a body they looked unusually intelligent, and wore an air of dignity and solemnity that sat well on the men whom Judge McConnell had pronounced "ideal jurors."

Not so with the prisoners. Not since the trial began, now more than two months, had they carried such serious countenances. Though Kunze smiled and nodded to the reporters, his face was very much paler than usual. The hectic flush, peculiar to Begg's full cheeks, was scarcely perceptible when he took his seat, and Burke's red face grew blue as the state's attorney began to unfold with startling vividness the depth and infamy of the murderous plot. Save that O'Sullivan grew white, and his habitual scowl darker and deeper, he was apparently an unmoved spectator to the proceedings. The man who showed the effects of the prosecutor's vigorous charge to the jury most, was the ex-detective, Coughlin. More than once his face blanched and all day long he moved uneasily in his seat and affected a lightness it was plain to see was not genuine.

At 10:30 o'clock the state's attorney stood before the jury. Without affectation, in a clear, straightforward manner, the public prosecutor for the people of Illinois began to outline his case against the five men accused of murdering Dr. Cronin. The court-room was crowded, and fully one-quarter of the morning's audi-



(Copied by permission from Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper of Nov. 30, 1889.)

THE CRONIN CASE—SCENE IN THE COURT ROOM DURING THE TRIAL.

Mr. Forrest, for the defense, examining expert microscopist Tollman, who had testified to the effect that certain stains on the cotton bathing trunk, and on chips taken from the floor of the Carlson Cottage, were human blood. The accused are on the extreme left of the picture.

ence were ladies. All was still when he commenced, and each head was bent forward to catch the words that fell from the speaker's lips.

Instructions as to their duties occupied the first fifteen minutes of Mr. Longenecker's opening speech, and the balance was a review of facts stated in these pages.

When Mr. Longenecker concluded the attorneys for the defense got up and each informed the Court that "any statement I have to make will be deferred."

The witnesses on this day were all called to prove the identification of the body found in the catch-basin on Evanston avenue.

Mr. Ingham, on behalf of the state, examined the witnesses. Mr. Forrest conducted the cross-examination on the part of the defense. His questions were clearly for the purpose of raising a doubt as to the identification. He pressed his questions about the condition of the body, its decomposition and its swollen state; to measurements and ratios. In his cross-examination of Henry Roesch, who found the body, he tried to make it appear that the cuts and bruises on the head might have been produced in taking the body out of the catch-basin. He wanted to know the latitude and longitude of the body in the basin, and its direction, to the splitting of a hair, "'twixt sou'-sou'west and sou.'" But a man does not find a human corpse in a sewer without having the details indelibly impressed on his memory, and Henry Roesch, having done that very thing, was so clear in his evidence that Mr. Forrest was unable to shake him a hair's breath.

Captain Francisco Villiers was the first witness. On May 22 he said he was Commissioner of Public Works. That day he met and stopped the patrol wagon. In it was a body which he recognized at once as that of Dr. Cronin, whom he had known for two years.

James F. Boland testified that he knew Dr. Cronin intimately. He had identified the body at the morgue by the general contour of the face, the forehead and the nose, and by a broken finger of the right hand.

James P. Holland had employed Dr. Cronin as his family physician. He also saw the corpse at the morgue and was positive that the remains were those of Dr. Cronin.

Henry Roesch, of Ravenswood, said he was a subforeman for Lake View on May 22. On the afternoon of that day he, with others, was at work cleaning the ditches leading into the sewer at Fifty-ninth street and Evanston avenue. After cleaning the ditch on the west side of Evanston avenue they went to the east side, on which was the catch-basin in which the body was found. A stench arising from the basin made him believe a dead dog was inside, and, looking through the grating, he thought he saw one, the cotton batting surrounding the body being by him mistaken for hair. He lifted the lid, and, looking in, saw it was a man's body, the shoulders and the soles of the feet being visible. The rest of the body was covered by water and the cotton batting. The body was lying on its face, the head bent down on the chest and against the southwest part of the basin. The knees were bent, exposing the soles of the feet, and the toes were protruding into the opening

from the basin to the sewer. On making this discovery he went to Noyes's grocery store in Argyle and telephoned the Lake View police. In response, the patrol wagon drove up in charge of Capt. Wing and Officers James Phillips and George Malley, accompanied by a reporter. The entire covering of the catch-basin was then taken off and a horse blanket let down on one side of the body. With a hoe handle put through the grating at the side of the basin, the blanket was pushed under the body and drawn up on the other side. In this way the body was lifted out. The position of the blanket under the body brought it up in a standing position and necessitated a knot in the blanket before the body could be lifted out.

On cross-examination Mr. Forrest tried to make him admit that in getting the body out the head and face might have come in contact with the inside of the basin and thus have produced the cuts and bruises. The witness, however, was certain that such was not the case; that the only part of the body thus coming in contact with the brick-work was the chest and shoulders.

Including tying the knot in the blanket, the process of lifting the body out and putting it on the stretcher, the witness thought occupied about three minutes after the blanket was got in place.

Stephen Conley, the next witness, had known Dr. Cronin for five years, intimately for three. For two years they were colleagues on the Board of Directors of the Illinois Foresters, and met twice a month, sometimes every week. He went to the morgue on May 23,

and there saw a body he was certain was that of Dr. Cronin.

H. F. Wisch, the Doctor's barber, who shaved him every day, visited the morgue on May 22. He fully identified the corpse as being that of the murdered physician by every feature and by the way the hair was cut.

Maurice Morris was interested with Dr. Cronin in the publication of the *Cello-American*. He identified the body at Lake View morgue on May 23 by its general appearance and by the broken finger of the right hand.

John O'Byrne had known Dr. Cronin for six years, —had visited him at his office twice a week and at his home on Sunday for the last year. He positively identified the body, on May 23, at the morgue, particularly noting the small imperial and the broken finger.

Court then adjourned until 10 o'clock next morning.

The theory of the prosecution, as stated by the state's attorney in his opening address, is, in brief, that there was a conspiracy to kill Dr. Cronin; that Dr. Cronin was killed, and that all engaged in the conspiracy were liable for murder. This touches not only the five prisoners, but all who were engaged in the conspiracy, and hence the efforts, by interruptions and objections, of the lawyers for the defense to frighten the state's attorney away from direct reference to the triangle. He was not turned from his purpose, however, but proceeded to outline with telling force what the state expected to prove of the hatching of the plot, as well as the steps in the conspiracy that led to the murder.

The position of the defense was simply one of denial. Their policy was inaugurated a few days after Dr. Cronin's disappearance, when rumors of his having been seen in Chicago and in Canada were circulated. They planned to deny that Dr. Cronin was dead; to deny that the body found was his, and that as there was no murder there could be no conspiracy to kill.

CHAPTER XII.

The Second Day for Testimony—Medical Experts and Mr. Wing—Dr. Perkins' Clear Evidence Silences the Surgical Amateur—October 26—Dr. Moore and Mr. Forrest—A Most Dramatic Scene—Messrs. Hynes and Mills in Angry Protest—Judge McConnell Reverses a Decision—Patrick Dinan and His White Horse—Defendants Grow Excited as They Listen to the Story.

The proceedings on the second day of hearing testimony were carried on with great caution on both sides. The outer air was dark and murky, and the tale of how Dr. Cronin's body was found and the ghastly scenes in connection with fishing it up out of the catch-basin was in keeping with the gloomy appearance of the weather. The evidence heard was still regarding the identification of the body. Witnesses Nicholas Wallenborn, T. T. Conklin, J. F. Scanlan, Frank Scanlan, David P. Ahern, Patrick McGarry, and Dr. T. W. Lewis, the dentist, each gave evidence proving beyond all peradventure that the body found was that of Dr. Cronin.

Mr. Forrest, for the defense, in his cross-examination, directed his attention to the discrediting of witnesses who identified the body by its general appearance and the prominent features of the dead man's face.

Dentist Lewis, however, set all doubts at rest by testifying that he found in the mouth of the body a tooth he had filled and the root of another tooth which he had a month before prepared for a metal crown.

Dr. Egbert produced a plate taken from the dead man's mouth, which the dentist recognized positively as his work. It was of a peculiar metal and was made for Dr. Cronin. This witness clinched the identification.

In cross-examining those who saw the body removed from the catch-basin, Lawyer Forrest attempted to show that the corpse was roughly handled, and that the wounds on the head might have been made by striking the walls of the man-hole or other obstacles. John Fennegar, a German laborer employed in the ditching of Evanston avenue, who was present at the finding, was led to say that it fell back once, and that a hoe was used in lifting it up. He said he did not help raise the corpse. Policeman Malley and Captain Wing, who did remove the body, denied that it had slipped back at all. They testified that a hoe handle was used to push the blanket under the body.

Dr. Egbert, assistant county physician, gave good evidence regarding the plates found in the mouth when he performed the autopsy. He made his statements from notes, and the testimony was important. Mr. Wing, who had evidently been reading up Carpenter's Animal Physiology, or some such standard work, put the Doctor well through his acquaintance with those subjects, but failed to shake his testimony.

In Dr. Perkins, Mr. Wing caught a Tartar. The counsel for the defense relied upon an expert's report which bristled abundantly with technical and nice physiological points. To every one of them Dr. Perkins made satisfactory and convincing answers, and

his professional knowledge and clear demonstration charmed every one but the lawyers for the defense. He spoke in plain and concise language. At first he was going to testify from the same notes used by Dr. Egbert, they having been made in his presence. But as he had never verified them the Court would not permit their use. He did not need them. His recollection was clear and his descriptions vivid. He found the



JUDGE WING.

body, he said, swollen and distended with post-mortem gases. Decomposition was well advanced and discoloration marked. He then described the wounds he found on the head. First, there was one on the outer angle of the left eye, somewhat circular in form, about an inch and a half in length, in which the bone was chipped away a quarter of an inch. At the juncture of the frontal with the left parietal, just below the median line, was another. It was about two inches in

length, extending posteriorly and outward. Just back of this was a third, nearly as long and extending anteriorly and outward. Near the left occipital protuberance was a ragged wound about three inches long extending to the periosteum and in places through it. In this was a flap of the external integument about a quarter of an inch long, attached at the upper and detached at the lower end, fitting into the gaping incision. On the right side of the head was a bruise or contusion, and midway between the angle of the jaw and the angle of the chin on the left side was another incision severing the facial artery. The facial and occipital arteries, which were both severed, are branches of the external arteries of the head. The hemorrhage consequent upon their severance would be great, and if not stopped would eventually cause death. He believed that death was the result of the injuries he had described.

In starting the cross-examination of Dr. Perkins, Mr. Wing wore an air of: "Now see how easy I am going to settle this witness." But the medical knowledge of the legal light, though considerable, and acquired for the occasion, and which had loomed up so big while Dr. Egbert was under his questioning, dwindled into nothingness before the extensive, accurate and ready acquirements of Dr. Perkins.

The hearing of these witnesses occupied the entire day and the proceedings were devoid of any startling features.

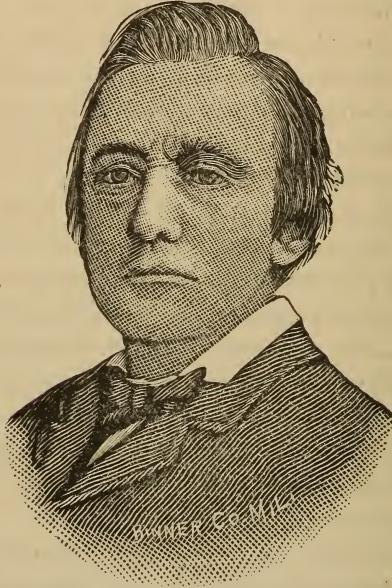
THE MORNING OF OCTOBER 26

was cold and dismal around the criminal court building. Rain splashed against the windows and the

day grew so dark that the electric lamps were lighted. But still the crowd of men and women besieged the Dearborn street entrance to the court and howled for admittance. When the prisoners, led by Senior Guardian Beggs, tramped into the room, every seat reserved for spectators was occupied.

Court was in session just two hours and a half. In that time the prosecutors introduced two important witnesses and successfully combated a remarkable ruling by Judge McConnell. They continued their inquiry as to the cause of Dr. Cronin's death and succeeded in substantiating all the vital points made by Surgeon Perkins, who removed the viscera and the top of the skull of the body at the autopsy. Dr. D. G. Moore was placed on the stand. He assisted in the dissection. His presence in the witness chair was a surprise to the lawyers for the defense. Dr. Moore did not testify at the coroner's inquest or before the grand jury, nor had he made any deposition in the extradition of Burke. Mr. Forrest, drawing these admissions from the witness, objected to his giving testimony, but the court over-ruled the objection and the Doctor began his story of the appearance of the wounds and condition of the viscera. These gashes, the witness was convinced, were necessarily mortal. Death had come from concussion or contusion of the brain, and not from hemorrhage caused by the severing of the facial and occipital arteries. These blood vessels, the autopsy showed, were cut, as they had retracted and could not be found. While a strong man could bleed to death from the severing of these

arteries, dissolution would not be speedy, as the vessels are small. Death had doubtless come from the shock the brain received and while the hemorrhage was yet in progress. A thorough examination of the viscera showed no signs of ante-mortem degeneration. There



LUTHER LAFLIN MILLS.

was another proof that the Doctor had died from violence. The brain, however, was gone.

Cross-examiner Forrest, with his grim face wrinkled in a smile, asked if there were not some grounds for believing that Dr. Cronin died suddenly from acute brain trouble. This was a new move for the defense. The witness declared that the healthy condition of the

viscera was in itself a convincing refutation of such an assertion. Then Mr. Forrest suggested the possibility of sudden death from chronic brain trouble, and asked, provided such was a fact, if the surgeons who conducted the autopsy could determine it by the appearance of the brain. As there had been no brain to examine, Dr. Moore was unable to combat this strange theory. He was satisfied from the contused condition of the wounds that they had been inflicted before death. It was impossible to leave any contusion about a scalp-wound after death.

Mr. Forrest, still looking for a cudgel with which to break the damaging testimony of the surgeon, was rewarded a minute later by the admission that he had but a few hours before read the newspaper reports of Dr. Egbert's testimony on the previous day. Then Mr. Forrest moved that Dr. Moore's entire evidence be stricken out of the record.

Judge McConnell sustained the motion.

Like a bombshell fell the reply of the judge, granting the request.

In an instant both Mr. Hynes and Mr. Mills were on their feet, their faces flushed with anger. A great stillness fell upon the court-room as the big Irish lawyer began to address the court.

"This case may as well be adjourned at this moment, if this rule is to stand," he said, and the audience held its breath as the logic of his argument struck a responsive echo in the minds of all present.

"We may as well stop these proceedings instantly," thundered Mr. Mills, his indignation augmented by the

cynical smile which played around the features of the leading attorney for the defense.

The ringing tones of Mr. Mills' voice banished Mr. Forrest's smile instantly. From the jury-box twelve pairs of eyes riveted themselves upon the speaker, almost concealed from view, Judge McConnell sat back in his chair, mentally considering the effects of



MR. W. J. HYNES.

his ruling thus glaringly depicted before him, and apparently heeding nothing of the arguments plausibly advanced by Mr. Forrest to sustain him in his position. Once again the voice of Mr. Hynes was heard, his feelings over the injustice which would result to witnesses for the state, impelled him to oratory that thrilled all who heard him.

“Frank and honest witnesses will be debarred from taking the witness chair, while perjurers will have the

advantage over honest men," he declared. The voice of the lawyer trembled almost to a sob as he shook his fist at the imaginary witness-chair, peopled with the foes of justice. It was a scene that will remain with the jurors long after they have handed in their verdict and returned to their daily avocations.

The prisoners leaned forward and watched the struggle with intense interest. The prosecutors had scarcely ceased when Mr. Forrest arose and intimated that Dr. Moore had been called at the eleventh hour to patch up holes in the testimony of Dr. Egbert. This was a taunt that brought Mr. Hynes and Mr. Mills to their feet again, and called forth a censure from the court. Judge McConnell, speaking in a low voice, then said, that if such a ruling was enforced in its spirit, there would be no reason for continuing the case, but he did not contemplate such a course. Mr. Hynes, seeing that the court was retiring, then arose, and with a burst of rhetoric that came very near provoking applause from the benches, declared that with such a ruling as that delivered from the bench, the testimony of honorable men who would appear for the state, and who could not be influenced by newspaper reports, would be excluded, while the testimony of perjurers who would swear that they had not read the newspaper accounts of the trial, would go on record. As the big lawyer sat down, Mr. Ingham and Mr. Scanlan appeared with law looks, piled high upon their arms. But the battle was now over, and the prosecution had won. With much deliberation Judge McConnell reversed his previous decision, and ruled

that the testimony of witnesses who had read the evidence in newspaper reports, was competent, and that it must be admitted. The ruling commended itself by its evident honesty and good sense, and the presiding judge scored a great victory for impartially waiving a rule to meet the exigencies of the great occasion.

“Call Patrick Dinan.”

A weather-beaten man about 45 years of age took the witness chair. In language flavored occasionally with stable vernacular, Mr. Dinan told of Dan Coughlin's famous visit to his livery stable on the afternoon of the Cronin tragedy, and his evidence was similar to his statements recorded in a former chapter.

Ample as was the direct examination of Mr. Dinan, in fastening upon Coughlin his share in the conspiracy, it remained for Mr. Forrest, on cross-examination, to draw out still more damaging testimony against his client. Dan Coughlin's undisguised fear lest the liveryman should not believe that his “friend who had gone to New Mexico,” was the mysterious stranger, was almost forgotten in the disclosure that his attorney had been even more anxious to get that white horse and the buggy into his possession for a brief while.

Mr. Forrest said to the liveryman:

Q.—Where is that white horse, and where has it been kept since? A.—He has been kept in my stable the biggest part of the time. There were three weeks when he was in the museum.

Q.—Do you remember that I called on you once and you told me you had orders not to let him out? A.—I told you that to get rid of you; I tried hard to get rid

of you, but you would not go, and in order to get rid of you, at last I told you that.

Q.—Did you have orders at that time not to let that horse go out? A.—No, sir; no one gave me any orders of the kind.

Q.—Did you not tell me at that time that you were paid to keep him in the stable? A.—Yes, I told you that, too, to get rid of you.

Q.—Was that true? A.—No, sir, it was not true; I told you that to get rid of you, because I could not get rid of you in any other way.

Q.—Now, then, when was it, as you say, that Dan Coughlin used the word “weakener?” A.—It was after this horse was identified.

Q.—How was it that Daniel Coughlin used the word “weakener?” State the entire conversation. A.—I met him one day and he said: “Now, Dinan, you are satisfied;” and I said, “Yes, and I am mighty glad of it that I am satisfied.”

The quaint replies of Mr. Dinan were a source of amusement to everybody except the prisoners and their lawyers.

THE DEFENDANTS EXCITED.

There was a veritable sensation among the prisoners when the livery-stable keeper took the stand. Coughlin turned to Beggs and tried to smile,—there was a solemn feeling passing through the ex-detective which a feeble attempt at mirth could not conceal. He handed a piece of paper to Mr. Qualey, his counsel, who read it carefully, then passed it to his neighbor

Donahoe, and finally it was put before the solemn Wing, who is the next great brain-carrier of the defense, after Forrest, who is *facile princeps* among the Triangle attorneys. The ex-detective then leaned back and fixed his eyes upon the owner of the famous white horse. He listened to catch every word that the witness uttered, and occasionally peered cautiously around the court-room to perceive whether any one was watching the emotion he betrayed.

O'Sullivan looked his best through his small and vindictive eyes. He was gloomy throughout and while trying to assume an air of indifference, he could not disguise his uneasiness as Dinan, with characteristic candor, detailed the facts respecting Coughlin's friend taking the white horse and buggy. The iceman then turned to Mr. Donahoe, opening and shutting his eyes with unusual rapidity, plainly revealing the great interest he took in the man and his story. Both he and Coughlin were very pale. Burke flushed more than is his wont while this evidence was being given. Kunze sat forward in great attention and contemplation of the witness. Beggs took notes, he leaned forward, looking long and inquiringly into Dinan's face. The whole attitude of the defense was a study. The air of injured innocence with which Mr. Forrest stands up to insinuate a conspiracy on the part of the state, the fishing questions or the impudent interrogatories he administered to witnesses, were worthy of the Angel Gabriel telling of the coming of the Holy Ghost and of the dark man behind all the business, and the prisoners, who, like Talbot, the

Irish spy, were regular communicants at the altar of their God.

In regard to the matter of the judge receding from an untenable position which he had been led to take through his application to this peculiar case of a legal rule: if there is an appeal to the Supreme Court, the lawyers for the defense will make this one of their chief "errors," and they will ring the changes on the dangers which will grow out of over-ruling one of the hoary principles of the law. But the Judges of the Supreme Court will doubtless take as sensible a view of it as Judge McConnell finally did, and will hold that to permit a witness, either with or without intention, to deprive the state of what may be most important testimony, is too great a concession to the criminal classes. Were they to hold otherwise, all that an unwilling witness need do to avoid having his evidence admitted would be to read a few lines in a morning paper. The rule does not accord with common sense.

CHAPTER XIII.

Getting Near the Cottage—Mrs. Conklin On the Stand—Good Evidence For the State—October 29—A Line of Know-Nothing Witnesses—Inside of Camp No. 20—Unwilling, but Very Important Testimony—Burke's Chum Colleran—No Favors For Frank Woodruff.

On the 28th the Cronin trial moved a step nearer to the Carlson cottage. Everything of importance around that spot was soon elicited, and the camera of judicial investigation was moved a few blocks northward in the direction of the scene of the tragedy. The Windsor Theatre block, where the ill-fated Doctor had his office and lived in the Conklin flat, was the scene of the day's inquiry.

Mr. Forrest seemed to have abandoned the idea of disputing Dr. Cronin's death. He spoke of "the Doctor's body," which had been found, and in other ways let it be understood that the defense practically conceded the *corpus delicti* as proven.

Not content with the lesson administered by Liveryman Dinan on the evils of over-inquisitiveness, Mr. Forrest this day returned to the attack on the witnesses for the state, and was even more severely made to feel the penalty of his temerity. Napier Moreland, the hostler who had hitched up the horse and buggy for its errand of death, told a story, in reply to Attorney Mills, that was confirmatory of the liveryman's in every detail. His share in the events of the evening of May 4 was insignificant enough as detailed in his direct examination. He saw the horse taken out, and was alone

in the stable when it was brought back. His description of the missing stranger corresponded with that given by Dinan, and of the connection between this stranger and Coughlin he was asked not a word. On cross-examination, however, Mr. Forrest's over inquisitiveness unearthed a fact showing just how he was able to determine the exact time at which the rig had been returned. The time had been fixed in his memory because an officer, inquiring whether all the stock had been returned to the stable, had called about half an hour after the mysterious stranger had slunk away into the darkness without showing his face. This disclosure was a staggerer to Mr. Forrest; he closed the cross-examination abruptly, and later on vigorously opposed any attempt of the prosecuting attorneys at further elucidation of the second mysterious visitor at

• DINAN'S STABLES.

A stir of expectancy ran through the court when Mr. Mills' voice was heard calling for Mrs. Conklin. The lady at whose board the murdered man had sat for upward of a decade, ascended the steps leading to the witness chair, a slight blush on her cheek, which quickly vanished, being the only symptom of nervousness discernible. Plainly, and without attempting to go beyond the limits of admissible testimony, she related the oft-told story of the Doctor's being taken away by the fictitious summons, to attend an injured man. The Doctor's earnestness to hasten to the call of duty was touchingly portrayed as she described how he had snatched up his case of surgical appliances

and the bundle of cotton batting that was afterward to be his only covering. The picture she drew of the famous white horse, imitating its peculiar restless movements with her gloved hands resting in her lap; her position at the window from which she watched the Doctor and his decoy seat themselves in the buggy; the parting between the Doctor and the last friend who saw him alive—all these were given in a manner that was encouraging to the hopes of the state, and elicited universally favorable comment.

When Mr. Forrest rose to cross-examine, his manner betrayed that he considered the witness worthy of the exercise of his greatest skill. Suavely, as though he were making an afternoon call, he addressed himself to the lady, prefixing his questions with a decorous "Madam," that was as respectful as could be desired. In her direct examination Mrs. Conklin had spoken of the first time she identified the white horse, as being three days after the discovery of the body. Upon this statement Mr. Forrest essayed to impeach the witness. He elicited from her that Captain Schaack had brought a white horse to be identified three or four days after the Doctor's disappearance, but that she failed to recognize the animal. Unfortunately, the lawyer's bump of extra inquiry got the better of his discretion, once again, and he further drew from the witness a conclusive reason why she failed to identify the horse brought to her by Captain Schaack. By the aid of a diagram of the Windsor Theatre block and its frontage on Clark street, Mrs. Conklin showed how the horse had stood on the 4th of May, so that she could see its

face and note its peculiar restless action, whereas, when Schaack came to her the horse stood in such a position that she could only see it by looking over the buggy-top, which intercepted her view. Moreover, the color of the horse was different on account of a heavy rain storm at the time, the creamy whiteness that was so noticeable the night of May 4, being dulled by the soaking wet.

Inch by inch Mr. Forrest fought this ground, smiling upon the jury whenever a question of more than usual perplexity was given to the witness. His efforts were fruitless. Her identification on the latter occasion was as easily and fully explained as the failure of the first. The contest between the counsel and the lady was an unequal one, and the lawyer sat down discomfited and beaten.

When, in her direct examination,⁶ Mrs. Conklin had spoken of Iceman O'Sullivan's shifty explanation of the contract, and had repeated her woman's logic as spoken to him at the time, Lawyer Donahoe had bridled up fiercely, and during the cross-examination by Mr. Forrest, had sat glancing at the witness. How Mrs. Conkling would fare at the hands of O'Sullivan's attorney was a matter of speculation, and a "scene in court" was generally expected. The fortunate intermission of a lunch hour cooled the attorney's bellicose temperament, and when his turn came, though his looks were still fierce as a dragon's, his language was mild as the cooing of a dove.

The examination of Reporter Beck, who had taken the white horse to Mrs. Conklin for the second inspec-

tion, when she fully identified it, was brief and sufficient. He confirmed the story of Mrs. Conklin, and further disclosed that a second witness for the same purpose would appear for the state. A bull-dozing attempt to impeach the witness' veracity was promptly checked by Judge McConnell, and Mr. Beck's testimony was left unchanged.

The Misses Sarah and Agnes McNearney, who were present at Dr. Cronin's rooms when the mysterious stranger called, described the man in terms that corresponded in all particulars to the descriptions given by other witnesses.

When John Joseph Cronin, a brother of the murdered physician, was leaving the witness-chair, where he had been called in the matter of identification, a scene occurred that was almost dramatic. Mr. Cronin is an old man and quite gray, he walks slowly and is a typical farmer. As he passed the row of prisoners he halted for a moment and stood examining the features of the men charged with his brother's murder. The tell-tale features of the accused instantly bespoke the agitation caused by this scrutiny. Burke's face turned purple, while Kunze, O'Sullivan and Coughlin bent low to avoid the reproachful glance of the victim's brother.

Frank Scanlan, the last friend to see Dr. Cronin alive, told of the chance meeting on the sidewalk, and the Doctor's prophetic answer to the question, when he would be back.

" 'God knows,' he said to me," and the hushed silence which followed these words was as though a voice from the grave had been heard.

“Wait until these witnesses are face to face with a cross-examining lawyer—the bottom will drop out of this case then,” was a frequent comment of the Triangle faction during the hearing before Coroner Hertz.

“We are most thankful to the lawyers for the defense for the strength they have added to the case for the state by their cross-examination of witnesses,” said a prominent Croninite at the close of this day’s court proceedings.

“What the average member of Camp No. 20 has forgotten about the Cronin conspiracy would fill a big volume,” was said by a court visitor, after hearing the evidence of Tuesday, October 29.

“Yes, and what he can remember would barely make two lines,” was the reply.

The exhibition of intellectual vacuity by unwilling witnesses who were summoned by the state, was, on this day, most remarkable. Not even Mr. Forrest’s special prying, which had on previous days proved so beneficial to the prosecution, by bringing in evidence that otherwise would never have been given, was powerful enough to break down the wall of know-nothingism behind which the members of Camp No. 20 ensconced themselves.

As if to contrast in the minds of the jury the difference in the character of witnesses anxious to help the prosecution, and others who would shield the prisoners, the state introduced at the opening of this morning’s session two women to give corroborative testimony on minor details of Dr. Cronin being taken away. Mrs. P. Dinan, wife of the liveryman, told of what she saw on the night

of May 4, which, briefly, amounted to the fact of seeing the horse and buggy taken out and driven home. Her testimony was so limited that Mr. Forrest was unable to get in more than a dozen or so objections before she was given into his charge for cross-examination.

The second witness was Mrs. Laura Herman, a friend of the Conklins, who was at the latter's house during the interview between Mrs. Conklin and O'Sullivan. Her testimony was brief, and the only new point disclosed by it was that O'Sullivan had declared to her that he did not know Dr. Cronin until introduced to him by Justice Mahoney.

Then commenced a procession of witnesses that recalled the most wearisome days of the jury hunt. "Call John F. O'Connor" was the summons shouted by the state's attorney.

A smooth-faced young man, with a heavy forehead, took the chair and stated that he was the recording secretary of Camp No. 20, of the United Brotherhood, commonly known as the Clan-na-Gael. Having delivered himself of this information, the witness appeared to have concluded that he had told all he knew about the Cronin mystery or conspiracy. He, however, disclosed the fact that the outward name of Camp No. 20, was the Columbia Club. Pulling eye-teeth was child's play, compared with the labor it cost to extract from this witness that Burke, Coughlin, Cooney, O'Sullivan and Beggs were members of that camp. But when Mr. Longenecker essayed to learn from the witness something of the trouble that had preceded the appointment of a secret committee at a meeting of the

camp early in February, Mr. O'Connor's memory began to play him sad tricks.

People in the audience craned their necks to catch the interesting disclosures, but the disclosures refused to make their appearance. Even the jurors, who had expressed themselves as veniremen, as anything but favorably disposed to members of Camp 20, straightened up in their chairs to give the witness the benefit of the fair and impartial hearing they had sworn to accord all testimony for or against the defendants. Unfortunately for the jurors' expectations, the testimony failed to materialize.

A book fairly well filled with scrawling notes was handed to the witness and he identified it as the minute-book of the infamous camp. Even with the minutes to refresh his memory, O'Connor was still painfully oblivious of anything approaching a disturbance that occurred at the meeting. Over and over again did the state's attorney return to the attack, but O'Connor was not in a communicative mood, and the little information he did let fall was in shreds and patches of the weakest kind.

Mr. Foster at the outset had collided with a dozen or more hap-hazard objections by Mr. Forrest, and made the best impression yet shown on behalf of the prisoners, by declaring that he was willing for the state to prove all the facts connected with Camp No. 20. He undertook to cross-examine the recording secretary, and soon proved that the art of refreshing the memories of Clan-na-Gael officials is not entirely a buried mystery. So well did he succeed that Mr.

O'Connor was willing to testify to matters of two and three years ago, all of which were verdant in his memory as the name of the camp itself, but of things connected with the meetings in February of 1889, or any matters touching secret committees, Dr. Cronin, or thereto related, his was a perfect blank, and finally the prosecuting lawyers objected to any more recital of ancient history.

When Messrs. Longenecker, Hynes and Mills returned to court after the mid-day recess, it was evident that their hasty lunch had not satisfied their appetites. Hunger keen and savage, rendered them ferocious. Their voracity was not for meat and drink, but for information.

Andrew Foy, the first witness after lunch, seemed to think Judge McConnell's court was a sort of annex to Camp No. 20, where members of that organization were invited to enjoy themselves at the expense of the county. In Mr. Foy's eyes, Mr Foy's ignorance or forgetfulness was the funniest thing in the world, and the joke of sitting before a juror who has declared that he would not believe a member of Camp No. 20 under oath, seemed to tickle Mr. Foy hugely. Half an hour of the court's time, and about half a minute of the jury's attention, was devoted to Mr. Foy ere he took his departure.

Mr. J. Kelly and A. J. Ford were equally as non-committal as the recording secretary had been, and the task of concealing all they knew proved more than they bargained for. Between them the fact leaked out that at the memorable meeting in February, Dr.

Cronin's name had been mentioned, and that O'Sullivan, the iceman, had said that the Doctor was a member of the V. O. D. and was introducing members of that order into the Clan-na-Gael.

Of course Mr. Donahoe bridled up at the mention of his client, and the unfortunate witnesses squirmed visibly beneath the fierce looks of the attorney. The impressive manner in which Mr. Donahoe delivered himself of the parting salute "That's all," was calculated to terrify even a Clan-na-Gael.

Stephen Colleran proved a veritable diamond in the rough for the prosecution. Mr. Colleran's style of beauty is somewhat after the pattern of Martin Burke's. At the outset it was evident that Mr. Colleran had primed himself with a wholesale stock of forgetfulness and a large retail assortment of spirituous courage, but the glare of the court-room and the hundreds of eyes that met him on every side, proved too much for his tenacity as a know-nothing.

The protest upon protest by Mr. Forrest that met every question put to the witness by Mr. Mills, made the examination excessively tedious, and also served to confuse the witness into a welcome state of incoherency. As a friend of Coughlin, of Burke, of Cooney, of O'Sullivan and of John F. Beggs, it would have been strange if Mr. Colleran did not let fall something of importance to the prosecution. Hampered as Mr. Mills necessarily was from the fact that his examination could not partake of the nature of cross-questioning, he still managed to draw out of the witness some exceedingly damaging admissions.

Witness and Martin Burke were shown to have visited John F. Begg's office; Burke, Cooney, and Coughlin were seen together frequently by witness, and the missing Cooney was also located in the company of the ex-detective a few hours prior to the latter's arrest. The witness was on the stand upward of an hour, and even after that length it was evident that he had by no means exhausted his fund of knowledge anent the accused men. The hour of adjournment happened fortunately at this time and a bed at the county's expense was provided for Mr. Colleran, beside which a stalwart guardian of the peace stood watch, lest any of the knowledge locked up in the breast of Mr. Colleran should succeed in getting away. The state could not spare Mr. Colleran yet.

NO LIBERTY FOR WOODRUFF.

At Ottawa, Ill., on this date, in the Supreme Court, the petition for a writ of habeas corpus, which was sued for by Frank J. Woodruff, was denied. The substance of the decision is that the delay in trying Woodruff is his own fault, that he was on his own petition granted a separate trial from the others indicted with him for the murder of Dr. Cronin, and he must wait until the state is ready to try him.

CHAPTER XIV.

October 30 and 31—Days of Excitement—War in Camp No. 20—
Brave Captain O'Connor Scores The Triangle—Coughlin's
Abuse of Dr. Cronin—Ringing Truths From Patrick
McGarry—Beggs "Is Proud to be Alexander Sullivan's
Friend"—Mr. Foster Repudiates Forrest's Tactics—"Major"
Sampson Hits Back—Anything to Save Beggs.

An exceptional day at the Cronin trial was Wednesday, October 30. The court room was exceptionally crowded, ladies were especially numerous, some of the witnesses were exceptionally talkative—from a Clanna-Gael point of view—the testimony was exceptionally startling, and last, but not least, Mr. Forrest was exceptionally exceptional. When the record of this day's proceedings shall come before the Appellate Court—as it is evidently the foregone conclusion of the lawyers for the defense that it shall—the number of points raised by counsel for the defendants will make it a difficult task for the judges to handle the record without pricking their fingers. From the moment when the third tap of Bailiff Hackett's gavel announced that court was opened until the close of proceedings for the day, there was scarcely a moment when Mr. Forrest was not on his feet with a multitude of objections which he desired to place on the record.

