

CONTINENTS APART.

H. W. Brandon's Plucky Australian Wife in Search of Him.

A Sydney Dry Goods Man Gone with His Two Girls.

Left His Wife in San Francisco to Claim a Fortune Here.

Mrs. Brandon Arrives in New York Determined to Find Them or Die.

"I loved him, but he left me. He stole my two little girls. He may go, but I will hunt him until I find my children, if it takes until judgment day."

So said a comely young Australian woman to a reporter in the office of THE EVENING WORLD this morning.

She called to invoke the aid of this paper in search of her recent husband, H. W. Brandon, from whom she has heard no word in three months.

Mrs. Brandon's maiden name was Riley, and she has brothers in the dry goods trade who are among the wealthiest people there.

Four girls, resulted of the union, namely: Mabel, aged nine, Marcella, seven, Jennie, four and Nina, two.

A year ago Mr. Brandon claimed that his health was failing him. He sold out his various interests in Sydney and went to San Francisco, Cal.

From there he wrote to his wife, telling her to join him. She went, accompanied by her eldest brother, who could not bear to see his favorite sister travel alone with four small children to care for.

They arrived at their destination last November, and in San Francisco Mrs. Brandon opened a select boarding-house at 22 Fifth street.

Then he began to talk vaguely about relatives and friends, and about property that was coming to him in the East, and last New Year's day, as Mrs. Brandon told her reporter this morning, he said to her abruptly:

"I am going to New York to see about the estate my father left me. I will be back in a few days."

He wrote her a letter from the Commodore Hotel, and another one from 104 West Thirty-third street, but she never heard from him again.

She received one other letter from him dated at Taylor's Hotel, New York, on the 15th of January last.

That was about three months ago, and since then she has heard nothing of him.

She filled with alarm for the safety of her children, and she has been searching for them ever since.

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DROWNED, BUT ONLY A TRAMP

ANOTHER OF THE RIVER'S DEAD TAKEN FROM THE WATER.

Who He is No One Knows or Cares—Feet Clipped, the Body Lies at the Morgue To-Day Waiting Identification—Poor and Crippled, He May Have Put an End to His Misery.

Found drowned. Taken to the Morgue. Buried in Potter's Field.

So ends the last chapter of one man's life. His previous history is unknown.

A policeman standing on the pier at Sixtieth street and the East River last night saw the dead face looking up at him from the water.

It seemed to plead for assistance, help to land, and to be at rest forever.

A boat was quickly procured, and the policeman and a longshoreman rowed out after the corpse, which was upright in the water.

The swift tide whirled it about again and was carrying it off down the river towards the bay.

A storm of wind and rain came up, but still the policeman and his assistant kept on after the body, and finally captured it, while the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled.

They had no easy task to regain the shore, but they finally accomplished in safety. Under an old shed, by the light of a few longshoremen's lanterns, the policeman examined his find.

It was the body of a tall, muscular-looking man, whose right arm had been amputated close to the shoulder.

The body was thin and ily nourished, and it was plain to be seen that hunger as much as anything else drove the unfortunate to the water.

His clothing was old and tattered, all but his shoes, which were cheap but whole.

His hair was black and wavy and unkempt. He wore a black mustache and goatee, but there was a growth of several days' beard upon his cheeks.

He was about thirty years old and seemed to have led a hard life.

The body was taken to the Morgue. There it was placed in a rough blue box awaiting removal to Potter's Field, but an Evening World reporter called this morning.

Bob Morgue, keeper White's assistant, said that no one had called to identify the remains.

"I guess he had no friends," suggested the reporter. "He looks like a tramp."

"Yes, poor devil," said Bob. "I folks would call him a tramp, but he was not always so. He must have had a mother once. She loved him. Perhaps she is alive and loves him yet, and even now may be hoping against hope that she will hear from him."

Who knows what drove him down and down until he sought the river for a refuge.

Yes, he was only a tramp, they will say, and they will be right, but he was not a tramp when he was in the East, and he was not a tramp when he was in the East.

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WORKERS FOR '92.

Every One Offers to Co-Operate for the Great Exposition.

Mayor Grant's Office Inundated with Letters.

The Work of Selecting Representative New Yorkers Soon to Begin.

Mayor Grant is still absent in the Adirondacks and will not, in all probability, return until Monday next.

Still he and the 1892 World's Fair project are still remembered by hundreds of correspondents who daily flood his office with a mail which is Secretary Craik's *belles lettres*.

Today's mail was a sample of all.

First, Morris K. Jesup writes as follows from Bar Harbor, where he is spending the Summer months.

I see you have made a good start about the Exposition of 1892. If I can be of service to you, I am at your disposal.

