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16 SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE, WEDNESDAY, JULY 8, 1896.

DAGGETT AND HIS DWYER.

The Cruel Turning Down of Tarpey.

SWEET DEMOCRATIC REVENGE

A STORY OF A LONG-STANDING FEUD.

The Cattle Men Broke His Control and Stood in With the "Silv Bills."

The turning down of M. F. Tarpey and the appointing of J. J. Dwyer over his head to the National Committee to fill the vacancy occasioned at Chicago adds to the political history of the State a chapter which is of general interest to the Democrats at this time.

It reveals also the cause of the remarkable exuberance of spirits displayed yesterday by John Daggett and accounts for his desire to be "done with his mirth" whenever the name of Tarpey is mentioned. For years the cattleman and Daggett were political enemies, but when the latter gained control of a Federal building full of patronage there was balm for the Daggett and Tarpey wounds and they buried the hatchet and went into a political dinner in which patronage was the peace offering and politics support the consideration.

As the story goes, Daggett stood up to his part of the contract, but Tarpey failed to keep faith. Then the Daggett-Gunaknava was dug up once more, and now the Tarpey scalp dangles from the Mint Superintendent's belt with the fresh and dripping locks of his old Stockton convention enemies.

A little less than a year ago Daggett entered into a compact with Tarpey, the understanding being that the latter would back the Fitzgerald end against the "Silver" in the fight for supremacy over the State country. The consideration was that Tarpey's boss should be given a place in the Mint. This condition was executed and the young lady is now in the Mint under civil service rules and may remain there for life if she so desires.

After that Tarpey and Daggett sat down and smoked the pipe of peace and agreed to await the execution of the former's part of the contract.

A little later Tarpey went to Mexico and then the war between the "Oh Silver" and Fitzgerald came on and the latter was defeated by one vote in the Democratic State control of the Cogwin Committee. Tarpey telegraphed his proxy from the City of Mexico to the "Oh Silver" and it was that one long-range vote which downed Fitzgerald. The civil-service rules being in effect, Daggett could not remove Tarpey's niece from the Mint, but he ran up nights studying out a way to get even. No opportunity presented itself until the adoption of the silver plank by the State Convention. Then the big gold men who had been candidates for delegates to the National Convention withdrew and the little gold men like Dwyer and Daggett were trotted to the front.

There is a man in the Mint named Penico. He is something of a politician and is a friend of Dwyer. He thought he saw an opportunity to combine corn and at the same time discomfit Tarpey and Fitzgerald. The list of delegates was quickly keeping, and Dwyer, Metzger and Rea were busy trying to go on any condition and serve Daggett, especially if in so doing they could also serve themselves. These three with Fitzgerald from the Alameda district made a good nucleus to work with. Dwyer especially because he was the man in Daggett's hands to beat Tarpey. Dozier of Shasta was captured by Cap Taylor of Redding, who has an appointee in the Mint. Ex-Congressman Caminetti, who has two appointments in the Mint, was also swung into line.

Congressman Maguire was repeatedly informed as the train bearing the delegates sped Eastward that his fight against the funding bill had made him the idol of the Pacific Coast. So well did the three delegates in the scheme play their parts that before Chicago was reached Maguire and Dwyer had agreed to play the Philly Brothers act of "You love me and I'll love you."

With this working force it was comparatively easy to amass enough votes to control, and no interest in anybody's candidacy and Tarpey was turned down hard.

This is the first time that Daggett and Maguire have worked in harmony to attain the same object, and next

THE STRANGE MANNER IN WHICH JAMES M'ALLISTEN SUFFERED DEATH.

to the defeat of Tarpey by a "pinhead" nothing elicits so exultant a chuckle from Dagget as a reference to the manner in which his old friend Maguire assisted in carrying out the programme after he had been wheedled and fattened into shape.

BENEFITS IN RARE ONLY.

Mrs. Deanis Griffin Received Nothing From the Retail Clerks.