"If Forrest would instruct his stenographer to print in large letters ahead of every witness' testimony the word 'objection—overruled—exception,' it would save time," said one of the short-hand men who has

found it difficult to keep sticking "objections" and "exceptions," into his notes like pins and needles into a pin cushion.

The reasons for Mr. Forrest's objections were not difficult to perceive. Things looked exceptionally blue for his clients, Coughlin and Burke, and no one was surprised at his persistency in objecting to the process whereby the threads of circumstantial evidence were being woven into the resemblance to a stout hempen rope. Even the jury failed to see into Mr. Forrest's jokes and acrobatic exhibitions, and not a laugh rewarded his efforts.

The first half hour after court convened promised well for a day of sensations. Mr. Longenecker set the ball rolling by asking for an attachment for Edward Spelman, of Peoria, the district officer of the Clanna-Gael, who had disregarded a summons to appear as a witness for the state. The attachment was ordered to be issued, and Mr. Spelman will have official company on his next visit to Chicago.

Another of the numerous family of O'Connor, who seem to have been largely in the majority in Camp No. 20, was put upon the stand. This Dennis O'Connor proved an unwilling witness, with no memory at all. He was put through an hour's catechism to show the extent of his ignorance of Camp No. 20 affairs, and as such an experiment he was a success. Next Colleran, the left-over witness of the previous night, came forward with increased reserve and the remains of his memory totally gone. From him nothing of advantage could be further obtained.

An improvement over his predecessors from Camp No. 20 was P. H. Nolan, the financial secretary of that body. He is a young man, and was evidently willing to tell all he knew. But unfortunately Mr. Nolan was more interested in attending to his cash books than in listening to the blatherskite patriots during the meetings of the camp. His recollection was, however, positive on the question of Beggs' famous reply to the question by a member of the camp in reference to the report of the secret committee. "That committee must report to me alone," the senior guardian had said in the hearing of the witness, and despite an unusually severe cross-examination by Mr. Foster the witness stuck to his point most tenaciously. An attempt to confuse him by mixing up an investigating committee about a missing book with the secret committee was likewise fruitless. Juror Allison, who appeared to see through the ruse, came to Mr. Nolan's assistance by asking whether he himself was not a member of the auditing committee, to which the witness replied affirmatively, thus making it doubly clear that the secret committee mentioned by Beggs was not identical with the one of which witness was a member.

And then came Captain Thomas F. O'Connor, and interest in the proceedings received a fresh impetus when he took the stand and told of the internal war in Camp No. 20.

Captain O'Connor is a typical semi-military Irish-American. To hear the witness relate his experience in the Clan-na-Gael Camps was like listening to a gray-haired and limping veteran telling of bloody frays

and feats of daring on the battle-field. That such a mild-mannered man should have struck the first open blow at a conspiracy, at whose struggle for existence the people of two continents looked on in awesome wonder, seemed incredible. Many times the lawyers for the defense called on the witness to speak louder as he related the story. He told how he had visited the camp of his friend, Dr. Cronin, and had there heard the details of the gigantic conspiracy laid bare. The story of the wholesale robbery, and still more barbarous treachery, filled the old man's heart with horror and indignation. He told how he availed himself of the first opportunity to denounce the Triangle; how his words had been met with a storm of abuse; and how, in the uproar, a blacker crime than any yet meditated had been born and added to the list, chargeable to the friends of the Triangle, and the vendetta of the inner circle was pronounced by the secret committee against Dr. Cronin.

Mr. Longenecker—Were you present at a meeting of the camp the night of February 8? Will you state whether you made a speech that night? A.—I did, sir.

Q.—Did you hear a speech made by Andrew Foy on that occasion? A.—I did, sir.

Q.—Will you state now what Andrew Foy said in his speech, or the substance of it? (Objected to and overruled.) A.—Andrew Foy arose in his place in the camp and addressed the senior guardian, and stated that he arose under a terrible strain. That after the disclosures of Le Caron in London the organization, as

an organization, was no more. That there were four British spies in the organization, and the organization should be reorganized and given a new name, and every one that was in the organization who had the slightest taint or suspicion attached to him should be expelled from the organization. That is as much of his speech as I can remember.

Q.—Now, what did you say? A.—When he got through I arose to my feet and I stated that I was not at all surprised at hearing the gentleman talk as he had done; that I knew by positive information that



CAPT. THOS. F. O'CONNOR.

the organization was run by a parcel of rogues known as our executive body; that they had squandered our funds even to the extent of \$100,000; and not alone that, but they sent our best men across to England to have them put behind British bars; and now I state positively that Le Caron was an agent of our executive body and received pay from them. At that moment I was interrupted by two or three brothers with a demand to tell where I got my information. I did not like the first brother who spoke to me, and I said: "You demand nothing." Then there were two or three

others that demanded to know where I got my information, and there was a general uproar at the time. So I turned around to the senior guardian and I said: "If the senior guardian demands of me where I got my information I will tell him." He did not say anything. Then there was more uproar. I turned a second time and a third time, and said if the senior guardian would demand of me where I got my information I would tell him. Then I stated that I had heard a terrible report of the entire trial committee in Buffalo, and that I had also seen a written report, 300 pages of closely written long-hand about the trial, and that I was positive of my statement. At that instant Daniel Coughlin, a member of the camp, arose to his feet and said: "Mr. Guardian, I move you that a secret committee of three be appointed to find out the source of Capt. O'Connor's information." Those were his words. Then there was some one else on his feet, and the senior guardian rapped the camp to order, as it was such a tumultuous time—such turmoil—and somebody spoke, and he said: "I will hear no more of this subject, and I will appoint a committee." That was all.

Q.—Who was the senior guardian at that time?

A.—John F. Beggs.

Q.—Do you know the names of the persons who demanded to know where you got your information? A.

—Mr. McNulty, Brother Ironton, John Currey, and Tom Murphy.

Q.—The treasurer of the camp? A.—Yes, sir.

When Mr. Foster undertook to cross-examine Capt. O'Connor, every word of the colloquy between lawyer

and witness was attentively weighed by the jury. As an exculpation of the senior guardian, Mr. Foster drew out from the witness the statement that Beggs had at a subsequent date told him to tell everything he knew. But when the witness was proceeding to comply with such instructions, and had started to tell of matters previous to the appointment of the trial committee, the lawyer cut him short with the remark that he did not care to hear the stale history of the Clan na-Gael.

"But the history of fraud and embezzlement was also called stale," interposed Mr. Hynes, and the unspoken history which the judge would not allow to be introduced stood out more glaringly against the accused than if the witness had recited its minutest detail.

Captain O'Connor's testimony was closely followed by the jury. The prisoners smiled when he delivered his speech the second time while under cross-examination, but to the rest they listened attentively and looked serious enough. Coughlin was an especially careful auditor. His flippant air was entirely abandoned. Beggs, too, was impressed with the testimony; his face wore a clouded look, was flushed, and his manner particularly intent. Burke chewed gum as usual, but the blood in his face was more conspicuous than ever. O'Sullivan was stolid as a graven image; this evidence concerned him but little, as he was not present at either of the meetings.

The defense cross-examined Captain O'Connor on the "constitution" of the order, as if any association whose founder was not graduative for a mad-house

would make secret murder one of the provisions of its charter, or as if the accursed Iago who worked the Triangle, who stole a million of dollars from his countrymen, who bluffed Egan after a six days' discussion out of \$100,000, who caused the records to be burned, who was twice charged with incendiarism, and had murdered some and threatened others, would stop at murder to work out his damnable and diabolical schemes.

Still another of the O'Connor family—Henry O.—was called to state the circumstances attending the appointment of the secret committee. The scene on February 22 was again described, and at that meeting Dan Coughlin told the witness that Dr. Cronin was a British spy. Mr. H. O. O'Connor left the camp prior to the appointment of the committee, and thus disproved a theory sought to be established by the defense, that the only committee appointed that night was one selected early in the evening, notwithstanding that the minutes showed otherwise.

In detail the conversation of the witness with Coughlin was given:

Q.—Did you, during that meeting, have a talk with Daniel Coughlin—the defendant, Daniel Coughlin?
A—I had a short conversation with him. I was putting my overcoat on at the inner door and Coughlin came up to me. He said to me that information had been received in Chicago to the effect that a confederate of Le Caron was among us. He went on to state, furthermore, that the indications were that the man was Dr. Cronin. I stopped him at that point. I said to him that if he wished to look for the confederates

of Le Caron, he should look to the men in whose interest Le Caron had been used in packed conventions and through fraudulent credentials.

Q.—Did you call the man by name? A.—I did not, sir. The conversation stopped immediately at the close of my remarks.

Officer John Collins, who has proved a "Samson" in demolishing the castles of the Clan-na-Gael Philistines, was called next and fully corroborated the matters sworn to by other members of the camp. He was present during the delivery of, and excitement caused by Capt. O'Connor's speech. He was present at the reunion and heard Powers and McGarry attack the Triangle, and he heard John F. Beggs' reply, wherein the senior guardian referred to Alexander Sullivan as his friend, and said that these attacks on the ex-executive must cease or there would be war, emphasizing his remarks by striking his breast, and this declaration was heartily applauded by many present.

The next witness was Patrick McGarry, who made his name famous by his evidence on this day. His testimony threw the perjurers and traitors in the shade and gave new tone to the entire proceedings. His words were withering on Alexander Sullivan. With all the power of a cyclone he caught up the disappointed and discredited man, and carried him clear away in his courage of denunciation, tore him into shreds and dashed him contemptuously to the ground. A scene like that when McGarry was giving his evidence has rarely been witnessed in a court of justice. The audience was electrified, the prisoners winced and

squirmed, and even their counsel were chilled for the time being. When the whole matter was over, Mr. Forrest said, in a voice that seemed to speak from the transom of Edgar Allan Poe's chamber door: "It is dangerous to let these orators have their innings," and well he might say so, for in the short space of time that Mr. McGarry held the chair he blasted the hopes of the defense most terribly. It was an Irishman who spoke, and a man of most unusual force of character. He scouted the idea that this murder had been committed, as was whispered around by the plotters and their



PATRICK DINAN.



PATRICK MCGARRY.

tools, by the United Order of Deputies. He spoke of the duties of Irishmen to America as the country of their adoption, and his views so accurately represented the great mass of the people that men rushed forward, when he was done, from all directions, to grasp his hand.

Mr. McGarry, after stating that he was a member of the United Brotherhood and that he had been present at a meeting of Camp No. 20—a reunion—on the night

of February 22, in reply to the question: "What did you do on that occasion?" answered: "I said in reply, when I was called on—that there were three gentlemen who had made speeches or remarks before me."

Q.—Who were they? A.—One was Francis A. Colby, another was O'Neil Russell, and the other I am not positive about, but to the best of my recollection it was Dr. P. H. Conway. I am not positive about him, but the other two I am. One referred to the unity that ought to exist among the members of the organizations, and amongst the Irish race in general, altogether. The other gentleman had referred—it was about the time that Le Caron had testified before the forgery commission in England—and it referred to spies getting into the organization. The other gentlemen had referred to how Irishmen came to this country, and, becoming American citizens, sought to educate their children—educate them first in the principles of American institutions: educate them also to have a love for their fathers' and forefathers' home. There was nothing in the Irish race, nothing in Irish history, that Irishmen ought to be ashamed of in America. In my remarks I said that I agreed with all that the three gentlemen had said. I said it was all very well to talk of unity, and that I wanted to see unity among the Irish people; but that there could not be unity while members of this organization would meet in back alleys and dark corners and villify and abuse men that had the courage to stand up and take treachery and robbery by the throat and strangle it. I said I was educating children; that I was raising children, and

that as long as God allowed me to be over them I would educate them first in American principles; that I also wanted to educate them so that if an opportunity came for them to strike a blow for Ireland's freedom that they would do so. I told them that they could not be too particular about getting members into the organization. That I had been investigating Le Caron's record. And I said that there were men in this organization that were worse than Le Caron, and that the man who gave Le Caron his credentials to go into the convention was a greater scoundrel than ever Le Caron could pretend to be. I said that I found out that Le Caron's camp did not exist for two years past; that they didn't have a meeting; that the junior guardian, as given in the directory, had not been in the town of Braidwood for two years; that he had been for over a year to Spring Valley. I said that they must have known that such a camp did not exist, only on paper. That was about the substance of my remarks; I cannot remember everything that passed; but what I said was in reply to what the other gentlemen had said.

Q.—Now, did John F. Beggs make a speech following yours? A.—Yes, sir. John F. Beggs said visiting members were coming in there, violating the hospitality of that camp, and it would have to be stopped. He said it was not right, that it was cowardly; and I wanted to interrupt him, but the presiding officer, the chairman, would not let me do so. I wanted to interrupt him when he used the word "cowardly." He said they came there to attack Alexander Sullivan, and it

was cowardly to attack any man behind his back, or who did not say so to his face. He said: "Alexander Sullivan has strong friends in this camp;" and he slapped on his breast and said, "I am one of them." I got the floor afterward and I said the gentleman had said it was "cowardly." I wanted them to understand that I was no coward. That I would tell Alexander Sullivan, either there or on any other ground, what my opinion of him was, and that every man who knew me knew what that was. I said, "Why do you mention Alexander Sullivan's name? I have not mentioned it, and I have not heard it mentioned here, until the senior guardian mentioned it." I said, "I repeat that the man who gave Le Caron his credentials is a greater scoundrel than ever Le Caron pretended to be." I should also say that Beggs said, when he said that Alexander Sullivan had strong friends in that camp and he was one of them, "There shall be union and unity among the Irish people if it takes war to make it."

Q.—Now, Mr. McGarry, did you see Patrick O'Sullivan, the defendant, after the disappearance of Dr. Cronin? A.—Yes, sir, at his house, about 8 or 8:30 o'clock.

Q.—Was any one present? A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Who? A.—The lady who admitted me; and there were also four or five men sitting around the room.

Q.—Will you state what you said to O'Sullivan, and what was said by him? A.—I told him that Dr. Cronin was missing; that I had been told that a man came to his office on Saturday evening at about 7:30

o'clock with a horse and buggy, and took the Doctor over to his ice house, to attend to a man who had been wounded by being thrown from the wagon and run over. I then asked him if that was the case. He said, "No." I asked if he did not know anything about it at all. He said, "No." I asked him did he make a contract with Dr. Cronin to attend to his men in case of an accident. He answered me, "Yes." I then said to him: "That looks suspicious." He said: "What is suspicious about it?" I said: "A man who only employs five or six men to employ a Doctor for a year to attend to his men in case of accident." I said: "I employ from twenty to fifty men, and am well acquainted with Dr. Cronin, and I never had any need to make such a contract with him or any other doctor to attend to my men." I said men working in a boiler shop are much more liable to get hurt than men working in an ice house. He said it was not so much on account of the men altogether as on account of the children, who were more likely to get hurt around an ice wagon than the men. They climbed up on the wagon and a piece of ice might fall upon them, or the ice tongs might fall upon them, and they would get hurt. Some person in the room at the time made the remark: "Don't you think the Order of Deputies has something to do with the disappearance of Cronin?" I said: "No, sir; the Order of Deputies is too honorable to have anything to do with that." I said: "If any one has anything to do with Cronin's disappearance, it is among his own kind of people, people of his own country and nationality." I said: "This is not the

first time his life has been attempted." Some question was asked then, if his life had been attempted before? I said, "Yes." I said if any one had attempted the life of Dr. Cronin, it comes nearer home. As I said, "It comes nearer home," I just happened to look at O'Sullivan and I saw his mouth twitch just so" (indicating). "I mean men of his own kind; men of his own country and nationality." And then it was the question was put about the Order of Deputies.

Q.—Some one spoke about it? A.—Yes; and I said the Order of Deputies were too honorable to have anything to do with that. I said that this was not the first time his life was attempted. "Was an attempt made on his life before?" was the question asked me; and I said, "Yes; some two or three years ago Dr. Cronin was called to attend a serious accident, such as this was represented to be, and he went up one flight of steps, and on entering the room did not like the appearance of the man on the bed, and said, "My God! did you bring me here to murder me?" and he went down the steps two at a time." I said, "In my opinion this accident was something like that."

Q.—What did O'Sullivan say at that time? A.—I do not remember that he said anything.

Kunze, the little German prisoner, was very ill during the entire day, and after commencing to cross-examine Mr. McGarry, it being nearly 4:30 o'clock, the court adjourned.

On October 31, a broken, blood-smearred trunk, containing a lot of dirty cotton batting, was the chief object of interest at the trial. Judge, jurors, lawyers,

bailiffs, reporters and spectators all tried to get as good a view of it as was possible, but to the five men on trial it was nothing but an object of disgust, all turning away from it as the foul thing was dragged into court, and as it was carried past the prisoners' row the only man of the five who appeared to notice it was Kunze, lying very sick in his chair with his head propped on pillows.

W. P. Hatfield, the salesman for A. H. Revell & Co., who had sold the furniture to "J. B. Simmons," was the witness whose testimony was clinched by the introduction of the broken trunk. Of all the articles selected haphazard by the mysterious tenant of the flat at No. 117 Clark street, the trunk alone seemed to concern the purchaser. He had insisted upon its being a big trunk and a strong one, even the strap he bought had to be of extra strength. Mr. Hatfield told the jury how his customer had laid stress on the fact that the goods were only for temporary use, a statement that one glance at the trunk fully confirmed. The erratic methods adopted by the leading counsel for the defendants were not without many singular and somewhat amusing results during this session. That Mr. Forrest had succeeded in making the jury tired, had been patent for days; even Mr. Foster, the attorney for Beggs, showed his appreciation of the fact by a request he made to the court. After an unusually copious deluge of exceptions, objections, and other stereotyped interruptions by Messrs. Forrest and Donahoe, Mr. Foster addressed the court.

"I wish the record to show that these numerous exceptions are not taken on behalf of the defendant

Beggs," said the attorney, and the grateful looks which beamed upon him from the jury box told that the point would be remembered in his client's behalf.

The great feature of this day was the introduction of "Major" Sampson. He swore than Dan Coughlin had tried to engage him to "slug" Dr. Cronin. He proved himself a trump card for the prosecution, being the very kind of a man Coughlin would have sought out for such work. Mr. Forrest cross-examined him mercilessly on his record, and a very bad record it was. The "Major," who is a leader in the "sporting" line, was traced by the irate Forrest through a maze of crime and prisons and penitentiaries, and was finally described as a "shell-worker," or a kind of three-card monte man.

He was just the kind of man Dan Coughlin needed, and he turned the tables badly upon the defense by knowing that Mr. Donahoe had once defended him when in a bad fix, and it is right to say that if he had killed Dr. Cronin he would have had the hearty help of the man who is now behind the defense. Indeed, he might have been nominated to a police captaincy or a berth in the City Hall. The "Major" was worthy of the Triangle and the Triangle of him. He gave some startling revelations of his life, and paralyzed the prisoners and their sympathizers when Mr. Forrest, in cantering through his sins, turned up every deed in the catalogue of crime except that alone—in comparison with which there is not a deed more vile—that of cowardly assassination.

Right here was the Major's opportunity:

"You have been indicted, have you not?" asked Mr. Forrest.

"But an indictment is a presumption of innocence, according to the statements of counsel to the jury," interposed Mr. Hynes.

"Yes, but the shell business is a felony," retorted Mr. Forrest.

"It ain't murder," shouted the "Major," from the witness chair.

This was a stunner. It shot forth from the infuriated "Major" like a bolt from a clear sky. The criminal had scored his point, and Mr. Forrest fell back in his chair and the triangler in court cursed low and deep.

The scene was dramatic, the victory decisive. The "Major" had qualified himself for election to the Triangle, and he walked out, with his overcoat on his arm, smiling sardonically at the consternation he had caused.

Apart from the evidence of Mr. Hatfield and the "Major," the day's proceedings were lacking in sensational features, Mr. McGarry's statement about the former attempt on the life of Dr. Cronin being ruled out of the record, but, notwithstanding that the jury were taken out of the court during the controversy on that point, thanks to Mr. Donahoe, the objectionable evidence was repeated so often after the jury returned that they must have learned it by heart.

Two witnesses from the Clan-na-Gael told of a conversation with John F. Beggs wherein that person sought to establish the fact that Dan Coughlin was a *protege* of Dr. Cronin, and had been introduced by the latter into the Clan-na-Gael without the customary

formalities. Joseph O'Keefe and Cornelius Flynn, the two Irishmen whom the senior guardian of Camp 20 had tried to impose upon with this story, repeated how they had disbelieved it and had quoted Dr. Cronin's statements in proof of their disbelief.

The testimony of all these witnesses is useful in connecting the circumstances upon which the state relies for conviction. It is plain, at this early date, that every effort is to be made to save Beggs, even at the expense of the other prisoners. As Beggs was nearest the source of power and walked arm-in-arm with the Iago when they both were attempting to dictate terms to the authorities at Washington, the Triangle are determined that Beggs shall be saved, and saved he will be if the money, influence and brains of the plotters can compass that end.

CHAPTER XV.

November 1 and 2—The Carlsons—Burke—O'Sullivan—That Letter—Bad Look-out for Burke—District Officer Edward Spelman—A Spell of Oblivion—Justice Mahoney—The Police There—The Fatal Cards—Very Warm for the Iceman—Burke Sees Inside The Trunk—Alexander Sullivan's Plea.

The proceedings in court on November 1st made Burke's prospects for clearance from the charges against him look rather gloomy.

John C. Garrity gave testimony which fully sustained "Major" Sampson's evidence that Coughlin had tried to engage Sampson to "slug" Dr. Cronin.

Martin McHale, the man who laid the carpet at No. 117 Clark street, identified the floor covering as the one found in the cottage.

The great event of the day was the examination of the Carlson family. Mrs. Carlson positively identified Martin Burke as the Frank Williams who rented the cottage from her father-in-law. "There he is chewing," said the lady, pointing to Burke. She was corroborated by Jonas Carlson, the owner of the house, an old, rugged, sturdy Teuton, who gave very careful and conclusive evidence. He stated that the moment Frank Williams saw the interior of the house and counted the rooms he said: "You can have your money," which was then paid over and a receipt taken. Not only was Carlson able to positively identify Burke, but he was able to connect O'Sullivan with him. He said that on March 20, after Williams had rented the cottage, he saw him talking with the iceman back of

the latter's barn. He heard Williams say to O'Sullivan, "The cottage is rented." Williams had gone out of the front gate and back across the lot to where he met O'Sullivan. He never saw Williams again until May 4 at about 5 or 5:30 in the afternoon. Williams was then coming out of the front door of the cottage. The witness was standing on the sidewalk in front of the house. Williams said to him: "I guess I'll fix up a little; it's not too early."



CHAS. CARLSON AND THE LETTER.

"Did you have another conversation with P. O'Sullivan?" "Yes, sir, on April 17 or 18. He came out to rig up his ice wagon, back of his barn. I went to him and asked him 'did he know any of those men who rented the cottage.' He said: 'No'; then he said: 'Yes, I know one of them; is the rent due?'"

I said 'No; it is not due till the 20th.' He said: 'Well, I will pay it then.'"

Then came the famous Frank William's letter, which Carlson identified as coming to him from Indiana. This letter is a remarkable one. Written in a clean but common-place hand, its diction was complete, and it evidently was the production of one accustomed to dictate letters to an amanuensis. It gave plausible reasons in excellent sentences and faultless words, but the orthography was horrid, and purposely aped illiteracy. It ran thus:

.....
 for MR. CARLSON,
 : No. 1872 ASHLAND AVENUE.
 : In the rare. Chicago.

In the body of the letter keys was spelled "kays," the word trouble was "truble," and the monosyllable "see" was written "cee." This letter was certainly dictated to the writer who signed "F. W." It was suspicious both in regard to its style and the obvious attempt to disguise the genius that lay behind it. Mr. Forrest, who led his colleagues in the burglarious attack on Carlson's cottage, cross-examined the old man. The irate old Teuton seemed to think that this was adding insult to injury. The audience plainly sympathized with the witness in his indignation.

Mr. Mills asked Carlson:

"How many times have you seen this man who called himself Frank Williams?"

"Three times—twice near my house and ——"

“And once elsewhere. Did you see him in this room?”

Old man Carlson, acting on the suggestion of Mr. Mills, rose from his seat and moved forward toward the prisoners, hat in hand. He moved slowly, scanning carefully every face coming within the immediate field of his vision. When at last he got near the table



JONAS CARLSON IDENTIFIES BURKE.

at which the defendants' counsel sat his eye suddenly rested on Burke.

Without a word he waved his hat in his direction and turned to retake his seat. This gesture and the instantaneous change of his expression from one of intense earnestness, mingled with perplexity, to one of satisfaction and relief, were the only indications he gave till he retook his seat that he recognized in Burke the Frank Williams of March 20 and May 4. But that was sufficient. Everybody in the court-room recog-

nized that the identification was complete Burke as keenly as any one.

The jury needed no words to make it certain whom it was the old man recognized, but these subtle scenes that impress the onlooker are beyond the stenographer's art to impart into the record. For the purpose of getting it there, and that alone, Mr. Hynes asked the witness if it was the defendant Burke that he recognized as Williams. But the mute scene had been too effective for even the attorneys for the defense to try to combat, and in the same breath Mr. Forrest and Judge Wing hastened to say they admitted it was Burke the witness identified.

Mr. Mills could not have arranged a more effective *finale* for his examination, and he ended it right there.

Charles J. Carlson was the first witness called on Saturday, Nov. 2. In reply to Mr. Hynes he told the story previously related by his wife, Mrs. Annie Carlson, of Burke's calling to rent the cottage on March 20. Burke had told witness of brothers and a sister who would occupy the cottage with him. At dusk that evening a load of furniture was brought, and a stranger, who resembled J. B. Simmons, helped to carry the things in doors. Until April 20, the house remained locked and deserted, and on that date Burke appeared again with the second month's rent. At that time he asked young Carlson to assist him in removing some goods left by a former tenant, and the glimpse of the interior furnishing enabled Carlson to identify the things described in Hatfield's invoice.

The night of May 4, witness went to bed early, and was therefore in ignorance of the tragedy enacted within a few feet of where he lay, until two weeks later, when, on receipt of the letter from Hammond, Ind., he, with his father, entered the cottage by the front windows. The ghastly evidences of crime which were there found, the witness fully described.

Kunze's name was mentioned by the prosecuting attorneys for the first time since testimony began to be taken. A week or so after the murder, young Carlson saw a man prowling around the back of the cottage, but he could not identify the German prisoner as the man.

On cross-examination Mr. Forrest drew from the witness that since June he had been under police protection, and that he expected to be paid for his time.

Mrs. Jonas Carlson, mother of Charles, followed. She collected the rent from Burke on April 20th, and asked him at that time why he kept the house always locked up. He told her the same story he had told to others, of his sick sister unable to travel.

Q.—Now, did any one come there after that time and see you in reference to the rent, and, if so, when? A.—There came a fellow the second week—Wednesday—the second week after the 4th of May. He said, “Mr. Frank Williams sent me here to pay the rent.” Then I said, “We do not want to take any more rent now, before the people move in.” He said, “The woman is sick.” “Well,” said I, “cannot help it; we do not take any more rent before they move in. We do not like to have it empty.” I told him we wanted to put up the place for sale. and he said, “Cannot you put the place

for sale and we have the rooms, anyhow?" I said, "No; for they cannot come in a house and look at it if it is rented."

Her evidence could not be shaken by the best efforts of Mr. Forrest's will in cross-examination. The next witness furnished the most important link yet found to bind the tenant of the Carlson cottage with the man who bought the furniture of Revell & Co., directly after the appointment of the secret committee in Camp No. 20.

Hakan Mortensen, the Swedish expressman, testified that some time late in March he had been approached by a man who wanted a light load of furniture removed from South Clark street to Lake View, Mortensen having his stand near the East Chicago avenue police station. The frequency with which this point was brought out seemed anything but pleasant to Coughlin, who sat with bowed head through the examination. That Burke, the day laborer, was able to travel in a buggy was shown by the witness, and the fact that he had a plentiful supply of funds was also disclosed when he came to pay the expressman's bill. From the flat at No. 117 Clark street to the Carlson cottage at No. 1872 Ashland avenue, the testimony of Mortensen was direct and decisive. Two or three times subsequent to the transfer of the furniture the witness saw Burke, and always he was hovering about the East Chicago avenue police station, where Dan Coughlin had his headquarters.

So important did this connecting link, presented by the witness, appear in the eyes of the attorneys for the

defense, that a strong effort was made to minimize its value by postponing the cross-examination until Monday, November 4th, but Judge McConnell would not allow this, despite Mr. Forrest's assertions that it would be lengthy. To discredit witness' memory by showing his recollection of other cartage in March and April, proved a boomerang to the defending counsel. Witness had picked out Martin Burke from a line of fifty men in the Winnipeg jail, and that circumstance alone had refreshed his memory on the incidents of last March to a degree not called forth by any other occurrence of his life. Honestly confessing that he did not remember any other loads he had carted before or since the journey between Clark street and Ashland avenue, the witness held the minutest detail of his previous testimony, and even the admission that he was now in the employ of the city left his evidence just where the prosecution wanted it—unimpeachable and vitally important.

The court adjourned until Monday morning, November 4th.

As an exponent of the value of a negative, District Officer Edward Spelman, of Peoria, Ill., who was the first witness on Monday morning, November 4, is entitled to leading honors.

Said a prominent Clan-na-Gael man of the Cronin persuasion, when Mr. Spelman's name was called, "Now you will see a great double feat of running with the hare and hunting with the hounds."

While the average Triangle Clan-na-Gael man's amount of forgetfulness would fill a volume, that of

District Officer Edward Spelman, who is second in rank only to the members of the executive body, would make an entire public library. An effort to keep tally on the witness' negative answers had early to be abandoned. Beginning with the denial of the existence of such a society as the Clan-na-Gael, the distinguished distiller from Peoria soon proved that wherever the ghost of a denial might prove of service to the defense and harmful to the prosecution, the witness had a dozen negatives ready to answer. After swearing that no Clan-na-Gael existed, or that the United Brotherhood had been called by that name in his hearing, he denied that any one in the order had higher powers than himself; he denied knowledge of the *personnel* of the executive body; he denied any knowledge of the correspondent to whom certain letters in his hand-writing had been addressed; he denied the statement that Beggs had told him that the subject of correspondence between them had been alluded to; he denied having talked with Coughlin about Cronin on the occasion of the detective's visit to his town; he denied the truth of his sworn statement before the grand jury; in fact, there was little that the state's attorney could ask the Peoria man which the latter was not ready to deny.

Being called upon to explain his absence and change of memory, the witness was obliged to depart from his stereotyped denials and admit that he had called upon Alexander Sullivan in the interval between swearing about Coughlin's statements and warning the state's attorney that his memory had played him false.

Mr. Longenecker—"I will state that he made his statement before the grand jury. I called him as a witness in this case and I expect him to make a statement in regard to this matter on the stand. He is under oath again. (To witness)—Did you not before the grand jury state that you did have a conversation with Daniel Coughlin?" A.—I did; I want to go into it fully, too; that question is not answered yet.

Q.—In which you stated before the grand jury under oath that Coughlin said: "Cronin was a ——— ——— (using one of the vilest names) and ought to be killed; and that he so stated to you when in Peoria. Did you not so testify? A.—I did not say that to the grand jury as the district attorney puts it to me. I said that in the conversation with Coughlin at Peoria he said Cronin was a ——— ——— (here witness repeated the epithet), but on reflection and on consultation with the other two men present, I sent my attorney to Chicago to notify the district attorney that I was mistaken. My attorney was unable to find Mr. Longenecker, so I came myself specially to Chicago and notified Judge Longenecker and the other counsel that if they asked me that question on the stand I should have to deny it in order to do justice to my own self and to the facts. (Here the audience in audible murmurs expressed their disgust at the answer.)

Q.—Had you seen Alexander Sullivan before coming to my office? A.—Yes, sir. I met a party on the streets and he said that Mr. Sullivan was talking about me harshly. I called on Mr. Sullivan and told him—

Mr. Forrest—"I object to this conversation on the street."

The Court—"I am going to rule on the whole matter later."

A change came over the district officer from Peoria when subjected to the catechising process by the attorney for Beggs. Even such a simple matter as the number of senior and junior guardians who attended a meeting at Plasterers' Hall, which in response to the state's attorney, Mr. Spelman denied his ability to even approximately guess, when asked the same question by Mr. Foster, his memory was suddenly rejuvenated and served him with wonderful promptness and exactness.

The Beggs-Spelman letters, which have been hovering around the door of the record demanding admission, were finally received in court. The letters, of themselves, will be argued to mean everything, anything, or nothing, when the time for speech-making comes. As a sample of ambiguous phrase, capable of being translated any way, the following is worthy of quotation. In his third letter to Spelman Beggs says: "The matter I wrote of, I would let pass if I could, but I was ordered to notice it." Whether "the matter" was the removal or the investigation of Dr. Cronin, or whether the power ordering the senior guardian was the secret committee or the power all-powerful at the head, the jury will be left to decide. They will certainly hear both explanations to their full content.

WHAT CAUSED THE CHANGE IN SPELMAN?

This was a question asked on all sides, and though speculations were rife it remained for an old acquaint-

ance of his to give what he claims to be the only correct answer.

“The truth of the whole matter is simply this,” said this acquaintance of Mr. Spelman, in discussing the reckless, brazen effrontery of the man in thus eating his own words and denying notorious facts:

“Spelman has been brought into line just as Beggs and hundreds of others were, by this arch-conspirator. It is an old trick of this great Triangler to look up



DISTRICT OFFICER SPELMAN.



“MAJOR” SAMPSON.

every man's record with whom he comes in contact. John F. Beggs came to Chicago after serving his term in the Ohio penitentiary, resolved to lead an honest life. For a while he succeeded. Then came the hand of the Triangler, tore his mask of honesty from his face, and threatened to expose his past career unless he bowed before the Triangle. Beggs succumbed. The same scheme was tried with Dr. Cronin, and it only failed because in all the Doctor's career he had not one deed to be ashamed of. Now the case is exactly similar with regard to Edward Spelman. It seems that Spelman's Canadian record has been of such a charac-

ter as would not bear the broad light of day. This Triangler said to Spelman: "Go on the stand for the prosecution and give testimony against my friends and I will make known your Canadian history." Like Beggs, Spelman succumbed."

A relief from the know-nothingism of the district officer from Peoria was the testimony of Justice Mahoney, of Lake View, the man quoted by O'Sullivan as his introducer to Dr. Cronin. The witness was evidently determined to tell all he knew about the famous contract, and that "all" was far too much for O'Sullivan's welfare. The fact that Dr. Cronin and O'Sullivan were well acquainted prior to the latter asking Mr. Mahoney to introduce him to the Doctor was clearly shown. The iceman's anxiety to make it appear that the contract with Dr. Cronin was based on purely philanthropic motives, the startling outline of the first steps of the tragedy disclosed by a repetition of the conversation between the Doctor and the iceman at the time of making the contract—all these were told by the witness in a manner that carried conviction to every one within earshot, and even convincing Lawyer Donahoe that the briefer was the cross-examination the better it would be for his client.

Mrs. Addie J. Farrar told of his words in relation to the murder. He had called on her just after Dr. Cronin's body was found, to secure her order for ice. She spoke of the terrible topic to O'Sullivan. In her own words: "I said: 'Why it was fearful to decoy a person away and murder him in that manner.'" Mr. O'Sullivan did not speak for a few minutes; then he

said: "They say he was a British spy." I replied: "Well, why should they kill him even if he was a spy?" Mr. O'Sullivan said: "He gave away the secrets of a secret order, and if a man did that he ought to be killed; if he did that he has got no more than he deserved." I said that if he did he was another Morgan. He said: "Such men get their just deserts."

