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SHE IS NOT ANNIE MOONEY,

Emily Freeman, Brought Face to Face With Dragged Mary Cuneo, Finds Her Mother.

James Mooney is Convinced at Last That the Girl He Led His Daughter Who Was Stolen So Long Ago.

"I WISH SHE WERE BURIED."

Surprising Cry of the Daughter, Who Feels That, Having Found Her Mother, She Has Lost All Her Future Peace—The Father of the Kidnapped Child Says His Hope Is Gone and He Will Try No More to Find the Girl Whom He Has Sought for Eleven Years.

Emily Freeman is not the long-lost Annie Mooney, and James Mooney's heart must go on yearning for the daughter whose chair by his hearthstone has been vacant for eleven years.

"LOOK UPON THIS PICTURE, AND THEN ON THIS" (*Profile of genie Emily Freeman and "Dover Teresa." The picture of Miss Freeman is from a photograph taken by the "Examiner's" camera artist yesterday. The picture of Mary Cuneo is from a photograph taken by the "Examiner" artist last Tuesday night while the women were in the station-house.*)

Mary Cuneo, the dragged drab of the slums, the "Denver Teresa," the debauchee who has filled a dozen jails with her curses, is the mother of the brightfaced, quick-witted girl who came from Sacramento in the hope that she might find a name, a father and a home.

The denouement came yesterday. James Mooney clung to the belief that Emily Freeman was his daughter, kidnaped by Mary Cuneo from that Belmont picnic eleven years ago. The girl herself said, with stubborn hope:

"I am Annie Mooney, and I will say no more."

But Mrs. Mooney, with a mother's unerring instinct, perceived: "She is not my child. I do not feel her in my heart."

In this condition of divided opinions the Mooneys determined to appeal to Mary Cuneo—to beseech her by the better instincts of her earlier days to tell a mother, a father and a daughter the whole truth and set at rest the aching uncertainty.

"SHE IS MY CHILD!" SAID MARY CUNEO.

Mary Cuneo was at the Home for the Inebriate, where she had been kept since Tuesday night, when, delirious with drink, she was found in a dirty den, indecent beyond belief and raving like a she fiend of the pit. There Mr. and Mrs. Mooney and Miss Freeman sought her, and after a deal of preliminary skirmishing for permission to talk to her, were accorded a brief interview.

They were ushered into the office of the place and took seats while an attendant went for the woman whose words and actions would mean so much to all three.

Mary Cuneo came shuffling in. The moment her eyes rested on Emily Freeman her underlip began to quiver. She looked right into the face of the young girl with an eager yearning. She paid no attention to the Mooneys. All her faculties were engrossed with the girl with the grayish blue eyes. Her own eyes were of a lighter gray.

She went right over to Miss Freeman. She took the girl's hand—fondly, tenderly. Then she bent and kissed her. The terrified one was tender as a young mother with her first born.

"Clara!"

The girl did not resist. She returned the kiss, but all the light of hope and expectancy went out of her face. She knew at once the woman from whom she had been taken in Sacramento and whom she had not seen in nine years—nine years devoted to making a name, to acquiring a position in society and to living down a past.

"She is my child!" said the bit of human debris.

Then Mary Cuneo went on to tell of that child's birth and of her earlier years. Her narrative was complete. She was thoroughly sober. All those who heard her felt that she was telling the truth.

THE SCAR ON THE RIGHT HAND.

"This girl was born in the stockyards of Chicago on the 7th day of October, 1874. Her name is Clara Cuneo. She will be twenty years old next October. Andrew Cuneo and Clara Cuneo of 166 North Franklin street, Chicago, were proud of her and proud of her father. They were wealthy, and the girl has money waiting for her in Italy. There is also a Mrs. Cuneo in this city, the widow of another Andrew Cuneo, who is related to her. She lives on Filbert street, opposite the Catholic Church. There are Cuneos in Oakland, too, who are her relatives. I have another daughter who is seventeen years old. She is in West Virginia now, and never has been in this part of the country."

"Do you remember a sister?" was asked of Miss Freeman.

At first the girl could not remember. Then memory was slowly aroused and after a time she said:

"Yes, I do remember there were two little boys in Denver. I remember a funeral. One of the babies died. The other lived. Both were girls. The girl that lived was left with some one while Mrs. Cuneo went away. When she came back the girl was gone. I think they took the child away from her."