Since the Fifteenth Constitutional June 23d last, which resulted in the death of four people and the serious injury of several others, the widow of Deanis Griffin, one of the victims, who was left with six eight-months-old baby and in destitute circumstances, has been dependent upon the charity of friends. Chief among whom she regards Mr. and Mrs. C. Drake, proprietors of the house at 1 Eddy street, and Mrs. Flaherty, Encore for the few dollars which remained from the $200 set apart for Griffin's funeral expenses by the Hod-Carriers' Union, of which her husband was a member. The Retail Clerks' Union had a call since the accident occurred.

Several benefits, especially that of an organization styling itself the Retail Clerks' Association, were arranged and announced, but somehow failed to accomplish the purpose of assisting the unfortunate woman and child, but so far not a cent has been realized by them. At any rate, the so-called benefits have not been given, and Mrs. Griffin declares she has not satisfactory explanation been made as to where the proceeds went.

BEARING THE MARK.

The Endeavor Convention Fund Growing Rapidly.

The Christian Endeavor Convention fund is growing very rapidly, and the committee having in charge the work of securing subscriptions is confident of success in bringing the convention here in meeting with gratifying success.

Of the $25,000 needed over $2,000 has already been subscribed, and the committee believes that the required sum will be secured before the week is out. Over $1,000 was sent to the committee in Boston, D. C., and the California delegation attending said back glowing accounts of the enthusiasm displayed in the Eastern States. Endeavorers look forward to their visit to this Coast the coming year. The subscription list as yesterday tallied up almost $300. They were:

The Emporium	$1,000
Cash	500
Baldwin Hotel	250
P. Hallinan & Co.	50
Hale Bros. Company	50
Sharon, Tilly & Co.	50
H. J. Crocker	50
Mark Hopkins	50
A. P. Hotaling	50
Jos. Pinkon	25
Previously reported	17,000
Total subscriptions	$21,025

TWENTY RIGGERS STRIKE.

Insist on Double Pay for Overtime.

About twenty riggers employed by John Reynolds, whose mill is at 24 Stewart street, struck Monday evening. The men were employed on the Lurline, Aloha and Ida McKay.

As the vessels' captains are anxious to get to sea, Reynolds, who was asked to pay double time for overtime, consented, but when he went to hire new men Monday evening. They were willing to accept the wages, but when the Union Pilot Reynolds that he would not have double pay they left their places, and yesterday morning refused to work.

Secretary Shay of the Riggers' Union, however, is sanguine that the old work programme will be resumed.

Ole Peter, Jamaree grr, English and various oaths, are glib and grow and grow and the new Empire tent on Union Square garden is the scene of the first of the series of entertainments which for the next two weeks will be given here each night by the Salvation Army, and as the tent will seat 3,000 persons and the new Empire has no more than one half that number, the difficulty fallen up almost

DWYER, WHO WAS TURNED UP, AND TARPEY, WHO WAS TURNED DOWN, FOR NATIONAL COMMITTEE HONORS AT CHICAGO.

HIS BODY BRIDGED A DEEP TRENCH.

STRANGE ACCIDENTAL DEATH.

FELL OVER A DITCH AND STRANGLED.

James McAllister, a Teamster at the Cliff House, Found Lifeless.

Death came to James McAllister in a strange manner at Sutro's pleasure grounds some time Monday night. Some time after daybreak his body was found stretched across a deep trench dug by the Mayor's workmen on the previous day. The feet rested on one bank and the chin looked over the crumbling edge of the other, the body still in death, bridging the excavation.

McAllister had fallen across the ditch in the dark, and stunned and helpless had died of strangulation because of the position of his body.

McAllister was a driver employed at the Cliff House stables, and lived in a shack near the old signal station on Point Lobos. He was at work as usual on Monday, and when dismissed for the night, about an hour or two with some convivial friends, not starting for his cabin until about 11 o'clock.

The path to his cabin, which is usually traversed by the signal-station employees, extends along the road and up over the hill. It was unlighted, even by the moon, and required one who was sure-footed and familiar with the way to get along without accident.

During the day workmen, unknown to McAllister, had extended the ditch, which they have been digging along the eastern side of the baths, across the path. The excavation is about four feet deep and seven wide. As the path to the signal station is not a public highway, no notice was given of the work for the night evidently considered it unnecessary to put up danger signals, as that there was no warning to passers-by.