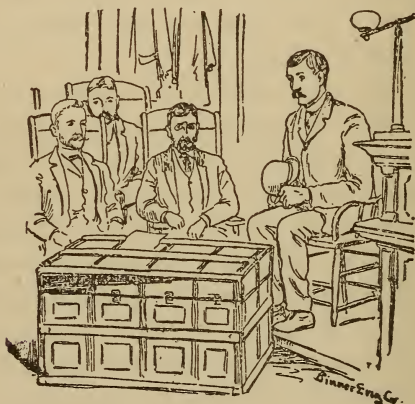
Attorney Donahoe tried hard to make witness say that O'Sullivan referred to the newspapers as "they" who said Cronin was a spy, but the witness refused to admit the saving clause.

Ex-Officers Steib, O'Reilly, Smith and Hayden, formerly of the Lake View police, described the horse, wagon, and trunk they had seen toward midnight on May 4, their testimony being in the main identical with the story so often told. Private Watchman Way, who met the trio of conspirators almost in the act of unloading the trunk of its horrible contents, described the spokesman of the party as a thick-set fellow, a description which would not tally with any of the prisoners. The court adjourned and Nov. 5, being election day and a legal holiday, no session was held upon that date.

Wednesday morning, November 6, the state completed the circle of the story of the murder proper—the overt acts that constituted the committing the crime.

The manner of discovering the trunk was told this morning by three young Germans who had gone to Edgewater early on the Sunday morning, May 5, to

practice shooting. Returning they found the trunk, the blood still fresh in the bottom of it and the cotton saturated with it. The lid lay at a distance from the box, which was near the fence. The young men carried the box to the road-side that it might be seen, and pursued their way. They identified the trunk in the court-room as the one they found. Captain Villiers testified to the trunk being the same, and to its being in the condition stated by those who found it.



THE COFFIN-TRUNK IN COURT.

Being questioned about the condition of some of the streets, he said of one reported to have been traveled over by the wagon that it was sandy.

“There would be no difficulty traveling over it with a light wagon with a trunk in it?” asked Mr. Forrest.

“And three big men in it?” added Mr. Longenecker.

“Four big men,” interposed Mr. Hynes.

"Three," said Forrest. "Where's the fourth?"

"In the trunk," retorted Mr. Hynes.

Printer Robert T. Stanton, testified that he printed the cards for Patrick O'Sullivan in April and that they were delivered on May 2. The defense cross-examined Mr. Stanton interminably, but only succeeded in fixing the date as stated more positively.

Officer Phillips, who, with Captain Wing and Officer O'Malia, went with the patrol wagon to get the trunk from the roadside, first described its condition; then Captain Wing told of its passing to him from Captain Villiers and his turning it over to the coroner; next Officer O'Malia explained its appearance and all three officials identified the trunk in evidence as being the same one to which they referred. After the body was found in the catch-basin on May 22, and its possible connection with the trunk, found nearly three weeks before, had been suggested, officers were sent to secure more of the cotton batting that was found with the body. A quantity of it, wet and muddy, was put in a bucket by Officers Phillips and Spangler, and delivered to Captain Wing. By him the bucket with its contents was placed in the trunk. As the moisture evaporated the bucket grew dry and fell to pieces. Officer Phillips identified the wreck of staves and hoops as the pail he had used.

This officer proved a valuable witness on another point. He was sent to P. O'Sullivan's house on the day after the finding of the body to bring that person to Captain Schuettler at the Lake View police station. As they left O'Sullivan's premises through the barn,

the iceman saw some officers and others seeming about to enter the Carlson cottage. As though his conscience and his fears momentarily got the better of his discretion, he said to the officer: "What in h—l are they going in there for, the d—d fools."

Evidence implicating Kunze was introduced just before the court adjourned. William L. James, a sixteen-year-old boy, testified and identified Kunze as one of the occupants, in March, of the flat at No. 117 South Clark street. From the window of his father's office, in the Opera House building, the lad had often looked out on the street below and at the opposite buildings. He had seen the occupants of this flat at different times, and once saw Kunze washing his feet in front of the window.

Chief of Police Hubbard, Ex-Capt. Michael J. Schaack and Acting Capt. Herman Schuettler were the principal witnesses examined on November 7th, and the result of their united efforts as disclosed in court was a piece of plank, about one and a half foot square, chopped out of the floor of the Carlson cottage. This piece of board had been painted by the former occupants of the house, and the imprint of stocking feet showed where some one had walked across the fresh paint. Whose the footprints were, whether the foot belonged to a conspirator or to an early visitor after the paint was laid, was not disclosed by the testimony.

Prior to the appearance of these police officials Milkman Mertes testified that on the night of May 4th, he was passing the Carlson cottage when he saw a horse and buggy stop in front of the house. A tall man

jumped from the buggy, ran up the steps of the cottage, opened the door with a key and entered, stepping off with the left foot first. The man wore a brown overcoat, had stooping shoulders and dark hair. All these details came under the eyes of the milkman, while at the same time he stood staring full in the eyes of the other man who remained in the buggy, who stared in return for a few minutes, then whipped up his horse and drove away. Mr. Mertes identified John Kunze as the driver of the buggy and Dan Coughlin as the man who entered the cottage. Coroner Hertz identified the trunk in court as *the* trunk.

Then P. O'Sullivan received one more blow. Detective Murray, of the Pinkerton Agency, was called on professionally by Mr. Conklin on May 5th. He went for Mr. O'Sullivan and took him to Mr. Conklin's house.

Q.—Did you speak to him about some one having come over from his place for a doctor? A.—I did, sir. He said he had not sent anybody to the Doctor's residence. I then asked him about the contract. He stated that he was down town one day near the City Hall and there met Justice Mahoney. In conversation with him he asked him whom he knew to be a good doctor. He answered, Dr. Cronin. He asked him if he would go with him to Dr. Cronin's office, and Mahoney said "yes," and went with him.

It will be remembered that Justice Mahoney swore that he met O'Sullivan in Lake View and went down town with him to the Doctor's office.

Captain Schaack swore that O'Sullivan told him on May 28, that he was not out of the house on the night

of May 4. Soon after he was placed in jail he sent for the Captain and said that he was out that night but only went as far as the wagon sheds. He told Schaack once that he had been acquainted with Dr. Cronin for six or seven years, and again he told him that he had just met the Doctor at the Washington Literary Club, two weeks before the last spring elections.

The testimony of Captain Schaack was particularly damaging to O'Sullivan, but it also indirectly affected Coughlin and Kunze. This was brought out by the defense in toying with that dangerous factor, cross-examination. Schaack testified that Coughlin and Kunze had been working together on the Lynch distillery explosion case, and in telling just how Kunze worked, the witness gave a portrait, not flattering, but true, of the character of the little German.

In reply to Mr. Donahoe's question if Coughlin and Kunze were not working together on the distillery case, the Captain replied:

"Yes, against my orders."

"But you knew they were working together, didn't you?" persisted Donahoe, not knowing when to let go.

"Yes, Kunze said he saw the man that threw the bomb in Lynch's distillery, and kicked up a lot of monkey business about it, and then went down to Peoria and got into a fuss at the hotel and carried on like a fool generally."

During the afternoon the trunk was again identified by Captain Schuettler. When he first saw it at

the Lake View police station he put on it a private mark for identification. In looking for this mark, in the court-room he turned the trunk upon end, exposing the inside to the view of the prisoners. When Burke saw the blood-stains in it and the pieces of gore-clotted batting, his face changed color; his cheeks and temples flushed crimson and then became an ashen hue.

Superintendent of Police Hubbard was called to trace the custody of the trunk and its adjuncts, the lock and key, from the time they came into his possession until handed over to the state's attorney. Then these articles were offered in evidence by the prosecutor, of course over the objections of the attorneys for the defense, and court was adjourned.

ALEXANDER SULLIVAN'S PLEA.

After the adjournment of the court State's Attorney Longenecker was served with a notice by a clerk in the employ of Duncan & Gilbert, attorneys for Alexander Sullivan, that they would apply in Judge Baker's court the next morning to have their client discharged from bail under which he has been held since the finding of the coroner's jury. The clerk was most particular about the time at which service was rendered. Mr. Longenecker remarked good-naturedly to the clerk: "Well, I can tell you that I cannot attend to this case to-morrow. I have more important business on hand. I shall resist the motion, undoubtedly. I am not going to let Alexander Sullivan go without bail until this Cronin case is disposed of, if I can help it. Say that to Senator Duncan for me."

CHAPTER XVI.

Dr. Cronin's Clothes Found—Fished From a Sewer—All Recovered but His Purse and Watch—Thieves as Well as Assassins—Alexander Sullivan's Application, November 8—Coughlin, Kunze, O'Sullivan and Cooney in Close Confab—Again the Decoy Cards—Experts Testify on November 9—The Chief Triangler's Bondsmen Released—November 11—Burke's Tin Box—The "Inner Circle"—O'Sullivan's Doctor—The Clothing in Court.

About 2 o'clock on the afternoon of November 8, the clothes worn by Dr. Cronin on the night of his murder, his box of splints and satchel of surgical instruments, and other personal and professional belongings, were discovered at the bottom of a man-hole at Evanston and Buena avenues.

The separate articles found were: The iron framework of a large valise, box of physician's splints, hand satchel filled with surgical instruments and medications, pocket case of instruments, doctor's prescription book, small case with apparatus for hypodermical injections, suit of fine balbriggan underclothing—shirt and drawers, white shirt, linen collar, large soft felt hat, pair of half hose, pair dark pants, large Prince Albert coat, vest, light spring overcoat.

The only things missing that were known to have been on the person of Dr Cronin when he left his office on the night of May 4 on his ostensible errand of mercy, are his shoes, his gold watch and chain, and his personal letters and papers.

Like the finding of the body of the murdered patriot, the finding of his clothes and effects came about by the

merest accident. The entrance to the sewer at Evanston and Buena avenues was reported clogged up, and a party of cleaners were dispatched to remove the obstruction. Two of this party, Reis and Gilbert, were the men who fished out with their hoes and rakes



THE POCKET INSTRUMENT CASE.

(one of them going down into the man-hole), the clothes, box of splints, etc.

The man-hole is in the center of Evanston avenue, situated about one hundred feet north of Buena avenue, about a mile south of the catch-basin at Fifty-ninth street and Evanston avenue, where the body of the murdered doctor was found, and only a square or



SURGICAL INSTRUMENT SACHEL.

more distant from the vacant lot where the bloody trunk was discovered.

Michael Gilbert telephoned at once to the Lake View water department. From there word was sent to Lieutenant Larch at the old Lake View police station. This official communicated at once with Chief Hubbard, and

received word to bring the effects to the Chief's office at the City Hall. By 4 o'clock most of the personal belongings in the possession of Dr. Cronin at the time of his murder were lying on the big green-covered table in Chief Hubbard's private office. From there they were conveyed to the state's attorney's office in the criminal court building, and there laid out on a long canvas stretcher.

By the time the things arrived at the state's attorney's office Mrs. Conklin, who had been sent for in the meantime, was on hand and ready to identify the Doctor's effects. As the pocket case of physician's instruments and the prescription-book both contained the name of Dr. Cronin, Mrs. Conklin's identification, though complete and convincing, was scarcely necessary. The pocket-case of instruments contained on its black leather exterior the following inscription in gold letters:

PRESENTED
BY
WILLIAM BAGNALL
TO
DR. P. HARRY CRONIN.

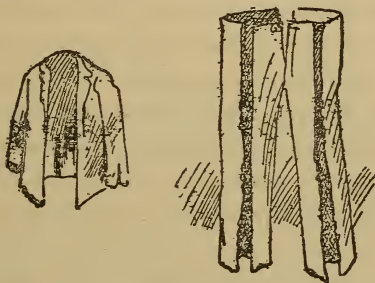
The memorandum book had written on its fly leaf, in the Doctor's bold hand-writing, "Dr. P. H. Cronin." In the pocket of it was a package of cards:

Residence	Office
TELEPHONE No. 3312.	TELEPHONE No. 1284.
DR. P. H. CRONIN,	
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,	
CHICAGO.	
Office	Residence
501-503 OPERA HOUSE	468-470 NORTH CLARK
BUILDING.	STREET.
Hours: 12 m. to 2	Hours: 9 to 11 a. m.,
p. m.	6 to 7:30 p. m.

The clothing had evidently been ripped off the dead man with a very sharp knife, and the loss of the watch and purse with money, proves that the assassins could combine robbery with their "patriotic" work.

IN COURT. THREE TOGETHER.

The criminal court opened on November 9th, with a subdued air and benches of spectators with dripping umbrellas and damp clothes. The cross-examination of Captain Schuettler was resumed by Mr. Wing, and



THE SLASHED CLOTHING.

on the re-direct examination by Mr. Hynes the Captain told of the conversation between O'Sullivan and Capt. Schaack, when the iceman admitted that no accident had ever befallen any of his men; that no child had ever been overrun by any of his wagons, and that when he himself was ill another doctor attended him. He also denied belonging to the Clan-na-Gael, but when asked to give up the names of those who attended a certain meeting of the "Washington Literary Society," which was organized by Dr. Cronin, O'Sullivan refused without first consulting his political dictators. When

cross-questioned by Capt. Schaack as to what O'Sullivan telephoned Coughlin between the months of February and March, the iceman blurted out: "About a man named Kunze." He, therefore, was the first to implicate the giddy German in the matter. It has been conclusively proven that constant telephoning was going on between the iceman and Coughlin; these messages were always for the detective to come to his place. O'Sullivan also denied that he knew the Carlson's tenants, which was false, and a Mrs. Lindgren testified that when the Carlsons were getting uneasy about the non-occupation of the cottage it was to O'Sullivan they looked for explanation.

The great and only sensational witness of the day was William Nieman, saloonkeeper at Lincoln avenue and Roscoe street. He swore that on the evening of May 4th, about 10:30 o'clock, O'Sullivan, Coughlin, Kunze, and another man, came into his saloon and had drinks around. O'Sullivan paid for all. They appeared excited, and all whispered close together as if they had some terrible secret to impart or talk over.

Nieman clinched the chain under cross-examination, as to the date he fixed it, by the day he received his license.

In the identification of Coughlin and Kunze, Nieman was not absolutely positive, but his strong opinion was that they were the same men—the missing man, it is to be presumed—was Cooney—but of O'Sullivan's identity the witness had not the shadow of a doubt. At this particular juncture the prisoners directly referred to leaned forward in their chairs and glared at

the witness, their faces paling perceptibly. They made suggestions to Mr. Forrest during the cross-examination, and the nervous twitchings and suppressed feeling exhibited, showed that they had received a home-thrust. Neiman's testimony is a flat contradiction to the assertion made by O'Sullivan, to sundry persons, that he was home all the night of May 4th. The witness was not in the least shaken on cross-examination, and being a German, his evidence was without taint of prejudice.

O'Sullivan was again brought prominently forward in connection with his never-to-be-forgotten card. The



TWO VIEWS OF DR. CRONIN'S HAT.

printers' foreman, Andrew J. Monatt, proved that the iceman got a lot of the celebrated cards on April 27th, and having gotten these he was apparently in no hurry for the remainder. So it was shown that O'Sullivan was in a hurry for some of the cards, and that he obtained them for a set purpose.

Two police officers were called, Joseph Hunkaler and Isaac Robinson, who were on duty in the neighborhood of the Carlson cottage about May 12th. Hunkaler noticed two men standing at the real estate office at Ashland avenue. He drove them away, as it was after hours, and these were evidently the fellows who were on guard while their co-conspirators went into the cottage to paint the floor and disguise all traces of the

crime, so as to be able to explain the matter to old man Carlson, as was done in the letter of "F. W." on May 19th. By a watchmaker named Alfred Kettner, Coughlin was seen walking north in the direction of the Carlson cottage about 4 o'clock on May 4th, with another man, probably to complete arrangements.

These were the features of the day and the news of the discovery of Dr. Cronin's effects reaching the court, the order for adjournment was given and every one hurried away to ask about and talk of the new sensation.

On November 9, Captain Schuettler cleaned a small piece of muddy carpet, raked out of the Lake View sewer by Officer Lorch on the day before. The colors were easily recognized and it was exactly similar to that sold to "J. B. Simmons." This piece of carpet, found in the same sewer with Dr. Cronin's clothing, serves to locate the Doctor in the Carlson cottage, whence the carpet came, and where Martin Burke was ostensibly residing at the time of the murder.

It was clearly established by this day's evidence that the blood-stains found in the Carlson cottage, and in the trunk picked up on Evanston avenue the day after the murder, were those of human being's blood.

Two sessions of court were held, and the first witness called in the morning for the state was Gerhardt Wardel. He was examined by Mr. Mills. The witness is a gardener by occupation, and lives at No. 1929 North Ashland avenue. On the night of May 4, at 10:30 o'clock, he saw two men enter the Carlson cottage. He could not positively identify any of the

prisoners as the men he saw enter the cottage, but such general description as he was able to give, fitted very closely to Dan Coughlin and Pat Cooney. There was a light burning in the cottage at that time. He could see the light through the space left by a missing slat from the green window blinds. He arose at 5 o'clock the next morning, and accompanied his wife to early mass. As they passed the Carlson cottage, which is but little more than a block south of their own home, they saw fresh blood-stains on the steps of the cottage



THE PRESCRIPTION BOOK.

and on the board walk in front. The witness was cross-examined by Judge Wing without any new points being brought out, or without in the slightest way weakening the evidence.

Archibald J. Cameron, who keeps the saloon at No. 793 Lincoln avenue, which is but a short distance from the Carlson cottage, testified that John Kunze, who he has known for some time, accompanied by Coughlin and a person called Dunn, was in his saloon one evening shortly after the April election.

Dr. Egbert was recalled to testify that he gave some of the hairs he had taken from the head of the body of Dr. Cronin at the autopsy to Captain Schuettler. Then followed the testimony of the experts.

Professor Walter S. Haines, who holds the chair of chemistry in the Rush Medical College, was first called. His chemical examinations of a few of the hairs given him by Captain Schuettler, and of several blood-stains from the cottage and the trunk, proved conclusively that they were blood-stains, though whether of the human or brute species the science of chemistry could not decide. His evidence was clear and convincing, and a careful cross-examination by Judge Wing did not in the least shake it.

Professor Henry L. Tolman, the expert microscopist, was then called. After an elaborate examination of the blood-stains under the microscope, he was convinced that the blood was of the human species. To quote the witness' exact words: "I should say it was human blood. Partly because the average of all these measurements brings it above the generally established average of human blood, which is about 3,200 or 3,250 to an inch; and, secondly, because the kind of hair found, which adds very strongly to that supposition. I may add that those hairs were not visible to the naked eye, that they were in the clot, and when I first saw them I passed them by as atoms of fibrine. They slightly resembled it, but their repetition so many times finally led me to examine them very carefully. They were only found in that clot, and apparently where the clot was the thickest. I came to two interstices

between the wood, where they were thicker, and there found them in quite a number, nearly to the center of the drop.”

Dr. William T. Belfield, expert microscopist, also examined the specimens of hair and blood-stains. His evidence as to the blood being that of a human being was very interesting and conclusive, though in the main his testimony but corroborated that of the pre-



CHIEF HUBBARD READS DR. CRONIN'S CARD.

vious witness. Both witnesses gave excellent testimony, which Mr. Forrest's lengthy cross-examination failed to shake in the slightest.

Alexander Sullivan was admitted to bail by Judge Tuley in the circuit court June 14, on *habeas corpus* proceedings, and on this day (Nov. 2, was released from bail by Judge Baker, ordering that a judgment in exoneration be entered, and with that order from the court Alexander Sullivan was freed from all legal bonds for the murder of Dr. Cronin.

Monday, November 11.—The first witness of the morning was Miss Martha Johnson, who identified the cotton batting found in the trunk.

Henry Beckhose testified that Kunze had boarded with him as "John Kaiser," and that he had elsewhere assumed the name, was sworn to by a German named Herkimer. John P. Dunn sustained the evidence of A. J. Cameron. He was in the saloon about election time and saw Coughlin and Kunze there and the latter introduced him to Coughlin, saying that anything the detective could do for him (Kunze), would be done.

F. S. Washburn, saloon-keeper, gave a conversation with Kunze, when the German said that he was going to buy a horse from O'Sullivan and pay more than the horse was worth so as to get money from his guardian. The intimacy between the iceman and Kunze is well established.

Gus Klahre, the tinner, who soldered Burke's box and was twice mysteriously assaulted, testified that about 9 o'clock on May 6, an expressman and Martin Burke called on him to solder a box 14x26 inches. The tinner began to talk about the Cronin murder. When he started the conversation Burke said, "He was a British spy and ought to be killed." The box was of galvanized iron and Burke sat by all the time Klahre was at work, watching the proceeding very carefully, moving from one side to the other of the bench as the box was turned. The workman was about to cut the cord, in order to scrape the box, when Burke stopped him. "Don't cut that cord," he said.

Michael Walsh belongs to Camp No. 96, and is the man who paid Burke's board in Joliet. He met Burke there about May 9, and got him work as a sewer laborer. He went with Burke to get a letter at the post-office, but would not say if or not that letter contained a money order. "I am giving no information about his getting a post-office order," said this witness, who was evidently inspired by the Triangle and prompted by



CAPT. SCHUETTLER WITH THE FIND.

Forrest's "I object," and who received a shake-hands from Burke on going out from the witness-chair.

The next witness was Joseph O'Byrne, senior guardian of Camp 266, a gentleman who gave his evidence with great impartiality and with a conscientious regard for truth and honor. He said that meeting with John F. Beggs, "I asked him, 'What are we going to do with regard to Dr. Cronin?'" He (O'Byrne) said that the council ought to be called. Beggs said that "There was no need to mind that matter, and that the Doctor

would turn up all right." To Warren (the name of a man who, standing by, intruded into the conversation), Beggs said: "You do not know what you are talking about; you are not belonging to the inner circle." This remark, it must be added, is a little hard on old Denny O'Connor, who swore that there was no inner circle, and who evidently considered his oath to the Triangle more binding than his oath to respect God and the laws of the United States. Mr. O'Byrne's version of the conversation with Beggs conclusively established that there was an inner circle, and Mr. O'Connor, while swearing that there was no inner circle, collected the ballots and inducted members into the circle. As this testimony was corroborated by another gentlemen of unquestionable veracity and high character in Irish circles, Mr. Maurice Morris, it must be considered as perfectly true, and it is the first time decisive evidence has been sent home against John F. Beggs. Mr. Morris was present when the conversation took place about Cronin's disappearance.

Dr. John F. Williams testified that he was a customer of O'Sullivan's, and that the iceman was his patient when sick. He occasionally gave him prescriptions. Questioned as to how much O'Sullivan's annual bill amounted to, the Doctor said that it did not reach \$10, for all the time he was the iceman's physician. Here was a man paying \$50 a year to Dr. Cronin when his bill was not \$10 for three or four years medical service.

Michael Gilbert, the man who found Dr. Cronin's clothing, etc., described the method of flushing the

sewers which enabled him to make the discovery. "I called to Michael Reese," said he, "to get those rags out. We tied them with a piece of string, put them in a pail, and hauled them up."

During the time that Gilbert was on the stand alternate tints of deadly pallor and crimson chased each other across the faces of the prisoners. The clothes were produced. The few ripped and gashed garments were all that remained to exhibit to the spectators and court of their once rightful owner. The scene was tragic.

The court was densely crowded. Paleness and horror were on every face as the ghastly remains were shown, and the intense emotion was heightened when Chief Hubbard, in identifying the instruments, reminded the people of the humane mission of the man and of the noble art of healing, of which the victim was a votary. Men hushed their voices and women's eyes filled with tears. A solemn and awful stillness reigned, and all were grave and nervous as the counsel of the prosecution directed their identification, and some minds flashed back to the history of 2,000 years ago, when Roman patriots carried their lives in their hands in the presence of a secret force which the trinity of treason had revived in our day and under this Republic.

Few parallels have ever been known for the circumstances of this murder, and none for the brutal and drastic levity with which it has been regarded in certain Irish circles. America needs to take warning lest the apathy of her busy people and unprecedented

limitations of her laws and executive departments do not develop a fertile field for license and anarchy. If there was any wholesome fear of the law this murder would never have been committed, and the bold and isolated clique who stand behind it and support it with their pilfered money and purchased perjury would be handed over to the governments to which their lives are forfeited to pay the penalties of their crimes. But here American politicians have sheltered, rewarded and toadied to them, and American institutions are reaping the fruits of the treacherous levity of the false and faithless few who are unfortunately permitted to conduct public affairs for their own private gain, and to hire thugs, thieves, detectives and court-bailiffs to taint, outrage, and trample upon the sources of justice and law.

CHAPTER XVII.

November 12 to 15—Coughlin's Admissions—"To Perdition With Alexander Sullivan!"—Mrs. Hoertel's Evidence—Dr. Cronin's Dying Cries—"O God!" "O Jesus!"—About Burke—Kunze and Coughlin—The German Suspect's "Confession"—He Declares Burke Guilty—The Prosecution Practically Closed—Two Days' Recess—Now For the Defense—Mrs. Hoertel's Character.

Another day of sensations was added to the record of the Cronin case on Nov. 12. Even the dying words of the stricken man, murdered with the name of his God and his Savior upon his lips, were repeated in the gloomy court-room. But scarcely could imagination picture the terrible scene conjured up by the words of an humble German washerwoman, before attention was arrested by a still more startling phase of the trial.

The question was: "Shall the investigation be allowed to rest with a detailed history of the circumstances of the crime itself, or shall the veil be lifted and the motives of the tragedy, remote and direct, be exposed?" Judge McConnell took the matter under consideration.

"Cronin and myself have been enemies for four years," were the words of Dan Coughlin, repeated by Chief Hubbard on the witness-stand.

"Was Coughlin on the trial committee which convicted Dr. Cronin of treason?" asked the state's attorney of ex-Officer Dan Brown, a member of that committee and the man who preferred charges against the Doctor. Brown was a witness.

Thereupon a foretaste of the deluge of oratory which awaited the jury was poured forth for the benefit of the judge, and up to the close of the day's proceedings the query propounded to ex-Officer Brown remained unanswered.

Mr. Foster, abandoning his habitual manner of quiet reserve, cleared the field for action by declaring briefly



W. A. FOSTER.

what would be the natural outcome if such a question were allowed to be answered. It would mean a re-hearing of the testimony taken in the trial of Cronin in 1885, and a reopening of the trial of Alexander Sullivan in Buffalo last year.

"To perdition with Alexander Sullivan!" exclaimed Forrest in the most dramatic speech which he has yet

uttered. He declaimed against his "poor unoffending clients" being burdened with the sins of Alexander Sullivan, against whom there existed a strong prejudice in the popular mind.

"Alexander Sullivan walks the streets of Chicago a free man, against whom the grand jury refused to return an indictment in this case," pleaded Foster.

"We are not called upon to discuss the question as to whether a man named Alexander Sullivan is a saint or a mild-mannered, law-abiding, decent Christian gentleman, or a red-handed murderer," was the scathing retort of Luther Laffin Mills, delivered in that lawyer's most emphatic manner.

And amid a storm of oratory in which the big guns on both sides belched forth their strongest broadsides, Judge McConnell sat silent and meditative.

"Cronin pleaded guilty to the charge of treason," urged the lawyer for Beggs.

"The treason consisted in having the honesty to denounce the chief executive of the order as guilty of embezzlement and malfeasance in office," retorted Hynes, who explained that his respect for the murdered Doctor impelled him to participate in a discussion in which he intended to have remained silent.

And then the matter rested, pending the judge's decision.

But even during the painful suspense when the vital question of whether to halt or go forward remained in doubt, the recollection of the morning's scene lingered about the court-room. It was a scene worthy of Dickens, as the story told by the witness who occupied the chair

during most of the session was such as that great master loved to immortalize.

Truth spoke from the witness chair when Mrs. Pauline Hoertel, a poor German washerwoman, took the stand. Her pathetic story brought tears to many eyes, as her unshaken testimony brought hopes and fears to many hearts. Burdened with a drunken husband the unhappy woman had been compelled to earn a scanty livelihood at the wash-tub, while the man squandered his money in rum holes. Her importunities to the liquor sellers to cease supplying her husband with drink had only resulted in her appearance in the police court, as a prisoner, on false charges. Disheartened and homeless, she had wandered night after night seeking her husband in his usual haunts, and wearied and footsore she had slept in the door-steps of the house she called home. But in her wanderings she was the only witness under heaven of the one important episode in the tragedy which the court and jury were now investigating.

The night of May 4 she had returned from a hard day's work to find her house-door locked against her. It being Saturday night she knew that her husband had money in his pocket to gratify his thirst for rum, and she wished to find him before his earnings were all gone. For nearly an hour she wandered from saloon to saloon and at last reached the place kept by Ertel, her enemy. She arrived there on the stroke of 8 o'clock—her husband she could not see, but her glance fell upon the face of the clock hanging there and she knew the exact hour as she moved on. A

block or more away she halted, uncertain what to do. She retraced her steps and turned down Ashland avenue.

One of those trifling incidents which sink deeply into the minds of the sorrow-stricken, to whom they are of no possible concern, then happened to Mrs. Hoertel. A white horse, driven rapidly, drawing a buggy, suddenly halted, and turned back a short distance from where she was slowly dragging herself along. A tall man jumped out of the buggy, reached



MRS. PAULINE HOERTEL.

back for something that lay in the box of the vehicle, went across the ditch and walked up the steps of a house before which the buggy was halted. The door of the house was opened from within, and Dr. P. H. Cronin had for the last time gazed on earth and sky.

The woman saw the buggy rapidly disappearing southward, and ere she arrived opposite the cottage

the front door had been slammed to and the tragedy which has startled the world had been accomplished.

“O God! O Jesus!” were the words she heard coming from behind the closed door as she passed the cottage.

The sound of a falling body, followed by the noise of a scuffle, also came to her ears. Accustomed to being cruelly used, the only thought which suggested itself to her mind was that some other unfortunate was being subjected to similar treatment and she passed on.

Weeks and months passed and the event had well-nigh been obliterated from her memory. News of the Cronin tragedy reached her ears, the Carlson cottage became famous, gossips related the story of the killing, and the occurrence of May 4 slowly recurred to the witness. She told of it to others and at last it reached the prosecution.

In many ways Mrs. Hoertel was a most damaging witness for the defense. Mr. Wing, by sending away the interpreter who assisted at the direct examination, caused a bad impression on the jury, and his persistent attempts to bring forward the fact that the woman had been arrested recoiled to his disadvantage when the causes leading up to her arrest were afterward shown by the prosecution. For nearly an hour and a half he cross-questioned her as to her actions on the days preceding and following May 4.

Although the defense made a great show of protesting that the witness had been sprung upon them as a surprise, it was evident from the line of cross-examination that her every act during the last two years had

been reviewed by the defense beforehand. But out of the ordeal Mrs. Hoertel emerged unscathed and unimpeached, while the tell-tale faces of Burke, Kunze, O'Sullivan and Coughlin flushed crimson as she repeated the dying cries of the victim of the Carlson cottage.

"Flight is always considered as evidence of guilt," say the books on evidence. State's Attorney Longenecker reiterated the statement in his opening address



OFFICER DONALD E. MCKINNON.
IN THE WITNESS-CHAIR.

to the jury. This afternoon the evidence of Burke's flight and capture at Winnipeg were told to the jury.

Officer Donald E. McKinnon, desk sergeant of the Winnipeg city police, arrived in Chicago at 10 o'clock yesterday morning and took the stand at 2 o'clock. He told the jury of Burke's arrest in Winnipeg, with railroad and steamship tickets in his possession that

would secure his passage to Montreal and thence to Liverpool. At that time Burke was traveling under the *alias* of W. J. Cooper. His personal baggage, though evidently on a trip of thousands of miles, including an ocean voyage, was almost nothing, a fact, however, which the state was not permitted to show, the court holding that the absence of a quantity of baggage was not of itself a material circumstance.

The witness told of the conversation that had passed between Burke and himself and Chief McRae, in which Burke said he had worked his way from Chicago. He had been at Hancock, Mich., for a time, in company with a man named J. F. Ryan. At first he said they were together on a homestead, but afterward he said Ryan kept a store there.

The defense was allowed to defer its cross-examination until next morning, Mr. Forrest saying he did not have his notes with him. He promised, however, that the examination should be short.

Henry Plauskie, who was in May last a solicitor for Bacharach's shirt factory, told of a significant circumstance occurring Sunday morning, May 5. Martin Burke came into Bacharach's store between 8 and 9 o'clock that morning and bought a white shirt and two collars. After selecting the shirt that was the right size as to the neck he asked Plauskie if he was sure the sleeves were large enough. Plauskie replied that he didn't know, but that if Burke would take off his coat they could tell in a minute. Burke said he wouldn't take off his coat. The witness, supposing this unwillingness was due to a feeling of shame because the shirt

he had on might be dirty, said: "Why not? It often happens that customers come in with dirty shirts on. It doesn't make any difference here." To this Burke replied that it was none of the witness' business why he wouldn't, emphasizing his refusal with an oath. The witness, like a good salesman, said nothing further likely to antagonize his customer or prevent a sale, and Burke made the purchase and went out. Crossing the street Burke beckoned another man whom the witness identified as Patrick Cooney by a photograph. The two came back to the store and Cooney bought a colored shirt. Both men had their coats buttoned up closely. Mr. Forrest tried hard to break down the witness on cross-examination, but failed utterly.

Thomas Carroll, who boarded at the same place as Kunze in May or June, told how Kunze had asked him for a paper he was reading, assigning as a reason for wanting to see it that he was afraid the police wanted to arrest him in connection with the Cronin murder.

Chief of Police Hubbard related the conversation he had with Dan Coughlin on May 23 and 24 in regard to the latter's connection with the white horse from Dinan's livery stable. The criminating admissions Coughlin made at that time were related to the jury in a straightforward manner by the chief, and evidently made quite an impression on the jury.

The next witness was Daniel Brown, the man who preferred the charges against Dr. Cronin way back in 1885, on which Cronin was prosecuted by Alexander Sullivan before a trial committee of which Dan Coughlin was a member. Brown didn't get that far in his

testimony, for the admission of his evidence provoked a debate which was not concluded when court adjourned.

Brown had told his name and occupation and his former connection with the Clan-na-Gael as a member of Camp No. 16, which met on Twenty-second street. The state's attorney then asked Brown if he ever preferred charges in his camp against Dr. Cronin.

The question was immediately objected to. This was the opening of the whole question of admitting in evidence the history of the triangle manipulations and the dissensions arising out of the efforts to relieve the society from the baneful influences of the triangle.

When the objection was made Mr. Longenecker arose and stated what they proposed to show. It was in evidence, he said, that Dan Coughlin's enmity to Dr. Cronin dated back to a period four years ago. They would show that Dan Coughlin was one of the committee that tried and expelled Dr. Cronin for treason because he read in one camp a circular issued by another, in which charges of misappropriation of funds by the executive committee were made. This executive, it had been shown, was composed of Alexander Sullivan, Feeley and Boland. It was also in evidence that when Capt. O'Connor, last February, stated in Camp 20 that Dr. Cronin had stated the substance of a report of the minority of the Buffalo trial committee, making the same charges against the executive, Dan Coughlin moved to appoint a secret committee to investigate. The evidence of the witness on the stand would show the feelings Coughlin entertained toward Dr. Cronin.