"Hold up your right hand!" urged the woman of the slums, speaking to the girl half pleadingly, half in command. "On the inside of the little finger is a long scar. It was made by a cow with which I cut up when you were very young."

Sure enough on the inside of the little finger of the right hand was a long and ragged scar.

Mary Cuneo went on with her identification. She gave names, dates, instances. She had detected the facial resemblance between the woman and the girl. He had caught a quick, vanishing look in the eyes of both, which was the same.

"Yes, she is Mary Cuneo's daughter. She is not my lost Annie," he almost moaned as he wiped away the tears. "I shall never try again—never again! My daughter is gone forever!"

"OH, I WISH SHE WERE BURIED!"

The woman is evidently telling the truth," said Mrs. Mooney. "I never all along that this girl was my daughter, but I wanted to make it absolutely sure. You remember that she is older than my oldest daughter here, who will be eighteen next month. Annie would have been sixteen last December. But Mr. Mooney would have it that she was the child. I suppose you'll take the first train for Virginia to bring back this other daughter of Mary Cuneo," she added, addressing her husband with something like a taunt in a sneer.

"No, I'm not thinking of anything of the sort," he replied meekly. Then he jumped into his buggy and drove away to his hotel, beaten, downcast and forlorn.

"Do you feel sure she is your mother?" Miss Freeman was asked.

"How can I help it? But, oh, I wish she were buried, buried, buried! I wouldn't feel that way if she would only stop drinking and be a woman, but as she I can't help it. I have found my mother, but I have lost my peace."

"Do you remember much of that about which she told you?"

"Yes, I remember a good deal. I remember my father, Joseph Cuneo, and how, when the divorce was granted, he tried to take me in the courtroom. Oh, if he only had taken me! Anything would have been better than this. I remember her very well. She has fallen very low alone. As I know her she had a fine, clear complexion, and she was always very neat in her attire. She was a smart woman, too, when she wasn't drinking, and not unkind. She spoke several languages. I could speak Italian then, but I've forgotten most of it now, though I can still understand a person speaking it. I never cared for the Italian people, so I lost the language by not associating with them."

THE FEAR OF THE MORGUE.

"When will you go back to Sacramento?"

"In the morning, I think; but I don't know what to do now. I don't know what my mother will do now she has found me."

"But you have a good home in Sacramento, haven't you?"

"Yes; but can I keep it? How will any one feel who has given me a home if my mother keeps coming around in a drunken condition and making a fuss?"

"All you'd have to do would be to turn her over to the police."

"She is my mother! I couldn't do that."

"The girl's mother had already begun to have a branded look, but there was a tenderness in the voice with which she said this."

"She's a good girl, whoever she is. I don't know such a bad mother could have such a splendid child."

Last night Mary Cuneo was discharged from the House of the Inebriates to go back to the slums, the gutters and the brothels. This morning Emily Freeman, her daughter, probably will return to Sacramento. Or she may try to lose herself in the big world, and under another name and in the midst of still other conditions strive to lay aside the curse which has come into her life, and to hide forever from that mother whose appearance will be the dread of her days and the shrieking horror of her dreams.

THE FAIR FACE AND THE FOUL. (*In these a resemblance between Mary Cuneo, the drab, and pretty Emily Freeman, who correctly says: "She is my mother."*) (*The daughter is from a photograph for which she posed before the "Examiner's" camera. That of the mother is from one on "Examiner" file.*)

James Mooney questioned like a lawyer in the hope of tripping her. Mrs. Mooney propounded questions like one who, if the song been satisfied, but wishes to clinch a conclusion so as to make no one say it say. Miss Freeman's questions were those of one who was contending against her desires and who, but being convinced wished to know the worst.

"WAS IT MY MOTHER?"

As they talked the tears came into the eyes of all. James Mooney felt that he had lost his daughter again. His wife wept from sympathy. Miss Freeman's tears were those of one despairing. The lip of the pallid, hardened woman continued to tremble, but her eyes were dry.

"She is my mother!" said Emily Freeman, and the visitors rose to go. Mr. and Mrs. Mooney gave Mary Cuneo some advice about keeping off the liquor. The woman said she would drink no more. Emily Freeman kissed her and sobbed as she slowly moved to the door.