The Chamber of Commerce, through Secretary Wilson, sent the following report of yesterday's meeting:

At a meeting to-day of the Committee of Sixty-one, appointed by the Chamber of Commerce to co-operate with the city and State authorities in the celebration of the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America, the following sub-committee to consider and submit to the names of fifty members of the Chamber of Commerce to be invited to the Exposition was organized.

The fact of the moose slipping he construed as an indication that he ought not to die.

Both men had stepped to the scaffold with a new rop was being prepared.

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DOUBLE HANGING.

Two Kentucky Murderers Swing from the Same Gallows.

The Moose Slips on One and He Has to Be Hung Twice.

The Other, Who Laughed on the Trap, Dies Instantly.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.] LOUISVILLE, Ky., July 31.—A double execution took place here this morning.

Charles Dilger and Harry Smart were hanged on the same gallows.

The hanging took place at 6.05 this morning.

Not only was the execution double, but each of the condemned men had been guilty of a double murder.

Dilger's crime was committed in August of last year, when he killed two policemen.

Smart murdered Measner Gre and wife. There was bungling work at the hanging.

Smart died almost instantly after the drop fell, but he slipped in Dilger's case and he hung with the rope caught over his chin and lower teeth.

He had to be pulled upon the scaffold again and was able to talk to the hangman while a new rop was being prepared.

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ELEN HELD ON!

Capture of Two Burglars Through a Serrant Girl's Pluck.

Clung to Them Like Grim Death in Spite of Their Blows.

Her Employer and a Policeman Came in Useful at the Finish.

Ellen Condon, a young domestic, twenty years of age, in the employ of Cornelius Ford, master painter, 411 West Thirty-fourth street, was the admiration of a large audience in Jefferson Market Court this morning.

Ellen was there as the captor and complainant against two burly fellows who tried to burglarize Mr. Ford's house. She was sitting in the basement window, about 9.30 last night. She had no light in the room, as she wished to keep cool and rest herself.

Suddenly she saw two young fellows come over the wall at the rear where there is a stable and approach the window. When they attempted to get in, the brave girl flung herself on them and screamed lustily for help.

Mr. Ford and his son-in-law were upstairs and they got down in a hurry. One of the men struck at Mr. Ford and rushed through the house. A laborer kept across the way saw him and shouted to the policeman, who nabbed him.

Then Policeman Kennedy went into the house and bagged the other youthful burglar. Ellen was pretty well used up. She had hung on tenaciously till her master came down, though she had been struck two or three times.

The boys are Henry Collins, eighteen years of age, of No. 528 West Forty-third street, and Cornelius McCaffrey, nineteen years old, of No. 442 West Thirty-fifth street.

Justice Gorman asked them if they had anything to say, and McCaffrey, the older boy and leader, said that they were drinking beer in the stable and saw a man in a cap, and they jumped over the fence to get away.

You did, and into Mr. Ford's house," said Justice Gorman. "Step down! One thousand dollars bail."

First Electric Car on Broadway. The first electric car ever seen on Broadway, ran from Fifth street to the Battery and back late last night.

Legion of Honor Picnic. The second annual picnic and games of the United Councils of the American Legion of Honor will occur at Sulzer's Harlem River Park to-day.

DIED. ROGERS.—JOHN JOHNSON, son of Luke and Mary Rogers, on July 27, 1893.

JERE, JOHNSON, JR.'S FLAG PROTECTED BY DECISION OF SUPREME COURT, NOV. 13th, 1888.

JERE, JOHNSON, JR. REAL ESTATE AUCTIONEER. DON'T PAY THE FLAG. THE GREAT AUCTION SALE OF LOTS AT NEW DOPP BEACH, STATEN ISLAND, IN consequence of the storm, is POSTPONED UNTIL TO-MORROW, THURSDAY, Aug. 1

JERE, JOHNSON, JR. 60 LIBERTY ST., New York. THE GREAT AUCTION SALE OF LOTS AT NEW DOPP BEACH, STATEN ISLAND, IN consequence of the storm, is POSTPONED UNTIL TO-MORROW, THURSDAY, Aug. 1

Premiere QUALITE CIGARETTES. Do not let any prejudice stand in the way of giving the incomparable Premiere Qualite Cigarette a trial.

DR. KNORR'S. NEW PUBLICATIONS. THE LIBRARY OF AMERICAN AUTHORS. OUT-TO-DAY—PRICE 25 CENTS.

LOST, FOUND AND REWARDS. \$200 REWARD or more will be paid for the body of a certain person.

HELP WANTED—MALE. WANTED—First-class carriage blacksmith and body case mechanics.

MEETINGS. M. E. JAMES, President. 57th ST., 551 to 555 WEST—Cheapest real estate in city, small families. Apply on premises.

JAMES MEANS \$4 SHOE CANNOT FAIL TO SATISFY THE MOST FASTIDIOUS. JAMES MEANS \$4 SHOE

THE GLORY OF MAN STRENGTH WITH THE SCIENCE OF LIFE. KNOW THYSELF. EXHAUSTED VITALITY UNTOLD MISERIES

IRON STEAMBOAT COMPANY. Coney Island and Long Branch. Week Day Time-Table for Coney Island.