This speech thoroughly aroused Mr. Forrest. In an impassioned address he said he was not in court to attack or defend Alexander Sullivan. "We say, with you, to perdition with Alexander Sullivan, if that is where you want to send him. But, though Alexander Sullivan was only a few days ago in this very court, by Judge Baker, discharged in this case, yet there is a prejudice against him. Yet we protest that our clients shall be tried for their own sins, and that the prejudice against Alexander Sullivan shall not be brought in here to convict them. Coughlin and Burke were not members of the triangle."

Mr. Foster said this question was but the opening wedge. If Dan Coughlin acted on the committee that expelled Dr. Cronin he did so in a judicial capacity. Because by his verdict Dr. Cronin was expelled it did not follow that Coughlin was actuated by malice. To show that, it would be necessary to try that old case over again. Then the Buffalo trial would have to be tried over again, and instead of one case the court and jury would be called on to try three or four cases. He protested against bringing in the history of the Clanna-Gael of two or three years before his client Beggs was a member of it, and trying to convict him because he was a friend of Alexander Sullivan, whom the state's attorney couldn't find evidence enough against to secure an indictment.

THE PROSECUTION TAKES ISSUE.

"If his dupes would tell what they know I'd get an indictment against him quick enough," said Mr. Longnecker.

"I object to this remark," said Mr. Forrest and Mr. Donahoe in concert.

"I didn't say your clients were his dupes," replied Mr. Longnecker.

"Well, we object to that," said Mr. Forrest.

The court ruled that there was nothing objectionable in it.

Mr. Hynes pointed out that if they could prove, as they proposed to do by the witness Brown, that Dr. Cronin was accused of reading an unauthorized circular in a camp and convicted by the verdict of Coughlin of treason and of being a traitor, it would show malice.

The court said he would not decide the question until next morning, and that a recess would be taken until that time.

THE GERMAN SUSPECT'S CONFESSION.

John Kunze this day addressed a letter to the *Abend Post* of Chicago, giving what he says is all he knows about Dr. Cronin's murder. He declares his belief in Burke's guilt, and says he was promised his freedom by Judge Longnecker if he would turn state's evidence. Below is the letter translated, which is entitled "My Confession:"

"It surprised me much when I read in the papers yesterday that I was to go on the stand as a witness for the state's attorney. What have I to tell the state's attorney? I could tell him nothing unless I told him a fairy tale whereby innocent persons would suffer. If I had heard a word about it before, I would have told long ago. If I had taken Dan Coughlin to the (Carl-

son) cottage it would have been told long ago. I would have told it when they kept me in the police station for ten days. I never used Dan Coughlin's buggy, and cannot, therefore, give false testimony, although Mr. Longenecker promised me my liberty if I would say so.

Oh! how gladly would I take my liberty if I knew something of the story and could say so to the state's attorney. But I will not swear falsely for any money in the world, not even if my life is in peril. Could I see any innocent person suffer on account of me? That I ran around with Dan Coughlin until April 10, 1889, is true, and that I bore a false name on the south side is also true, but all this I have already confessed to the state's attorney. That the others had something to do with this (Cronin) matter, I now believe myself, if for no other reason than because of their behavior in jail. I am sure that Burke is one of the miscreants. I saw and felt it yesterday. When the clothes of Dr. Cronin were brought into the court-room he trembled violently, which is a proof of his guilt. The others were as white as snow. I thank God that I have a clear conscience, have nobody to fear, and nothing to make me tremble. So far as my false name is concerned that will be cleared up by the Schufeldt distillery matter, because I was shadowed at that time, and they wanted to take important papers from me.

This is my confession which I have to make to Mr. Longnecker. In the honest hope that my innocence and the truth will soon be known,

I remain, yours sincerely,

JOHN P. KUNZE."

Wednesday morning, November 13, Judge McConnell read his decision and refused permission to the prosecution to examine Daniel Brown on occurrences of four years back. (For the decision in full, see Legal Appendix.)

"In view of your honor's position as to the admission of Daniel Brown's evidence," said State's Attorney Longenecker, at the opening of the afternoon session of the court, "we believe that the state's case is closed, with the exception of one witness whom we expect will arrive to-morrow."

Mr. Frankenfield, of the local weather bureau, had in the morning testified that until midnight on May 4, the sky was clear and cloudless and the moon shining. This would give sufficient light for such identifications on that night as witnesses had testified to.

Mr. Forrest here got the worst of it again by too vigilant cross-examination. The lawyer tried to discredit the memoranda from which Mr. Frankenfield was testifying, but was met with the citation of a case in the United States Supreme Court which held that his books were official records. The local observatory presided over by this witness is on the roof of the Chicago Opera House block, where Dr. Cronin had his office and where the contract with O'Sullivan was made. There the clear sky was observed and this last piece of testimony brings back the record from the stars which overlooked the scene of the tragedy at Lake View to the Chicago Opera House block.

The other evidence introduced consisted of the identification of the surroundings of the Carlson cottage by

a real-estate agent; identifications of portions taken from the cottage by Capt. Schuettler, and the cross-examination of Officer McKinnon, of Winnipeg, by Mr. Forrest. The last named was not productive of any new features except that the transcript of evidence on which the defense based its questions was taken in long-hand.

After the state's attorney had declared his case complete, Mr. Forrest rose to address the court on behalf of the defendants. Instead of giving an outline of his case, he announced his intention of waiving an opening address to the jury, and each of the lawyers for the prisoners signified their intention of doing likewise. Then Mr. Forrest asked that a recess be taken until Monday, Nov. 18, in order to allow the defense to prepare its case and to put in shape many objections which have been raised to sundry portions of evidence which the prosecution in introducing promised to connect with its case by subsequent testimony.

Judge McConnell agreed to Mr. Forrest's request for delay only until Saturday (the 16th), by which time he said the defense ought to be ready to argue whatever motions were to be introduced, and the testimony of the absent witness for the state would be taken.

On November 15, there was nothing startling developed in the Cronin case. The lawyers for the defense were busy as bees and the attorneys of the prosecution were by no means idle.

Mrs. Hoertel's testimony threatens to be the center of controversy. The defense will attack it and the

prosecution defend it. Saloon-keeper Ertel and his brother are the only persons who speak ill of her, it is claimed, and their grievance against her will not impress the jury with their fairness.

The state got to the bottom of the "chicken" case yesterday. Under cross-examination Judge Wing got the witness to say that she had been arrested twice in a "chicken" case. The trouble arose over some trespassing chickens of a neighbor. Mrs. Hoertel had a little garden, of which a neighbor's chickens were very fond. They could unmake more garden in an hour than she could plant in two days. Mrs. Hoertel lost her temper and killed some of the intruders. She was arrested. The other chickens one morning scratched the insides out of an onion bed. Mrs. Hoertel killed some more chickens. She was arrested again. Each time she was acquitted.

CHAPTER XVIII.

November 16 to 20—"Journalist" Clancy—The State Rests—Testimony for the Defense—Triangular Alibis—The Hylands—Ex-Detective Whelan—Sergt. Stift—Coughlin's Alibi—A Procession of Alibi Witnesses—Cold Day For Icemen—Jones' Joke—The White Horse Again.

James Clancy was the first witness of Nov. 16, and the last called by the prosecution. The gentleman had many peculiarities and mannerisms. His accent is not to be rendered in type. It fluctuates between the wilds of Connemara and the meretricious elegance, the artificial polish of Charing Cross. He was a journalist, he said, and it was evident that beneath all his affectations there was something in him.

The substance of Mr. Clancy's direct testimony was that he had called upon P. O'Sullivan twice on the day when Dr. Cronin's body was discovered. The iceman's contradictory statements and visible agitation when apprised of the discovery were related by the witness as evidence of guilt on the part of the accused. He attempted to act the part played by O'Sullivan on that occasion. O'Sullivan's answers to questions by the interviewer were told in gasps, and his demeanor, fidgeting nervously with his pocket-handkerchief, wiping the perspiration from his face, and otherwise betraying his agitation, bordered on the farcical when reproduced in the witness chair.

Mr. Donahoe's cross-examination was apparently making great headway until he got the witness to that point in his history where he was obliged to confess.

that his residence was "in prison." Having elicited the further fact that the cause of his imprisonment was a conviction for attempted murder, Mr. Donahoe brought the examination to a summary close.

But Mr. Donahoe's triumph was shortlived, and once again the prosecution was indebted to the defending lawyers for getting before the jury evidence of most damaging effect against the accused.

The state's attorney proceeded on the line laid down by the cross-examination to show the circumstances under which Mr. Clancy had been imprisoned. Mr. Clancy was an Irish patriot when Irish patriotism meant the immediate probability of shouldering a gun and taking part in an uprising against her foes. Under orders from one of the leaders of the insurrectionary movement he had joined the English army to learn the art of war, and when the summons came to strike a blow for the liberty of his native land, he obeyed. Knowledge of this having reached the government, he was marked for capture. In resisting arrest he drew a revolver on the two policeman who tried to secure him, and for this offense he was convicted and sentenced to penal servitude for life. By the intercession of friends in Parliament and his own conduct in jail he was liberated at the expiration of ten years.

"We now rest the case for the state," remarked State's Attorney Longenecker, and the tired jurors drew long breaths as they shifted their positions in their tiresome seats. Instantly Mr. Forrest sprang to his feet and began, in a series of motions, outlining the policy long ago predicted.

Mr. Forrest's motion was to strike out all the testimony of Stephen Colleran relating to Camp 20, except that the defendants or some of them were members of it; all the testimony of John Collins and Pat McGarry as to the proceedings in Camp 20 on February 8, except as to who were present; all of Edward Spelman's testimony, except that part relating to Kunze's and Coughlin's visit to Peoria; all the correspondence between Edward Spelman and John F. Beggs; the testimony of Mrs. T. T. Conklin and the Misses McNearney, respecting the appearance and conversation of the stranger who drove the white horse and called for Dr. Cronin; all the evidence of John F. O'Connor, Andrew Foy, M. J. Kelly, A. J. Ford, Dennis O'Connor, P. H. Nolan, T. F. O'Connor, H. O. O'Connor, Pat McGarry and John M. Collins, respecting the occurrences in the meeting of Camp 20, on February 8 and 22, May 3 and 10, except as to who were present; all of the pages of the records of Camp 20, containing the minutes of the meeting of February 8; all the evidence of Frank Scanlan as to the things he saw and heard done by the stranger and Dr. Cronin May 4; the testimony of George Reilly and John A. Quinn, except their testimony that O'Sullivan and Coughlin were in Maloney's saloon April 24. (This relates to Coughlin's remark about "a prominent North Side Catholic.") All the evidence of Hatfield, Throckmorton, Goldman, Marshall and Allen, respecting the purchase of furniture and the hiring of the Clark street flat by "J. B. Simmons;" the testimony of Sebastian Steib, James Riley, John A. Smith, Patrick O'Shea, John Way,

Fred Hayden, Herman Thiel, Herman Gausel and Charles Knop, relating to the discovery of the body and trunk; the lock of hair said to have been cut from the head of Dr. Cronin, and all the testimony regarding its resemblance to the hair of Dr. Cronin; the single hair found on the bar of soap in the Carlson cottage, and all experiments regarding it; the testimony of Joseph Haukler and Isaac Robinson, relating to the wagon with the trunk in it seen on the night of May 4; the testimony of Michael Walsh, except as to the fact that Burke was in Peoria; the testimony of James as to seeing Kunze at the Clark street flat; the testimony of Ruchholz, Hirshmin and Petrofski as to Kunze changing his name and Burke buying a shirt on May 5.

In general and in particular the court overruled Mr. Forrest's motions, and exceptions were taken to the rulings.

Then began the hearing of testimony for the prisoners.

Stenographer F. Squibb was called to officially note various discrepancies between the evidence of the witnesses during the trial and their statements before the coroner's jury. The great point which the defense sought to establish was the identity of the driver of the buggy which took away the Doctor, but the attempt was futile, and the evidence of Dinan, Mrs. Conklin and Frank Scanlan, was only strengthened by being repeated to the jury.

Ex-Captain Schaack and Lieutenant Koch were the only witnesses summoned. Their evidence was intended to destroy the effect of Mrs. Conklin's admission that she was unable to identify the white horse

when Schaack brought it to her the week after the murder. Mrs. Conklin laid particular stress upon the position of the horse as she saw it on the night of May 4, which rendered it impossible for her to recognize it as it stood when driven to her house by the Captain, and on this point both he and Lieutenant Koch corroborated her statement. She further declared that when Schaack drove up to her house the night was rainy and the color of the horse was consequently unrecognizable, and on this point the officers likewise agreed with her. Mr. Forrest did not attempt to conceal the surprise he felt at the first witness for his side proving so unprofitable, and repeatedly tried to extract from Lieutenant Koch a variation in his answers, but in vain.

The court then adjourned until Monday morning, November 18.

The record of Judge McConnell's court will show that Monday, November 18, was devoted to hearing witnesses called by the defense. The record of the trial wherein Mr. Forrest has stowed away objections and exceptions by the tens of thousands will show that this same session was one of the most hurtful to the men on trial since they have occupied the prisoners' row in court.

It has been a source of much guessing during the examination of witnesses for the state, what Mr. Forrest meant by a certain mysterious question, put without seeming relevancy, as a prefix to the parting salute, "That's all." The question always was, "Do you know where Otto street is?"

The reason for this mysterious line of examination became apparent this day. Peter Koch, the first witness called, lives on Otto street, and during part of February, March, and April, John Kunze lived with witness. Otto street is only three blocks or so from the Carlson cottage, hence the fact of Kunze's acquaintance in Lake View, his presence near the Carlson cottage, his intimacy with Dan Coughlin and P. O'Sullivan were all explained in two words—Otto street. Mr. Koch also told other things about Kunze; that he was obliged to leave Lake View for fear of being arrested, that he had declared himself interested in the Schufeldt distillery explosion, and generally was a person of a character to be useful to conspirators, even though his nationality differed from theirs. That Coughlin's acquaintance with Kunze begun while the latter was under the influence of drink was also revealed, and when the witness had told the whole truth, in reply to questions from both sides, it was generally conceded that the much heralded "Otto street" that was to prove a high-road to freedom for the prisoners, was at best but a "blind alley."

Poorly as the defense fared when treading Otto street its experience in that locality was bliss as compared with the misery which awaited it nearer Chicago. A few blocks away is Nieman's saloon, where, according to the proprietor's testimony, O'Sullivan, Kunze, and Coughlin took drinks on the night of May 4.

To disprove this the defense introduced an alibi for Coughlin and Kunze, leaving O'Sullivan to take a drink

as stated, but in company with two young men named Hyland.

James Hyland, a young man about a head taller than Coughlin, was the man for whom the saloon keeper was supposed to have identified Coughlin, and his cousin Jeremiah Hyland, a book agent, with a strong Tipperary accent, was brought forward as the *alter ego* of the little German speaking Kunze. Barring the difference in size the alibi of James Hyland for Coughlin worked fairly well while this witness was being cross-examined by the state's attorney. It was certainly a little awkward that Mr. Hyland only made Mr. O'Sullivan's acquaintance on May 5, and had not visited Lake View from that day until Sunday night, November 17th, when in company with Messrs. Forrest, Wing and Donahoe, he had retraced the well-remembered path leading from O'Sullivan's barn to Niemann's saloon, stopping before the latter place with a fidelity of instinct scarcely known outside of a milkman's horse. But Mr. Hyland's memory, which served him in such good stead in the matter of where to stop for a drink, played him sad pranks when called upon to relate his experience at O'Sullivan's supper table that night.

Mr. Hynes took Cousin Jerry Hyland in hand, and his familiarity with the ways of expatriated patriots gave him an advantage over the state's attorney and also provoked the first sensation of the day. Mr. Jeremiah Hyland was able to retrace the path which both claimed to have took with O'Sullivan on the night of May 5—not May 4—as Niemann, the saloon man

swore. But there the evidence of the two cousins ceased to coincide. Even such a slight matter as the fare for supper, which James described as hot meat and coffee, Jerry remembered as cold meat and tea. Further, Jerry heard what Mr. O'Sullivan told of Dr. Cronin and recollected that Mr. P. McGarry was a visitor. From Lake View Mr. Hynes took the witness through the States of Michigan and New York, and finally landed him at Pat Dolan's saloon close by the East Chicago Avenue Police Station. Strangely enough, too, Jerry mistook Dolan for a "jintleman named Nolan," before he was located at the saloon, but on arriving there the slight change of name was fixed up all right, and Mr. Hyland proceeded to disclose that the well-known member of Camp No. 20 was an old friend of his, as also were other friends of the men on trial.

But when Michael Whelan, the ex-detective from the Chicago avenue station and former partner of Dan Coughlin, took the stand, the trouble of the defense began in earnest. The substance of Whelan's testimony was that he took a drink with Dan Coughlin and Sergt. Stiff, at Gleason's saloon, a few doors west of the police station at 10 o'clock on the night of May 4. Of course, if Coughlin was drinking then and there he could not have been drinking with O'Sullivan and Kunze at 10:30 in Lake View, and the big suspect's alibi would be an established fact. But state's attorney Longenecker knew some things, and the spectators were astonished when he discarded his memoranda of Whelan's evidence, stood up before the witness and

poured a perfect fusilade of questions into him. Mr. Whelan's negatives and affirmatives soon began to give out, and the familiar practice of witnesses who are "rattled," merely repeating the questions of the attorney, showed that the witness-chair was becoming a veritable "hot box." Time and again the witness turned to Judge McConnell to invoke protection from the scathing catechism of the state's attorney, but to every appeal the Judge was inexorable and refused to interfere. Then the witness became insolent and prefixed his answers with "Didn't I tell you," or "Haven't I said so," and while he was becoming more and more involved in contradictions it was apparent that the state's attorney was laying the foundation of a second examination of Mr. Whelan, when he would be confronted with a host of officials to prove the falsity of his statements on this day.

John Stiff, now a police officer and an ex-patrol sergeant, testified that he drank with Coughlin Saturday night, but in reply to the state's attorney's questions as to how he fixed the date he said that on the morning following the occurrence he found a notice in the station warning officers to inspect livery stables for rigs which had been taken out the previous night. As the report of Dr. Cronin's disappearance which led to this notice being issued was only given to the police on *Sunday*, this admission fixed the date of drinking as on that (Sunday) night.

Altogether, when court adjourned, as it did after Stiff's break-down, Mr. Forrest had little reason to rejoice in his witnesses or their testimony.

The presence of an unusually large number of ladies lent to the proceedings of November 19th, an air of gentility not customary to the average sessions. The program for the day as outlined by the defense was "Alibi, and plenty of it." The remains of Dan Coughlin's unfinished alibi were to be served up for dissection first, and what was left of the day was to be devoted to the exposition of a thick-ribbed, double-breasted and treble-plated alibi for P. O'Sullivan, with a dash of Carlson cottage alibi and a sprinkling of bloody-trunk alibi thrown in.

When court adjourned on the previous day, Dan Coughlin's alibi for May 4th, as controverting the evidence introduced by the state, that on that date he had been drinking with Kunze and O'Sullivan, near the Carlson cottage, was in a somewhat demoralized condition. To patch up the holes in the alibi, the defense introduced Officer Redmond McDonald, of the Chicago avenue station. Since May 4th, until two weeks ago, McDonald has kept a large secret locked up in his breast. The secret was that he saw Coughlin at the station on that memorable night when Dr. Cronin was murdered. In spite of the fact that Mayor Cregier, Chief Hubbard, State's Attorney Longenecker, and a host of other prominent men, have been puzzling to find out Coughlin's whereabouts on that night, and in spite of the fact that Dan Coughlin himself had been sent to jail indicted for murder and was now on trial because he couldn't or wouldn't tell where he was that night, Officer Redmond McDonald still kept the secret safely locked up, and would still have kept it there had it not

blurted out of itself about two weeks ago. This was the story as he told it on direct examination, but when the lawyers for the state took Mr. Redmond McDonald in hand, it turned out that the secret had leaked through just once before the defense heard of it. This was within a week after the murder, when the policeman had told another officer—both, strangely enough, members of Camp No. 20 of the Clan-na-Gael. Being asked the date of the first revelation, Redmond was sure it was within a week after the murder. He revealed it then because of the accusations which he saw in the newspapers against Coughlin. Being asked how it happened that he read in the papers articles which did not appear until two weeks later, Mr. McDonald concluded it would have been better had he kept his secret altogether and left Coughlin's alibi in the torn condition he had found it.

A procession of alibi witnesses were next passed in review. William Mulcahey, Tom Whelan, Robert Boyington, James Knight, James Minnehan and Pat Brennan were the half-dozen who swore that on the night of May 4th, P. O'Sullivan had gone to bed at about 9 o'clock, and that except to open the door for three of them an hour later he had lain in bed all that night. Further, that Sunday afternoon, May 5th, Messrs. James and Jeremiah Hyland had called at O'Sullivan's house and had gone out with the iceman at 10 o'clock to take a drink and the car for home. The unanimity of the witnesses was marvelous as to these cardinal facts, just as it was to the fact that at the time mentioned all of them were living under the

O'Sullivan roof, and that, at about the time of the O'Sullivan-Cronin contract being ratified, all, or nearly all of them, had migrated from a town in Green County, Wisconsin, to take up their abode in Lake View.

Mr. William Mulcahey, under the guidance of Mr. Longenecker, knew so much that he got red and blue in the face trying to tell it all at once, and O'Sullivan himself, seeing his friend in danger of choking by the exertion, rose in his place and offered to help him out, an offer the judge kindly but firmly "sat down on." From bad to worse Mr. Mulcahey floundered in his testimony. So muddled did he eventually get that the thought seemed to strike Juror Culver that if he had a faded overcoat he might be the man who drove Dr. Cronin. Mr. Mulcahey's overcoat proved not faded and he was told "that's all."

Tom Whelan, a cousin of the suspect, Coughlin, and brother to Mike Whelan, is a gripman on the cable road. He pulled through all right so long as Mr. Donahoe was conductor, but when Mr. Hynes took his turn things were different. Of course cousin Tom could tell all about the Hylands coming to supper on May 5, and about O'Sullivan going in his underclothes to open the door for the three icemen on May 4, and all the other "mountain peaks" of O'Sullivan's alibi. But when Mr. Hynes asked him a few questions as to the manners and customs of the O'Sullivan household, the witness was as balky and erratic as a car-horse. Coolly he answered Mr. Hynes' questions off-hand, and contradicted himself point-blank in the next breath. When he left the witness-chair O'Sullivan's

alibi was in the condition of a grip-car with the cable broken.

The three icemen who followed—Robert Boyington, James Knight and James Minnehan—should have been called for any other purpose than establishing an alibi. They mangled and tore their master's alibi in such a manner that it could not be recognized as any article of that kind. May 4 the three men went out to play pool, but changed their minds and played cards. The route taken by the party was faithfully described by each, and the saloon they visited, but they forgot the kind of game played and each insisted on a different one. Then again, on the Hyland visit, these three men told three different stories. In and out, to and fro, round and round again, Mr. Hynes had the witnesses trampling into unrecognizable shape what had once been the delicate alibi of the ex-iceman of Lake View, and the attorneys for the defense sat watching the wreck they were powerless to prevent.

As a relief from the wholesale slaughter of alibis, Mr. Foster introduced one that held good. This was the testimony of Edwin Jones, a reporter for the *Evening News*. He and two other reporters—his brother, Harry Jones, and Robert M. Johnson—having heard some vague reports of blood-stains in the Carlson cotttage, but not taking any stock in the rumors, secured some absorbent cotton and a piece of liver. Going into the basement of the cotttage, they distributed the cotton, stained with blood from the liver, in the crevices and rat-holes they found. This was as far as Mr. Forrest went with his examination;

but on cross-examination the witness told Mr. Longenecker that, having disposed of their bloody cotton in the basement, they concluded they would go through the rest of the house. They broke open the front door, saw blood-stains on the front steps and in the front room, and footprints in the hall. They took some chips from the blood-stained part of the floor. They did not take any of their cotton or liver up-stairs.

“How long were you in the cottage?” asked Mr. Longenecker.

“About a minute or a minute and a half,” was the reply.

“Why did you leave so quickly?”

“We were fired out by an officer,” was the laughing response.

MRS. CONKLIN AND THE WHITE HORSE AGAIN.

Two or three diversions from the alibi end of the defense were made by Mr. Forrest during the afternoon. William M. Glenn, a reporter for the *Inter Ocean*, was put on the stand to testify that May 11 he had an interview with Mrs. Conklin in which she said the horse Capt. Schaack brought to her was not the horse that carried Dr. Cronin away; that the horse Capt. Schaack brought was a jaded, broken-down nag, while the one that carried the Doctor away was a spirited animal with more action. On the cross-examination the witness admitted that at that time he was working on the theory that Dr. Cronin was not dead; that the statements were made at the close of a short interview in which Mrs. Conklin was reluctant to talk,

and were in response to repeated and pressing inquiries.

Another diversion was placing Jacob Schnur, of the trunk-manufacturing firm of P. Becker & Co., on the stand. He testified that the bloody trunk was manufactured by his firm, was a trunk in common use, sold to the trade everywhere, and that the lock and key were common locks and keys purchased by his firm in hundred-dozen quantities.

And court was adjourned.

CHAPTER XIX.

November 20 to 29—An Alibi for Burke—Matt Danahy—Ladies on the Stand—Evidence for Burke—A Horde from Camp 20—More Alibis—Budenbinder's Bomb—O'Sullivan's Defense—To Impeach Mrs. Hoertel—Court Adjourned until November 26—More Alibis Still—The Rebuttal Began—Atomized Alibis—Queer Policemen—Hard Swearing to Help Burke—Dr. Cronin's Knives—Testimony Ended.

A tocsin of alarm had been sounded in the ranks of the Clan-na-Gael, and from every camp and stronghold the doughty warriors poured forth on November 20, making the witness room in Judge McConnell's court their rendezvous. The terrible havoc wrought in the Wisconsin brigade in its rally for the defense of Ice-man O'Sullivan, instead of spreading consternation among the braves, only stimulated them to fresh feats of daring. The call to arms was almost as effective and far reaching as the music of the magic flute of the "Pied Piper" of Hamlin. From every nook and cranny of the municipal stronghold, from saloons, from justice shops, from warehouse basements, from lawyers' offices and from various other places the warriors flocked into court. Even the upper attic, where "a weakly American paper with Irish sympathies" (as one of the attorneys for the state put it), is edited, sent forth its contingent, with a chip on each shoulder. Upon the banner beneath which tramps this belligerent host was inscribed the single word

ALIBI

At the head of the procession marched two women,

whose duties were mainly to attend to the sick and wounded of the Wisconsin brigade.

Miss Kate McCormick and Mrs. Anna Whelan, cousins of P. O'Sullivan, were the witnesses to whose care this work of mercy was entrusted. The story told by each was much the same, the main features of which consisted of a history of the O'Sullivan household during May 4 and 5, as related the day previous by the witnesses from Wisconsin. The only new facts they disclosed were that they stayed up until 1 o'clock Sunday morning reading story papers and that all the rooms and halls in the O'Sullivan mansion were "large." Both women evidently knew much and it was all Mr. Forrest could do to roll up objections upon objections to prevent them telling it.

They charmed the jury. It mattered not that Mrs. Whelan fixed the hour of the Sunday supper, at which the Hyland boys were the guests of honor, at an hour (8 o'clock) decidedly late; it mattered not that Miss McCormick had remembered every sentence of conversation on that Saturday night, and had never let the iceman out of her sight for three long hours; it mattered not that Mrs. Whelan had heard a conversation twenty feet away between an inquisitive newspaper man who wanted O'Sullivan to identify Dr. Cronin's body; it mattered not that many other facts related by the sisters would not hang together well — all these little matters weighed naught with the jury, who sat spell-bound under the charm of silvery voices and bewitching dimples in rosy, peach-like complexions.

It was an unfortunate circumstance for the warriors from Camp No. 20 and other friendly hives, that their appearance had been anticipated by the lady witnesses for P. O'Sullivan.

Mr. Forrest's bran-new and gilt-edged alibi for Burke appeared already with frayed edges when Matt Danahy, the saloon keeper of Chicago avenue, took the witness stand. Mr. Danahy and Burke are the personification of Damon and Pythias, from a Clan-na-Gael standpoint, except that Mr. Danahy has not yet given the crowning proof of his affection by offering to exchange his well-stocked saloon for Mr. Burke's cold cell. But while that ultimate sacrifice remains in abeyance, Mr. Danahy has bestirred himself hugely in behalf of his incarcerated friend. He sought out a caterer and gave orders that Mr. Burke should enjoy "the hoith of foine livin', and aitin,' an' drinkin'," at his (Danahy's) expense. Mr. Danahy and Mr. Burke both came to Chicago from Winnipeg, and both made Camp No. 20 their headquarters.

Mr. Danahy did not stop with catering for his friend's appetite. He hunted up as many members of Camp No. 20 as he could think of that were likely to have lop-sided memories, with strongly developed recollections of favorable incidents in the ante-indictment history of the important suspect. He merely required his friends to remember a few minutes of Burke's history, but such moments must be scattered at various intervals near the night of May 4, when Burke and his friends were shaking dice in Danahy's saloon. Two of these friends, W. F. Coughlin and J.

F. O'Malley, were subsequently called to corroborate Mr. Matt. Danahy's alibi for Burke, but their statements did not "fill the bill." The lawyers for the state, instead of allowing Mr. Danahy to depart in a perfect halo of Clan-na-Gael glory, undertook to show a further similarity between witness and suspect, inasmuch as both of them had called Dr. Cronin foul names. Thereupon Mr. Danahy waxed wroth and swore he never said such things, and that anybody who said he had must have been drunk, if not worse.

A halt was called in the developments of Burke's alibi, for the purpose of introducing evidence for John F. Beggs. The gist of this testimony was to the effect that five of the Clan-na-Gael men knew nothing of any inner circle which witnesses for the state had declared to be in the knowledge of the defendant.

Justice "Dave" Lyon testified that a newspaper that had quoted him as one of "the many prominent Irishmen who would be called on behalf of Beggs," was mistaken. "I never was an Irishman," declared Justice L.

James Lyman was the first out-and-out veteran who came to foreswear the existence of an "inner circle." Mr. Lyman is a typical camp orator and orated freely, but when he was given over to the tender mercies of Mr. Hynes, his eloquence, like Bob Acre's courage, oozed out at his finger ends. An incident in a downtown saloon when the question as to whether the executive of the Clan-na-Gael had ordered Dr. Cronin's death, was under discussion, had well nigh slipped the memory of witness until recalled by counsel. He

strenuously denied having justified the murder and Counsel Scanlan made a note of two persons who were present, to call in rebuttal.

In quick succession, Walter Gibbons, an extender; John F. Finerty, a journalist; M. P. Brady, a lawyer; Francis T. Gleason, a constable; John Dwyer, a bailiff; M. T. Kean, a salesman, and John S. Mullen, an ex-senior guardian, were called to testify that they never heard of an inner circle. All of them, save Mr. Finerty, seemed much relieved to be disposed of quickly, but the valiant editor of the "weakly American journal with Irish sympathies," braced himself stiffly in his chair for an old-fashioned Donnybrook-fair time of it under cross-examination, and when Mr. Longenecker told him, "That's all," he glowered savagely at the jury and stalked out of the court-room, uncertain whether the chip had fallen off his shoulder or been blown off.

Mr. Foster called the state's attorney to the witness chair in behalf of Beggs. The evidence of the public prosecutor, as well as that of Chief Hubbard, who followed, was intended to show that Beggs had not concealed the Spelman letters from the state and had informed the chief of police where they could be found. And this ended the day's proceedings.

Thicker than the fog which hung over Chicago, November 21, was the germ-laden atmosphere of Judge McConnell's court-room. Alibi germs floated over the crowd which besieged its doors; alibi germs obscured the electric lamps and dropped in flakes on the lawyers' tables. Alibi germs were all around and about.

Liveryman Patrick Dinan was the first witness called by the defense. He had simply to say that the white horse was then on exhibition at a south side museum.

Mr. Louis Budenbinder, of Hoboken, N. J., was sworn. He said he had known Dr. Cronin well, and had lived within a few doors of the Conklin flat. He left Chicago the day the Doctor's body was found. On the night of May 4 he was standing in the doorway of a cigar store opposite the Conklin's home.

"Only an alibi for the white horse, after all," whispered a lawyer for the state. So it proved. Mr. Budenbinder, the great, important witness of Mr. Forrest, said that from his point of observation he had ample opportunity to note every detail of the farewell between Dr. Cronin and the friend who last saw him alive. Every incident of that already historic scene was related by the witness. All these matters, however, had been told so often that the audience began to grow impatient of Mr. Forrest, and the lawyer hastened to put the burning question.

And then it all came out.

The horse was a gray, with dark legs, and not the white-coated animal that Pat Dinan owns.

George Ingham cross-examined the witness at the speed of chain lightning.

Mr. Budenbinder had carefully examined the horse and rig as it stood for ten or fifteen minutes in front of the Conklin flat, and had carefully noted the appearance of Doctor and driver. The reason of Mr. Budenbinder's careful investigation was that all the parties seemed in great haste to get away; hence Mr. Buden-

binder had carefully jotted down in his memory the fact that the horse was dapple gray and had dark legs, even before the Doctor had put in an appearance.

Like other famous alibi witnesses who appeared for the defense, Mr. Budenbinder had kept his secret hidden until Mr. Forrest sent for him to Hoboken and paid a dime to admit him to the museum where Dinan's nag was on view. Then the secret burst forth, and Mr. Budenbinder knew no peace until he had declared in court the result of his ten cents' worth of investigation.



BUDENBINDER.



MERTES, THE MILKMAN.

Then commenced the dreariest of all the dreary episodes of the trial. Alibis for the accused had been admitted to court by right; alibis for the inner circle had crawled in by favor of Mr. Foster; an alibi for the white horse had just left the witness chair; but nobody expected that an alibi for the blood corpuscles would be forthcoming. But it came all the same. The honors of the occasion were divided between Mr. Wing and Drs. Ewell, Moyer and Curtis, but at suitable intervals Mr. Hynes showed that he was impervious to hypnotic influences, and then the air was filled with a cloud of alibi corpuscles, while the big attorney for the prose-

cution pounded the life out of a question nearly a yard long which had been chanted by Mr. Wing. The ultimate result of the testimony—which was fitly described by one in authority as “a duel of experts in which the jury had little interest”—was to strengthen the testimony of Dr. Perkins as to the cause of death on the body found in the catch-basin.

The judge, jury, lawyers and prisoners, waked up, and court adjourned for the day.

Mr. Forrest has been responsible for many dramatic contrasts during the course of the trial, but none so glaring as between the two first witnesses who appeared on November 22d. To the surprise of all, he introduced for the defense, Mrs. Hoertel, the German washer-woman, whose pathetic story of her own marital infelicity was so strangely blended with the discovery of the missing link in the chain of circumstances connecting Dr. Cronin with the Carlson cottage, and whose presence at that spot on the night of May 4th, was the means of preserving the dying words of the physician as he fell beneath the blows of his murderers. The examination of Mrs. Hoertel was in the nature of cross-questioning on a minor point—namely: whether there was a lock on the door of her house the night of May 4th. The witness refused to commit herself positively, and the lawyer was obliged to let her go without having gained his point.

August Salzman, the next witness, was an exceptionally thick-skulled German, on whom the defense relied for impeachment of the testimony about Dr. Cronin having been seen to enter the Carlson cottage. He

swore that from April 19th to May 8th he resided with the Hoertels and helped fix the lock on the door. He was sure he so helped on May 8th. But there his memory and intelligence left him and he could remember nothing else except that lately he had talked with saloonkeeper Ertel, and Ertel had told him to come to court. That was all.

Five minutes later when the medical expert began to pour forth his confidences to the jury, the testimony of Salzman was forgotten.

