

BARNETT'S BROTHERS KILLED

A BROTHER IN BAXTER STREET FELLED BY A BURLY TOUGH. Frierer Cowe was showing an out-of-town acquaintance the sights when he was hit upon a sidewalk and killed by a fist blow.

A wandering hiker, ill clad and weary looking, came to New York from Scranton the night before last and slept in a lodging house near the Brooklyn bridge entrance.

Wahling thanked him, and he turned down Spruce street together. In the course of conversation the man said that his name was Thomas C. Cowe, and that he had been "sub-

bing" in various newspaper offices during the past few weeks. At the headquarters of Typographical Union No. 4, Wahling showed him a travelling card and wrote this name on the list of applicants for work.

"No, I haven't had any time; I arrived last night, you know," he said. "I'm sorry to take a little walk with you."

Wahling was talking to the man on the sidewalk when he was struck by a man who was walking in the same direction.

"You've struck me," replied the other with a smile. "My name's M. J. Walsh, the first one went on, leaning against the railing, and I came on from Chicago. I worked on the Tribune at Scranton last, and I'm looking for a job here."

"I'll go with you if you don't mind. I've got nothing else to do just now."

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HE IS 69, HE IS 83.

Judge Puster and Lawyer Alexander Simpson of Jersey City are preparing the papers in a suit to be brought by Henrietta Martin of 119 West Twenty-sixth street, thirty, against Frederick Carrard of Flemington, N. J., for \$50,000 for breach of promise.

Miss Martin is 69 years old, and she looks it. She is called on Judge Puster a few days ago and told him that she met Mr. Carrard last October, and she says it was a case of love at first sight on his part.

She said that she had been married to a man who was a family who engaged her as a servant, but Mr. Carrard persuaded her not to go. They are both French. Mr. Carrard is 33 years old, a millionaire, and occupies one of the finest houses in Flemington.

He owns a large part of the town. Notwithstanding his years he has the reputation among the townspeople of being quite giddy and fond of flirting.

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MADE HIS HOUSE A WRECK.

THE HOME OF A CARNEGIE WORKMAN RUINED BY MALICIOUS ENEMIES. Not an Article of Furniture in Foreman Maple's House Escaped Destruction.

HOMESTEAD, Sept. 3.—One of the most shameful episodes of the present wage struggle in the history of the State is being played out in the residence of Jacob Maple, on the banks of the Raritan river.

Maple is a foreman in the Carnegie Steel Company, and he has been the victim of a series of malicious attacks by his enemies. His house has been made a wreck by the actions of these enemies.

Yesterday evening Mr. Maple, who has been stopping at the Hotel Carnegie, had occasion to go to his home. He found everything in a state of confusion.

The degree to which these expectations have been realized is shown by the report of the Carnegie Steel Company's foreman, Mr. J. A. Wood, who has been stationed in the park as its superintendent.

He said that the park is in a state of confusion, and that the workmen are being treated in a most unjust manner. The park is being used as a place of refuge for the workmen.

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FOREMAN BUTLER'S STORY.

AFTER NINE YEARS OF SUFFERING IT BECAME UNBEARABLE. "OH, WHAT A DIFFERENCE IN THE MORNING!" He was a Victim of Nerve and Tooth Trouble, and He Says Any One Suffering From Some Disease Should Go to a Certain Doctor and Wildman and Get Cared in the Assistant Foreman of the Evening World.

Mr. J. M. Butler is a printer and holds the position of assistant foreman of the Evening World, 110 West 23rd St., New York. He is a man of 40 years of age, and he has been suffering from a disease for nine years.

He says that he has been suffering from a disease for nine years, and that it has become unbearable. He has tried many different treatments, but none have helped him.

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END OF THE LONG SEARCH.

WELLINGTON JORDAN'S BODY WAS RECOVERED YESTERDAY. It was Buried Beneath Twenty-five Feet of Sand in a Well on Henry Cox's Farm at Great Neck More Than Five Weeks Ago.

With the hoisting of a makeshift object from the dark depths of the shaft on Henry Cox's farm at Great Neck yesterday the long search for Peter Jordan's body was ended. It was shortly after 1 o'clock when the body was fastened to the rope and the word to hoist away given.

The body was recovered after a search of more than five weeks. It was found in a well on Henry Cox's farm at Great Neck, New York.

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NATHALAEUS RACE FOR PRIZES.

The Regatta of the Horse-shoe Harbor Club held a special handicap race for nathalaeus yesterday afternoon in Long Island Sound, off its pretty little club house in Horse-shoe Cove.

The race was a great success in every way, thanks to excellent officials, and was probably the largest regatta of its kind ever held. It was a total entry list of thirty boats, and the weather was perfect for a race of this character.

