

LAST EDITION. KILLED HIS MAN. Iceman McIntire's Opponent Did Not Survive the Bout.

Tragic Ending of a Wrestling Match in McAfee's Saloon. One Fall Settled the Stranger and McIntire Fled from the Police.

Police Capt. Westervelt, of the East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street station, was scouting Harlem this morning for James McIntire, a young ice-handler, who unintentionally killed a man in McAfee's saloon, on the northwest corner of One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street and Second avenue, last evening.

McIntire is married, and lives with his wife and two children at One Hundred and Twenty-first street and Fourth avenue. He has been employed for seven years by the Knickerbocker Ice Company.

Upon finishing his day's work yesterday he went into McAfee's saloon, where he met a stranger, who invited him to drink. They had many rounds of drinks, when the stranger, who was roughly dressed, like a tramp on a steam boat, proclaimed himself as the best all-around wrestler in New York.

"You may be the best in those places where you are known, but you are not the best here," declared the stranger, who challenged McIntire to wrestle then and there.

Nothing loath, the latter agreed, and in a minute more the men were struggling about the barroom, surrounded by a ring of McIntire's friends.

McIntire suddenly lifted his opponent and tossed him with considerable force to the ground. The stranger lay as if stunned, and did not arise until the bartender picked him up and stood him on his feet at the bar.

The bartender wanted to send for an ambulance, saying that he felt sure the stranger was seriously injured, but McIntire and his friend begged him not to do so, saying that if he did it would only get Mac into trouble and that the unknown was not seriously injured.

SEA FOX IN THE LEAD. She Crosses the Line Ahead of Her Fleet Rivals.

The Seawanhaka-Corinthian Regatta Has a Beautiful Day. Shamrock and Redoubt Having a Hot Contest.

Fort Hamilton, L. I., June 15.—The Seawanhaka Corinthians are perhaps the luckiest yachting organization around these waters. They always have a breeze of wind to sail their regattas, and an attractive craft makes their races interesting.

To-day was no exception to the rule. A very interesting program was arranged, and a "smoky sou'wester" wind sent the fleet racers dashing across the line with lee buried in the water.

Perhaps old Boreas sends them this kind of weather, especially to test the nerve and seamanship of the Seawanhaka fleet. She parted her lobstays just as she went across the line in the New York race on Thursday and has come on the way for her first race.

While she is there she will be made as smooth as sandpaper can make her for her matches with the other yachts.

Following is a list of entries: Schooners—Ninety-foot Class—Mayflower, Grayline, 8:30; Kathleen, 11:07:09; Minerva, 11:09:18; Bedouin, 11:11:51; Kathleen, 11:12:25; Minerva, 11:13:42; Roamer, 11:12:48; Minerva, 11:13:05; Clara, 11:13:30; Banish, 11:15:00; Minerva, 11:15:00; Volcan, 11:15:00; Marquise, 11:15:00; Saracen, 11:15:00; Nymph, 11:15:00.

All went over on the starboard track and laid their course straight down the bay. The starting signal was fired at 11 o'clock and the fleet was off in a twinkling.

The start was off buoy 18, opposite Owl's Head. They will sail the same course as the New York race, with the larger boats going to Sandy Hook Lightship and the smaller ones to Scullery Lightship.

LEGAL TYRANNY. A Poor Peddler Remorselessly Hunted to Ruin and Prison.

His Stand Destroyed, His Stock Gone and He in the Tombs. He Did Not Pay Blackmail and Forgot to Go for His Permit.

Augustino Cannavaccino lies in the Tombs prison, accused of a heinous offense. Yet he has not the least idea of what the charge is against him.

He is a Neapolitan of middle age, and has been in America only about a year. He came to the land of liberty and equal rights because his brother, who had come to America with his wife and four little children had died and left the helpless family with no one to care for them.

Augustino bravely assumed the burden, like Victor Hugo's Jean Valjean. His experience in America has been of a character which might easily make him, like poor Valjean, the enemy of all his fellow-men.

He had been told in letters from his brother and from others of his fellow-countrymen that this was a land of promise. That there was a living to be earned here, and that was better than could be said of his overcrowded native land.

And so he came to the relief of his little kinsmen. He had a little money, and his first efforts to get work, which would be needed for the little family which he had adopted, proving futile he cast about him for a suitable place to plant a stand for the sale of fruit, and found such a place at every corner along Tenth avenue, and Augustino, nothing daunted by this, applied to Mr. Appelman for permission to erect the booth at the corner.

There was a fruit stand within the street line at Fifty-eighth and Sixty-first streets, and at every corner along Tenth avenue, and Augustino, nothing daunted by this, applied to Mr. Appelman for permission to erect the booth at the corner of Tenth avenue and Sixty-first street.

There was a fruit stand within the street line at Fifty-eighth and Sixty-first streets, and at every corner along Tenth avenue, and Augustino, nothing daunted by this, applied to Mr. Appelman for permission to erect the booth at the corner of Tenth avenue and Sixty-first street.

SHEEPSHEAD'S OPENING DAY. THE CONEY ISLAND JOCKEY CLUB PRESENTS A FINE PROGRAMME.

Seventy-Five Bookmakers Will Call the Odds and There are Fifteen Mutual Machines—A Portion of the Famous Faculty Course Has Been Lost—Three Great Events on the Card To-Day.

The Coney Island Jockey Club's track at Sheepshead Bay presented an animated picture this morning. A crowd of horses led by jockeys moved hither and thither, some being exercised, others just arriving, while a small army of women, male and female, were putting the finishing touches to the lawn, grand stand, cashing house, and bookmakers' stands.