After Dr. Andrews had answered Mr. Wing's questions in the manner usual to experts for the defense and had pleased Mr. Hynes with an affirmative opinion on that lawyer's hypothetical autopsy, the last two witnesses of the day were brought forward. Sergeant Stift wished to explain that he had made an error about the date of the order he found at the station, and ex-detective Lowenstein swore that Coughlin and "Major" Sampson were the reverse of good friends.

Thereupon Mr. Forrest announced the case for the defense practically closed, except for one or two witnesses for Kunze, and the court adjourned.

No testimony was heard Saturday, November 23. The illness of Thomas Lynch, the remaining witness for the defense, was so serious that even his deposition could not be taken. Mr. Forrest said he might have one or two more witnesses, but he could not produce them until Monday. He thought the defense might rest without Mr. Lynch's testimony. The state's attorneys consented to an adjournment on the understanding that the defense would close its case this morning.

Judge McConnell notified the state to be ready this morning to go on with its rebuttal if the defense concluded to rest without Mr. Lynch's testimony. The rebuttal will not take more than two days, perhaps less, and then the defense will speedily close the case with its sur-rebuttal.

The defense in the Cronin murder trial closed on Monday, November 25. Although the fag-ends of testimony introduced were of comparatively little importance, the fact that the defense had exhausted all the sources whence a scintilla of favorable testimony might be forthcoming gives this brief session an importance of its own. It was expected that one or two of the prisoners would go upon the witness-stand in his own behalf, but none of the suspects had testified when Mr. Forrest declared the case adjourned, nor had any of the members of the secret committee which the minutes of the meeting of February 8 in Camp No. 20 show to have been appointed. Nor had Coughlin's mysterious friend "Smith" who took the horse and buggy from Dinan's livery stable. Nor had a dozen other persons whom the prosecution had assailed as being connected more or less remotely with the conspiracy.

Although the jury were left unenlightened as to many material points on which the prosecution will base most damaging arguments, one point at least was cleared up by the last witness called for the prisoners.

"What was the matter with the police?" was a question heard on every tongue when the events between May 4 and May 22 had been succinctly made public by

the efforts of the newspapers, two or three weeks after the tragedy had taken place. The answer to this question was furnished by Officer Michael J. Crowe. This officer and another named Andy Rohan—the latter said to be a member of Camp 20—had been detailed to work upon the case by Inspector Ebersold. On the day of the post-mortem the two officers had discovered Mertes, the milkman who saw Coughlin and Kunze at the Carlson cottage the night of May 4. The officers interrogated the milkman and made notes of his replies. At that time Captain Schaack, of the East Chicago avenue station, was conducting the investigation. But the officers from Ebersold overlooked Schaack when making their reports, except, as Crowe testified, by giving in a "general way" the result of their investigations. While the Chicago avenue captain was plodding along with the limited information at his disposal a detailed statement of the conversation between Mertes and the detectives was placed in the hands of Inspector Ebersold. Portions of the conversation which would seriously impair the value of the witness' testimony reached neither the state's attorney nor the police who had charge of the case, although singularly enough, the attorney for Coughlin and Burke was able to read from what purported to be a copy of that statement, if not the original, when laying the foundation of an impeachment of the witness.

O'Sullivan's alibi, which had proved of such ill-fitting construction as applied to the movements of the iceman on May 4, was hauled into court again for repairs. On the testimony of old man Carlson it had

appeared that the iceman and Burke were on friendly terms when the latter, under the name of Frank Williams, had rented the Carlson cottage. Mr. Carlson swore that Burke, after leaving him, met O'Sullivan almost at his door, and, in the hearing of the old man, had told the iceman that the cottage was now rented. To disprove this Attorney Donahoe introduced three men—Henry McBride, Dyer Thompson, and the latter's son—who swore that March 20th, O'Sullivan was at the Northwestern freight depot watching the unloading of two cars of ice. The elder Thompson, who had charge of the unloading, brought his book into court for the purpose of refreshing his memory, but on cross-examination it appears that the cars of which the numbers appeared in the book arrived at the freight-yard March 19, and were partly unloaded the same day. All the witnesses, however, testified strongly that the bulk of the ice had been moved to the viaduct at Halsted street and the following day O'Sullivan arrived and witnessed its removal. As none of the ice was for the Lake View iceman, and as it was not an uncommon thing for O'Sullivan to call at McBride's office—a block away from the viaduct—at about that time, the direct conflict of testimony rests only between the memory of the elder Carlson and that of the Thompsons, McBride not being positive as to the date.

A vigorous protest was entered by all the defending lawyers when the prosecution called Dr. Curran as a witness in rebuttal. The Doctor had been alluded to in the cross-examination of James Lyman, the Camp No. 20 man, as having taken part in a conversation

wherein Lyman was said to have declared the murder of Dr. Cronin justifiable and commanded by the executive of the order. The discussion on admitting the evidence was a long and heated one, and Judge McConnell had not rendered his decision when, owing to the absence of witnesses, the court adjourned at 3 o'clock P. M.

The evidence given on Tuesday, November 26, although of not material importance to either side, was not lacking in the point of the number of witnesses called.

The prosecution opened with Messrs. Bailey Dawson and Col. Babcock, who flatly contradicted the statement of the witness Gleason that on May 4 he introduced Beggs to them at the Grand Pacific Hotel.

August Salzman, the Hoertel's lodger, will be remembered for his testimony. The prosecution proved this day that Salzman was not to be believed under oath, by Chris Thiessen, E. A. King, Chas. Rafoth, Chas. Newmann, Fredk. Hockirch, and Gustav Brunke.

That Hoertel bought the lock prior to May 4 was sworn to by Mrs. Brunz, the wife of a locksmith in Lake View, and Salzman's reputation after the rebuttal testimony was as badly demolished as O'Sullivan's alibi.

But the prosecution was not content to rest there. Burke's slim alibi, which scarcely needed attack, was totally uprooted by the testimony of Simon Oleson and Fredk. Swanson, who had another story to tell of the whereabouts of J. F. O'Malley and Wm. Coughlin, who swore that they saw Burke at Danahy's bar on

May 4. Then saloon-keeper Niemann and a neighbor of his, A. B. Anderson, swore that instead of the Hyland boys and O'Sullivan being in the saloon alone on the night of May 5, as they said they were, there had been from fifteen to twenty-five people in the place from 7 o'clock until midnight.

Inspector Ebersold was called to disprove the statements of Officer Crowe, thus throwing the blame of the inefficiency of the police upon the subordinates, and Officer Chesterfield Smith swore that the first intimation of Dan Coughlin's connection with the murder appeared in the newspapers of May 25, thus contradicting the statement of Officer McDonald, that he had seen something of the kind in the papers within a week after the assassination.

An adjournment until Friday, November 29th, was agreed upon, partly in consequence of the fatal illness of a little daughter of Juror North, and partly by the intervention of Thanksgiving Day.

In the lull of court proceedings, the police's neglect of duty or worse, may be looked into briefly. Mayor Cregier has known for some time that the greatest difficulty met with by the prosecution in securing evidence against the accused assassins of Dr. Cronin came from the lukewarm detective work of certain officers assigned to the case—to put it mildly.

The handicap began the first day that Detective Dan Coughlin and Mike Whelan started out to look for the body of the murdered Doctor. The party of searchers looked in every manhole and catch-basin in Lake View excepting the two that contained the body and the

clothes. The next point where the police were thrown off the scent was when Detectives O'Malley and Kelly of West Twelfth street station secured the first "confession" from Woodruff and circulated it freely, making it appear that the murdered man had been engaged in some questionable work and had fled the city. Then Officer Brown of Cottage Grove avenue station, who caused Dr. Cronin to be tried in a Clan-na-Gael camp on a charge of treason, suddenly lost his memory and could give no assistance in uncovering the motive for putting the physician out of the way. Detectives Andy Rohan and Michael Crowe were next assigned to the case, and they "assisted" by not reporting to their superiors anything of any importance. All these men are believed to have been in more or less sympathy with the accused, being Irishmen themselves and most of them members of the Clan-na-Gael.

Detective Harry Palmer followed them on the case, he being a man who was considered by the Chief of Police to be "as straight as a string" and incorruptible. Just previous to the exposure of the jury-bribing plot it became very evident that Palmer was not turning up anything from the important cleys placed in his hands to investigate. There was no time for an investigation at that stage of the case, so Palmer was assigned to other duty without any cause being given.

From this the state went ahead collecting evidence with the assistance of men on whom no well defined suspicion rested. It was thought at last that the Clan-na-Gaels on the force had been baffled, when, behold! Officers "Red" McDonald and John Stift took the

witness stand and attempted to establish an alibi for Dan Coughlin. They testified to facts which were intended to save Coughlin's neck, but about which they had never breathed a word to their superiors. It was as unexpected as if some one had hurled a bomb into the court-room.

Next came Detective Crowe with his testimony for the defense, which he claimed to have reported to both Captain Schaack and Inspector Ebersold, but which both positively deny. All of these officers, with the exception of Whelan and Brown, are still on the police force, and just why they are permitted to draw a salary from the city would make a chapter of interesting reading.

Chief of Police Hubbard refused to be interviewed on the subject, although he admitted some things which are startling to a great degree. He did not deny the fact that he has had as much trouble watching certain officers under suspicion as he had collecting evidence for the prosecution.

"I have already discharged a number of men," said he, "because it was learned wherein they had been false to their trusts."

Further than that the chief would not say, but from other sources it was learned that a radical cleaning out was about to take place, and that the Mayor would be the one to inaugurate it.

This is as it should be. While a part of the police force of Chicago has won the respect and gratitude of all good citizens by the zeal, labor, and intelligence displayed in performing the work set for them to do in

the Cronin case, another part has shown itself to be worthless and criminal, active only in defending assassins and defeating justice. The good officers should be freed from the disgrace of associating with those members of the force, who should be in the prisoners' row. The false servants of the public should be dismissed at once, and speedily punished to the full extent of the law.

FINIS—NOVEMBER 29.

The last day of evidence, the day when Burke's Clan-na-Gael friends swore so desperately and perjured themselves so willingly to help him with his alibi. In the afternoon of that day, November 29, Dan Coughlin's fate was sealed. Two little pocket knives did it. One was a pearl-handled affair with four blades, the other a tortoise shell handle, such as might adorn a lady's work-basket or a manicure case. And they were wrapped in a piece of common brown paper, making a harmless looking little package, such as one might kick under foot on the sidewalk, not stooping to examine it.

But to Dan Coughlin the terrors of the gallows seemed wrapped in that innocent looking package. Men who were in court when the pen-knives were produced, and who had witnessed many a public execution, declared that they had never seen a human face so marked with fearful agony.

The pen-knives were the property of Dr. Cronin, and had been unearthed as if by a miracle.

A whisper went around the lawyers' and reporters' tables late in the afternoon when the defense had

declared its testimony complete. An echo of the whisper reached the prisoners' row, and was repeated to Dan Coughlin by Mr. Forrest's associate, Qualey. While the state's attorney was on his feet making the startling announcement that at the eleventh hour of the trial the prosecution felt it imperative to beg to be allowed to introduce fresh evidence in chief, the face of the ex-detective assumed a pallor that was more terrible than anything seen during the trial. When Judge McConnell summoned the public prosecutor to his desk to be confidentially informed of the nature of the new testimony, Dan Coughlin leaned back in his chair, his head thrown back until his eyes looked straight at the ceiling, a great struggle to appear calm being visible throughout his entire frame.

The conference between judge and state's attorney ended, the latter returned to his place, and over and above the rattle of objections, now sneering, now explosive, from the attorney of the ex-detective, the voice of Mr. Longenecker was heard calling for Officer Flynn, and while the audience turned expectantly in the direction of the witness-room, Coughlin made a superhuman effort to control himself. Sitting bolt upright in his chair, he thrust his tongue against his cheek, as if searching for a lost chew of tobacco, stretching his face in every shape to hide the only too apparent twitchings, tugging nervously at his collar, as if a sudden choking were responsible for the crimson hue which had succeeded the pallor of a moment before.

The words of Clerk Lee administering the oath to the witness had died away and the state's attorney had

asked the preliminary question as to the witness' name ere Dan Coughlin nerved himself for a look at the witness chair. For a moment it appeared as if the big suspect must faint under the fearful strain. He spoke as with the ague; his distorted features shrunk into a hideous scowl; from beneath his shaggy eyebrows his piercing eyes, distended to twice their normal size, glared frantically at the contents of the little package which the witness had mechanically begun to unfold; while a frenzy akin to madness seemed to have taken possession of the ex-detective.

It was a very brief story that Bartholomew Flynn had to tell, but it was deadly as a rifle-ball in effect.

When Coughlin was arrested and after he had been confronted with the chief of police and other city and state officials, he was given in charge of Officer Flynn, then of the central station. The first ignominy which distinguishes a prisoner from a free citizen—the searching of him—revealed a clue, which, strangely enough, was not noticed until months later, when all the evidence in the possession of the state had been sworn to before a jury.

On searching the prisoner Officer Flynn discovered a revolver and two pen-knives. For months the revolver and pen-knives lay in the officer's locker at the central station, and when Flynn was removed to the Chicago avenue station he transferred the articles taken from the ex-detective to a box at a safety deposit vault. The trial was nearly ended when an accident brought to Flynn's memory the almost forgotten articles in the deposit vault.

Officer Flynn's wife was reading some of the testimony in the case and it suddenly occurred to him that the knives might be of importance. He reported the circumstance to his superior officer. Thinking it possible that the knives might be those used in the murder, Captain Schuettler proceeded to the deposit vault, opened the box and was much disappointed to find only two small pen-knives, instead of the deadly weapons for which he had hoped.



Mr. T. T. Conklin, the friend of Dr. Cronin, was called to identify the two knives. The white pearl-handled knife he had given the Doctor after having carried it himself for two years, the smaller knife he had found on the street a year and a half ago, had taken it home, and afterward gave it also to the Doctor. He had seen the Doctor using such a knife within a short time before his death. The larger one the Doctor carried in his trousers pocket, the smaller in his vest. The sanctity of an oath prevented Mr. Conklin from swearing to that which no human being could swear—namely, that the pen knives found on Coughlin were the identical ones carried by Dr. Cronin and had been taken from him. But the moral effect was the same, and in no mind did there or could there exist a shadow of doubt, and like many other witnesses of the man's agony, the jury-men must have perceived in the writhing, gasping prisoner sitting between Beggs and O'Sullivan, the evidence of absolute truth in the statements to which Mr. Conklin could only vouch his opinion.

With this dramatic *finale* to the last day when testimony was to be heard in the Cronin trial, was dispelled the miasma arising from the witnesses called to defend two of Burke's alibi witnesses from a charge of perjury. "I will prove that Swanson was guilty of rank perjury," Mr. Forrest had said in court before the lawyers for the defense had appeared.

Swanson's testimony was a direct contradiction to that of John F. O'Malley and W. F. Coughlin, who swore that on May 4 they had taken a carriage to a saloon on West Van Buren street, calling on their way at Matt. Danahy's saloon, where they claimed to have seen Martin Burke. Swanson, who drove the carriage, not only denied having been at Danahy's saloon, where Burke was alleged to have been seen, but flatly maintained that Coughlin was not in the carriage and that the party did not go to the West side saloon.

To weaken driver Swanson's story of the doings that night, Mr. Forrest brought up a horde of witnesses, beside whom the members of Camp No. 20 were the personification of gentility. By their own admission they were of the following grades: saloonkeepers, bartenders, loafers and hangers-on at saloons. Their story of the Bacchanalian festival at the West Van Buren street saloon, while the assassins in the Carlson cottage were perpetrating their fiendish work, was endowed with the character of expert testimony.

That the jury would not believe a hundred of such witnesses against the word of the Swedish hack-driver was foreseen to a certain extent, and a thread of a sec-

ond story had been interwoven in the collective testimony to give it a sense of truth. .

The narrative within the narrative was to the effect that the driver and O'Malley, previous to returning home, had exchanged coats and hats, O'Malley in the driver's livery mounting the box, and the driver in O'Malley's frock coat, riding inside. But Mr. Forrest's witnesses were not capable of carrying such a neatly concocted story in their memories without tripping each other at most awkward places. One of the wit-



JAMES F. BOLAND.

nesses, named Fortune, was in a semi-maudlin state of intoxication when on the witness-stand, and he certainly told part of the truth when he declared that he didn't know anything about it, and that he was five or six times drunker on May 4th than he was at that moment.

Each of the witnesses swore that the livery which O'Malley wore on the return trip had "brass buttons," "shining brass buttons," or "buttons that looked like brass." But according to previous testimony the coat driver Swanson wore that night not only lacked these ornaments, but was not even a livery coat.

The first witness called was Bernard F. Carberry, whose looks and speech carried honesty in every line. He said he had reason to be near the saloon in question on that night, and not only was Danahy absent, but Burke was nowhere to be seen, and despite a host of tricky questions by Mr. Forrest the witness adhered to his statement.

But Mr. Forrest's cup of misfortune was not yet full. During his cross-examination of one of his witnesses by Mr. Hynes, he ran afoul of a buzz-saw again.

"No cheap wit on a butcher boy," he shouted, and quick as a flash came the answer.

"If you will keep silent there will be no cheap wit."

And Mr. Forrest kept silent.

CHAPTER XX.

Mr. Beggs' Error—Two Days of Terrible Denunciation—Narrative of the Murder—Contracted to Kill Dr. Cronin—Partnership in Crime—Burke's Flight—His "Hands Were Red With Blood"—Coughlin's Wife and the Prisoners' Friends Listen—Demeanor of the Accused.

The hearing of evidence in this wonderful case closed on November 29, after the dramatic introductory of Dr. Cronin's knives, which were found upon Dan Coughlin, and after a few witnesses had contributed to the demolition of the flimsy alibis for the defendants, while a few on the other side tried to back them up.

It must be the conclusion of all who have read the evidence thus far that these men, whether policemen or saloonkeepers, who swore so positively as to the whereabouts of Burke and his associates on the night of the 4th of May, made a *mistake* in the date. It seems impossible, let us hope, for the credit of human nature, that such a number of men, even though they did belong to Camp 20, would go on the stand and perjure themselves to save any one from the gallows, but it is quite probable that, remembering meetings with Coughlin and Burke early in May, and willing to think one of these was on May 4th, they concluded that they could say and prove it so, and so did say. Such things have often happened. Thus Mr. Beggs was quite confident that he met two well-known republicans at the Grand Pacific Hotel on the night of May 4, and one man testified in support of this asser-

tion. But it turned out afterward that this meeting was just a week later.

Mr. Beggs had not explained up to the day closing the hearing of testimony where he was on that memorable night—whether he was waiting to hear the report of the special committee or working on some intricate law case, under the midnight lamp, in the seclusion of his office.

It was 4 o'clock P. M., when testimony closed. Instead of asking for an adjournment State's Attorney Longenecker at once began his closing argument to the jury, leading off for the prosecution.

There were no tricks of oratory in his speech. He did not emulate Mark Antony over the body of Cæsar, but gave the jurors a plain, straightforward, logical history of the case, restating the testimony, and effecting far more than if he tore a passion to tatters.

Much that he said on this first day of speech-making was preliminary, going over the same ground as was covered by his opening address.

So much of the speech is used in quoting evidence and fact already proven that we shall omit all but the argument and strong points in this able presentation of the state's attorney.

One of these strong points in his discourse was made when, referring to the appointment of the secret committee in Camp No. 20, he alluded to Coughlin's having suggested such a committee, a suggestion which entitled the man making it to the chairmanship of such committee.

When the court adjourned the speaker had only got over Camp No. 20 evidence, and was referring to the Spelman correspondence.

The rest of the speech of the first day was a masterly review of the evidence up to the point we have mentioned. But as it would be simply a repetition of matter previously related and presented in various forms on our pages, it is unnecessary to repeat it as exhibited in this speech.

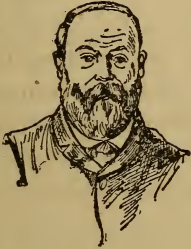
Judge Longenecker continued on November 30 the story of the killing of Dr. Cronin and the part therein taken by each of the defendants in the murder.

He presented the facts to the jury, before many friends of the accused who were present. Mourning veils and habiliments of woe occupied the benches within the bar. A kindly spirit toward the unfortunate relatives of the men on trial had suggested to the lawyers entrusted with admission tickets to have the friends of the prisoners who desired to do so, attend court during the speeches of Messrs. Longenecker and Wing—the one expected to be the most dispassionate on the part of the state, the other to make the appeal of appeals to the feelings of the jury on behalf of the accused. Friendly nods of recognition were exchanged between the occupants of the prisoner's row and women in mourning apparel sitting in court. Kunze, Martin Burke, John F. Beggs, and P. O'Sullivan, each had their friends in court—but Daniel Coughlin's wife and child were his only visitors, for these were there—the wife of this man, with their prattling little one, to hear the terrible charge leveled against the husband and father.

But their presence did not cause the state's attorney to handle one whit more gently the history of the crime charged against the five. Without oratorical flourishes or dramatic gestures, without startling contrasts or strained hyperbole, in language often verging into incoherency as the deluge of facts threatened to dam up the speaker's flow of words, Mr. Longenecker continued the story of the murder of Dr. Cronin and recited the part taken by each of the defendants in the tragedy. The bluntness of speech was lost sight of in the vivid baring of the facts of the great conspiracy. Names of dozens of witnesses, sentences from their testimony, the chronological order of the workings of the conspiracy, the bearing of each upon the other, and of all upon the accused on trial, were related by the public prosecutor, without reference to notes, in a manner that spoke wonders for his marvelous memory.

From the meeting in Camp No. 20, where the speaker left off the previous night, he traced the conspiracy through the reunion meeting of February 22, the hiring of the Clark street flat February 20, the purchase of the furniture at Revell's, the presence of Kunze and a tall man in the Clark street flat early in April, the appearance of Martin Burke as tenant of the Carlson cottage, the meeting of Coughlin and O'Sullivan in Mahoney's saloon four days after O'Sullivan had learned from Burke that the cottage was rented, the threats against a "North Side Catholic" by Coughlin in the saloon, the organization of a literary society in Lake View March 29, when Cronin and O'Sullivan met; the payment of a second month's rent on the

Carlson cottage almost simultaneous with O'Sullivan's declarations about intending to make a contract with Dr. Cronin, the printing of new cards by the iceman, the formal making of a contract when the ruse that led the Doctor to his death was literally foretold, the final dispatching of Dinan's horse and buggy which carried the Doctor to his doom—all these details were rehearsed—not a thread or shred of evidence being neglected in the terrible charge.



JOHN J. CRONIN.



"LARRY" BUCKLEY.

Amid the hurricane of denunciation the five men on trial presented a strange contrast of demeanor. Twice on the mention of his name, young Kunze spoke out, charging the state's attorney with lying. Burke sat stolid and apparently indifferent. An occasional smile or sneer played around the features of Beggs, while P. O'Sullivan alternately scowled and looked piteously around for a friendly look of sympathy. But Dan Coughlin, scored as the chairman of the secret committee by the prosecutor, gazed longingly in the direction whence, during the intervals when the speaker's voice dropped from fierce invective to quiet argument,

the sound of a child's cough and the patter of baby feet on the court-room floor, told him that those to whom his life was more sacred than to a trinity of Triangles, shared with him the agony he endured.

RESUMING SPEECH AND ARGUMENT.

Mr. Longenecker said:

"Yesterday evening I wanted to call your attention to what was said and done at the meeting February 22, that is, the reunion. You will remember that Mr. Beggs spoke of it in his letter to Spelman, that he said not to forget their reunion. At that meeting, if you remember, speeches were made by different parties; and among them Patrick McGarry made a speech and John F. Beggs, senior guardian of Camp No. 20, answered that speech. You may not remember what was said on that occasion, and I will, therefore, read just what Patrick McGarry stated to you."

Here Mr. Longenecker read over the celebrated speech of Mr. McGarry at Camp No. 20.

Next was taken up the appointment of the secret committee, of which Coughlin was chairman, and the actions of Coughlin and others against Cronin are thus briefly summed up:

"Coughlin says, at a meeting on March 1, to Henry Owen O'Connor, 'It is learned that there are other Le Carons among us, and we have got it pretty straight that it is Dr. Cronin.' This was on the 1st day of March. Singular, is it not, that February 8 the motion was made for the committee in Camp No. 20; February 16 Senior Guardian Beggs is writing about the matter to Edward Spelman; the 17th he again writes about it; the 19th the flat is rented at 117 Clark street; the 20th the carpet was nailed down; February 22 Beggs defends

the Triangle, and the first day of March this man Coughlin, who is on trial now for his life, denounces Dr. Cronin as a spy. Why was this done? Why should he tell Henry Owen O'Connor that he was a spy? Follow him along and you find that it was he who, February 8, said in meeting of Camp No. 20, that there were spies in the camp. It was he who moved for the appointment of the secret committee to try Dr. Cronin; it was he who on the 22d spoke about there being spies in the camp, and now he whispers into the ear of Henry Owen O'Connor that this man Cronin is a spy. But Henry Owen O'Connor turned on his heels and would not have it, said he did not believe it and walked away."

Whom the committee reported to, was next taken up, and after recalling the fact that on May 3rd, at a meeting, in reply to a question about the report of that secret committee, Senior Guardian Beggs had, with hand uplifted, replied: "That committee reports to me alone."

Mr. Longenecker continued:

"April 29, on the south side in this city, as testified to by Beggs' friend, Spelman, the district member, it is conclusively shown to what this committee had reference which was to report to John F. Beggs alone. What did Beggs say on that date? He said to Spelman, 'That matter has all been amicably settled.' How settled? Gentlemen, at the hour he spoke the cottage had been rented; at the hour he spoke the final arrangements had been made; at the hour he spoke the sentence had been fixed. [Sensation.] At the hour he spoke it had been amicably settled. It only required the consummation of the plans then made to perfect this 'amicable settlement.' Now, was there anything in the camp, or in the testimony of its mem-

bers, that showed that it had been amicably settled? Is there any one here who said that he had visited Dr. Cronin's camp to see why he read the report, or is there any one who says that any investigation had been made, or that anything had been done whatever in connection with the avowed object of that committee? No. Then why was it that Beggs said, 'it had been amicably settled.' Because he and the committee had secretly agreed that certain things had to be done and would be done; and therefore there was no need of further investigation."



FRANK T. SCANLAN.

Then was taken up the renting of the Carlson cottage by Burke, otherwise Williams; next the O'Sullivan contract with the Doctor; once more was told the story of that fatal trip on the evening of May 4 behind Dinan's old white horse. Events and the actions of the accused after the murder; the attempt of the conspirators to mislead the Doctor's friends and the public; bungling efforts to destroy proof, the finding of the body and clothing, all the details regarding each of these points were briefly but sufficiently gone over.

Referring to Burke, the prosecutor said:

“Martin Burke, as soon as the body is discovered, is found in Winnipeg. We find him there under an assumed name on his way to Europe. We find him there, and he is brought back under the laws of extradition for this charge of murder. For months, or for days and weeks before he could be removed, he put the courts to investigating as to whether he should return or not. Martin Burke flies away from Camp No. 20.

“Martin Burke leaves his friend Coughlin, his friend O’Sullivan, and he goes away from his camp off to Winnipeg. He says he has been in Hancock working for Ryan. All Martin Burke did in this case was to rent the cottage? If that was all, if it was rented for a lawful purpose, then why should he go to Winnipeg and thence to the old country? Why should he flee the State of Illinois? It was because Martin Burke rented the cottage for an unlawful purpose. It was because Martin Burke moved the furniture in for an unlawful purpose. It was because Martin Burke was in the cottage and dealt the blows that beat out the life of Dr. Cronin. It was because his hands were red with the blood of a human being.

“Now, gentlemen, I have gone over the evidence as rapidly as I could, and at the same time got it in connection. There may be a great many things, and there are, that I have omitted, but my intention has been to keep your minds directed to the chain of circumstances. But if you want to get at this case, if you want to boil it down, if you want to write the history of the case, you want to write it: ‘I contract for the medical services of Dr. Cronin.’—Patrick O’Sullivan. ‘I contract for a cottage.’—Martin Burke. ‘I contract for a horse and buggy for my friend.’—Daniel Coughlin. Draw your line now and write, ‘Committee of Three.’ Write again: ‘I contract for your life.’—Patrick

O'Sullivan. 'I contract for a horse and buggy to drive you to death.'—Daniel Coughlin. 'I rent a cottage in which to strike out your life.'—Martin Burke. Draw a line and write again, 'The committee reports to the senior guardian alone.'—John F. Beggs. "Gentlemen, I have finished."

When the state's attorney had concluded he received congratulations on every side. For seven months the public prosecutor scarcely knew rest day or night, and the result of his labors, attested to by "mountains" of evidence, was given to the jury in a manner worthy of the reputation of the gentleman and the energetic character of one who was the chief engineer in the gigantic enterprise.

CHAPTER XXI.

Mr. Wing's Hour—Monday, December 2—An Alibi for Those Knives—Mr. Wing Resumes—Sophistry and Adjectives—All the Accused are "Innocent, Much Abused Citizens"—What Mr. Wing Did and Did Not Say—Mr. Ingham Speaks—Logic and Invective—The Story Graphically Told—Kunze Cries Out—Bound by Ties of Hatred—A Hurricane of Eloquence.

After the closing of the presentment by the state's attorney on Saturday, November 30th, there still remained one hour before the time of adjournment and the court called upon Mr. Wing, of counsel for the defense, to begin his address. Mr. Wing evidently did not intend to go into the actualities of his case for an hour only and then allow a day to pass before resuming. He spoke during the sixty minutes remaining of the day on the uncertainty of circumstantial evidence, and how liable courts, lawyers and jurors were to make mistakes in judging such cases. He cited the Hull murder in New York to show how fallacious circumstances were in fixing guilt, and called upon the jurors to throw aside all prejudices and suspicion and judge the case by the rules of law and evidence. On the points of the Cronin case he touched not, nor did he make any direct reference thereto, and the court adjourned until Monday morning at 10 o'clock.

"If the court please," said Mr. Forrest, at the opening of the trial on Monday morning, December 2, "we are ready to introduce some evidence."

"Very well; call your first witness," said the court.

August Lowenstein, a clothing merchant, then testified on behalf of the defense: That he had made a pair of trousers for Coughlin on April 27, 1889, that they had been altered in the store at that time by John S. Pope, who lengthened them. That Coughlin changed his old trousers for the new ones there, taking everything out of the pockets of the old ones and laying the articles on a chair. The witness said he saw on the chair some keys and two knives and he wanted to take one of the knives, the light-colored one.

On cross-examination, witness said he only glanced at the knives and reached for one, but Coughlin said he could not have it. The books of the store did not show that Coughlin had bought trousers there, but witness and his brother knew it and fixed the fact and date from entries relative to the sale of the trousers.

Jacob Lowenstein, brother of August, said that he had been detective partner of, and traveled with Coughlin from September, 1887, to February, 1889. He had seen Dan Coughlin's pocket-knives often—one of them he had himself. The knives were handed to him and he said:

"This one, the large one, is Dan Coughlin's. I know from the way it is ground. He had a way of standing at the station and grinding the point down on the sandstone of the steps. I know this is Dan Coughlin's knife as much as I know that the knife I have here is my knife."

Ex-Detective "Jake" Lowenstein left the police force on May 11. Unless he be much belied his reputation is none of the best. When, in this case, the

prosecution on cross-examination offered to show up this witness' record, Judge McConnell wisely declared that there was no occasion to do so. The question of veracity lies between Mr. Conklin and the Lowenstein brothers, and the verdict of the jury will show whether number of witnesses or their individual evidence constitute the preponderance of proof.

There was a complete change of front in the line of defense of the Cronin suspects when Mr. Wing once started in to deal directly with the testimony or the subject generally and the characters of the accused. Sophistry was substituted for alibis, adjectives for exceptions.

As a strange blending of fragments of truth with ingenious sophistry the first speech for the defense was a marvel; as an *ex parte* argument which might have gained considerable attention had it not been burdened by the damaging alibi testimony, it was a masterpiece; as a collection of neatly turned phrases it was admirable, but as a reply to the sledge-hammer denunciations of the state's attorney it was a nonentity.

The opening sentences of Mr. Wing's address were prolific of many wholesome truths. That the judge and jury had nothing to do with the "innocence" as the speaker declared, sounded like a continuation of Mr. Longenecker's speech, the beginning and end of which was "guilt." Next the speaker touched upon "sanguinary verdicts." The "thirdly" of Mr. Wing's preface was "The necessity of circumstances being only consistent with guilt." Instead of following the beaten path of the conspiracy, combating each circum-

stance with argument, Mr. Wing plunged headlong into the charge against his client, Coughlin, and opened up at a point when, according to the theory of the state, the tragedy was already an accomplished fact, and the perpetrators were resting after their bloody work. The evidence of Niemann, the saloon-keeper, who saw Coughlin, O'Sullivan and Kunze in the neighborhood of the Carlson cottage one hour before midnight on May 4, was the first point of attack. Contrasting the identification by this witness with that by the members of the O'Sullivan household and the Hyland boys, Mr. Wing, with outstretched finger toward a juror, asked:

"In the name of heaven, sir, which should be believed?"

"Do you doubt the Hyland boys?" he again asked.

From Niemann's testimony Mr. Wing next turned his attention to the treatment accorded alibi witnesses by the attorneys for the state, and incidentally scored Juror Culver soundly for daring to suspect that Mulcahey, O'Sullivan's alleged bed-fellow, might have been the driver of Dinan's horse and buggy. All eyes were instantly turned to the corner where Juror Culver sat, his head bent low during the verbal castigation, and smiles were visible among the jury at the discomfiture of their fellow-juror. Realizing his error in making such an attack, Mr. Wing adroitly turned the point and scored one in his own favor by declaring that the juror's action in sending for the overcoat was the only natural course after the question by the state. But when Maj. Sampson, the man to whom Coughlin suggested an at-

tack to "do up" Dr. Cronin, came under the lash of Attorney Wing, then the sparks began to fly and did fly fast and furious.

Where Mr. Forrest had raised objections, taken exceptions and moved exclusions to certain pieces of evidence, Mr. Wing argued, or asserted, that the evidence was not worth the breath spent in telling it. Niemann's testimony ought to be dropped, Sampson's testimony ought to be dropped, Kettner's testimony ought to be dropped, Mertes' testimony ought to be dropped, Dinan's horse and buggy, Camp No. 20, Mrs. Conklin's identification, Dan Coughlin's incriminating admissions—everything ought to be dropped. He referred to the prisoners on trial as "Citizens, who, for aught you know, may be as innocent of the Doctor's death as your children at home." A suggestion that instead of five members of Camp No. 20 being indicted for murder, it would be only fair that at least twenty-one—the majority who voted for the secret committee—should have taken their places in the prisoners' dock, seemed to merit more approval at the hands of the jury than anything the speaker said, and he abruptly changed the subject.

And this is about the substance of Mr. Wing's address of Monday.

THINGS SAID AND THINGS LEFT UNSAID.

Judge Wing finished his able talk to the jury on Tuesday morning, December 3d. It was nearly a two days' talk, in which he had not a word to say of the renting by Burke under a false name of the Carlson

cottage and the rooms on Clark street opposite Dr. Cronin's office. There was no explanation as to what he wanted with the big trunk he was carrying around with him. Judge Wing should have taken another day and made these matters clear to the jury, who have not as yet had a word of explanation from the defense as to why this man Burke happened to rent the cottage in which it has been proven that Dr. Cronin was murdered, whether he occupied it the night of the murder, when he gave it up, and who this man Simmons was that was there with him. It was all right to warn the jury against the dangers of trusting to circumstantial evidence, such as the identification of Burke with the place where Cronin was murdered, but it would have been much better to have explained that remarkable coincidence and prove it had no relevancy. Judge Wing evidently did not care to "tackle" such a task, as he announced a "back-down" in a certain degree, in the conclusion of his speech.

