

NOT THE STRANGLER.

Martin Phillips Released from Custody This Afternoon.

He Was in New Jersey and Not at Glendale Saturday.

Another of Hannah Robinson's Correspondents Now Suspected.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

JAMAICA, Aug. 7.—At 2:30 o'clock Martin Phillips was released on a telegram from Coroner Homeyer, saying that he had received word from Constable Brecher and Detective Miller, who went to Atlantic Highlands to investigate his story.

Martin Phillips is the young Brooklyn lithographer who was picked up in the Town Hall jail here on suspicion of having been connected with the death of pretty Hannah Robinson, the English servant girl, whose dead body was found in the lonely clearing back of Meyer's cigarette factory, on the Fresh Pond road, near Glendale, on Sunday morning last.

The officers telegraphed the coroner that Phillips had told the truth about spending Saturday and Sunday at Navesink. This, of course, established an alibi for him.

Phillips was seen after his release, but he refused to talk for publication further than to say that he would remain here and attend the inquest to-night as a witness.

STILL ANOTHER SUSPECT.

It is now stated that among the things found in the young woman's trunks were a wedding outfit and some trinkets which belonged to her mother and there were also found a few letters, besides those written by Phillips, signed by another man. The name of this person the authorities refuse to disclose.

It is said, however, that the man's name is Wallace. Officers are searching for him. According to the story circulated this man had been in the habit of visiting Hannah or meeting her at certain places within the last few weeks.

It is this true it gives weight to the statement of Phillips that he was not in the girl's company for several months. It is thought that the man Wallace might have been the girl's companion Saturday night when she was seen at the Manhattan Beach Hotel, and crossed to Rye, going in the direction of the woods where her body was found.

Phillips was arrested at his boarding-house in Williamsburg last night by Police Capt. Martin and Detective Serg. Corcoran, of the Brooklyn Bedford avenue station, on information from Detective Miller that the young lithographer had been the dead girl's lover.

This information was derived from letters found in the girl's trunks, which were brought here yesterday from Hewitts, L. L., where she had worked for Rev. Dr. Thomas W. Martin.

Together with Mr. and Mrs. William Laws, sister and brother of the dead girl, Phillips was taken to Rye, where all three detectives drove the trip to Jamaica.

After consultation with District Attorney Fleming Phillips was locked up for the night.

Mr. and Mrs. Laws returned to Brooklyn on the first train this morning.

The murdered girl will be buried to-morrow; her sister, Mrs. Laws, having arranged for the burial.

SEEN IN A CEMETERY.

RINGWOOD, L. I., Aug. 7.—A man called at Coroner Homeyer's office this morning and gave some information about the murdered girl.

He said that he was employed in Evergreen Cemetery, and that on Saturday evening last at about 7 o'clock he saw Hannah Robinson and a young man in the cemetery.

As it was beyond the time for closing the gates he requested them to let him pass. They went away and he did not see them again. He believed that they went out through the back gate of the cemetery. This gate is on the road which leads to the woods where the body of the girl was found.

He did not notice the young man particularly and did not think he could recognize him if he saw him again.

Hannah Robinson's married sister, Mrs. Laws, of Kent avenue, Brooklyn, has two children buried in Evergreen Cemetery, and Hannah was in the habit of visiting the graves of the little ones.

WHO MARTIN PHILLIPS IS.

Martin Phillips is about 305 Bedford avenue, the home of Dr. Laurie Log, who speaks of him very highly. The young man is employed as a pressman by Hinds, Ketcham & Co., lithographers.

Phillips's parents are dead, and he has boarded at several places in the Eastern district of Brooklyn during the past three years. He is twenty-five years old, and is a little above the average in intelligence. He has dark hair and eyes, and his face is smooth-shaven. His manner is frank and prepossessing.

He has been a member of the North Fifth street Methodist church for many years and has figured prominently in the Sunday-school affairs of the church.

Phillips readily admitted that some of the letters found in the dead girl's trunk were from him, and he explained the endearing terms contained in them by saying that at the time they were written Hannah and he were engaged to be married.

WHY HE BROKE WITH HER.

