

BARTLETT IS THE TAMMANY TIP FOR MAYOR

Says the Tammany Nomination Has Not Been Offered to Him as Yet, So It Would Be Decidedly Improper for Him to Talk About the Matter.

LONG A LAWYER AND ALSO A GUARDSMAN.

Has an Inscrutable Little Smile as He Speaks of Himself as a Possibility, but as Yet It Is Too Early for a Discussion of Chances in the Fight.

"I haven't been offered the nomination yet, so it would not be proper for me to talk," said Col. Franklin Bartlett to-day in response to inquiries regarding the current rumors that the distinguished lawyer and Independent Democrat was the selection of Leader Charles F. Murphy as the next Mayor-candidate of Tammany.

There is little in that simple reply, but there were volumes in the manner of the saying; the tone of the voice, the slight raise of inflection on the word "offered," and the twinkle of a smile that played about the full red lips under the tawny gray mustache.

Col. Bartlett has been many years before the bar and has had as his opponents in numerous cases the most astute members of the profession. These long years of practice, combined with natural talents, have trained him in all the subtle little arts of turning a word to a dozen different meanings.

The inscrutable little smile which accompanied the word "offered" might have been construed into a dozen different meanings. To some it might have meant "Now, this is rather sudden, but I have been quietly expecting it for some time." Others might have jumped at the conclusion that the Colonel had been handed the nomination by the convention but was under bonds to keep the matter a star chamber secret.

After careful pondering on the impression created by that quiet little smile, however, there is but one conclusion to reach. Col. Bartlett knew full well that powerful influences were being brought to bear in his favor for the Democratic nomination for Mayor, but he knew just as well that it would neither be discreet nor according to the ethics of politics and the law to come out with a flat "Yes, I know that I am being urged as a candidate, but as the time is not ripe I do not care to discuss it."

It was undoubtedly the thought of what he might have said with truth that caused the smile. Col. Bartlett is fifty-two years old, but were it not for the thin gray mustache and slight baldness above the forehead he could be taken for fifteen years younger. He walks with the firm, springy step of youth and carries himself with military erectness. His eyes are bright and sparkling and the expression in them changes with remarkable rapidity. Even when laughing and joking you can see that there is plenty of fire within that needs little fanning to burst into flame.

The Colonel refused quietly and firmly to discuss the local political situation from any point of view. He replied quietly that he was not a leader nor in any way connected with the running of the Democratic machinery in this city.

KILLED MAN, THEN TRIED TO ESCAPE.

But Policeman Followed on Electric Car and Arrested Reckless Driver at Pisto's Point.

Frank Sullivan, a printer, living at No. 46 East Ninth street, spent a night on the Bowery, and to-day his dead body is in the East Fifth Street Station, crushed by the wheels of a heavy American Express Company wagon.

Following the accident the driver of the wagon tried to get away by whipping the horses, and for a mile there was a chase up the Bowery and Fourth avenue, a policeman on an electric car finally getting him.

Sullivan and Herman C. Morgan, a bartender, living at No. 22 East Twenty-sixth street, had been to many places on the Bowery during the night, and at 3 o'clock this morning they were standing at the corner of First street and the thoroughfare, when they attempted to cross in front of the express wagon, driven by John Rintel, of Brooklyn, and going at top speed with merchandise for the Grand Central Station.

Both fell. Morgan's head struck a tub and he was knocked to one side, but not seriously injured. Sullivan fell under the wheels and was crushed. Several policemen who tried to catch the wagon by running were distanced. Another boarded an electric car and got the motorman to put on full power. In that way he got ahead of the truck, then stopped the motor at the point of a revolver and locked him up on a charge of homicide.

MAY BE MURDER VICTIM.

Mystery in Death of Woman Found on Beach at Summer Resort.

PORT STANLEY, Ont., July 18.—The body of a finely dressed woman about twenty-five years old was washed upon the beach of this resort. It apparently had not been in the water more than twenty-four hours.

An ugly looking cut on the right temple gives rise to a suspicion of murder. There was nothing about the body or clothing by which the woman's identity could be established.

COL. FRANKLIN BARTLETT, WHO MAY BE THE TAMMANY CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR THIS FALL.



CAN A MAN SHOOT A CAT VOCALIST?

That's What Brooke, of Hackensack, Would Like to Know, Now that He's Thrown Most of His House at Prowlers.

Can't a gentleman shoot a caterwauling cat which disturbs his rest at the midnight hour?

Is it imperative that the old, time-honored bootjack and the copper-bottomed wash-boiler must always be restored to when pussy becomes demonstrative?