MANHATTAN BEACH. Trains from East 34th St., N. Y. City, to Manhattan Beach, N. Y.

BOWERY BAY BEACH. The most beautiful and popular Family Beach. Only 10 minutes' sail from New York.

LONG BEACH AND POINT LOOKOUT. From foot of East 34th St., N. Y. City, to Long Beach, N. Y.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. Should always be used for children teething. It soothes the inflamed membrane.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS. THE MOST RELIABLE FOOD FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

ROCKAWAY BEACH. JAMAICA BAY, ARVERNE. VIA N. Y. AND ROCKAWAY BEACH RAILWAY.

SANTAL-MIDY. These tiny Capsules arrest in 48 hours, without inconvenience, those affections to which Urethra, Uterus and Prostate are liable.

SAN MIGUEL. A SAFE GOOD INVESTMENT. \$3.75 PER SHARE FOR A SHORT TIME ONLY.

BRIGHTON BEACH RACING ASSOCIATION. Five or more races each day. Races commencing promptly at 2 P. M.

REAL ESTATE. For Sale—Brooklyn. BARGAIN—Only \$3,750 which it sold this week.

MONUMENTS. \$1,000,000 WORTH MONUMENTS. Granite Works, W. Robinson, 1140 Broadway.

SOUTH BEACH BOATS STOP.

THE CITY GETS AN INJUNCTION AGAINST THE FERRY COMPANY.

Judge O'Brien has temporarily enjoined the running of the steamboats Eliza Hancock and Thomas A. Morgan between this city and South Beach, S. I.

The action is brought by the city, and the complaint is under the Montgomery Charter of 1730, which allows the city to control all ferries around Manhattan Island.

Among the most hot-headed ones the declaration of the captain of certain sailing schooners that they would fire on any American officers who attempted to board their vessels is received with indignation.

The Black Diamond has been ordered to Sits, in charge of a non-commissioned officer from the British, as well as the schooner Triumph, which was also boarded by the British.

There was no firing at the time of the seizure of the Black Diamond, a simple show of the British guns being enough to bring the schooner to anchor.

The only force used was in breaking open the chests to search for papers, which the captain refused to give up.

The British is reported, and more captures may yet be reported.

ALDERMANIC ASPIRATIONS. Several of the City Fathers are Looking Longingly Towards Albany.

Aldermen Carlin and Cowie are not the only City Fathers who are said to have legislative aspirations, and, strangely enough, nothing will satisfy them but a seat in the upper house.

Alderman Rapp, of the Tenth District, would not care to succeed himself, and County Democracy union candidate to succeed Senator Langbein in the Seventh District.

Alderman Binehoff, of the Seventeenth District, is spoken of as the Tammany candidate in the Eleventh Senate District, if Senator Ives should not care to succeed himself, and Alderman Walker is under the impression that it is about time for a Tammany man to succeed in the Republican Eighth District.

All of the Aldermen who are looking longingly towards Albany have come to the conclusion that they are not municipal, but district officers, and therefore do not come under the constitutional prohibition.

They are, therefore, not resign to become eligible for election to the Legislature.

ARRESTED BY MISTAKE. An odd mistake about the coming police picnic has caused some annoyance at Headquarters.

The families of policemen have been invited by Mr. Starn to a complimentary excursion on the Hudson on Aug. 10. Tickets have been accepted, and the picnic promises to be most enjoyable.

The arrest of Robert Wilson, a canvasser, for soliciting advertisements for an illustrated programme for the exhibition has caused the annoyance of the police.

Peter Stedroth's restaurant, at 383 Third street, opened business with a fight this morning. William Hirsch, a waiter, and Mary King, a cook, quarrelled in the kitchen, and Hirsch brought a glass of water over her.

Mary seized the foot-stool, and Hirsch possessed himself of the poker. There was a crash of arms and Mary fell with a hole in her head.

The police kept the water and the poker as a pledge of the maintenance of peace.

COOK AND WAITER FIGHT. The Paker Frazier, Superior to the First Street and Madison street, was called.

Peter Stedroth's restaurant, at 383 Third street, opened business with a fight this morning. William Hirsch, a waiter, and Mary King, a cook, quarrelled in the kitchen, and Hirsch brought a glass of water over her.

CAUGHT IN THE FLY WHEEL.

A BROOKLYN ENGINEER'S ARM LOST FROM ITS SOCKET.

Albert Celli, an engineer in the machine shop of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, was caught in the fly-wheel of a steam engine.

While adjusting a belt over the fly-wheel of the engine his arm or sleeve got caught in some unaccountable way, and the poor fellow was dashed around, striking the floor at each revolution.