Before the jockeys have started a portion of its famous three-quarter-mile straightaway course, and that the finish in future races over the course will be about fifty yards below the stand.

Due to a flaw in the transfer of the property the track will be about fifty yards below the stand. The track will be about fifty yards below the stand.

Due to a flaw in the transfer of the property the track will be about fifty yards below the stand. The track will be about fifty yards below the stand.

Due to a flaw in the transfer of the property the track will be about fifty yards below the stand. The track will be about fifty yards below the stand.

Due to a flaw in the transfer of the property the track will be about fifty yards below the stand. The track will be about fifty yards below the stand.

Due to a flaw in the transfer of the property the track will be about fifty yards below the stand. The track will be about fifty yards below the stand.

BLOODY TOOLS. Dr. Cronin's Case of Surgical Instruments Discovered To-Day.

Clotted with the Red Life Blood of the Murdered Patriot. Another Clan-na-Gael Man Arrested on Suspicion in Chicago.

Moroney and McDonald Still Held Pending Judge Andrews's Decision. (SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.) CHICAGO, June 15.—The police have found Dr. Cronin's case of surgical instruments spawbed with clotted blood.

Another Arrest. Thomas Tierney, a member of the Clan-na-Gael and an employee of ice-man Sullivan, is the latest arrest made in the Cronin case. Tierney was taken into custody last night and occupies a cell at one of the police stations.

The officers claim that his whereabouts on May 4 have not been accounted for, and that there are a number of matters connected with the case in which it has been found that he has not told the truth.

The friends of Alexander Sullivan are jubilant to-day over the success of their efforts to get the Irish leader out of jail.

A Blow at the Prosecution. Judge Tuohy's language in his decision in the habeas corpus proceedings is regarded as a blow to the prosecution. The Judge said in part:

Haggerty's evidence relative to statements made by Sullivan at the time of Cronin's trial for treason, that the latter was a dangerous man to the Irish cause and ought to be removed from the country, is regarded as a blow to the prosecution.

The evidence fails to show any overt act on the part of Sullivan to satisfy his revenge. I do not think any jury would convict Sullivan on the evidence before me. After mature deliberation and very considerable hesitation, I have come to the conclusion that the defendant is entitled to go free.

Assistant District Attorney Macdonna looked after the people's case. MORE CROWDS IN COURT. As during yesterday's session the courtroom was crowded with spectators, the larger portion of whom were partisans in the factional fight in the Clan-na-Gael which has been going on for so many years.

When the prisoners came in with the Court officers they were accompanied by Edward J. Rowe, Moroney's most intimate friend. Both looked cool and unconcerned.

SECRETARY ROMANUS THREE. Thomas F. Romanus, Senator Grady's law partner, who is one of the members of the Chief Executive Committee of the Clan, was in the room, and appeared to take a very active interest in all the proceedings, although he studiously avoided the corner where Moroney and McDonald were sitting.

On the other side of the room was pale-faced, brown-bearded John Devoy, who was the originator of the serious charges against Sullivan and his associates, surrounded by a group of his friends and sympathizers. Moroney is said to be one of his deadliest enemies.

TECHNICAL POINTS. In making the formal returns to the writs of habeas corpus and certiorari, Mr. Macdonna stated that the two prisoners were legally in the custody of the Warden of the City Prison, and he requested the police justice to issue a writ of habeas corpus for five days to await some action on the part of the authorities of the State of Illinois looking towards the extradition of the Chicago people.

He also said that the evidence before the police magistrate was in the nature of an information furnished by telegram from Chicago, and he requested the police justice to issue a writ of habeas corpus for five days, because the Chicago authorities had sent officers on to make the proper requisition and with sufficient evidence.

CHICAGO OFFICERS ON THE WAY. They left Chicago at 10 o'clock last night and would reach here to-night. He therefore asked that the writs be discharged and the prisoners remanded.

THE OTHER SIDE OF IT. Lawyers Newberger and Delahanty then got up and made what purported to be a traverse to the returns, in which they denied the guilt of the prisoners and said that they had not been properly identified as the persons whom the Chicago people wanted.

JUDGE ANDREWS'S POINT. "That is not a traverse to the return," said Judge Andrews. "I have nothing to do with the guilt or innocence of these men."

LAST EDITION. HUNDREDS CRUSHED. Terrible Calamity in a Market Building's Fall.

Eight Bodies Taken from the Ruins So Far. Mexican Troops at Work Trying to Rescue the Injured.

(BY CABLE TO THE PRESS ASSOCIATION.) CITY OF MEXICO, June 15.—The roof of the market fell in to-day while the building was crowded with dealers and customers. Hundreds were caught in the ruins and are still buried there.

Many were instantly crushed to death. The troops have been called out and have set to work digging out the dead and rescuing the living.

So far eight corpses have been taken from the ruins and fourteen wounded persons have been recovered. Many more are missing. Not more than a third of the ruins has been explored.

The market is surrounded by a frantic crowd. The scenes of distress are heartrending. LATER.—There have been forty-five wounded people taken from the wreck, many of whom, it is thought, cannot be recovered.

The soldiers and citizens are doing all that human hands could do to rescue those buried beneath the debris and still alive. It is thought that the number of dead will not run over from fifteen to twenty.

BETRAYED HIS TRUST. New Milford Post-Office In New Possession of An Inspector. (SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.) BRIDGEPORT, Conn., June 15.—Post-Office Inspector J. D. Hall has taken possession of the post-office of New Milford, Conn. The accounts are in a very bad condition. The postmaster has been dismissed and the office is in charge of the United States marshal.

NO WEEKLY REPORTS. No weekly reports have been made for over three months and the quarterly report of stamps and envelopes sold since Jan. 1 has not been sent to Washington.