Surely the predatory mouse should not be exempt from the sure and certain bullet, John B. Brooke believes, and Mr. Brooke, who is a New York business man, with a country home at Hackensack, is supported in this belief by a host of long feline-afflicted residents of the country and city.

The other night, for the twentieth time in a fortnight, Mr. Brooke's quiet little home at Hackensack was disturbed with the usual midnight aria, he reached for the loaded shotgun, so the story goes, and crept to the window. A flood of moonlight pervaded the surrounding country and Mr. Brooke saw a group of cats lined up—on the back fence, for there aren't any back fences on Mr. Brooke's domain—in various poses. Some had their backs up and others were doing a waltz on the front lawn.

An Old Offender. The leader of the gang was a Maltese, which to Mr. Brooke's excited vision appeared to be about as large as a bear. He recognized Mr. Tom Maltese as an old offender, and, taking aim, shot his old offender, and, taking aim, shot his old offender, and, taking aim, shot his old offender.

Mr. Brooke closed the window and went back to a peaceful sleep. But, alas! Mr. Tom Maltese, the detective was the property of Walter Ackerman, of Huyler street, who is Mr. Brooke's landlord and with whom Mr. Brooke was not on the friendliest of terms.

Mr. Ackerman was disturbed by the shot, and upon making an investigation found his Maltese with a broken back. His indignation was great and he made dies targets, the estimated value of the cat, which bill he ignored.

Ackerman, mourning the loss of his Maltese, and yearning for revenge, applied to Justice Heath for a summons for Mr. Brooke, and got it. Now Mr. Brooke has retained a lawyer and proposes to fight.

LANGLEY'S AIRSHIP IN STORM PERIL.

House-Boat Carrying Ariel Machine Breaks from Its Moorings.

WIDE WATER, Va., July 18.—Beaten for hours by a strong southeast gale, Prof. Langley's houseboat, containing his airship, slipped her moorings this morning and travelled two miles up the Potomac. Watchers on the Virginia shore expected to see her driven up the mouth of Chappawamoc Creek, just below Quantico, but an anchorage was found in shoal water before the gale had abated.

The vessel dragged with her one of the two large buoys between which she was first anchored. She remained in her new position throughout the greater part of the day, but it is believed that Prof. Langley will have her towed back. He is said to have been on board during the drifting. A temporary interruption of the plans was the chief danger.

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BAG WITH \$45,000 IN GEMS WAS SAFE

Mrs. Taylor Had Two Chamois Receptacles Much Alike, but One with Jewels Was Not in Jeopardy When She Shouted.

Mrs. Grace Taylor, widow of James Caldwell, the starter, who made a fortune at the race-tracks, was fined \$3 for drunkenness in the Yorkville Court to-day, and three young men, in whose company she was last night, were held for further examination to-morrow on the charge of attempting to rob her of jewelry valued at \$45,000 which she had on her person at the time.

Richard Polson Cleveland, the sturdy little chap who has been adopted by the mascot, was born at Princeton, N. J., Oct. 23, 1897.

RUSSELL WITH A FRIEND IN GEORGIA

He is Seen in Milledgeville, Where He is with Relative of J. W. McMillan, of Bradstreet's Agency Here.

Mrs. John L. Russell will arrive in Milledgeville, Ga., to-night in search of her husband, who is secretary and treasurer of the Turney & Burnham Company, Brooklyn.

Before she left her home at No. 100 Lincoln place, Brooklyn, Mrs. Russell said she placed little confidence in the telegrams which had been received from Milledgeville, all signed with her husband's name, and each saying he would be home Monday.

Even when informed that a reporter had seen her husband in Milledgeville she said she still believed he had been kidnapped and was being held a prisoner in Manhattan. She said she was merely going to Georgia to prove that her husband was not there and that the telegrams were a part of the plot to deceive her and prolong her search for him.

A despatch from Milledgeville says that Russell registered at the Inn Hotel there as "Henry Harris, Los Angeles, Cal." When asked why he left Brooklyn he refused to make any comment. He appeared to be in good health and spirits.

Since being in Milledgeville he has been much of the time in the company of J. W. McMillan, a brick manufacturer and relative of the manager of Bradstreet's Agency in New York, who is Mr. Russell's most intimate friend. Mr. McMillan would not discuss Mr. Russell's present whereabouts, but said he would be back in Brooklyn Monday.

MAN KILLED BY TROLLEY IDENTIFIED.

Coney Island Victim Was E. Eddie Carpenter, a Bookman—Mortician Released on Bail.

The body of the man who was run over and killed by a train near the Brighton Beach Hotel, Coney Island, was identified to-day as E. Eddie Carpenter, a book specialist, who had lived at No. 41 East Twenty-first street, Manhattan.