McAllister walked into the death trap.

His friends say that he had been drinking considerably, and for that reason he may not have been as wide awake as usual. At any rate, as he walked up the path he suddenly stumbled over the pile of earth thrown up by the excavators and pitched headlong into the trench.

His head struck on the other bank, but it was a regular knock-out blow. Unconsciousness must have resulted instantly. The weight of the body, stretched long across the excavation, broke the fall, and the position assumed on the earth was so great that breaking became an impossibility. Death must have resulted from strangulation, for no bones were broken.

It was not until the body was discovered by the signal service men at an early hour yesterday morning. Deputy Coroner O'Brien was notified, and took charge of the body to the Morgue. The investigation showed that McAllister must have met his death in the way above described. No other theory will fit the case.

Deceased was a native of New Orleans, 41 years of age, unmarried, so far as can be ascertained he had no relatives here.

PERIL OF THE COSTLY OREGON.

Almost Struck Packard Rock.

BROKE FROM HER MOORINGS.

DRIFTED HELPLESSLY ABOUT THE BAY.

Her Anchors Caught Just in Time—Transfer of the War Ship.

The battle-ship Oregon was formally transferred to the Government, and right glad the Scots were to shift the responsibility of the care of the costly war ship.

Only a few hours before she passed from their keeping the big craft was drifting helplessly about the bay and narrowly escaped being damaged thousands of dollars if not wrecked.

The buoy to which the Oregon was moored in the bay parted from its moorings early Monday morning and the big war machine was adrift. Only within a few yards of Packard rock. Had she struck the sharp obstacle the Scots would have been a big fortune out of pocket. Her hastily lowered anchors, however, found a fast resting place in the mud just in time.

The man-of-war, with all her armament mounted and the last finishing touches upon her, was taken from the Union Iron Works dock Monday evening and moored at the company's buoy in the stream. Before the lowbrass which moored her went away every thing was tested and found to be fast. It was, however, then the two-and-the-half-inch chain which connected the buoy with the anchor was badly rusty, and when the tide changed, some of the links snapped.

This sent the Oregon adrift. She went along dragging the buoy with her for about half a mile before the men on board discovered her plight. By that time the war ship was abreast of Mission rock and was bearing down rapidly toward Packard rock. The ship's anchors were quickly let go, but the mud, who dropped them had little hope that they would hold in the soft mud. Fortunately they did so, but it was not until the ship was within 150 feet of the sharp rock.

Then a couple of men put off in shore and telegraphed to the Spreckels tug Ina. The Alert, Captain Brokaw, and the Active, Captain Marshall, were on duty, and the moment their masters received the message they cast off their lines. Blythe's tug is the more powerful. There are nine in the family of the Spreckels, Blythes, six brothers and three sisters, and between them they have nearly $5,000,000 in bank stock.

Money hires lawyers, and Blythe seems here to instruct his attorneys F. W. and E. V. Holladay, to carry the appeal from the decree of final distribution of the estate by the California Supreme Court to the United States Supreme Court, if necessary. The case is now pending in the Circuit, and a decision is expected very shortly.

Blythe came to town yesterday, and his attorneys at home, spent the afternoon riding watchful at the block bounded by Geary, Market and Montgomery streets. Blythe moved to and fro, and Johnson threw the weapon away and brought out another, a large bulldog revolver, which he held close to Cane's head and fired twice.

Cane fell to the sidewalk, and attempted to shoot himself. Cane rose to the occasion, and losing himself to the butcher shop of Roberts & Tufts at 30 Stewart street, emerged a moment later with a huge cleaver in his hand. Johnson, who had now given up the idea of killing himself, and was walking unsteadily away. Learning that he was pursued, Johnson reached again for his weapon, but found a revival.

Officer C. P. Cleveland of the Harbor Police Station had heard the shots, and at this time appeared on the scene. He placed Johnson under arrest. The prisoner was first sent to the Receiving Hospital to have the self-inflicted wound dressed.

Johnson says he is a seaman and willing to work and has for a long time had an application on file with the Shipowners' Association for a berth, but that he has been unable to get work, and on this account he has been depressed. There is much sympathy for Johnson among the sailors, stevedores and riggers.