MR. INGHAM FOR THE STATE.

Immediately after the conclusion of Mr. Wing's speech, Mr. Ingham arose and began his address for the prosecution.

From fog to sunshine, from the hazy swamp of doubt to the clear atmosphere of truth, from Attorney Wing, the ponderous sophist, to George C. Ingham, the brilliant logician—such was the course of the day's proceedings. Comparison with the two speeches would not be just, inasmuch as at the outset the attorney for Coughlin was face to face with an almost overwhelming

avalanche of proof against his client, while the junior attorney for the people had but to stretch forth his hand and with the move of a finger the avalanche gained fresh impetus, moving steadily and fearfully in the direction of the prisoners on trial.



GEO. C. INGHAM.

Like a keen north wind driving a fog-cloud before it, the first words of Lawyer Ingham's speech dispelled the haze which hung over the jury box. The electrical influence of a bright frosty morning seemed to glow from the stinging logic of his opening sentences. Traversing the same ground covered by the opening

speech for the defense, he rent, as if by a sunbeam, the cloud of doubt which had been conjured up as an inseparable adjunct to circumstantial evidence. Even the example of the Hull murder, which had been quoted by Mr. Wing, was held up by his opponent as a powerful argument by the mere process of finishing the story where the other had left off. The last shreds of the argument as to the cause of death were forgotten when Mr. Ingham, becoming enthused on the subject, described Dr. Cronin as "slaughtered by a tribunal treasonable to the laws of the state you are called upon to execute, and whose protection these defendants now claim."

In going over the well-known facts so often recited, each point was depicted in a manner that was startling, as much by its dramatic coherency as by the earnestness of the speaker.

But when speaking of the ruse adopted to lure the Doctor to his death, Mr. Ingham's eloquence became alternately scathing and pathetic. That human nature could conceive a plan fraught with such treachery seemed to him incredible, that friendship could be utilized to offset fear, in which the Doctor walked day and night; that a call to relieve suffering humanity should lead the respondent to a slaughter-house where he was to be the victim; that hatred for, should be followed by, ignominy to the dead, were facts horrible in their truth as they were true in their horrible details.

With blanched cheeks the five men on trial bowed beneath the scorching eloquence of the junior prosecutor. Once the German, Kunze, rose in his place,

shrieking out to the speaker: "God knows I am innocent!" Many times Mr. Forrest tried to interrupt Mr. Ingham, but each interruption was a signal for such a deluge of denunciation that he retreated in dismay.

Mr. Ingham dilated at length and with terrible earnestness on the matters so well known as to the details of all matters and the actions of all the accused before and after the murder, and concluded his address by particular reference to Coughlin, O'Sullivan and Beggs.

"Now, these three men, against whom circumstances point with awful force, are all boon companions, bound together by the ties of Camp No. 20, actuated by a common hatred, and joined in a common denunciation of their victim. When these people here can make you believe that the mechanism of a watch can spring into existence at a glance, when these people here can make you believe that this court-house can spring up a monument of masonry, even as a mushroom springs up in the night, then they may be able to make you believe that there was no design in these circumstances, that there was no intelligent, human design, no malevolent and murderous purpose running through them.

"These men are boon companions; they are side by side; they are moved by a common cause and actuated by common enmity toward Dr. Cronin. Where did this trouble begin? Recollect, now, that O'Sullivan said to Mrs. Farrar: 'They say he gave away the secrets of an order to which he belonged, and if he did he ought to be killed.' It is in evidence in this case—it is undisputed in this case—that for years there had been a constant struggle and turmoil in this organization.

"Beggs' duty was to appoint that committee. Beggs, remember, was an enemy of Dr. Cronin, with the

others; Beggs denounced him with the others; Beggs, with the others, said after his death: 'O, he will turn up.' Others claimed, too, that he would turn up. They covered his body with the filth of the sewer, and his memory with the epithet of a traitor. I said, gentlemen, that in an American court, before an American jury, it made no difference whether the charges of Dr. Cronin against the Triangle were true or not; that it made no difference whether he was a patriot or a traitor to the Irish cause. But, gentlemen, the truth of history demands that the name of Cronin be vindicated—and the vindication of his name is stronger than it could be put by mortal lips when you remember that it comes from the depths of a catch-basin and that his body comes from the sewer.

"They murdered him because they feared his charges. They called him a spy in order that they might nerve dupes to kill him. They slew him.

"Now, gentlemen, I have said all in this case that I intend to say. It is needless to say more. I shall be followed by others of great ability. But remember this: Your duty in this case may be and is unpleasant, it is an onerous and burdensome duty which you have already undergone. It is an unpleasant thing for any man to sit in trial upon the liberty or the life of his fellow-citizens; but human nature is so constituted that law is necessary to make some men walk straight.

"Crimes, murder, theft, arsons, can only be prevented by the enforcement of the law. The law can be enforced only by jurors. In the calling of Providence you are here now. Your duty is before you. Recollect that while your duty is serious and burdensome it is also of vast importance. That courage now to do your whole duty, whatever you esteem your duty, is just as necessary as it would be upon a battlefield or in any of the walks of life. Deal with these men justly,

execute the law, satisfy your own consciences, and the rest of us will be satisfied."

At 4 o'clock Mr. Ingham sat down. His effort had been swift as a hurricane, and as effective. During the three hours he had been on his feet every nook and crevice of the conspiracy, so far as it has been revealed in court, was illumined as if by lightning flashes. Not a word, not a gesture of the speaker had been thrown away on the twelve men facing him, and when he had concluded there fell on the jury a solemn stillness, in which gratitude to the orator who had shown them their duty, and a resolve to perform that duty, however painful, were unmistakably present.

CHAPTER XXII.

His "Innocent Clients"—Piteous Pleading for Kunze and O'Sullivan—Lawyer Donahoe Insists on Their Acquittal—They Had No Motive for the Crime—No Proof to Connect Them With the Murder—Ladies out in Force to Listen to the Orator—Incidents of the Day—The Prisoners.

It was "ladies day," at the Cronin trial on Wednesday, December 4. Half the audience was composed of the gentler sex. Ladies from aristocratic north side residences sat side by side with ladies whose homes were within sight of the Carlson cottage; ladies from Prairie avenue looked over the shoulders and between the heads of ladies from the Town of Lake; ladies for whom Luther Laflin Mills had only the most courtly of salutes, crowded close to make room for ladies whose ideal of manly beauty was the ex-iceman of Lake View. Inside the barrier ladies were in a majority of three to one, on the back seats ladies were unusually numerous, and when Bailiff Wiederholme locked the outer doors there were a dozen ladies standing in the hallways and as many more waiting disconsolately on the steps outside.

Daniel Donahoe was the orator of the day, hence the unwonted attendance of fair auditors. The poetic halo which this master of forensic eloquence usually contrives to cast around the most commonplace incidents is a greater attraction to the gentler sex than even the divorce court itself. That the "speech of his life" would be a memorable one was a foregone conclusion; therefore the ladies came early, some with their

fans and vinaigrettes, others with lunch baskets, but all prepared to be deeply moved, hugely entertained, and to enjoy a treat which they wouldn't have missed for anything in the world.

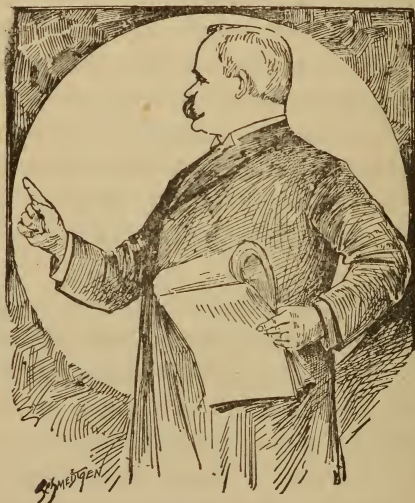
There was no necessity for the ladies who had not heard Mr. Donahoe before to strain their ears. The gentleman's eloquence, if poetic, was as sonorous as the effusions of Walt Whitman. Every syllable was distinct and emphatic.

Disdaining what he called the "cheap wit" of the lawyers on the other side, Mr. Donahoe struck out boldly into the defense of his dual charges, Kunze and P. O'Sullivan. At one blow the effort of Mr. Ingham was dismissed as a political speech and then the orator proceeded to show what the other ought to have said if he wanted to make a speech which should be a speech indeed.

"A curious thing about Mr. Donahoe," said a lady who had heard him elsewhere, "is that he can ask a question of a dozen people at once and none of them can answer it."

The encomium was well deserved, and the jury showed their appreciation of it. Even such a simple question as "Did they do anything of that sort?" would be leveled at at least nine jurors, a juror to every syllable and the whole breadth of the jury box between each syllable. Beginning with Juror Bryan at the south-west corner of the box, the orator would address to him the word "Did," Juror Culver at the other end of the front row being selected as the target for the next word in the conundrum, then Juror Clarke would

get the word "Do," and "Anything" would be scattered between both ends, with the odd syllable dropped at the feet of Juror Allison in the middle of the front row, and so on until the sentence was complete, when an emphatic "No!" would be showered over the entire jury box, the orator all the time pacing from end to end of the front row at a pace that would have worn out Dinan's old white horse.



DANL. DONAHOE.

Mr. Donahoe was severe on Mr. Hynes, and charged much of State's Attorney Longenecker's virile denunciation of the witnesses for the defense to the promptings of counsel hired by persons who wanted to see prisoners persecuted. The speaker said that Mr. Geo. Ingham was the brainiest lawyer on the other side, and

that Mills and Ingham had only done their duty as lawyers. He frequently alluded to the "cheap wit" of Mr. Hynes, but that gentleman did not resent it. From time to time he made some pertinent or impertinent corrections of Mr. Donahoe's statements concerning the testimony however, and the orator was sometimes considerably embarrassed by the interruptions.

During the early part of his lawyer's address, O'Sullivan was unusually nervous. He seemed to feel that much depended on Mr. Donahoe's effort, and he tugged persistently at his little moustache.

The German, Kunze, watched the argument closely, and sat upright most of the time it was being delivered. Coughlin was sleepy, Beggs chatted with Lawyer Foster during a good portion of the forenoon, and Burke was unconcerned.

Lawyer Forrest followed Donahoe's speech closely, and frequently made suggestions for his assistance and guidance. He put on Mr. Donahoe the dreary burden of the law-reading and presentation of the testimony.

In behalf of Kunze and O'Sullivan, Mr. Donahoe followed in the line of Judge Wing's argument, taking up separately each circumstance concerning his clients, and contending that it was not strong enough to hang a man on. Kunze's case was given more attention than that of O'Sullivan. The lawyer probably found Kunze's case easier to defend than the ex-iceman's, and so he gave the "little German boy" the big end of his effort. He read a great deal of law to the jury, and more testimony.

He then reviewed the evidence given against Kunze, the facts as stated in this history, and asked: "Where is the proof? Where is the proof?" Then answered: "The only proof is wild, absurd statement." He contended that Kunze never knew, never heard of Dr. Cronin, and said:

"He connected with this case! He guilty of conspiracy to murder a man he had never heard of! Absurd! Ridiculous!"

Mr. Donahoe contended that there might still exist a doubt as to the identity of the body found with that of Dr. Cronin, and also, if so, that he had died of the wounds inflicted.

"You must be as certain that each link in the chain of circumstantial evidence is proved, that it was Dr. Cronin's body that was found in the catch-basin. It was absolutely essential to the state's case to prove to your entire satisfaction the identity of the Doctor's body. It is also absolutely essential to the state's case to prove to your entire satisfaction that the Doctor died from wounds and bruises upon his person."

He claimed that O'Sullivan was acquainted neither with Beggs nor Burke. That he had never spoken a word against Dr. Cronin, that he had no motive for entering into a conspiracy to murder the Doctor, and for aiding in the murderous work. He insisted that the contract made with Dr. Cronin was a pure, regular, legitimate business contract; that O'Sullivan had never held as a secret the fact that he had entered into it, and that the card of O'Sullivan, presented to decoy the Doctor to his death, had been obtained surreptitiously, or by means unknown to O'Sullivan, who

had openly announced the contract, and had never denied it.

Like Mr. Wing, Lawyer Donahoe seemed to think there must inevitably be prejudice existing in the minds of the jury against the accused, and he was constantly referring, warning and protesting against it.

As a defense of Kunze and P. O'Sullivan, the oration was a masterpiece. Not a witness, not a phrase, not an admission was forgotten, which might serve as a factor in their favor. And in the closing sentence—a blending of an appeal for mercy with a demand for acquittal in the name of justice—Mr. Donahoe was most effectively pathetic. Kunze and O'Sullivan sniffed vigorously during its delivery, while handkerchiefs and vinaigrettes were in brisk demand in the lady audience.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A Star Day—Alibis Shredded, Shattered and Scattered—Mr. Hynes' Superb Argument—The Secret Committee and Camp No. 20 Shown In Startling Colors—That Peculiar Police Testimony—Begg's Complicity In the Crime—The Prisoners As They Listen—End of Mr. Hynes' First Day, Dec. 5.

Thursday morning Dec. 5, Mr. W. J. Hynes, special counsel for the people in the trial of the five men charged with the murder of Dr. Cronin, entered upon an argument, the equal of which has seldom been heard in a tribunal of justice.

Like a surgical lecturer with scalpel in hand, laying bare the veins and arteries, the bones and sinews of a corpse, Mr. Hynes dissected the wreck of the once formidable conspiracy of Camp No. 20. With a keen eye and steady hand he stood over the prostrate body for an entire day discussing in plain terms the foul obstructions which his knife encountered at every turn, explaining how this canker had grown and that lung had become diseased, showing the poison here and the corruption there, all the time exercising an almost superhuman control to shut out the sound of a myriad of voices filling the air and crying aloud, "Kill! Kill!"

From the first day of the trial, when palm-leaf fans were at a premium and heated arguments a superfluous waste of breath, the object of concentrated attack by the lawyers for the defense has been W. J. Hynes.

In conversations about the probable outcome of the case, the lawyers for the defense have lost no opportunity to load unsuspecting reporters with barbed shafts

directed at and intended for W. J. Hynes. Like a sleeping lion, the big Irish lawyer has allowed himself to be the butt of their missiles, only occasionally rising from his lethargy and with a flip of his shaggy mane stinging his Lilliputian antagonists as though cut by a buzz-saw.

Mr. Hynes has the ideal voice of an orator; it is full, soft and musical. It is a deep bass, but finely modulated, and as clear and resonant as a violin. Mr. Hynes' face, however, is not an ideal. It is full, heavy-jawed and beefy. His eyes are uncomfortable, apparently, from the fullness below them that crowds them back under his overhanging brows. His cheeks are purple, and his neck, of the same hue, is too large and heavy to give him a poetic cast. His nose slightly pug; broad forehead and square jaws indicate the Celtic blood in him and his pugnacity. When angry or in the heat of argument his nose takes an extra turn upward, his brows hang lower over his furious eyes, and his face resembles that in the picture of Vulcan forging the thunderbolt. Mr. Hynes is of heroic build, and his pose dignified, though not severe.

On this Thursday his turn came, and the reparation for past insults was terrible as it was excruciating. In his address Mr. Hynes did not assume to be an orator or indulge in any of the pyrotechnics of the art eloquent. His analysis was keen and sarcastic and some of his phrases had a razor-edge on them. He devoted his time to dissecting alibis. He did not accuse witnesses for the defense of perjury. He tried to make their alibi stories consist with the truth, but argued

that they mistook the dates or occasions about which they testified. He reasoned that when a friend's life was in danger many good men would stretch a point in his favor, if their minds were in doubt. He took certain incidents on which the witnesses on both sides agreed, and about them wove the true story of the larger circumstances. He quoted from the testimony, and, though his quotations were frequently challenged, reference to the official records proved that he was right.

That the lawyers who had been entrusted with the defense of four of the five men on trial had only injured their clients, was shown with cruel clearness. That the prisoners had been better defended had they pleaded in person, and on the witness stand sworn in their own behalf, instead of being burdened with the badly-concocted alibis their lawyers had framed, was demonstrated to a certainty. That even the plea for merciful consideration which the young German, Kunze, tried to make in his own behalf, had been glaringly overlooked, was made manifest. That the defense had merely hoodwinked the men on trial into fancied security *in order to close their mouths against the principals*, whose tools they had been, was clearly proven. And that the lawyers hired to defend the prisoners had method in their mad attacks upon the special counsel for the people was shown without question.

Seldom has such a crowd gathered to attend a criminal trial as that which besieged the doors of Branch No. 3 of the criminal court on the morning of this day, an hour before the doors opened. Broughams, coupes,

buggies, hired hacks, and hansom cabs by the dozen stopped in front of the steps on Dearborn avenue, deposited their load on the muddy sidewalk and drove away. A line of people, three or four deep, stretched from the Dearborn avenue steps round to the main entrance of the criminal court on Michigan street. Inside the main hall of the building a well-dressed mob besieged the state's attorney's office, the clerk's office, and the bailiff's office. Wearers of official badges escaped with difficulty from the clamoring crowd demanding passes.

People who looked forward to an impassioned address from the great Hibernian lawyer were doomed to disappointment. Whether the credit be due to the generalship of State's Attorney Longenecker or to the combined wisdom of the lawyers for the prosecution, the arrangement of speeches on the part of the state was as skillfully managed as it was effective.

Possessing an unequaled knowledge of the minute details of the charge made, Mr. Longenecker relinquished his claim on the place of honor—the closing address—in order to present in consecutive detail the facts sworn to by witnesses for the state in support of the charges in the indictment. The solid array of testimony as presented by Mr. Longenecker was thorough and complete, devoid of argument or rhetorical ornamentation, built up of circumstantial evidence truly, but overwhelming in its completeness. Against this the strategy of the defense hurled the ponderous sophistries of Mr. Wing, attacking circumstances light as air with argument heavy as forty-pounder iron shot. In

reply to Mr. Wing the brilliant logic of George C. Ingham was directed, routing the would-be underminer of the state's citadel at every point. Then came Daniel Donahoe, hitting blindly from the shoulder, let the blows fall where they might. At strong proof he hurled alibis; unconscious of weak defense he shrieked at an "unjust prosecution," and fearing a sentence of death he appealed with moistened eyelids to a merciful jury.

To answer the challenge that the defense had refuted the charges, Mr. Hynes stepped into the arena. That the wish uppermost in his mind was to let loose the flood of his unrivaled satire upon the opposition and in a soul-stirring eulogy of his murdered compatriot to carry the jury to a righteous verdict, was apparent at the out-set. But the self-restraint he exercised was wonderful and wise.

Beginning mildly, in a voice scarcely audible through the densely packed court-room, he congratulated the jury upon the near approach of a cessation of their labors. Contrasting the trial awarded to the five prisoners with the shadow of one which preceded the tragedy in the Carlson cottage, Mr. Hynes grew dramatic as he described Dr. Cronin's enemies "charging him behind his back, trying him behind his back, killing him behind his back—killing him first and accusing him afterward."

But checking himself the speaker proceeded to the dissection of the conspiracy and incidentally its offshoots of slander on the murdered Doctor and defense of his alleged slayers.

O'Sullivan's alibi came first under the knife, as it had been most strenuously pushed forward by the preceding attorney. With emotion and indignation bristling at every sentence, the lawyer coolly pulled it to pieces, holding up shred by shred to the jury, restraining himself from the almost overpowering impulse to trample it under foot, and finally hurling it to the ignoble oblivion of the Molly Maguire butcheries.

Then came the little German, Kunze. From every point of view the structure of proof against the stool-pigeon of Coughlin was shown. Every shingle was in place and not a loop-hole for the doomed prisoner to escape. But a generous flow of sunlight was conveyed to the young German in the few earnest words of the big-hearted lawyer, showing where mercy might with safety guide the jury in their verdict.

But of Coughlin, the man who led Kunze away, the sworn guardian of the police prostituting his position for the benefit of murderous conspirators, Mr. Hynes had none but terrible denunciations. The hollow mockery of an alibi for the ex-detective, his criminal trifling with the law in pursuit of the murderers, the presence of his hand at the helm of the conspiracy—from the appointment of the conspiracy to the burial in the sewer—all these were mercilessly shown up by quotations from the testimony of witnesses who had interposed their oaths to the pathway of justice.

"Poor Burke," Mr. Hynes called the Winnipeg suspect. Burke, the dupe of all the dupes; Burke, sent to John F. Ryan, the sender of the driver to Dan Coughlin; Burke, the fleeing criminal; Burke, the

undefended, save by the trashiest of alibis. "Poor Burke!"

"We Irishmen have been called hot-blooded," pleaded the lawyer, when approaching the citadel of Camp No. 20. "Our sentiment has been so long appealed to that our hearts have outgrown our heads," and having delivered himself of this defense of his fellow-countrymen, Mr. Hynes opened up on ex-Senior Guardian Beggs. Pitiless as had been his carving of the defense of the other prisoners, it was mild as compared to that of the defendant Beggs. "No quarter," was the cry, and the hollowness of an organization controlled so that "*scoundrels are permitted to pursue their nefarious schemes and adventures to feather their unholy nests*" was vividly portrayed.

The speech of Mr. Hynes was comprehensive; so excellent and complete. He said:

"May 4th, Dr. Cronin was taken from home and murdered. May 5th, it was discovered that he had not returned, and grave apprehensions were held by his friends. May 6th, it was published to the world. May 7th or 8th, the senior guardian of Camp No. 20, declared that Dr. Cronin was not dead, that he was all right, and that he would turn up; that he knew what he was talking about, that Morris and O'Byrne were not in the inner circle, and did not know what they were talking about, and that he knew Dr. Cronin was all right and would turn up.

"About May 9th, 10th, or 11th, dispatches were received announcing that Cronin was alive and had been seen here and there. What did this mean, gentlemen of the jury? It meant that the defense was organized before the crime was committed. It meant the exist

ence of a wide-spread conspiracy. It meant the presence in that conspiracy of intelligence and resources—resources that knew how to handle the telegraph and the press.

“But when the body was found and identified, that story, so far as the public was concerned, was no longer urged and that theory was no longer advanced. But even at the very opening of this trial, after the jury were accepted, when the witnesses were put upon the stand to identify the remains of Dr. Cronin, found in the catch-basin, did not this defense still contend and contest the identification of that body?

“All the witnesses for Patrick O’Sullivan say that on the evening of May 4th, he got home between half-past 5 and 6 o’clock. Patrick O’Sullivan’s own statement, when he talked with Capt. Schaack, was that he arrived home at half-past seven, and that he was not out of his house that evening after he came home. They all say that he got home about half-past 5 or 6—every witness here. They all, with the exception of Mulcahey, swear that he was not out of his house at that time—after supper; that he sat down for a time in the house and then went to bed with Mulcahey.

“He himself sent for Capt. Schaack, while he was a prisoner in jail, and said he was out of the house that night, in the alley, near the rear of his barn.

“Why, they put young Knight on the stand, you remember, who was working there; and there is not anything that better illustrates the value of an alibi than his testimony and the testimony of Minnehan, who worked several summers for O’Sullivan. They both swore that the two Hylands came there Sunday afternoon about 5 o’clock, and Knight swore that O’Sullivan was there. He swears that O’Sullivan was in the house from a point of time between 4 and 5 o’clock the afternoon of Sunday, May 5th, and that when the

Hylands came in he shook hands with them; that he was not out of the house from that time until he went out at 10 o'clock at night. He swears that, when it is conceded, gentlemen of the jury, that O'Sullivan was down at Mrs. Conklin's about that time, and did not get home until about 7 or 8 o'clock. He swears to that when everybody knows that O'Sullivan was with Murray at that hour down at Mrs. Conklin's, and when everybody concedes that he didn't get back home until half-past 7 or 8. That is the value of an alibi.

"Now, what is the alibi for Dan Coughlin? We have Niemann seeing him out there at that hour; we have Mertes seeing a man at the Carlson cottage that he thinks was Dan Coughlin, and that looked like him from his rear and side view. And this man left such a vivid impression upon his mind that he was able to pick him out in the jail when he got the same view of him. I would not say that if it rests upon that alone, but take these facts together and in connection with the more important facts. It is wholly immaterial in this case whether Dan Coughlin was near the Carlson cottage May 4th, whether Patrick O'Sullivan was near the Carlson cottage May 4th, whether they ever lifted a hand to strike Dr. Cronin; the fact that they were in the conspiracy and arranged it makes them equally guilty under the law.

"But what is the alibi? We have first Officer McDonald. He remembers the exact time when he saw Dan Coughlin. But he never disclosed that important fact to anybody except Officer Scott—and mind you, McDonald and Scott were both members of the same camp—were both members of Camp No. 20. They were both members of the same camp in which this originated—this conspiracy to murder. McDonald never told his superior officer about it. He does not go to Capt. Schaack, or to Capt. Schuettler, who succeeds him, or to the chief of police, or to the state's

attorney, or to the newspaper reporters, or to anybody who will convey to the authorities and the public the information, and say: "Dan Coughlin was not out there at the Carlson cottage; he could not have been out there. I saw him at the station at half-past eight or a quarter of nine." McDonald didn't say that to anybody, but he suddenly appears on the stand and swears to an alibi for a fellow-member of the order. Whelan, too, finds Coughlin there at half-past seven or a quarter to eight as he goes in, and he leaves him standing in front of the station, and on the sidewalk. He comes out later on and finds him still standing in front of the station after nine o'clock. And Stiff, when he comes out, finds him standing in front of the station at half-past nine o'clock. Think of it! For two long hours Dan Coughlin is standing immovable in one spot, with no event to change the monotony of the occasion, nothing to do, and nothing done, except to go once in the saloon and take a drink with Officers Stiff and Whelan. That is the extent of the search of these two trained detectives for a man, that at that time, even in the judgment of Capt. Schaack and those who were supposed to know, was believed to have driven the Doctor away.

"It was said by Mr. Wing that no man, if he drove Dinan's horse that night, would come into court to testify. Why, there is not a man in the world, who was not the veriest cur, who would remain in the rear while the man who had become responsible, and whose accommodation had furnished the horse that was used to drive Dr. Cronin away, who would refuse, unless he had committed some crime, to come to the front. Cannot John F. Ryan tell of his whereabouts? Cannot Coughlin's brother tell? Cannot the friends—some of them in Hancock, Mich.—tell of his whereabouts? Can no light be thrown upon it? Why have not the authorities learned? We sent the only man that knew

on the police force, and he did not look for him; did not go where he could be found; gave a false description so that nobody else would take him; described him as cross-eyed and as wearing a stiff hat; he wanted him to escape. Whoever he is, he is one of the conspirators.

“These are all admitted facts that in the last of April or in the first of May, P. O’Sullivan was inviting Coughlin out to his house. Remember that O’Sullivan’s house was the next building to the Carlson cottage, almost the only building in its neighborhood.

“One thing further about Coughlin’s alibi: Along toward the close of the trial in this case, it was discovered that one of the officers had overlooked two knives that were taken from Daniel Coughlin the day he was taken into custody on May 25th, three days after the discovery of the body of Dr. Cronin. That those knives are identical in character, in description, and every feature—everything that would distinguish and identify a knife, with Dr. Cronin’s two knives, there can be no dispute.

“Two or three days after. Dan Coughlin is invited to the office of the chief of police, and he comes there for a consultation; and before he leaves it, it appears that he was placed under arrest and searched, and these two knives found on him. If these are not the two knives of Dr. Cronin, as I believe them to be, it is one of the most remarkable coincidences in history that a man moving the appointment of the committee, that a man hiring the white horse, a man breathing into the ears of the members of Camp 20 that Dr. Cronin was another Le Caron, and that there were evidences in the city of Chicago to show that he was one of the spies referred to by Le Caron; that he should be found with two knives exactly like the knives that were on the person of Dr. Cronin when he left Mrs. Conklin’s house, that he was in the habit of carrying

—one in his vest pocket and one in his pants pocket—and when his clothes are found in the man hole, that neither of the knives was found in the clothes. I say that it is most remarkable.

“We have Burke’s alibi. It is rather a pitiful one. Somebody’s heart must have failed him in finally making out an alibi for poor Burke.

“I presume the worst thing about Matt Danahy is that he would probably swear through a grindstone for the purpose of helping out his friend in a case like this. And what an alibi! He says that Burke was there when he got there—about half-past six—I think I am correct, but I have not refreshed my recollection of that particular hour—I think about half-past six, he says, he got there. If he was there then he is contradicted by Hugh Gleason, if we are to accept Hugh Gleason’s statement that Danahy came to relieve him about that time while he was there. And he must have come in there—if he came in at all—after Danahy’s arrival.

“Mr. Carberry testifies that he went there about half-past six, that Hugh Gleason was the bar-tender, and when he went on the stand and denied it he looked to me more like a man struggling with his conscience, and more unwilling about committing perjury than any man on the stand.”

Of the secret committee Mr. Hynes said: “Where was the necessity for a secret committee, gentlemen of the jury? If that committee was appointed, as John F. Beggs’ man has said—if it was not for criminal purposes, why have not the members of that committee come forward and said it was appointed for the purpose of making an inquiry and a report; that its conduct was not criminal; that its purpose was not murder?”

“Now, on the authority of John F. Beggs, in the light of the other testimony showing that Columbus Club

means Dr. Cronin's camp, that he was the S. G. or senior guardian of it, in John F. Beggs' own handwriting, we have the statement that he ascertained those facts and wrote to the district member about it. In another letter later on Beggs says: 'But I was ordered to notice it. Personally I think it better not to notice such things, but I am only one. The men who have the power will in time realize the motive of those who are continually breeding disorder in the ranks, and the day of punishment will come.'

"Now what does that refer to? It certainly refers to Dr. Cronin's minority report; not to the irregularity arising out of the truth of the report itself. 'The men who have the power.' Does that mean to refer to the men—the private membership of the organization as constituting the power? Perhaps it does, or it is different men—the particular men who have the power. It is capable of both constructions. 'The men who have the power will in time realize the motives of those who are continually breeding disorder in the ranks.' Yes, it must be the men—the rank and file. 'Who are breeding disorder in their ranks, and a day of punishment will come.' A punishment of what kind? What feeling does he express. He is but one. He would stem it if he could; but it is irresistible! The pressure is too great, he must notice it, and the day of punishment will come.

"Now, gentlemen, what follows that? That is the 18th. That day a man named Simmons, calling himself Simmons, appeared at Revell's, the day that the last letter was written, after Spelman had refused to act; that day a man appeared at Revell's and negotiated for the purchase of the furniture. He also appeared before Throckmorton and negotiated for the flat at No. 117 South Clark street. The man who appeared bought furniture entirely disproportionate to his character, standing and appearance."

Breathlessly the audience waited for the final thrust that should destroy the writhing triangular monster, when Mr. Hynes informed the court that he saw he could not conclude his speech that night. Judge McConnell accordingly ordered "a recess until to-morrow morning at ten o'clock." The prisoners were removed from the court-room, Mr. Hynes folded his



MR. HYNES BEFORE THE JURY.

manuscript, the jury filed out of the court, and the death-blow was reserved for another day.

When Mr. Hynes said that he thought Kunze simply a tool of Coughlin and spoke of mercy for the German, the young fellow brightened up wonderfully, and he looked up as if he were grateful to the lawyer for speaking words that might save him from a long term

in prison, if not from the gallows. Burke appeared anxious and frightened, but chewed gum with all his might when his part in the tragedy was related; Coughlin and O'Sullivan hated the speaker too much to do more than scowl at him, though when the orator became unusually severe they perceptibly flinched.

Throughout his argument Mr. Hynes had the closest attention of the jury and audience. He did not attempt to add to his reputation as a wit or by any caustic observations not strictly in the line of his argument—argument, not oration, and as an argument it was superb.

One of the interruptions by Mr. Foster while Lawyer Hynes was dealing with Beggs, afforded Mr. H. an opportunity which he embraced, of paying his respects to Mr. Donahoe, for the remarks that gentleman addressed to him during his speech on Wednesday. "Perhaps," he said, "Mr. Foster, like my brother Donahoe, never defends anybody but innocent men. Maybe he feels like a new-made bride. He looks more like a new-made bridegroom. Those of his clients who are serving in the penitentiary are there because of a dishonest prosecution, and if right were done there would be a general jail delivery."

This was all the reference that Mr. Hynes made to Mr. Donahoe throughout his speech, except when he rebutted arguments advanced by him.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Mr. Hynes Concludes—More Illumination—Calcium Light on the Crime—Beggs Equally Responsible with Coughlin—"Imposed Upon by Men Higher Up"—Will get the Truth when "Some Putrid Conscience Shows Forth in the Shadow of the Gallows and Tells."

The course of the Cronin trial has been a record of contrasts. As if inviting criticism to this point whenever a particularly effective witness has been introduced by the state, the cross-examination by the defense and the alibi testimony sought to be established in contradiction, has been so weak that the position of the state has always been strengthened by the contrastingly feeble action of the defense.

Even in the arguments, when logic was the common ground on which both sides elected to stand, each represented by an able exponent, nothing could have been in greater contrast than the unwieldy sophistries of Mr. Wing and the clear-cut arguments of George C. Ingham.

But it remained for W. J. Hynes and W. A. Foster to show the greatest of all contrasts in the two sides of this historic case. Both are able lawyers, earnest advocates, and masters of more than the average vocabulary pertaining to the pleaders usually heard at the bar. A dignified forbearance characterized the conduct of both lawyers throughout the trial, and if it were a question of popularity with the jury it would be hard to say whether Mr. Hynes' ready repartee or Mr. Foster's decorous silence were more entitled to award.

But greater even than the contrast in the conduct of the attorneys were their individual utterances before the jury on Friday, December 6th. As in the demeanor of the lawyers, their speeches were replete with allusions deserving of praise. Both were replete with eloquent phrases and teemed with fervid appeals to the feelings as well as the judgment of the jury. Both from a scholarly point of view were classical as well as able efforts. Both bespoke the evident outpouring of the inner feelings of the speaker. Both were great speeches.

But there the comparison of the two must of necessity cease. While Mr. Hynes on the one hand was able to pluck from a garden of truth a perfect bouquet of literary aphorisms, which he, with the skill of an orator, contrived into a fragrant offering to the jury; Mr. Foster on the other hand was perforce compelled to gather a nosegay amid the noxious weeds and creepers of a growth of alibis, conjecture, sophistry, and misrepresentations. Both lawyers dealt with Irishmen, Irish affairs, Irish sentiment, and Irish patriotism.

"Beggs' letters to Spelman were intended as a cover to the workings of the secret committee," urged Mr. Hynes.

"Beggs' letters to Spelman were disclosed to the prosecution in this case by Beggs himself," pleaded Mr. Foster.

"Dr. Cronin was a friend of Ireland, and his only offense was in exposing the wrong-doing of adventurers who had been preying upon her," exclaimed Mr. Hynes.

"The man who supposes Dr. Cronin while on earth was an angel in disguise is much mistaken," asserted Mr. Foster.

"We may never get the history of this conspiracy until some putrid conscience shall show forth in phosphorescent light in the shadow of the gallows the inner truth, even upon the verge of the grave," said Mr. Hynes.

"The whole life of my client is an open book wherein he who runs may read," retorted Mr. Foster.