Mortician Robert W. Burns, who was in charge of the car that ran him down, was released by Police Magistrate Voorhies on a \$1,000 bond.

MR. CLEVELAND'S FATHER OF NEW BABY BOY

Born To-Day at the President's Summer Home on Buzzard's Bay, and Both Mother and Child Are Reported to Be Doing Very Well.

SECOND SON AND FIFTH CHILD BORN TO COUPLE.

Every Preparation Had Been Made for the Event, Doctor and Nurses Having Been in Attendance for Several Days—No Complication Is Feared.

BUZZARD'S BAY, Mass., July 18.—The stork has visited Mr. and Mrs. Grover Cleveland for the fifth time, and the former President is to-day the father of a boning baby boy which was born this morning. The reports from Gray Gables, the country home of the Cleverlands, is that mother and son are doing as well as can be expected.

The child is the second son. The little chap is also the second of the children to be born in Gray Gables. Marion Cleveland, the third child, was born in the big roomy country place in 1885, on July 7. One of the other children was born in the White House and the other son was born in Princeton in 1887. Ruth, the eldest child, was born in New York City.

Mr. Cleveland brought his family here a few months ago, and it became known that a visit of the stork was being prepared for. Dr. Bryant, the family physician, has been in attendance at Gray Gables for several days. This morning after his visit the announcement was made of the arrival of a boy and the excellent condition of both the patients.

Grover Cleveland and Miss Frances Polson were married in the Blue Room of the White House June 2, 1886, during Mr. Cleveland's first administration.

Ruth, the first child, was born at No. 816 Madison avenue, New York, Oct. 3, 1891. She was named after Mrs. Cleveland's grandmother, and as "Baby Ruth" ruled Washington street, today, during her father's second term of office.

Ether Cleveland is the only child of a President to be born in the White House, being ushered into the world Sept. 9, 1882.

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TRACKED HUSBAND OVER TWO WORLDS

American Wife of German Army Captain Traced Deserting Spouse from Place to Place Over Europe and This Country

SHE FOLLOWED HIM HERE.

Keeping a Vigil Now at Ocean Steamship Line in Hoboken Where She Thinks He Will Sail—Saw Him on Ferryboat.

A four-year chase that has led over two continents, to every large city in the United States and the capitals of Europe, as well as to the most remote of the beautiful wife of Heinrich von Schmidt, the gangplank of the steamship Hamburg-American Steamship line scanning the face of every man who approaches Patricia, which left for Hamburg, Schmitden hovered about the pier of New York.

Mrs. Von Schmidt tells a tale that reads like a novel. She is the daughter of Charles Courtney, a wealthy ranch owner of Texas. She is a beautiful woman of twenty-five, though the worry of four years' endless hunt has left its mark on her.

In the spring of 1888 there arrived as the guest of a friend of ranchman Courtney a tall, military youth of impressive bearing, and soon he was at the feet of the fair daughter. At first the parents of the girl looked with favor upon the suit, but after a short time Capt. von Schmidt had alienated himself, and he denied the house of the Courtney.

Met clandestinely, the fair girl was continued clandestinely until the blunt father gave her the choice of home or suit. Miss Courtney had listened enraptured to the stories of large estates and castles, fine social position in the courts of Europe and world-wide travels, and she chose Capt. von Schmidt.

The elopement of the couple was the sensation of the hour, and no more was heard of them for more than a year after their disappearance. Then came the story of disillusion. The bride was deserted and set upon revenge, the deserted wife began a hunt for von Schmidt. She passed him last Monday in the Delaware River on a ferryboat from Camden. She was going to Philadelphia and he was going to Camden.

Passed him on the Delaware. Mrs. von Schmidt took the next boat back to New York, and she knew that her prey was in his way to Jersey City, and on the next train she came to New York. Yesterday she got information that led her to believe that he is about to sail for Germany.

Mrs. von Schmidt called at the office of Justice of the Peace Seymour, No. 118 Washington street, to-day, and asked that a warrant be issued for the arrest of her husband. Then she told her story, and was told that the best method would be to call upon the police at the pier when her husband arrived. Mrs. von Schmidt said:

"I have followed my husband all over Europe and a good part of America. I will not stop until I find him in jail. Last Monday I saw him on a ferryboat going from Philadelphia to Camden, and one day I was just five hours too late to catch him in San Francisco." The fraid wife added that Patricia had sailed, but her husband did not put in an appearance. She left the pier yesterday, where she is staying with friends.

LAWYER MILLS IS TAKEN TO SING SING.

With Him Went Ex-Policeman Masterson, Who Will Serve Five Years for Abduction.