THE TUG BARCLAY GOLDEN STARTS FOR SOUTH AMERICA.

BOSWELL M. BLYTHE.

HE DECLARES THAT AS LONG AS ONE OF THE KENTUCKY CLAIMANTS IS ALIVE MRS. HINCKLEY'S CLAIM TO THE BLYTHE MILLIONS WILL BE CONTESTED.

THIS BLYTHE HAS MONEY TO BURN.

A GYPSY CLAIMANT IN TOWN.

HE REPRESENTS THE KENTUCKY CONTESTANTS.

As Long as He Has a Peg to Hang His Hat on He Will Fight Mrs. Hinckley.

As long as he has a peg to hang his sombrero on, Boswell M. Blythe declares he is going to fight Florence Blythe-Hinckley's claim to the millions of the late Thomas H. Blythe.

He who made this statement hails from Downey, near Los Angeles, where he enjoys a good income selling real estate. He is a native Texan, black eyes, coal-black hair and a complexion that would excite envy in a Chilian Indian. Blythe is such in his own words. There are nine in the family of the Blythes, Blythes, six brothers and three sisters, and between them they have nearly $5,000,000 in bank stock.

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POOR SHOOTING ON THE WATER Ffront.

A SAILOR GOES A-GUNNING.

TWO SHOTS FIRED AT RUNNER CANE.

A Punctured Hat Brim the Result—The Pistol Wielder Wounds Himself.

John Cane, a runner for the Shipowners' Association, was the victim of a murderous attack at 44 Stewart street at 11 o'clock yesterday morning, and had a most remarkable escape from death. His assailant was Gus Johnson, a sailor late of the schooner Nahcmis. Johnson fired two shots at close range. His then discharged the weapon at himself, but accomplished nothing more serious than inflicting a flesh wound in his left breast. Cane escaped with a bullet hole through the rim of his hat.

Johnson alleges that Cane has wronged him in different ways, and freely admits that he had meditated killing the employee of the Shipowners' Association. Cane drove up to 44 Stewart street about 11 o'clock and got out of his buggy to feed his horse. Johnson was one of a group on the sidewalk, and before anybody knew what he was about he drew a pistol from his pocket and pointing at Cane snapped the trigger. The weapon failed to go off. Cane, it appears, and Johnson threw the weapon away and brought out another, a large bulldog revolver, which he held close to Cane's head and fired twice.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

LIEUTENANT SOULE'S REPLY.

A Fake About the California-Street Police Station.

With reference to the charge made yesterday morning against the officers in the California-street police station, the following report has been made to Chief Crowley:

To Chief Crowley, Chief of Police—Sir: The supposed condition of affairs at the California-street Police Station, described in a newspaper this morning is incorrect, exaggerated and misleading. The station prison is overcrowded. At such times we do the best we can to make the prisoners comfortable.

I go on duty at 7 o'clock in the morning and remain on duty until 7 o'clock in the afternoon. Between those hours no brutalities are practiced as described in the newspaper article. No more force is used than is necessary to bring them to a proper state of submission. I would not allow any officer to use undue force upon a prisoner.

No such scenes as those described have occurred in the station. The prisoners occupy the cells and not their floor are properly housed and fed. If the work has not been well done I have the men go over it again. The cells are kept much cleaner than this one. The allegation that a man was compelled to lie in a pool of water in the dark cell is manifestly ridiculous. There is a drain in the floor of the latches and the water must run off. The plank platform to cover the asphaltum floor is being made and will be in place before the prisoners are locked up in them. Respectfully,

FREDERICK L. SHOLA,
Lieutenant of Police.

California-street, Station, July 7, 1896.

Chief Crowley said yesterday that the charges were absurd and without foundation.

Social Club Elects Officers.

At a recent meeting of the Palm City Social Club, held in its rooms at 324 Kearny street, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, W. A. Battenberg; vice-president, L. B. Levy; treasurer, A. W. Alsop; secretary, J. E. Gibbs; sergeant-at-arms, H. E. Viner; directors, William Daly, L. Knell, Charles de Cleve, William Sweatmann and George Oliver.

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