And so through the entire length of both speeches, statements flatly contradictory were uttered by each lawyer. Mr. Hynes, in behalf of the Irish race, defending the name of his kinsmen from the foulest stain in modern history; Mr. Foster, in the name of an Irish faction, urging that Dr. Cronin had almost courted death; Mr. Hynes defending the honor of the dead and eulogizing his fidelity to the true champions of his native land; Mr. Foster denouncing the murdered man as a fomentor of discord and an enemy of liberal agitation; Mr. Hynes eulogizing his opponents in the legal battle; Mr. Foster scouring his vocabulary for terms derogatory to the attorneys assisting Mr. Longenecker. He assailed Mr. Hynes as the paid attorney of corporations and of camps hostile to the friends of the prisoners. The fee paid to Mr. Hynes was characterized in language closely approximating the term "blood money." Messrs. Mills and Ingham were likewise assailed as unfair adjuncts to the state in prosecuting the men on trial, and the burden of their fee upon the people was mentioned in no flattering words to those lawyers.

“There is no ‘cheap wit’ employed in the defense of these five impecunious men,” said Mr. Hynes. “Coughlin, who had not the money to pay for Dinan’s horse and buggy; Burke, the sewer laborer, in debt for his board; Kunze, the painter on journeyman’s pay.” And in reply to this challenge, Mr. Foster had not the excuse forthcoming by Donahoe, that his fee was a cipher.

The closing portion of Mr. Hynes’ great speech, which occupied the entire morning of this day, was an effort of which that gentleman may justly feel proud. Little remained in the nature of testimony to be torn to shreds, and when that task was accomplished the flood-gates of the orator’s eloquence were opened with terrible effect; alternately denouncing the Triangle as infamous beyond expression; the lawyer in the exuberance of his passionate declamation, found relief even in the contemplation of the weak dupes now on trial for their lives. From the consideration of the Cronin tragedy, the feelings of the speaker carried him beyond the ocean, where Charles Parnell and his faithful followers were waging an unequal war against an unfriendly executive. “For the last seven years the actions of the Triangle have crippled the movements of the legitimate champion of Ireland, Charles Stewart Parnell.” And the words of historic accusation were uttered in tones whose ringing force was evidently intended to reach beyond the confines of Judge McConnell’s court, beyond the limits of the United States, beyond the expanse of the ocean, even to the inner recesses of the chambers wherein the

judges of the Parnell Commission are considering their judgment on the great Irish leader.

All these Irishmen were dynamiters, according to Mr. Foster's argument. The only contention between Cronin and his opponents, was that the latter misappropriated money which had been subscribed for dynamite, while the former rebelled because it had not been used for dynamite. An agreement which, to Sir Henry James, the special counsel for the *London Times*, would have been worth a ship-load of Pigott forgeries.

On resuming, or continuing his address to the jury Friday morning, December 6th, Mr. Hynes spoke as follows:

“Now, gentlemen of the jury, I have but one other alibi to attend to, and then I shall rapidly close this case. We have an alibi for the white horse, attempted by Mr. Budenbinder. An attempt at an alibi is made, and he describes it—Dinan's white horse—by stating that the horse he saw, that drove the Doctor away, was a gray horse with dark legs. That was his evidence. I am not going to spend much time, gentlemen of the jury, after Mr. Ingham's analysis of the testimony, to talk upon it, but there are one or two things to which I wish to direct your attention more particularly, and that is the peculiar shade of that horse. He remembers the shade of that horse, but he does not remember the color of the overcoat the man wore. What kind of an overcoat it was he does not know. That is as far as he would go in describing the overcoat worn by the man who drove the Doctor away.

“Do you believe that his memory was good in regard to the color of this horse? He was on the other side of the street, and he remembers a number of other

horses, the color of the horses, the way they were hitched up, whether double or single, on that evening, and you know, gentlemen of the jury, the effect of this. It was done simply in defense of his memory, in defending, or rather trying to show that what he said as to the color of the white horse was right. He had to take that position in order to have the jury give any value to his testimony as to the color of that white horse.

“I call your attention, gentlemen of the jury, that not, from the opening to the close of Mr. Donahoe’s speech, was one word said in condemnation of the mur-



DETECTIVE COLLINS.

der of Dr. Cronin; not one adjective used to describe it; not one sentiment of dissent, or dissatisfaction, or disapprobation, or condemnation of that crime that stands out the blackest and reddest in modern terms. ‘I don’t know whether Dr. Cronin was killed or not,’ says the representative of P. O’Sullivan, ‘and I don’t care.’” Mr. Donahoe—“That is right; I said that.”

Mr. Hynes—“No, sir; but as an officer of the court, as a law-abiding citizen, as a member of this human family, as a Christian gentleman, I hope as a man of common instincts of mankind, in mercy’s name, in decency’s name, in humanity’s name, that you find somewhere within the possibilities of your character

an impulse to denounce a murder so infamous as that; if you dare to do it with your client's retainer in your hand. Not one word of condemnation or denunciation of the murder of a courageous, honest man, whose only fault was his honest courage. When these cowardly fiends, assembled in their number, in a room with a dim light, and, after the door was closed behind his back, his heart throbbing with sympathy for anticipated suffering, with anxiety for relief of human pain—scarcely had the door closed behind his back when these cowardly murderers fell upon him from behind, and, like miscreants, beat out his life.



MRS. T. T. CONKLIN.

“Gentlemen of the jury, this savagery and brutality are palmed off to you as patriotism. Many and many a hot Irish act has brought calamity, suffering and shame to the face of the Irish people; but in all their history in the past, and in all the history they can make in their future, this will stand out as the one conspicuous monument of shame against these Irish people, and upon the reputation and character of the honorable generosity of the race. Men of the race, as a rule, sympathize with sufferers, sympathize with the weak, and it is rarely, if ever, cowardly as it was in this murder, that the honorable and courageous sentiments of the Irish character have been perverted by this act,

and the men that fall, the higher the height from which the fall the more calamitous the destruction which it strikes.

“Gentlemen of the jury, we find this man, Martin Burke, who a week after Dr. Cronin’s murder did not have the money to pay his board in Joliet, with money in his pocket, fifty odd dollars, I believe it was, and with a ticket to Liverpool; a ticket to carry him over the railroad to Montreal, and a ticket from Montreal to Liverpool! Why was this patriotic Irishman patronizing English lines and avoiding the patronage of American lines? Why was he going beyond the jurisdiction of the United States on his way to Liverpool? Why, gentlemen of the jury, because he feared that ‘murder will out,’ and that justice, with her cold hands, was in pursuit of him; and here we find this man penniless, and Dan Coughlin, who in the middle of May did not have the \$3 with which to pay Dinan for the horse that his friend had driven. Now he says the friend paid him the \$3. We have only Coughlin’s word for that, you know that the man was not to remain long enough to be observed.”

After a few words more Mr. Hynes closed his eloquent and powerful address.

CHAPTER XXV.

Mr. Foster for John F. Beggs—An Angel Without Wings is J. F. B., so says His Lawyer—Glorifying the ex-Senior Guardian—Disparaging Dr. Cronin—Appeals, but no Arguments—Assertions Without Reasons—Saturday Ends This Ingenious Defense.

At the opening of the afternoon session on Friday, December 6, Mr. W. C. Foster, counsel for the defendant John F. Beggs, commenced his address in behalf of his client.

Much more has been expected of Mr. Foster, and when court adjourned there was a general feeling of disappointment at the weakness of his argument, or so much of it as had been presented. The tactics of Donahoe, embellished by the education and bearing of a gentleman, best describes Mr. Foster's talk to the jury. To specious pleadings, to unwarranted demagogic accusations against the prosecution, rather than to a conscientious endeavor to explain away the cloud of guilt overhanging his client, did Mr. Foster address himself. The advocate was eloquent. His figures of speech, his well chosen words, and his passionate, almost dramatic oratory, were all pleasing to the senses. His was a speech well worth listening to—as a speech, merely—but containing little to aid an intelligent jury in arriving at a conscientious verdict.

He blamed the state's attorney for securing the aid of great lawyers, but forgot to tell the jury how Beggs' appointment of the secret committee was compatible with his innocence of conspiracy to murder Cronin.

He eulogized the learning, the ingenuity, and the eloquence of the lawyers for the people; he espoused the cause of down-trodden Ireland with tears in his eyes; he painted his client as an angel without wings.

But he neglected to point out to the jury wherein the innocence of his client lay; he failed to break a single link in the chain of circumstances forged by the state against John F. Beggs.

In a low tone, so low as to be inaudible to all but the stenographers, beside whose table he stood, the counsel who appears only for the ex-senior guardian of Camp 20, began:

“If the court please, and gentlemen of the jury: I sincerely hope that the infliction under which I am laboring at the present time, a bad cold and hoarseness, will pass off very soon. Otherwise, my argument will be an infliction upon not only myself but upon yourselves as well.”

Then followed a lengthy complaint that the opposition lawyers presented too great an array of literary talent and skill.

Finally Dr. Cronin's memory and work were assailed:

“The man who supposes or has supposed that Dr. Cronin while here upon earth was an angel in disguise is much mistaken. Now, that is hard to say of a man that is dead. I hope you do not misconstrue the purpose for which I say it or the object which I have in view. Because my client has given his opinion of this man while living I have a right to give it so long as my client is living, in order that he may live and that that language may be understood and justified in every regard.

“The question was not whether or not it was wrong

to send dynamite to England, but it was wrong to steal \$100,000 in money and keep it in this country, which ought to have been sent to England for the destruction of the lives of men, women and children.

“Dr. Cronin protested against that. Now, gentlemen, the action of John F. Beggs, from the beginning of the trial down to the present time, has been an open book before you. Is not that true? Where is the concealment of fact? Where is there an objection against testimony? Where is there an exception to the ruling of the court? Now, I am not complaining because other lawyers objected and except, but I say, in behalf of my client, his life and connection with this case, in all its ramifications, has been an open book before you.

“According to the testimony, I am not arguing upon my imagination now, but upon the sworn testimony of what Dr. Cronin did. He started another camp. Some of you gentlemen belong to secret organizations. I think some of you said you were Masons, others that you were Odd Fellows, that you belonged to various organizations. Now, gentlemen, what would you think, if you were a Mason, if a gentleman, a brother Mason, was deemed a fit subject for expulsion, and he was expelled from the organization for a cause that is regarded as just, whether it is just or not. What would you think of that brother provided he would go across the street and start a lodge of his own? He has all of your pass-words, he has your ritual, he has been an officer for years, he knows all about the grips, if there are any, and the forms and ceremonies, whatever they may be, and what would you say if he went across the street and started an order of his own? And then what would you say if he named it practically the same name as your lodge and numbered it identically with it?”

And in this strain was Mr. Foster's speech, not argument, continued throughout the day.

On Saturday, December 7th, Mr. Foster continued his argument in defense of his client.

Is John F. Beggs guilty of the murder of Dr. P. H. Cronin, or is he merely the victim of circumstances?

This was a question put in a hundred different ways by Attorney W. A. Foster, to the jury upon whose verdict the life or death of John F. Beggs will depend. Is Beggs guilty or innocent? Are the circumstances pointing to his guilt capable of any other construction? Have those circumstances been related in their entirety to the jury? Have the material circumstances relied on by the prosecution to support their charge been proved beyond reasonable doubt? Has the defendant helped or hindered the public prosecutor in his search for the murderers of Dr. Cronin? Was the secret committee referred to in the records of Camp No. 20 for February 8th, appointed to try Dr. Cronin? Did Beggs have a hand in the appointment of such a committee? Is it legally proven that such a committee was ever appointed? Has Beggs been an egregious dupe or an arch-conspirator?—and so on through an almost endless variety of alternatives the able advocate for the senior guardian laid the case of his client before the jury. Mr. Foster was ingenious, shrewd, and skillful to a high degree. He described Beggs as the friend of Cronin, one of his actual admirers, one who was ready to metaphorically embrace the murdered physician and cover him with what Swinburne calls “those kisses which sting.” He was a friend of Cronin’s as O’Sullivan was, and in the sense that Patrick Egan

was a friend of mankind when he said before a Philadelphia camp, "You should always greet your enemy with a smile and a shake hands, and have a dagger up your sleeve to stab him to the heart." Mr. Foster is a very able lawyer, and apparently a man of weight and importance in his profession. His speech is well worth reading as a clever ex-parte plea.

The ill-chosen phrase, "Peace through war," which had been urged as an indication of Beggs' evil intention toward Dr. Cronin, was taken up by his advocate, and from a murderous expression of an excited enemy it was deftly transformed into the language of an exalted patriot. "Peace through war" was Beggs' challenge in the reunion meeting of February 22d; "Peace through war" were Beggs' written words to District Officer Spelman.

Mr. Foster's explanation of the phrase in the Beggs' letter to Spelman, of obtaining peace even if it took war, was exceedingly ingenious, and it is surprising by what a stretch of imagination a great lawyer can invest his client with great personalities, and so give to him a fictitious importance.

"Peace through war" was the inscription on the tombstone of William Pitt; and "Peace" of conscience even though it meant "war" against public opinion was the reward which Beggs' lawyer held up before the twelve jurymen should their verdict mean an acquittal.

The finger of the Triangle chief is plainly in the Beggs defense. The reference to the inscription on the statue in the Guild Hall of London to William Pitt was a great stroke by way of taking the sting from

shame, and at least putting Beggs down in company with great names. "We must have peace if it takes war to bring it about," was Beggs' aphorism. "He gave us unity and peace through war," was the verdict of posterity on William Pitt. The allusion is not very distinct, but it was lugged in to give importance to Beggs, and to take the sting from his murderous designs, as any comparison of the seven others would bear about the same relation to each other as a groundhog to an elephant. Clever man is Foster.

The attorney complained bitterly of the scoring given by Mr. Hynes to his client. He contended that the proceedings and every action of Camp No. 20, would, in morality, propriety, generosity and patriotism, have done honor to the Young Men's Christian Association. He asserted that there never was a secret committee appointed in the camp over which Beggs presided as senior guardian. He insisted that every action and word of Beggs proved him to be an innocent man; and finally, in his peroration, he, for his client, thus demanded "Liberty or Death:"

"Now, there is a matter, gentlemen, to which I desire to call your attention. If my client is guilty, he is 'awful' guilty. I can imagine how an Irishman, with all of the hardships of his forefathers in his mind, and all the hardships which he has been subjected to, may feel as though he could take a dagger and plunge it to the bleeding heart of the British spy; and then (raising his eyes to heaven and looking piously at the ceiling), kneel down before his God and ask the blessings of heaven upon the deed. John F. Beggs never believed that Dr. Cronin was a British spy. John F. Beggs has no defense to the malice and malignity in

his heart if he stood at the head of a cruel conspiracy to effect his murder.

“No words of commendation, no thought of pity. Not one syllable could I say in his behalf were he guilty of this atrocious and cold-blooded murder. Because John F. Beggs is the dupe of no man. He is the tool of no man. He stands forth responsible for his acts without a mitigating circumstance if he is guilty. If John F. Beggs is guilty, John F. Beggs must die. Shame to the verdict, shame to the verdict under the circumstances surrounding this case, that could say, ‘We will not torture our minds, we have not the moral turpitude to hang a man upon this evidence, but guessing, imagining, speculating that he might be guilty we will give him a term in the penitentiary upon general principles, or upon speculation. Shame upon such a verdict as that. Humanity can stand no such outrage perpetrated upon one of its members.’”

While the lawyer pleaded to the jury, the prisoner struggled hard to restrain his emotions. Tears welled into his upturned eyes, a twitching of his face and a contraction of his mouth bespoke the stifled sob, and when the last word of appeal had been spoken two tear-drops coursed down his cheeks. Dan Coughlin and Kunze both were in tears. Attorney Donahoe was weeping like a child, handkerchiefs were in demand throughout the audience, and the eyes of more than one of the jury were dimmed as they sat gazing into vacancy, and conjuring in their minds the awful answer to the question, “Is Beggs guilty of the murder of P. H. Cronin, or is he the victim of circumstances.”

CHAPTER XXVI.

Forrest for, Burke and Coughlin—Smothers the Jury with Legal Authorities—December 7th, he Opens—"We Believe," he says, "in Analysis, the State in Sophistry"—All Quoting and Reading—Mr. Forrest's First Full Day—"Facts Do Lie"—Fortunate Martin Burke—Hints of a Hidden Hand—"How Was Cronin Killed?"—"There is No Proof that He Died in Carlson's Cottage"—"The Trunk did not come from the Cottage."

An exhaustive disquisition of psychological principles, a scientific essay on mathematical possibilities, a wearisome discussion of the laws of exclusion—more elaborate than those given by Mr. Wing, but less comprehensive—was the two hours' talk made to the jury on the afternoon of December 7.

The introductory remarks of the counsel for Martin Burke and Dan Coughlin were eloquent, but they were ill-sustained by the position he took in his subsequent address to the jury. He undertook to befuddle the intellect and intelligence of twelve men by reading to them innumerable authorities on various points of law relating to circumstantial evidence. He did not undertake a fair and impartial criticism of the evidence and the facts. He carefully avoided any close reference to the damning evidence against his clients. During this day he devoted himself to "authorities." As a matter of fact, they have very little bearing on the points at issue in this great trial.

For nearly two hours he read and quoted from law books. But in the growing darkness, and quickly dispersing audience, the ears of the jury were deaf to the loquacious and specious arguments of the attorney.

Mr. Foster's closing words of the day hung like the odor of funeral flowers around the jury-box, and solemn as a death-knell rang the echo of the question: "Is Beggs guilty, or is he innocent?"

All the ground gone over by Mr. Forrest during the two hours of this date, remaining to him before adjournment of court, had already been pretty thoroughly traversed by Judge Wing, and was tiresome in the extreme at so late a day in the business of speech-making.

Mr. Forrest commenced his speech with a lengthy statement, in which he asserted that the mode of proceeding of the prosecution was entirely wrong and that the plans followed and to be pursued by himself and associates were right—the only original and genuine "Right."

Then Mr. Forrest quoted and read law in elucidation of what circumstantial evidence is. Then he hurled more extracts from legal works into the jury-box. Next, believing that "while you're a quotin', quote a plenty," he quoted copiously of law, with a very big L. After this he read some very famous cases from law books, showing the danger of strictly circumstantial evidence; and again with chapter and verse from the books, he goes into the "might-have-beens," and cautions the jury to take them into consideration.

The full bar of the state were present on Monday morning, December 9th, and closely watched Mr. Forrest. He made a good argumentative speech, laying great stress as he went along upon everything which would help the prisoners.

He insisted that the wounds upon Dr. Cronin's head were caused in removing the body from the catch-basin. He derided the idea of Mrs. Hoertel hearing the blows inside the cottage. He charged the whole prosecution to a conspiracy of German detectives. Every decent witness for the state was whipped by his tongue, every traitor to the state received his praise. The medical experts who supported the side of Mr. Forrest, were held up as men whose words were to be taken as gospel truths; the expert evidence for the prosecution was trash and lies.

Said Mr. Forrest:

“Now, those who differ with us on the subject of circumstantial evidence have a sort of maxim which runs thus: ‘Witnesses may lie, but the facts can not.’

“‘Witnesses,’ they say, ‘may lie, but facts can not.’ Now, gentlemen, the truth is that there is nothing in the world that tells so many lies, as what is called facts. Take as an illustration our tariff discussion of last fall. Why, the Republicans will take one set of figures, and prove from an examination of those figures that the tariff should be maintained in the way it is because it benefits the country. The Democrats will take the same set of figures and prove by an examination of those figures, that the tariff should be reduced, otherwise we will go to ruin. The Republicans will take the table of wages in America and compare it with the table of wages in England, and they will show from a comparison of those figures, that the tariff makes wages high in this country. The Democrats will take the same figures and same facts, and make them tell exactly the opposite story. So you see that much depends upon the disposition that you have when you start to look at the facts.

“There are several unknown men in this case. We cannot ascertain who they are, but we can ascertain who they are not. They are the principal actors in this drama, and they are not members of Camp 20. Let us see who they are. They were Simonds and his associate; the three men on the wagon; the man who wrote the letter from Hammond, Ind.; the driver of the carriage; the two men seen in front of the place the night of May 13; the man that was met there one night by Carlson, and two others whose positions I do not just now remember. That makes twelve. There has been a suggestion of a hidden hand in this case. May not some of these unknown men have been the agents of that hidden hand, instead of my clients?”

Concerning the trunk, Mr. Forrest boldly asserted that the trunk never was in, never came from the Carlson cottage, and that it never contained the body of Dr. Cronin.

As to Mortensen, the expressman, and the Carlsons, who swore that they saw the trunk in the cottage, he derided their testimony, and pronounced it utterly unworthy of belief.

And thus he occupied the entire day until adjournment of the court.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Another Day in Forrest Tangles—"Liars! Perjurers! Murderers!"—Patent Logic—Prearranged Dramatics—Mr. F. Hears from Opposing Counsel—Kunze and Coughlin—About Alibis—December 11th, Forrest Finishes—Vituperation Against Everybody and Everything—"Poor Burke!"—Finis for Forrest.

Under the shower-bath of Forrestian verbiage the unfortunate ear-racked jurors sat through the entire day of December 10th, and though much wilted they survived to go to supper after adjournment.

According to the ethics of legal practice this exuberance of verbosity is entitled to be called an argument. But inasmuch as the ordinary rules of logic could by no possibility be made to stretch the case for the defense over such an intolerable length, Mr. Forrest invented a system of logic purely his own. To prove that his clients are the most respectable of law-abiding citizens in the world, it was necessary to prove that State's Attorney Longenecker, his associates, the newspapers, and every man, woman and child who disagreed with Mr. Forrest, on his first assumption, were the most blood-thirsty of human beings that the world has ever seen. In support of this dual proposition it was necessary to let the imagination run riot. The next step was to show that all the witnesses for the prosecution were perjurers, and that all the witnesses for the defense were angels of truth and light. In the latter contention Mr. Forrest's system of sophistry was ingenious almost to the point of ridicule.

No statement was too rabid, no theory too absurd, no contortion of words too far-fetched for the verbose lawyer. In bunches of three and four he took up the witnesses for the state, distorted their testimony out of all shape; applied his peculiar system of reasoning to them, and, with shrieks and frantic gestures resembling an Indian war-dance, he flung them aside and made show of trampling on their mangled remains. Judge Longenecker, of all public prosecutors the most mild-mannered, became a blood-thirsty conspirator; W. J. Hynes, his burly, rosy-cheeked associate, became craven and pale-faced; George Ingham, the superlatively keen-witted, became dull as a country clown; and even Judge McConnell, as fair, impartial a judge as ever graced the bench, was directly assailed on the question of veracity.

Once or twice the lawyers for the state interposed to correct the speaker's wild assertions, but they might as well have tried to blow away the fog and mists in the streets outdoors. As a final extravagance, at which even his associates could fain conceal their surprise, Mr. Forrest accused the prosecution of withholding evidence which might have been introduced against one of the prisoners.

And the patient jury, wearied with listening to objections and exceptions on the part of the speaker, through weeks and months past, were compelled to sit through even this agony.

"What is Forrest after?" was asked among a group of people whose business compelled their attendance at court.

“Wait until adjournment and you will see. He is only talking to fill in until that time.”

When noon adjournment came the truth of this answer was shown. A big man, holding a little child in his lap, occupied one of the front seats. The child had fallen asleep. With a flourish of his hand toward the sleeping babe, Mr. Forrest announced that he had reached a resting point. In a moment the five prisoners were on their feet, ready to march out of court, while the voices of the bailiffs were heard calling upon the people to keep their seats.



THE FIVE.

“Papa! papa!” came the cry of a child, in sleepy tones, but loud enough for the jury to hear.

All eyes were at once turned in the direction of the well-trained child, whose turn for pleading had come. Mr. Forrest's harangues were the mere prelude to the plaintive cries of Dan Coughlin's child.

Mr. Forrest went into a tirade against newspapers and newspaper men, whom he charged with toying with men's reputations, and their lives even, in order to create a sensation.

Then he took up the evidence of the expert witnesses as to the blood spots. He ridiculed the evidence of Mr. Tolman, whom he sarcastically called *Professor Tolman*.

Mr. Forrest attacked Dr. Belfield's character, stating he had once testified certain blood was human blood from an examination of ten corpuscles. Mr. Ingham objected to his going outside the record. Mr. Forrest replied that he was only going outside the record to reply to what Mr. Ingham said outside the record.

Mr. Ingham replied that he had said nothing improper in his speech, which Mr. Forrest contradicting, Mr. Ingham, thoroughly aroused, said: "You must confine yourself to the record or you will meet the rebuke falsehood deserves, and that to your face." The court interfered, Mr. Forrest subsided, and, dropping the question of blood corpuscles and experts, he began the demonstration of his proposition—that "not a single circumstance testified to since the coroner's inquest but has been fabricated."

And in this line of "argument" the chief attorney for the defense continued until Wednesday, Dec. 11, on which date he stopped exhausted. For three days a torrent of words had been emptied over the heads of the long-suffering twelve, and at the end of that time the fountain-head run dry. A search amid the debris of the case for the prisoners, which was well nigh swept out of existence by the verbosity of the leading counsel, disclosed a grimy relic which the jury might generously regard as a reminder of something that did at one time exist.

And after shrieking himself hoarse for three days, villifying everybody and everything connected with the prosecution, from Dinan's poor old white horse to Judge McConnell sitting on the bench, protesting over and over again that as he valued his life he believed in the innocence of his clients, turning night into day, reversing the calendar, remapping out the city of Chicago, and doing other things equally marvelous, Mr. Forrest told the jury that at least they might doubt that his clients were guilty.

When Mr. Wing approached the conclusion of his argument for Coughlin, an allusion to the presence of Dan Coughlin's wife and child in court was calculated to offset the illogical deductions made by the speaker, and could not fail to at least enlist the sympathies of the jury for the husband and father. Mr. Daniel Donahoe's fervid appeal for mercy toward P. O'Sullivan and Kunze had likewise the ring of sincerity in it. Hopeless that the flimsy testimony of alibi witnesses would have the least effect on the mountain peaks of incriminating evidence raised by the state, Mr. Donahoe's rugged eloquence, melting almost to tears as he bade farewell to the jury, approached to the dignity of an argument. For John F. Beggs his attorney, W. A. Foster, made the only argument heard on behalf of any of the prisoners. Challenging the proof adduced by the state, quoting from it extracts favorable to his client, interpolating shreds of opinions to remedy defects in the sworn testimony, Mr. Foster laid his case before the jury, and in as many words told them that their verdict must hang or acquit his client.

But all the good achieved by these three lawyers was wiped out by the last attorney for the defense who addressed the jury. Perceiving that a hope existed of Beggs being acquitted, Mr. Forrest proceeded to bind the case of Martin Burke to that of the ex-senior guardian. Not until Mr. Forrest spoke did the connection between these two stand forth in such glaring colors. If Beggs be innocent and acquitted, then his friend Burke must also be innocent and acquitted. If Burke be guilty and condemned to death, then Beggs, his partner, must share the penalty. Such was the logic of Mr. Forrest's deductions.

The good effect of the opportune appearance of Dan Coughlin's wife and child in court during the pathetic portions of Mr. Wing's address was lost beyond redemption by repetition during Mr. Forrest's long speech. The apparently spontaneous cries of a child for its parent, which startled the jury when first heard, had been disregarded, as it became apparent that the cries were forced, and were gotten up merely to offset the barren harangue of the leading counsel for the prisoners.

Mr. Donahoe's appeal for mercy was echoed back from the jury-box a dozen times during the three days of misery, as worn-out jurors watched with weary eyes the slowly decreasing pile of manuscript in the lawyer's brief, and mutely implored a cessation of the torture. But the wordy advocate heeded not these appeals, and Donahoe's prayer for mercy was relegated to the realms of oblivion when the jury withered under the sufferings inflicted upon them by Mr. Donahoe's leader.

Vituperation was strained almost beyond possibility while Mr. Forrest pretended to dissect the evidence of of the state's witnesses. Liars, perjurers and murderers, in greater or less degree, were the terms bestowed on everybody connected with the prosecution, while in the same breath the attorney of adamantine effrontery protested to the jury that he had insulted no witnesses for the other side, but that Mr. Longnecker had been the principal offender in that matter.

According to Mr. Forrest the court had given the widest range to admission of evidence for the state, while the lines were held tight against encroachments by the defense.

And all this, Mr. Forrest declared, it was the duty of the jury to believe—believing which, they might still entertain a possible doubt whether Dan Coughlin and Martin Burke were guilty of the murder of Dr. Cronin.

Shortly before 4 o'clock Mr. Forrest said: "I now come to Martin Burke." A movement of interest passed through the audience at these words. Mr. Forrest first laid down to the jury the principle that it must distinguish between the cause of a thing and the conditions without which it could not have been done. He illustrated this by taking the case of Mortensen, the expressman. The testimony was that he moved the furniture from 117 South Clark street to the cottage. If there were such a conspiracy as the state alleges, Dr. Cronin would not have been killed if Mortensen or some one else had not done as he did. Yet Mortensen was innocent. He was not a cause, but a condi-

tion. If Mortensen had been an Irishman, and a member of Camp 20, he would still have been innocent, though people might not as readily believed he was. And yet, on the theory that everything testified to against Burke was true, the only thing that made his case different from Mortensen's was that he was Irish and a member of Camp 20.

Burke, it was argued, had never been connected with the cottage by anything like proof, beyond a "reasonable doubt." There had not been a single trustworthy identification of Burke with Frank Williams. He had been pointed out alone, to both the elder and the younger Carlson. Mortensen, when in Winnipeg, was in charge of a detective who had not taken the stand so that he could be cross-examined as to that identification.

In closing, Mr. Forrest said:

"No peroration have I. I have but one word to impress on you, and that word is 'duty.' You have been assured by the counsel for the state that they have confidence in you; that the whole world has confidence in you; that whatever verdict you render will be satisfactory. I ask you to acquit Martin Burke and Daniel Coughlin, and in so doing you will do your duty."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Mr. Mills Too Ill to Speak—State's Attorney Longenecker to Make the Closing Address—Drawing Near the End—The Closing Speech—Chain of Circumstances Strong as Links of Chilled Steel—Mr. Longenecker's Address—Jurors, Counsel and Prisoners—They Listen to the Charge of the Judge.

Thursday morning, December 12, brought a shadow over the prosecution. Mr. Luther Laffin Mills, of whom so much was expected, who had been depended upon to deliver the closing speech in the trial, notified Mr. Longenecker that he would be unable to appear. Mr. Mills, though in ill health for some time and under the care of a physician, fully expected to close the case for the state, but at the last moment found his condition positively unfitted for the effort.

As soon as the word was received Judge Longenecker, together with Lawyers Hynes and Ingham, called at the residence of Mr. Mills, in Lake View. They found the attorney propped up in his bed, apparently suffering from a relapse. Close confinement in the court-room for three months had brought on an old complaint and rendered him unable to undergo the strain attendant upon making the speech expected from him.

It was at once decided that State's Attorney Longenecker should make the closing address, his masterly handling of the evidence in the opening speech satisfying all that none could do it better. The time set for resuming the trial was 10 o'clock on Friday, Dec. 13th.

Judge Longenecker's concession of the post of honor

in speech-making to his former chief and then associate, Luther Laffin Mills, was a skillful piece of generalship, as well as a generous action. The expectation of a coming cyclone of eloquence on the part of the prosecution caused the speeches on behalf of the defendants to be much milder from an emotional point of view than they might otherwise have been. That Mr. Mills was, of all men, supremely fitted to make an address worthy of the occasion was conceded on all sides, but that there was necessity for such an avalanche of argument as might have been expected from that orator did not appear so plainly.

But the sickness of Mr. Mills prevented the carrying out of the original program, to the disappointment of thousands of people as much as to that of Mr. Longenecker.

The state's attorney, who had already made two remarkable speeches since the opening of the case, stood up in the place of Mr. Mills and delivered another impassioned plea for the conviction of the prisoners. He also gave Lawyers Forrest and Foster a merciless castigation for their bold assumption that the state had manufactured its testimony against the suspects, and placed perjurers in the witness chair. During his dramatic defense of his professional character and that of his colleagues, Mr. Longenecker walked before the jury with his fists clinched and with streams of perspiration running down his face. His voice rang clear into every nook and corner of the crowded room. Mr. Forrest, the special cause of the state's attorney's exasperation, sat near the jury, with his pale face resting

in his hand. He seldom smiled, and when he did it was when the blows of the public prosecutor came thick, fast, and fierce. Whenever the thoroughly aroused advocate hit Mr. Forrest hard, there was a ripple of applause that even the bailiffs could not check.

The argument was forcible and eloquent in its sincerity. It brought out the material points in a clear, matter-of-fact, sledge-hammer style that told upon all who heard it. The analysis of the testimony carried conviction to the hearts and minds of every one in the court-room. It was not as ornate as Mr. Mill's speech would have been, but the cold and chilling logic of facts from the convictions of the speaker had more force than the flowery oratory of the elocutionary accomplishment of more polished and famous speakers.

In the court-room, during this last effort for conviction of the prisoners, the scene was as dramatic as the attitude of the state's attorney.

The incandescent blazed upon faces closely packed, and it seemed as if they rested upon one huge body. Each face, rigid in expectancy, was turned toward the prosecutor who stood before the jury. Behind the prisoners was a line of bailiffs. Judge McConnell sat in a revolving-chair, with his face turned to the east windows, which looked as gray in the dismal afternoon as they did when the four leaders of the anarchists were hanged on the brown scaffold not one hundred yards away.

As soon as Judge McConnell had taken his seat, on the morning of Friday, December 13th, and the bailiff rapped for order, State's Attorney Longenecker began

the final speech of the trial. He complimented Mr. Mills, acknowledged his own obligations to that gentleman and expressed his regret at his illness and enforced absence.

Then he took up his argument, and piece by piece, little by little, he stripped away the vast covering of words uttered by Mr. Forrest and the other lawyers for the defense, and presented to the jury the truths of the case in all its naked deformity.

“It isn't necessary in this case that every circumstance testified to shall be proved beyond a reasonable doubt. It is only necessary that the material circumstances shall be so proved. Now, let us see what are the material circumstances. Go into Camp 20 February 8th. The proceedings are known to you; they are undisputed. That is Beggs' link. Then there is the renting of the flat at 117 Clark street and the purchase of the furniture at Revell's. Then the renting of the cottage; that is Burke's link. O'Sullivan makes the contract; that is his link. Coughlin hires the horse; that is his link. Then the body in the Evanston avenue catch-basin, the bloody trunk on the roadside, and Dr. Cronin's clothes, cut from his body and found in the sewer, is the last link. Every one of these is undisputed—absolutely undisputed. Then what a cloud of circumstances connects and binds these links still more firmly to each other! The conclusion is irresistible. These five defendants are guilty of the murder of Dr. Cronin.”

This concluded Mr. Longenecker's address, and the court then gave instructions to the jury.

JURORS, COUNSEL AND PRISONERS LISTEN.

The prisoners, with flushed, expectant faces, straight-

ened up in their chairs, and the lawyers drew near to the bench. The jurors behaved like a crowd of boys who were about to be emancipated from the stern discipline of a school. Bontecou's face was wreathed in smiles, and he buttoned up his natty coat as if he expected to be a free man within an hour. Hall calmly stroked his new whiskers and whispered into the ear of Dix, who smiled broadly. Grim old Juror Clarke, the insurance and real estate man, behaved like a restrained lad of fifteen years, and even the somber Culver looked pleased.

Judge McConnell noticed the uneasiness of the audience, and issued instructions to Sheriff Matson to let anybody out who desired to leave. "There will be an hour of very dry reading," he explained, "and as many persons will not care to maintain absolute quiet while it is going on, I would advise those who are tired to leave now."

The exodus that followed the announcement, while it was not large, created an unusual amount of excitement. When it was all over and order restored Judge McConnell began the delivery of his final instructions. He spoke clearly, distinctly and very rapidly. The jury and the lawyers listened to his every word with close attention.