Her mother's eyes followed her as she went. The door shut between the two. Then the woman who has been called "the Terror" began to bubble as she wrung her hands. She talked of child after child—gone; all, all gone! Her tongue ran on as if without the guidance of her mind. So many were the children of whom she maintained that the attendant called back Mr. Mooney to say:

"Don't put too much faith in what she says. She is talking of all sorts of children in all sorts of places. Don't be too hasty. I don't believe she can tell the truth. She has led such a hard life, and she has become so sharpened, that I don't think you can put absolute dependence on what she says."

But Mr. Mooney knew better. He had been sentenced against his fondest desire, to compel the Market-street system to reduce the rate of fare from the city to the ocean from 10 to 5 cents.

Charles H. Hubbs, Chairman of the Richmond District Improvement Club, in calling the meeting to order briefly stated the purpose and then presented the chosen for Adolph Sutro, which were given with a hearty will. Mr. Hubbs proceeded to arraign the street-car companies, particularly the Market-street road, for its refusal to lower the fare to the ocean beach. He predicted that the present agitation was but the inception of a stupendous fight against the corporate powers which oppress the people.

Mr. Sutro was then introduced to the audience and said:

I have been given unmerited prominence in this meeting. It has been brought about by reason of the fact that I have endeavored to construct a road to the ocean. I am sorry that the meeting was disappointed when I told them that I would compel the company to reduce its rate. That is my fight, fellow citizens, and I have entered it for the purpose of winning. (Cheers.) That show has a poor man if he goes to law with the Southern Pacific Company. I have had experience in that. I have said, and my previous remarks show that railroad company are so cutting that I have been threatened with a libel suit. I am responsible, and I do not retract any statement. The question simply resolves itself into whether the company will accord the Richmond district the same consideration it has given other portions of the city. The railroad company has its various eyes on Sutro Heights and the Cliff House, with the intention of owning them. (Cheers.) Over my will. They belong to the people. (Cheers.)

Some time last week we will hold a mass meeting downtown, and if the Southern Pacific Company has not given in by that time we will declare war.

"Do so! Go on!" was cried, as Mr. Sutro retired, but he excused himself with the statement that he was not reading in the fight even though he were not making a speech. Three more cheers were given for the low-rate champion, and then Thomas J. Glynn introduced a set of resolutions as follows:

WHEREAS, Sutro Heights, the Cliff House and Ocean Beach are the most notable and beautiful pleasure resorts within easy reach of the residents of this city; and

WHEREAS, Adolph Sutro, the owner, has generously offered to deed Sutro Heights to the city of San Francisco under certain conditions, the acceptance with which will result in immeasurable benefits to the public at large; and

WHEREAS, The only existing routes of travel between these notable resorts and the various portions of the city are controlled and operated by the consolidated car companies, which corporation charges a double fare, or 10 cents, for each passenger to and from the ocean beach and the city, while the fare between all other points within the county limits is but half that amount; and

WHEREAS, Such double rate is in direct opposition to the law and the franchise terms, and is a continued extortion practiced against the public in general and in particular the residents of the sections through which the car routes pass; and

WHEREAS, Such extortionate rates directly affect the welfare of the citizens and property owners of the Richmond district, as well as those south of Golden Gate Park, depreciating the value of property and proving a most effective check to the growth of the district by the heavy cost of transportation; and

WHEREAS, All efforts have failed to secure from the Consolidated Car Companies a reduction in fare to five cents, and a compliance on their part to the terms of the law, therefore be it

Resolved, That the attention of civic associations of citizens and property-owners that the property-owners of San Francisco are interested in general, be requested to unite with us in our endeavor to compel the Consolidated Car Companies to accede to our just and lawful demands for a five-cent rate over their lines to and from the ocean beach and Sutro Heights and all points in the city; be it further

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to confer with the proper authorities of the Southern Pacific Company and the building and operation of a suburban road, which will afford a substitute fare of five cents between the ferries and Cliff House, with branch lines to the Golden Gate Park and Ocean Beach.

Resolved, That on the adoption of such a route application be made to the Board of Supervisors for the issuance, under the law, of a franchise to lay and operate the same, and thus secure to the city of San Francisco the ownership of Sutro Heights and the south shore of Golden Gate.

Mr. Sutro, Mr. Glynn and Charles H. Hubbs were appointed a committee to act in accordance with the spirit of the resolution.

A WORD OF CAUTION.