George E. Mills and ex-Patrolman Eugene A. Masterson were taken to Sing Sing to-day.

Mills will remain in State Prison for not less than one year nor more than one year and six months, owing to his efforts to steal the indictments found by a Grand Jury against Dr. R. C. Flower. Masterson will serve five years for the abduction of a girl named Berkeley for improper purposes.

FOOD IN SORROW.

How to Lighten the Burden.

"Who feeds his body starves his grief." There may be heart wounds difficult to heal, but a well fed, healthy body and mind softens the trouble greatly. A lady of Homer, Ill., says: "About a year ago my dear little four-year-old boy met with an accident which resulted in his death, and the anxiety and grief watching his suffering and death resulted in my having nervous prostration. I could neither eat nor sleep, and I was soon a total, miserable wreck, sick enough to die."

"Then I was put on Grape-Nuts food, taking a half teaspoonful at a meal; the amount was gradually increased until I could eat about three teaspoonfuls at a time. I began to improve almost immediately, gaining strength steadily day by day until now I have entirely regained health and am well throughout."

"Of course my sorrow will never entirely leave me, although they say time heals all wounds, but I am glad to be strong again, mentally and physically, for I can bear my burden better. I feel confident that if I had not used Grape-Nuts I would never have been well again." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

CONSIGN THINE ENEMY TO JERSEY

It is More Accessible Than Sheol and from All Accounts Offers Quite as Varied an Assortment of Plagues.

HERE ARE A FEW NEW ONES.

Foxes and Minks That Devour Game and Poultry; New and Fearful Beetles That Destroy Fruit; Musical Mosquitoes with Six Wings.

Evening World correspondents in New Jersey haven't been doing a thing to-day but bombarding the office with telegrams about unanny things. These reports indicate that New Jersey is cap-

sive in the grasp of bugs, beetles and wild animals. Comes the man from Allamuchy, N. J., who rode over to Hackettstown on his bicycle to wire the information that foxes and minks are roaming around the countryside like roaring lions seeking the meat of fowl—and getting it. Mr. Rutherford Stuyvesant has a place at Allamuchy stocked with pheasants and quail. The correspondent fears that it will not be long before Mr. Stuyvesant will have nothing left but the place.

Young and tender peasants are to the liking to the predatory foxes and minks. Mr. Stuyvesant shot a big red fox that had just slain a broiler yesterday. He has offered a bounty of 50 cents for each fox or mink scalp delivered. The entire fruit-growing country around Oxford, N. J., has been covered by a new and hitherto unknown (in New Jersey) species of beetle. This bug is brownish black in color, elongated in form and armored forward. It has four wings, the rear two being used for flying purposes. The bug has attacked the apple crop, ruining the fruit by boring through each apple from side to side, and kills the bug—also the apple.

The correspondents at Closter, N. J., say that the New Jersey "skeeter" has six wings and that it can play tunes. No less than fourteen correspondents report plagues of mosquitoes, gnats and wild flies. Truly it is hard living in Jersey.

DON'T GET IN A SWEAT

Perspiration—"sweat" is what the Bible and we common people call it—is a way nature has of driving out of the body refuse that has no business there. We sweat more in summer because, in the overheated bowels, undigested food ferments more quickly than in winter and produces irritating acids and gases. The bowels, overworked, try to relieve themselves by violent convulsions, causing terrible gripes and colics, and diarrhoeal discharges so acid as to make you sore, and leaving the intestines weak and worn out. Nature assists body-cleaning by sending the filth out through the pores of the skin. It is not safe to stop perspiring altogether, but most of the impure matter should be sent out by the natural movements of the bowels, and the offensive, ill-smelling, linen-staining sweat done away with. Keep your bowels strong all summer with the pleasant candy cathartic CASCARETS, that clean the system and don't allow the excrement to be sweated out through the pores. Take a tablet every night before going to bed. They work while you sleep and make you feel fine and cool all day.



Best for the Bowels. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. Sample and booklet free. Address: Sterling Remedial Co., Chicago or New York.

Advertisement for Sunday World Wants, featuring a woman and text about saving time and money.

In olden time Father Knickerbocker made his wants known to a few hundred of people with the aid of a Bell. To-day he makes his wants known to more than 3,000,000 through Sunday World Wants. Sunday World Wants Bring Monday Morning Results. Advertised at The World's Pub. Office, Park Row, Uptown, 131 Broadway, near 27th Street, 215 West 125th St., near 17th Ave., Bklyn., 225 Manhattan St., and all advertising agencies in city. Am. Dis. Tel. offices also receive and transmit advts. to World at office rates.