The prisoners were attentive listeners. When they did not follow the nervous movements of their prosecutor, they looked almost appealingly into the jury-box. Kunze did not enjoy being used as a link when the state's attorney, in closing his address, began to forge the chain of evidence about the prisoners, which ran

from the president's desk of Camp 20 to the filth of the catch-basin on Evanston avenue. The little German scowled and moved uneasily in his seat. If it had not been for admonitions from his counsel, it is probable he would have made a demonstration. Burke laughed when Mr. Longenecker said it was impossible to forget his face after having once seen it. The rest of the prisoners showed no emotion. Coughlin's habitual scowl never left him; O'Sullivan chewed contentedly on a toothpick he got at dinner, and Beggs stared solemnly and sadly at the advocate, who did not spare him in the metaphorical forging of the chain. During this expressive spectacle, which was in many respects as dramatic as the closing hours of the great anarchist case, the bell of a neighboring cathedral began to toll with mournful melody.

It was 3:35 o'clock when Mr. Longenecker closed his address. As he sat down the great audience pressed forward to hear the court read his instructions to the jury. The movement was accompanied with so much noise that order had to be enforced by the bailiffs, who hurried about in all directions. When quiet had been restored Judge McConnell, leaning upon the rail of his desk, began to read in a distinct voice his typewritten charge to the jury.

Judge McConnell's charge to the jury was a most able, impartial review of the entire testimony. To the prisoners he gave the advantage of every doubt, and made plain to the jury exactly their duties and powers in the case and under the laws.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Jury Charged—A "Doubting Thomas"—How the Prisoners Bear Themselves—Jurors Retire—The Trunk, etc., sent to the Jury-Room—Waiting in the Cells—December 14th—No Verdict—In the Court-Room—About the Attempt to Bribe Juror Dix—Sunday, December 15th, and Yet No Verdict.

Judge McConnell's instructions occupied half an hour in reading, and the scene of breathless intensity in the packed court-room during this closing act of the trial was a memorable one. Not a move, not a sigh on the part of any of the jury escaped the eyes of the lawyers on each side. With bowed heads the twelve jurors listened attentively to the exposition of the law by Judge McConnell, an occasional look of inquiry showing where something perplexing had struck them. The character of the "doubting Thomas" in the jury-box had been given Mr. Culver, and as he sat with closed eyes and his hand pressed to his forehead during the judge's charge, the character seemed to fit him even more perfectly than before. As the judge defined certain portions of law, evidently included in his instructions at the request of the defense, Mr. Bontecou, on the rear row of chairs, betrayed a puzzled look of inquiry, as if the settled opinion of his mind had been upset by such a statement.

But closely as the audience watched the faces of the twelve as the issues of the trial were being intrusted to them, the countenances of the prisoners offered even greater food for comment.

Beggs' pale blue eyes were almost blinded with tears

as the judge read the instructions prepared for him by Mr. Foster. Coughlin had lately shown signs of collapse. The steady eye which at one time characterized the ex-detective had given way to a hunted look, wandering aimlessly around the court, a perpetual blinking denoting the mental agony of the man. Patrick O'Sullivan was ghastly pale, an expression of utter woe denoting this prisoner's keen appreciation of his peril. Martin Burke, the least concerned, from outward appearances, continued to chew. Young Kunze's affectation of unconcern totally deserted him. An expression of pain settled upon his face as, fixing his gaze upon the floor, he listened to the words which comprised his last appeal for liberty.

The following oath was administered to the bailiffs: "You and each of you solemnly swear by the ever-living God that you will take this jury to some private, convenient place provided by the sheriff; that you shall keep them together, without eat or drink, water excepted, unless ordered by the court; you shall not permit any person to speak to them, nor shall you speak to them yourselves about the case on trial, and when they have agreed upon their verdict to return them into this court with their verdict. So help you God."

A moment later the jury retired. Mr. Culver, stopping to put on his overcoat, was urged by Bailiff Santa to rejoin the others lest a separation should mar the completeness of the verdict.

A discussion followed as to what portions of the material evidence, such as the trunk, clothing, etc., should be sent to the jury-room. It was decided that the trunk, the valise in which the clothes were found,

the instrument case, the O'Sullivan cards, the trunk strap and the memorandum book could be given; in short, every article offered in evidence except the Doctor's clothing was sent to the jury-room.

Judge McConnell then ordered a recess until 8 o'clock, and the big crowd slowly left the court-room. Hundreds of ladies, who braved the crowds that jammed every entrance to the building all day, made a determined effort to retain their seats in the face of the orders of the bailiffs to get out, and some of them were only persuaded from remaining by threats of physical force. One of the incidents of the closing scene of the afternoon was Forrest's ostentatious distribution of a considerable sum of money among the defendants as they were marching from the room. He gave each man a \$20 bill.

Eight o'clock came and with it a bustling, tumultuous crowd, but no verdict was ready, and muttering their disappointment, the throng dispersed.

When, after the adjournment of court, the prisoners were marched back to their cells, it was apparent that at least one of them realized the peril in which he stood. This was Dan Coughlin. On reaching his cell he threw himself prostrate on his bed and lay for some minutes in a state of semi-stupor. He scarcely touched a morsel of his supper and feverishly gulped down his coffee. Then he lay full dressed upon his bed, waiting for the summons to hear his doom.

All the other prisoners, likewise, lay in readiness to be called into court, although none of them exhibited the same emotion as the ex-detective.

Saturday, December 14, 1889. No verdict. The hours dragged wearily for the crowd of people, interested in the finding of the jury, in the well-packed court-room at ten o'clock in the morning. Mr. Donahoe appeared early and following him came Mr. Foster. Then Mr. Wing, Mr. Forrest and Mr. Qualey came; all were nervous and apprehensive, but not as much so as they had been the evening before. Newspaper men flocked in by the score and Dr. Cronin's friends began to fill the seats on the sides of the court. P. W. Dunne, John Devoy and John Joseph Cronin were bunched near the clerk's desk. In the back of the room sat Dan Coughlin's old father, in the midst of a group of Clan-na-Gael men, whose appearance caused Chief Hubbard some nervousness.

"We have a strong force of men here," said the chief. "We do not expect trouble, but we don't want to take a chance with this crowd."

The hands of the clock stole stupidly around, and the crowd smoked sulphurous cigars and lingered. Occasionally a bailiff fed them with a bit of more or less valuable information, which they gobbled hungrily. Most of the news was to the effect that Juror Culver was holding out.

"He has stuck at Kunze," said one report.

"He refuses to hang Beggs," said another.

"He opposes the hanging of any of the prisoners," said a third rumor. Immediately Juror Culver became a subject for heated argument. A few men shook their heads sagely and said: "I knew it all along. The defense was bound to have some one right."

The general opinion was that Mr. Culver was a crank, and a verdict almost as general declared that he must, in addition to this, have a strain of depravity in his nature to maintain the suspense so long.

Just now comes another story which is of the most startling importance. Juror Charles C. Dix a few days before the end of the trial had donned his overcoat at the Commercial Hotel, preparatory to beginning his march to the North Side. He placed his hand in one of the pockets for his gloves, and there found a large sealed envelope. Without opening it he handed the packet to Bailiff Santa, saying that it did not belong to him and wondering how it came in his pocket.

Bailiff Santa handed the mysterious envelope to Judge McConnell, who opened it and found a letter and a necktie. The letter purported to come from an old friend, and though unsigned, the writer said that Dix would know from the handwriting from what source it came. The letter went on to say that if the juror would hold out for acquittal, in order to cause a disagreement, and failing in this, should succeed in getting a verdict of imprisonment rather than death, \$1,000 would be his reward. "Now, don't be foolish," concluded the letter; "if you don't accept this offer some one else will, and you might as well have the money as any one, so long as it will surely be done. If you accept this chance of your life, let us know by wearing the enclosed necktie. Think twice before you refuse." But you see Juror Dix did not think once about the matter. He handed over the bribe to the proper party before he even knew that it was a bribe.

"Do you think there were any other letters placed in overcoat pockets about this time?" was asked of Attorney Kickham Scanlan, who is the authority for this story.

"We have not been able to find that out."

"Did you ever find out who wrote that letter?"

"No; but I believe that we will now that Mr. Dix is at liberty. Judge McConnell handed the letter and necktie over to the state's attorney, after perusing the former, and as soon as we had read it I went out to Mr. Dix's house, intending to bring his wife down to the state's attorney's office with me, to see if she could identify the hand-writing. Mrs. Dix was not at home, and could not be found. And do you know that when I returned Attorney Forrest knew all about my errand, where I had been, and what I had gone after."

"Dix hasn't been seen about it yet then?"

"I don't know that. I have had other things to do, and the matter has been placed in other hands. It will be seen to, though, you may be sure of that, in time for the jury-bribing trial."

On Sunday, well-dressed, prominent supporters of the anti-Cronin faction found their way into the courtroom. "They had 'infloence,' you know," said an attache of the court, who seemed to think that some excuse for their presence was necessary. Pat Gibbons, William Coughlin, Harry and Hugh Jordan, Captain Carroll, Dennis Ward, Walter J. Gibbons, Tom Murphy, and Andy Duggan, were among the more prominent of the Triangle present at different times during the day.

Judge McConnell made his appearance from time to time, only to find that his presence was not required in an official capacity. In the city, and, indeed, throughout the whole country, the excitement caused by the suspense was intense. Great crowds gathered about the criminal court building, discussing the probable verdict, and growling at the tardiness of the jury. Still no verdict.

CHAPTER XXX.

The Verdict—A "Compromise"—General Disappointment—News of Agreement—Gathering to Hear It—Strange Contact—The Prisoners Arrive—The Jury Enter—Ready With Their Verdict—The Clerk Reads—Effect on the Defendants—About the Compromise—Of the Jury and the Verdict—A Brother's Indignation—"Camp 20 is on Top Now"—Beggs' Free Advertisement—Loud-Spoken Discontent.

THE VERDICT.

JOHN F. BEGGS, not guilty.

JOHN KUNZE, guilty of manslaughter, three years imprisonment.

DANIEL COUGHLIN, guilty of murder, imprisonment for life.

PATRICK O'SULLIVAN, guilty of murder, imprisonment for life.

MARTIN BURKE, guilty of murder, imprisonment for life.

At 2:30 o'clock on the afternoon of Monday, December 16, 1889, the jury returned the above verdict.

The suspense was over and the greatest trial of modern times was at an end. The sun, which rose in the morning on five suspects, set in the evening on four convicted murderers and one innocent man. The brutal assassination of May 4th, will, in some small measure, be avenged. Not, it is true, according to the Mosaic doctrine of "an eye for an eye," or "a tooth for a tooth," but it will atone slightly for the atrociousness of Dr. Cronin's taking off. *Lex Talionis* was a dead letter, and many were the deep, hot murmurings because of it.

In official circles, among the friends of the murdered physician, and the general public, the dissatisfaction was most pronounced. None could discover in the verdict that philosophy which should govern the findings. If these three men, it was reasoned, were guilty of murder in the first degree, why were they not condemned to capital punishment? Kunze, it was almost universally believed, should have been acquitted, but if he was considered guilty, his sentence was ridiculously inadequate.

It was among the friends of Dr. Cronin, the officials who prosecuted the case, and citizens who fear the perpetuation and increase of a power that can do such deadly deeds and scorn at the law—it was among these that the verdict met with most emphatic disapproval. With three of these men standing in the shadow of the gallows, it was believed that a confession would be obtained. Such a confession as would lead to the “dot in the circle,” and this particular “dot” it was, and is, of vital importance, should be reached. The mind or minds from whose inner recesses this brutal conspiracy and assassination emanated was the acme aimed at by the law officials and the law-lovers. But with the “compromise” verdict, hope of reaching the “hidden hand” was banished. The prisoners go to serve their sentence with the promise that their terms will be speedily curtailed by the pardoning power of the state. Such hope will close their lips for a number of years at least, and then there will be no witnesses to corroborate a confession if any should be made.

A few minutes before two o'clock the news was car-

ried through the air that the jury had at last agreed, and the court-room quickly began to fill up. There was none of the disorder and bustle that marked the preceding session. The feeling that a few moments might bring death through the cruel iron passage-way lay cold upon their hearts. The tread of solemn men slowly trudging up the stairs was painfully careful. The bailiffs opened the doors and peered out with the expression of undertaker's assistants. On the street a great crowd gathered in the fine rain that was sifting down, and stories of hanging for all, for none, for two, for three of the prisoners, spread through the throng.

At 2:15 the court-room was almost full of newspaper men, lawyers, policemen and the nearest friends and warmest enemies of the accused.

There came slowly through the crowd a man whose hair and full beard were tinged with gray. He seemed to endeavor to avoid attracting attention. Several bowed to him, but he did not see anybody. He sat stolid, staring straight ahead, absorbed in thought, unconscious of his surroundings.

John Joseph Cronin, seeing in his mind's eye the horrible scene which must have been enacted in the Carlson cottage on May 4th.

Harvey Jordan, Tom Murphy, and Dennis Ward, supporters of his brother's assassins; sat close by him and John Devoy.

Dan Coughlin's father, a stooped, care-worn old man, slipped in and took a seat just behind where his son must sit.

The counsel for the prosecution and for the defense

were there except Mr. Donahoe. The severity of the nervous strain from which all these hardened pleaders were suffering was clearly written in their faces.

The next three minutes were drawn out to the length of centuries. Chief Hubbard, whose countenance was grim and ominous, pulled out a chair into place where he could command the regiment of policemen in citizen's clothes who had quietly mingled with the crowd.

The court-room became darker as the mist thickened on the window-panes and scarce enough light shone through to cast a distinct shadow.

At 2:23 o'clock Judge McConnell took his seat. He looked apprehensive. His face was pale and his hands trembled slightly.

A sound of bolting doors was heard. It was exactly 2:26 by the clock. Sheriff Matson, who had been eagerly watching in the direction of the bridge leading into the jail, advanced to the entrance. There he wheeled about and walked toward the court-room. A moment later the prisoners appeared. As they were led into the box their faces were a study. All looked deathly pale and much excited, though straining to affect unconcern.

Beggs came first. His mouth was tightly set. He reeled about like a drunken man. Once or twice he had to grasp the railing and the chair to steady himself.

Coughlin looked anxious. His usually bright and clear eyes appeared dim and restless. A black rim showed under the lids, and a continual unconscious wrinkling of the eyebrows showed plainly the man's mental agony.

Patrick O'Sullivan was affecting indifference and tugging at his mustache. But his forehead showed deeper lines than at any time during the trial, while his small, beady, serpent-like eyes glared and flashed as diamonds set in jet.

Burke seemed really the most unconcerned of them all. He was chewing something, as usual. His face was ghastly pale and somewhat drawn, but his manner was as careless as ever.

Little Kunze was smiling, but smiling through tears. His eyes were bloodshot and watery. The boy was almost ready to break down.

The jury, headed by Bailiff Santa, entered the courtroom at 2:30. The jurors were evidently exhausted from excitement and the long confinement, but they looked like men who appreciated the gravity of the duty they were performing. Their faces bore expressions of decision and satisfaction with having at last reached an agreement.

A bailiff's gavel fell upon the clerk's desk. It sounded like a cannon shot. In a moment a silence ensued that was palpable to the touch.

"I presume you can represent Mr. Donahoe?" said Judge McConnell, addressing Mr. Forrest.

"I am requested by Mr. Donahoe to represent him," said Mr. Forrest. "Mr. Donahoe is out of town, and I appear for Patrick O'Sullivan and John Kunze."

"Gentleman of the jury," began Judge McConnell, "I understand you have reached a conclusion."

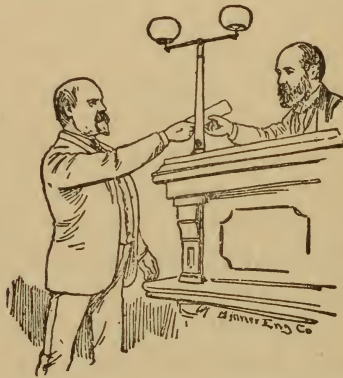
Juror Clarke arose and bowed.

"You may hand it to the clerk," said the court, and,

as the juror fumbled in his inside coat pocket for the paper, the judge added: "You can hand it to me, and I will give it to the clerk." The space between the juror and the clerk was crowded, and the judge passed the paper to the clerk. A dead silence followed. The clerk read:

"We, the jury, find the defendant, John F. Beggs, not guilty."

A moment's pause, and the clerk continued:



FOREMAN CLARK HANDS UP THE VERDICT.

We, the jury, find the defendant, John Kunze, guilty of manslaughter, and fix his punishment at imprisonment in the penitentiary for a term of three years."

Another pause for breath, and then:

"We, the jury, find the defendants, Daniel Coughlin, Patrick O'Sullivan and Martin Burke, guilty of murder in the manner and form charged in the indictment, and fix the penalty at imprisonment in the penitentiary for the term of their natural lives."

Fate must surely have appeared in a sustaining vision unto John F. Beggs, so inflexibly composed was he as the clerk announced the jury's finding. Else he was nerved to meet his sentence as a man was never nerved who had not allowed the fairer portion of his life to wither before the dreary prospect that the future held out. He was as a piece of statuary, chill, pulseless, passionless—as little susceptible to the natural emotions as was Aristotle's insensate man.

With a carelessness of ease that seemed as a mockery to the occasion, he fished from his pocket a small piece of chewing tobacco, passed it into his mouth, and there nourished it until the gladdening phrase that gave him liberty and life was ended. His was a supreme calm, a monstrous jest upon the law, its dignity, its terrors, and the hopes of those who clamorously asked for his blood. His future ascertained, he hastily spat the tobacco from his mouth, and turned to greet his lawyer, Mr. Foster, with an effusiveness that had in it an element of such genuine sincerity that it was at once apparent his calm was but a pretense, his external indifference but a cloak to his inward agony. He had played his part, and played it with masterly cleverness. Not needing to subjugate his feelings, he loosed himself, flashed challenging eye-glances at the spectators, and was, as of old, the smiling, debonair Beggs, who mingled with his fellows with such injudicious freedom as to jeopardize his life and imperil his reputation for ever and ever.

John Kunze—created equally by Dame Fortune and Daniel Coughlin—divided with Beggs the clemency of

the jury. Judging from his half-averted, unquiet, flushed countenance, he had already suffered the tortures of immeasurable guilt. His eyes were riveted on some imaginary doom that rose up, spectre-like, to haunt him, and again had the haunted, terrified appearance of a man to whom punishment of one kind was as bad as another. He did not expect to be hanged, but he hardly dared to hazard a guess at the length of years he would be compelled to rust in the vile repose of a murderer's dungeon. His expression of fear was painful to behold. The muscles of his face twitched, he twisted and turned, and as the clerk was pronouncing his condemnation he grew ashen white and dejected beyond description. His volatile nature was killed, and in its place had come a gravity of countenance that will remain with him while his memory retains the impression of the great dread fate he so narrowly escaped.

Chief in crime and weakest at the moment of sentence was Daniel Coughlin. His fears seemed to weigh his feet to the ground as he shuffled into court, white as chalk. He sank into his chair, and strained his eyes about the room in search of one friendly glance, one face less vengeful than the rest, and, finding one, nodded in eager fashion. With him, as with Beggs, chewing tobacco was the artificial means employed to control his features. Nothing, however, could conceal his intense trepidation. Slender, indeed, was his hope for life; and he realized this in a manner that was pitiable to the spectator. Pulling at his mustache was varied by uneasy little glances toward the

clerk, as if he would forestall that functionary in his office and read his own fate. His throat seemed dry as dust, and he gulped a dozen times, each time a spasm of pain shooting across his face. At the bare mention of his name in the reading of the findings, a burning color suffused his cheeks, mounted to his brow, and, receding as his life was willed to the state, left him almost corpse-white, with eyes that were fixed and dull, and features that had added to them years of age that they did not possess. Tears were succeeded by a haggard smile as Mr. Foster grasped his hand and congratulated him upon his fortune in escaping death.

Martin Burke—type of the outlawed class, with eyes to kill with their glittering darkness—had himself fairly well in hand. He was unusually nervous, but was sustained at the crisis by a hasty word of comfort from Mr. Forrest. He fingered his mustache with a hand that had the paleness of a lily from surcease of toil and the quiver of agony that was not of the body. He heard his doom with signs of despair that fell as a blight and left him motionless, incapable of utterance, and chilled to the very heart.

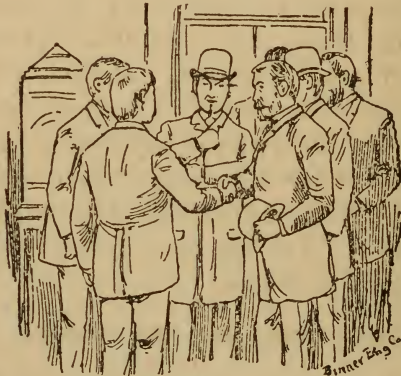
And Patrick O'Sullivan. Gross as is this man's nature, he was not so hardened that he did not quail. No longer malignantly defiant, no longer cruel to the sight, he was completely bowed and broken. Tears rushed to his eyes, and he suffered a change of countenance as rapid as it was indicative of humiliation and overwhelming despair.

After the verdict was read Mr. Forrest asked that the jury be polled, and as each juryman's name was

called he arose and answered the question of Clerk Lee: "Was this and is this your verdict?" Each juror bowed or answered affirmatively.

Judge McConnell then thanked the jurors for their services, and complimented them on the patience and conscientiousness with which they had done their duty.

"The prisoner Beggs may be discharged," said the court, and he turned to the jury to say it could go.



BEGGS THANKS THE JURY.

As the jurors filed out of their box Beggs and his attorney, Mr. Foster, seized the hand of each and expressed their gratitude for the jury's action. Tears of joy stood in Beggs' eyes, and tears of despair gushed from the sobbing Kunze. Beggs in his gladness brushed against the heart-broken little German. Two pictures more widely different in expression could scarcely be imagined. Beggs was beside himself with joy; Kunze was plunged into the depths of grief.

Mr. Forrest asked the court to fix the time for hear-

ing a motion for a new trial, and it was agreed that the motion should be presented January 13.

And thus ended a criminal trial that is the longest one known to the American bar, and the oldest criminal lawyers say that the law tomes contain the record of no case its parallel in any way. The verdict was a complete surprise. To a certainty it was known that at noon of that day no agreement had been reached. Eleven of the jurors were still voting the death penalty for Coughlin, Burke and O'Sullivan, and only John Culver stood out for general acquittal. When the change came it came quickly. A compromise was made with Culver and life sentence substituted for hanging. It is an admitted fact that John Culver was the man who, up to 1 o'clock of December 16th, held the jury in disagreement. Let him have all the credit to which his action may entitle him.

THE JURORS AND THE VERDICT.

It was with relief, not satisfaction, that the people received the verdict of the jury. The merits of the jurors, their patience, fortitude and integrity will be remembered in history. But the findings of the jurors are *not* satisfactory. Beggs will stand in the opinion of the public as a man more guilty than Kunze, and hardly less, or even more, guilty than Coughlin, Burke, and O'Sullivan. The evidence indicated him as a man closer to the persons, and more versed in the councils of the great conspirators to whom Coughlin, Burke, and O'Sullivan acted as bloody and willing tools, than were any of the doomed three. Nor will the sentence

of imprisonment for life gain any general approval, Opinions may and will differ as to the wisdom or justice of the death penalty under any circumstances, but if ever murder were foul enough, cruel enough, sufficiently abhorrent to every instinct of humanity to merit blood atonement, it was the murder of Patrick Henry Cronin, by Coughlin, Burke, and O'Sullivan, *at the instigation of a person, or of persons, as yet untried by law for the crime.*

Had the death penalty been the verdict, and capital punishment ensued, this jury would have deserved the thanks of this nation and the world. Then it would be known that no creatures or serfs of any secret league could do murder in this republic at the bidding of their infamous master or masters, and go unscathed of justice. The power of oligarchs in crime would be quickly broken when their creatures became too terrified to do their bidding. This republic will become safe only when men, leagued in a federation of guilt, learn that the laws and ordinances of the United States are stronger than the oaths and plots of a band of assassins.

The Cronin jury did much. It were better, far better, if it had done more—its whole duty.

Dr. Cronin's brother, John J. Cronin, was seen within a quarter of an hour after the verdict was read.

"What have you to say about the verdict, Mr. Cronin?"

"It was hardly sharp enough. Blood was spilled, aye, blood was spilled, and they let the arch-conspirator go free, and the rest (with a very expressive gesture),

—the rest to be pardoned out, or got out somehow!”

“What would you have considered a righteous sentence?”

“Coughlin, Patrick O’Sullivan, and Burke to be hung, Beggs a life sentence, and as for Kunze, they might have let the little fellow go free. But what is the use of talking?”

Camp 20 held a meeting at the office of Attorney Ames in the evening. Mike Whalen, Tom Murphy, Harry Jordan, and other lights of the camp were there.

Mr. Ames was satisfied with the verdict. “It’s a victory for Camp 20,” he said. “Camp 20 is on top now.”

Beggs went from the jail, where he had gone to get his goods, to the office of Murphy & Ames, at 81 Clark street, where he met many members of Camp 20, and where an informal reception was tendered the senior guardian.

“Beggs will live right here in Chicago and continue in his profession,” said Mr. Ames. “The advertisement he has received out of this trial will not hurt him with a large class of Irishmen, and I think he will do well.”

Beggs, and those with him, claim to respect a certain religious creed. Let this Cain and his co-plotters, his fellow-assassins, take what consolation they can from the following, copied *verbatim* from the Buffalo *Catholic Union*:

“It is true that John F. Beggs is acquitted, but is there outside of prison bars in this broad land any crawling reptile of humanity, any debased outcast, so completely lost, so morally filthy, so utterly depraved, so blankly hopeless, that he would change places with the

unconvicted Beggs? Certainly if such freedom is a triumph, honest slavery is a blessing.

“For the three men whose future will be passed in state’s prison, the very fury of the American people at the cheating of the gallows will render pardon an impossibility. In the face of the fact that they have been adjudged guilty of the most awful murder of the century, and yet have been spared the scaffold, no governor of Illinois will ever dare to outrage public sentiment or wreck his own future by wasted clemency toward the living offal just swept into prison pens.”

Ten, twenty, a hundred volumes such as this, would not contain the expressions of citizens in every grade of society and of the press throughout this country and abroad, giving vent to disapproval at the levity of the sentences given the three assassins, and the allowing of Beggs to go free. They were besmeared with Dr. Cronin’s blood. The “deep damnation of his taking off,” against which two continents cried out trumpet-tongued, was directly proven upon these miscreants. They dared not themselves take the witness-stand. They knew, each one of them, that he was deserving of the gallows. It was necessary for them to commit their lives to criminal lawyers, to “criminals’ lawyers;” and the men chosen certainly executed every possible resource in their behalf. Their lives saved, the lives of three of them, and one goes free under a verdict equivalent to “not proven.” The “hidden hand” or hands, wave a mocking salute while jauntily tripping past the figure of blinded justice.

Dr. P. H. Cronin enjoyed a good income. How he

spent the money earned by honest practice of his profession, how he lavished his means to advance the cause so dear to his heart, how he kept himself poor and thought never of his own enrichment by plundering, let this tell:

“Theodore T. Conklin, the friend of Dr. P. H. Cronin, on December 23, filed in the probate court an inventory of Dr. Cronin’s estate. Conklin is administrator to collect and his report shows that the only property left by the murdered man consists of a library worth \$300.00, and surgical instruments valued at \$100.00. The inventory was approved.” This brief statement requires no comment.

But the dictator of the Triangle, and the murderous faction of the Clan-na-Gael, walks unmolested, careless, and receives the adoration of his devoted band. He laughs at the law and its boasted power, and lives luxuriously on stolen wealth, to plot more assassinations against those who would expose the plundering and murders of the vilest clique of traitors, thieves and thugs that ever disgraced God’s foot-stool.

THE END.

On January 13, 1890, Daniel Coughlin, Patrick O’Sullivan and Martin Burke were sentenced to imprisonment for life. John Kunze was granted a new trial.

The three life prisoners were taken to the penitentiary at Joliet the same evening. Coughlin now labors at stone cutting, O’Sullivan is learning to make shoes and Burke is at work in the cooper shop.

Kunze was, a week later, released on bail of \$5,000, and became a “freak” in a dime museum in Chicago.

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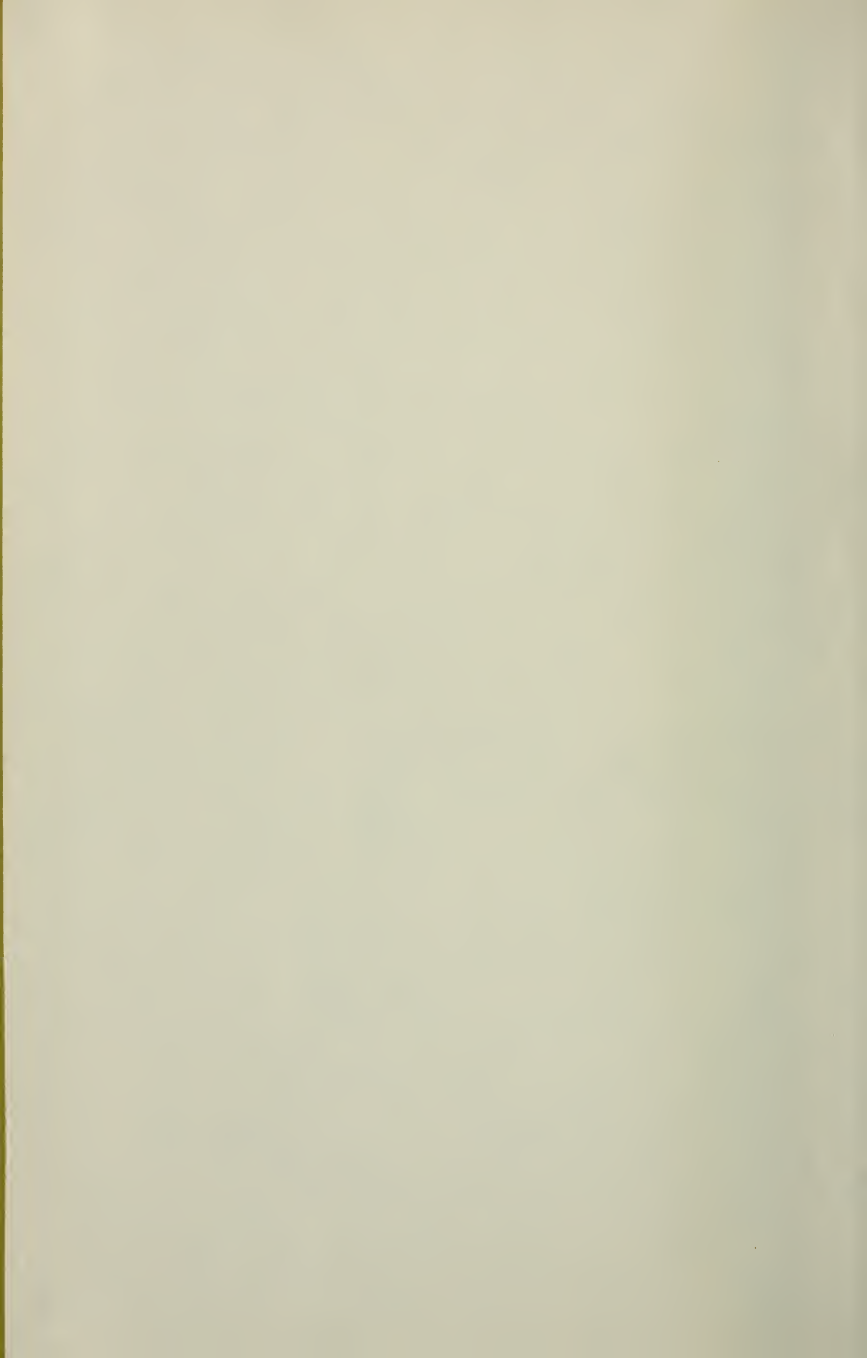
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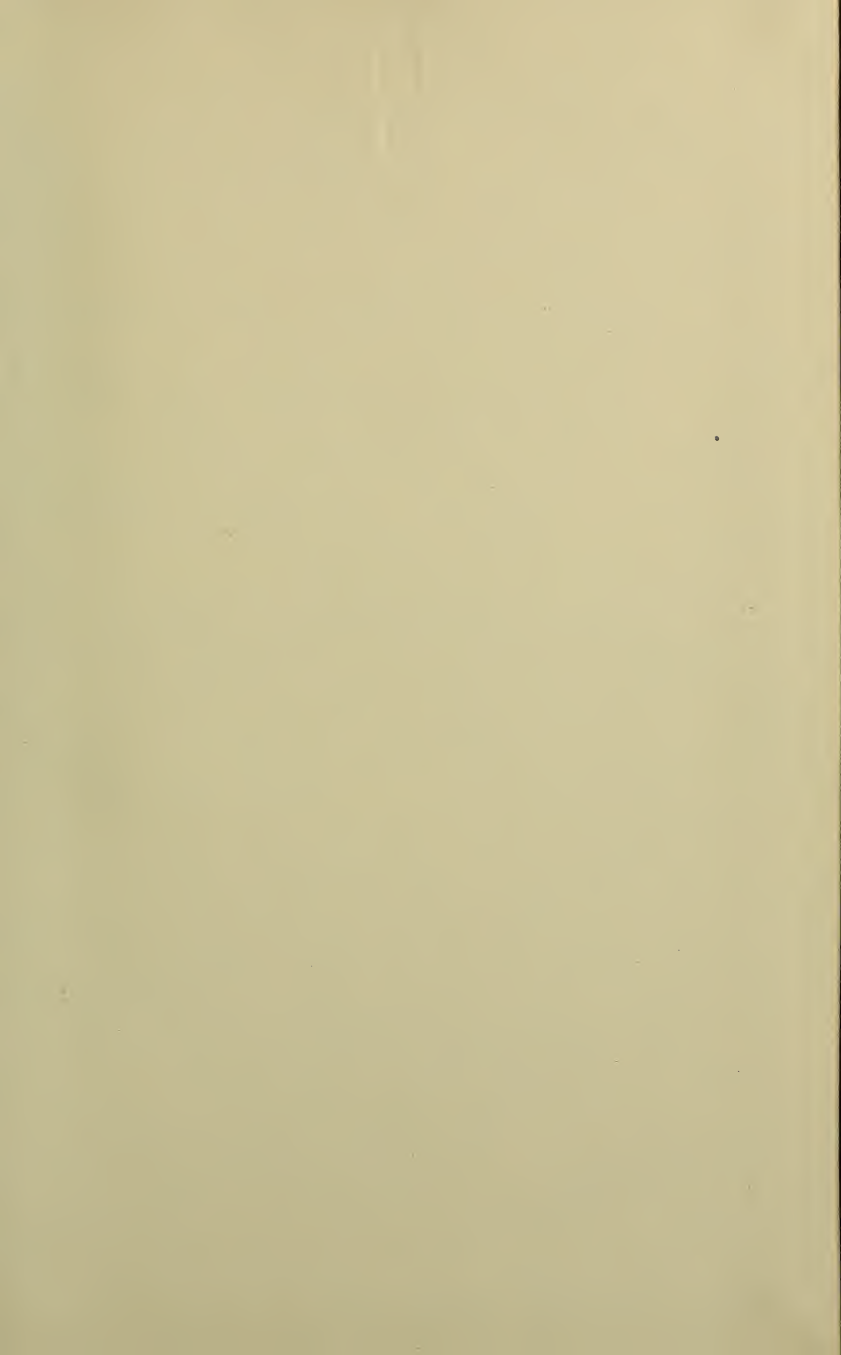
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