Another resolution, presented for indorsement, was as follows:

WHEREAS, The question of a cheaper rate of fare to the Cliff House and Sutro Heights is one that affects the entire population of San Francisco, and as it is only by united action of the people that such a result can be attained, be it

Resolved, That a committee of three, composed of the following named gentlemen, Adolph Sutro, Thomas J. Glynn and Charles H. Hubbs, be appointed, being directed and empowered to increase this committee to twenty-citizens, independent of party, to act in conjunction with them in arranging for a public mass meeting at a very early date, to voice the sentiments of the people of San Francisco on the subject of a cheaper street-car service and better accommodations between all points in the city and Sutro Heights.

"Don't make your committee too large," said Mr. Sutro. "Don't delegate men who can be bought or influenced. I know none of the men who are intended to serve as committeemen aside from Mr. Glynn and Mr. Hubbs, and you must be wanderful if you desire to win this fight."

By this time the crowd had become all too great for the hall, and it was agreed to hold an open meeting on 25th avenue, Henry E. Highton was the first out-door speaker.

"I am tired of the supineness, the apathetic co-operation and indifference of the people of San Francisco to corporate control," said Mr. Highton. "For twenty-five years we have scarcely dared speak without corporate permission, and the sacred temple of justice has not been left entirely untarnished. I extend my hand and heart to Mr. Sutro, and if the Southern Pacific Company presses its thief with against him I will be only too glad to volunteer my services in his behalf." (Cheers.)

THE CONTINGENT OF A LIBEL.

James H. Barry was introduced as the next speaker. He confirmed the statement that Mr. Sutro would deed the Cliff House and the Heights to the public were a 5-cent fare obtained for the people's benefit from the city to the ocean. "If Mr. Sutro is ever sued because of his allegations to the railroad company," he concluded, "it would be impossible to secure twelve men in San Francisco who would not rise up and call him blessed."

Thomas J. Glynn was called upon at the conclusion of Mr. Barry's remarks. He urged the audience to affiliate themselves with the improvement clubs, advising them that by co-operative movement they could greatly assist in the fight for a single fare.

"Who cares for 5 cents? Only 5 c.

FIVE CENTS TO THE OCEAN.

Richmond District Residents Join Adolph Sutro in the Fight for a Reduction in Fares.

Southern Pacific Company's Officials Give an Intimation That They Will Begin a Libel Suit.

ASSURANCES BY THE SCORE.

An Open-Air Meeting Indorses the Agitation for Cheap Fare to the Ocean Beach—Resistance of Sympathy and Support—Practical Fight Against the Railroad Company Continued—Street-cars Will Be Asked to Grant a Franchise for a Competing Line.

Richmond District residents to the number of 1,500 or more met at Parrell's Hall, corner of Ninth and Lobos avenues, last night and enthusiastically indorsed the

Office of Adolph Sutro
30 Montgomery Block
San Francisco May 17th, 1894

I agree to deed Sutro Heights to a Board of Trustees in trust forever, to be kept open perpetually free to the public, provided a cable road which runs cars at the usual interval of five [5] minutes is built to the Cliff House, connecting at its eastern terminus with some of the existing cable roads, provided there is only one single five [5] cent fare charged from the Ferries to the Cliff House.

If, however, the rate or the price of fare is raised then the property will revert back to myself or heirs.

The right will be reserved by the Trustees to erect museums and other attractions and conveniences for the public, for which they may charge an entrance fee.

I will execute agreements to this effect immediately, providing the fare of the present existing road is reduced to a single five [5] cent fare from the Ferries to the Cliff House.

And provided further that the Southern Pacific Co. execute a bond that they will build a cable road within six [6] months from date.

Provided, further, that these cable cars run the usual cable car hours, from 6 A. M. to midnight.

Adolph Sutro

MARTIN AND PHIL BEATEN.

They Were Not Able to Manage the County Committee.

ADVISER BROWN AS A BOSS,

Colonel Burns Succeeds in Taking the Primary Election Machinery Away From Crimmins and Kelly—He Joins With the Independent Republicans and Defeats the Twin Bosses.

Martin Kelly and Phil Crimmins smiled pleasantly last evening in Pioneer Hall when Secretary Morris read to the Republican County Committee a circular setting forth the benefits of a new ballot machine that cannot be stuffed. The machine, it is probably unnecessary to say, was not ordered purchased for the coming primary.