There were three classes, A, B, and C. Class A was for all launches under 25 feet. Class B was for launches under 20 feet, and Class C was for launches under 15 feet.

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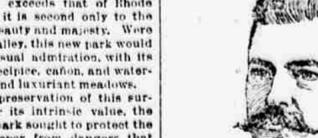
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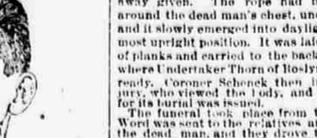
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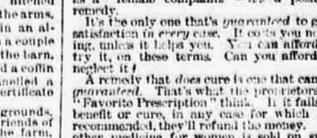
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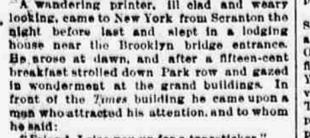
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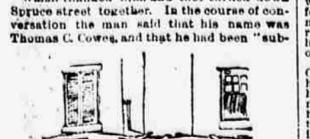
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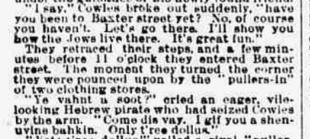
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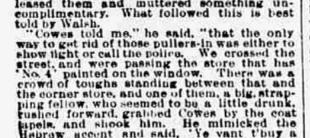
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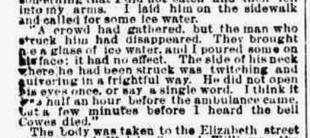
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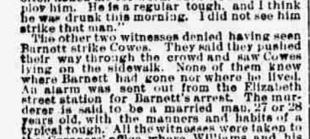
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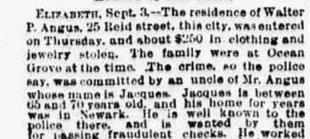
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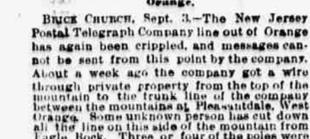
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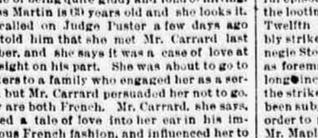
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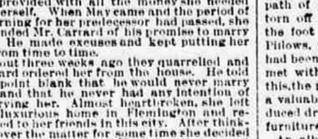
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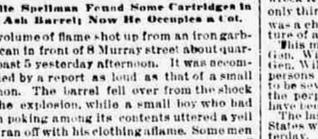
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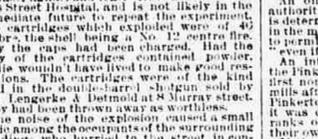
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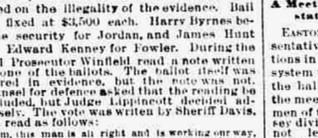
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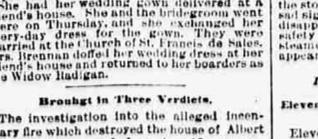
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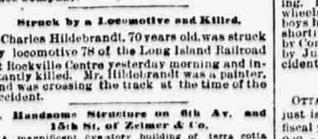
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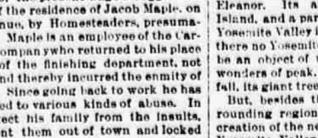
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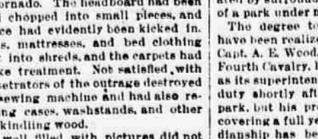
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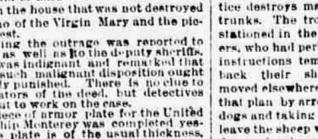
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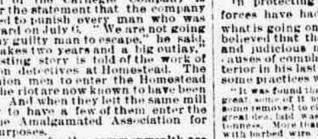
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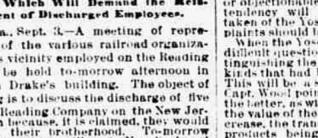
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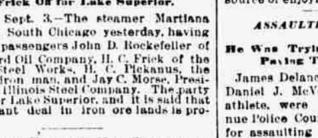
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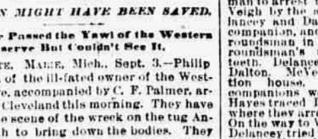
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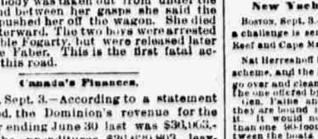
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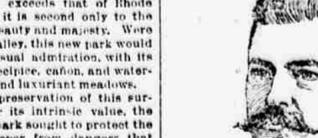
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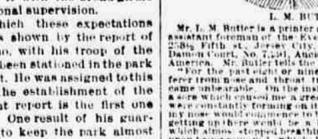
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