"That was over three years ago, and soon after their acquaintance began, Phillips fell sick with pneumonia, and when, on his recovery, he went back to the North Eighth street address, he was astounded to hear that when it was thought he was dying his sweetheart had called at the house and, telling the people there that he was dead, had insisted upon having his clothes and valuables given up to her. Mrs. Walker refused to do so, and Hannah went away in a rage.

Phillips asked the girl for an explanation. She did not give one and the engagement was broken off. But she retained the engagement ring with "M. to H." engraved upon it. Since that period Phillips had seen the girl but a few times. The last time was about six months ago.

HANNAH BECAME A MOTHER.

It was perhaps a year afterwards, Phillips says, that he heard Hannah had given birth to a baby. She had not married, and he was astounded at the news, as he had always until then believed her to be a good, pure girl.

His surprise at the time was increased by an attempt made by Hannah to fix the paternity of the child upon him. That attempt was unsuccessful, and he now believes that it was only made for the purpose of compelling him to marry her. The baby's existence was brief and after its death he lost sight of the girl.

A photograph of Phillips was found in Hannah's trunk, and all of his letters had been carefully treasured by her.

The prisoner was informed that Section

WEBSTER IN CUSTODY

The Slayer of Broker Charles Goodwin Surrenders Himself.

Escorted by Capt. McLaughlin to Police Headquarters.

For Five Days the Perceval Flat Murderer Evaded the Detectives.

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pistols and shotguns were freely used, and as a result there are three men this morning suffering from pistol-shot wounds and a score of others with sore heads, which were inflicted by miscellaneous bricks during the struggle.

William O'Connor, a soda water manufacturer, is the most seriously injured, his hurts consisting of a gun-shot wound in the right arm, which is broken in several places. Two other men, companions of O'Connor, whose names are unknown here, were also shot, one receiving a painful wound in the right wrist, and a part of the other's left ear being blown off.

WILLIAM O'NEIL BADLY TUPED UP.

William O'Neil, whom the White Caps have marked for special aversion, participated in the fight, and was so badly used up that he was hurried to New York by his friends on the first train this morning.

The right jawbone is said to be fractured, and his face frightfully swollen and bruised. James Fitzhugh, a modest and unassuming villager, who claims that he took no part in the movement against the O'Neils, but who happened to be passing down the street at the time, was horribly beaten and bruised. He is confined to his bed this morning, suffering intense pain.

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The battle occurred between the hours of 10 o'clock last night and 1 o'clock this morning on Grand avenue, the leading street of the village.

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At least twenty times were the 400 villagers driven back and forced to seek concealment and safety in the neighboring back yards and woods by the hand of the O'Neil battery.

Besides the injuries sustained by the three men, windows in the Post-office were broken and the front of a grocery store kept by C. H. Schloss, a prominent White Cap, was smashed in.

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The White Caps anticipated trouble yesterday, and they met in secret conclave during the day to devise such methods as would best put down any uprising on the part of the saloon-keepers' friends.

The committee stationed at the depot to watch the O'Neils was relieved by another committee at high fall.

James F. O'Neil, a brother of Patrick O'Neil, had read in THE EVENING WORLD that his nephew was hanging in effigy out here, and he left New York last evening with the avowed purpose of putting it down.

When he reached here he was at once spotted out by the White Caps, and when he climbed up to cut the wire upon which the figure hung, Constable Jenkins was red-hot after him, and he gave up the attempt under a threat of arrest.

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The White Caps saw him, and from his bold and defiant air it was reported that he was armed with three revolvers.

It was whispered about that trouble might be expected at any moment, and the villagers began to form on Grand avenue.

The men appeared to be strangers, and the White Caps soon learned that they were from College Point, and were friends of O'Neil's who had come to help him haul down the effigy.

The four men stopped their wagon on Grand avenue directly under the suspended efligy. The crowd of White Caps then moved down the street.

Some were armed with revolvers, while others carried clubs and clubs.

They pulled away from the wagon and a man in the crowd shouted to one of the four men not to interfere with the effigy.

The four men had in the mean time secured a chair on top of the wagon. One of their number mounted the chair and tried to reach the efligy.

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Suddenly a shower of stones and bricks fell on the carriage from the crowd, and this time the four men were forced to get away.

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The sight of revolvers put the crowd to flight, but the four men did not reach the village until after a long and hard fight.

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"The whole village is aroused over the trouble and the feeling against the O'Neils is running high."

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