There was another sensation before from the chairs when a resolution was read from the Thirty-ninth Assembly District Club congratulating the committee because it is "free from political bosses that has neither conscience nor heart."

The resolution, which was drafted by those pure patriots Andy Leonhardsen and Mike Duan, having been received with acclaim the committee proceeded to fill the vacancy by making Sam Brown the boss.

And this is the way in which the ex-Harbor Commissioner came to be elevated.

Neither Kelly and Crimmins nor Colonel Burns had an absolute working majority in the committee. There were a few independents—McQuaide, Morgan, Cosa and Treat. They held the balance of power. Sam Brown was their "adviser." That is the independent name for boss. These independents were unanimously opposed to Martin Kelly and Phil Crimmins, and to Colonel Burns, and upon their assurance that all they desired was a square primary election where every Republican entitled to a vote should have a chance to cast it, and that the primary should be separated and independent from the polls, Colonel Burns to give them all his strength, a plan was agreed upon to place the primary election in the hands of a campaign committee of seven—four of the committee to be independents. This agreement was ratified later in the evening when the committee met.

There was no opposition when the vote was taken, because Kelly and Crimmins knew they were beaten and did not care to make a public showing of their defeat.

One of the surprises of the evening was the appointment of the following named committee of seven, and unless Phil and Martin can hypnotize four of the committee they will be beaten in the end.

But they are a crafty pair and may rub up serenity and co-joy almost any day.

The committee of the independents, however, is considered by the politicians to be the best move Colonel Burns could have made, and after the County Committee adjourned it was the general opinion of Masters, Mulgrew, Cosa, Morgan, Treat, Marks, Philips and Dorn, to have full charge of the primary election. They will have power to select the election officers and the polling places, take charge of and canvass the returns. All polling places will be in well-lighted places, and the ballot box is full view from the sidewalk. All meetings of the committee must be open to the public. Each set of candidates will be entitled to a representative inside the polling place and a challenger outside. As San Francisco is entitled to 164 delegates in the Republican State Convention the number of delegates will be as follows:

Twenty-eighth	8	Thirty-ninth	11
Twenty-ninth	8	Fortieth	8
Thirtieth	8	Forty-first	11
Thirty-first	8	Forty-second	8
Thirty-second	8	Forty-third	8
Thirty-third	8	Forty-fourth	8
Thirty-fourth	8	Forty-fifth	8
Thirty-fifth	8	At large	8
Thirty-sixth	11	Total	164
Thirty-seventh	8		

The ballots must be of a pink uniform color, twelve inches in length and six inches in width.

Colonel Burns winds up with the following resolution:

Resolved, That in all precincts or districts where Republican votes fail to vote for the opportunities of delegates to which they may be entitled, the same shall be forfeited, and if a primary is proven, upon complaint to the County Committee, the County Committee will appoint the delegates to represent that district.

"That resolution," said one of Colonel Burns's friends, "is a knockout blow to Crimmins and Kelly by the same tactics they did two years ago in several of the districts, their delegates will be thrown out anyway, so they can never get a majority of this committee to the programme."

PERSONAL MENTION OF THE DAY.

Personal mention in the press were not water swimming baths, but Hamm-street, terrible Bangsgeard, Emery and Forest Street cars.

GOLD, SILVER and Nonpareil pens, inks, pencils, etc., etc., to stationery department of Sachse & Co's.

DECORATIONS, Victorian, Tiffany, Eve and modern, at Eisenbeisen's, Market and Tenth streets.

The Latest Novelty in Corset Clasps.

After many months of preliminary work the Hamm Social Club of Oakland, at last organized with over 200 members. They had their first meeting last night and elected the following officers: President, Edward Mooney; Vice-President, James Daly; Treasurer, J. P. Jackson; Financial Secretary, and Assistant, Recording Secretary.

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair
DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.
A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

ONE COUPON
GOOD FOR ALL.
THESE COUPONS ACCEPTED FOR ANY PUBLICATION THE EXAMINER DISTRIBUTES.
Three coupons, different dates, and 10c for the CENTURY WAR BOOK.
Three coupons, different dates, and 15c for the MIDWINTER FAIR PORTFOLIO.
One coupon and 15c for the EDITION DE LUXE.
One coupon and 15c for GRAHAM'S WATER COLOR PORTFOLIO.
One set coupons entitles you to ALL OF THEM.
When ordering be sure and state what Portfolio and when number you want.
May 18th.

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