HILTON, HUGHES & CO.,

Successors to A. T. Stewart & Co.

UNPRECEDENTED BARGAINS in EVERY DEPARTMENT throughout the WEEK beginning MONDAY, SEPT. 25TH.

DRESS GOODS.

Choicest and most complete assortment of

AUTUMN FABRICS,

including the newest **COLORINGS** and **WEAVES** in the following styles:

Boutonne,
Rayure Ombre,
Mordause,
Fancy Natte,
Taconne,
Pointelle Diagonal,
Diamond Armure,
Crystalline Velour,
Fancy Gauffre,
Loop Ombre.

POPULAR DRESS GOODS.
(4th avenue.)

Scotch and English **CHEVIOTS** in checks, stripes, and fancy, **75** cts. reduced from 1.25.

SILK MADRAS SUITINGS.

75 cts. reduced from 1.50.
500 pieces

FANCY SUITINGS, (36-inch)

12 1-2 cts. reduced from .25.

CALIFORNIA BLANKETS.

1,000 prs.
11-4, **3.50** reduced from 5.00.
750 prs.
11-4, **4.00** reduced from 6.50.
500 prs.
12-4, **6.85** reduced from 9.00.
450 prs.
12-4, **7.45** reduced from 10.50.
600 prs.
13-4, **8.75** reduced from 13.00.

Silks.

Exquisite

LYONS NOVELTIES

in every new shade and design:

Bayadere Moire Antiguo,
Armure Barre,
Bayadere Satin Brocade,
Bengaline Pointile.

Special attention is invited to our new silk fabric,

"Satin Liberti,"

very highly recommended for Brilliancy and Durability,

1.85 per yd.

Black Goods.

Most beautiful selection ever imported, including

Gauffre Novelty,
Travers,
Boutonne Camel's Hair,
Natte,
Nid d'Abeilles,

Hopsacking, Sail Cloth, and various Storm Serges; an excellent line of Black and White effects, Gray Whipcords, and special Grays for Riding Habits.

80 pcs.

French Cashmere
(46 in.),

60 cts. reduced from 1.00.

Upholstery.

JUTE VELOUR PORTIERES,

variety of colors and patterns, **27.50** per pr.; regular price $40. Same material in

TABLE COVERS,

1½ yds. square,
2.50 each; value 4.75.

Balance of the entire stock of a French Importer.

Renaissance, Arabian, Marie Antoinette, and Cluny Lace Curtains,

Lots of 1, 2, and 3 pr., very slightly soiled, at ½ value; prices ranging from

10.00 upward.

SILK DAMASK remnants at ½ price.

Carpet Dept.

100 pcs. **FINE WILTONS,**
STANDARD QUALITY,
1.85 per yd.; reduced from 2.50.

VELVET CARPETS (Standard Quality), reduced to **75** cts. per yd.

Choice **ORIENTAL RUGS** for reception, dining rooms, and offices.

Anatolian Mats, Parquet Flooring,

Work guaranteed, at lowest prices.
Estimates Furnished.

Housefurnishing.

FALL IMPORTATIONS, just received. Most complete Stock ever shown in this city, and at lower prices than similar goods can be bought.

TIN AND COPPER MOULDS,
FRENCH COOKS' KNIVES,
JAPANNED AND PLAIN TIN WARE,

Hot-water Plates, Dishes, and Covers, Ivory and Wood Salad Sets, Brass and Copper Tea and Toddy Kettles, Brass and Wood Bellows and Brushes, Brass and Steel Fireplace Goods, English Corkscrews, **LOBSTER** and **NUT CRACKS,** and in addition the most superb Stock of Domestic Housefurnishing Goods in this country.

China Dept.

English Decorated

DINNER SETS.

114 pieces at
11.50 reduced from 20.00,
and 130 pieces at
13.50 reduced from 22.50.

SILVERWARE.

100 full quadruple electroplate

"TEA SETS,"

consisting of Tea and Coffee Pots, Sugar Bowl, Spoon Holder, and Cream Pitcher (Reed & Barton),
20.00 reduced from 40.00 & 50.00.

Millinery.

TRIMMED HATS, BONNETS, TOQUES, in exclusive styles. An excellent selection of **POPULAR PRICED HATS,**
8.75, 10.75, and **12.75.**

LADIES' HOSIERY.

1,250 doz.
Ribbed **WOOL VESTS** and **DRAWERS,** white, natural, and camel's hair, **75** cts. each; value 1.25 and 1.50.

1,000 doz.

Ladies' Cotton Stockings,

Guaranteed fast black and unbleached feet, **25** cts. pr.; reduced from .50.

750 doz.

Children's Cotton Stockings,

Ribbed, guaranteed fast black.
SIZES.
6 to 8½, **25** cts. reduced from .40.
9 to 9½, **30** cts. reduced from .50.

Men's 1-2 Hose,

Best English makers (plain colors and black, **50** cts. reduced from 1.00 and 1.25.
100 doz. Natural Wool

Shirts and Drawers,

75 cts. reduced from 1.25.

UMBRELLAS.

26-in. **BLUE SILK,** choice decorated Dresden handle.
5.00 reduced from 8.00.

Ladies' Suits,

in every new fabric and style, of excellent cut and finish, for

Street and Carriage, Reception and Dinner Wear.

A special lot of serviceable suits—latest styles, at
10.00, 15.00, and **20.00;**
reduced from 15.00, 25.00, and 35.00.

MOURNING ORDERS filled on shortest notice.

Ladies' Cloaks.

Beautiful Imported

CAPES,
WRAPS,
and JACKETS.

Many exclusive novelties never before shown.

Special Bargains.
100 **JACKETS** in **BLUE** and **BLACK DIAGONAL** and **CHEVIOT** for autumn wear,
4.85; worth 10.00,
and 250 very fine ones,
8.75 each; value 15.00.

Misses'

SUITS,
JACKETS,
and NEWMARKETS.

Entire stock of **CHILDREN'S SCHOOL DRESSES** at **1-2** price, and many new styles shown this week.

Furs.

CAPES, in Box and Patrol styles;
SEAL SACQUES, with Umbrella **SKIRTS** and
JARBEAU LAPELS.

All varieties of

FUR EDGING and TRIMMINGS.

CRAVATTES, STORM COLLARS, and Muffs at **LOWEST PRICES.**

Ladies' Gloves.

New importations, just opened—all the newest shades in

SUEDE and **GLACE KID.**

On **MONDAY,**
300 doz.
Ladies' Paris made

KID and SUEDE GLOVES.

5-button Suede,
50 cts. reduced from 1.00.
8-button Suede,
95 cts. reduced from 1.35.
12, 16, and 20-button Suede,
1.00; reduced from 2.50 and 3.50.
4-button Kid,
1.00; reduced from 1.35.

MEN'S TECK SCARFS
(flowing ends),
35 cts. value 75c.
Others at
50 cts. reduced from 1.00 and 1.25.

Special Sale of LADIES' SHOES on MONDAY at the LOWEST PRICES EVER SEEN in this city.

All new AUTUMN STYLES now being shown.

BROADWAY, 4TH AVENUE, 9TH AND 10TH STS.

FORTY GIRLS FROM WALES.

A LIVELY INVASION OF BEAUTY AT THE HOTEL ST. GEORGE.

They Have Just Won a Prize for Singing at Chicago, and They Have Lots of Fun While Mrs. Davies is Not Looking.

From Capt. Tumbridge, the proprietor, down to the most reckless hall boy—the gamut includes the guests—the inmates of the Hotel St. George in Brooklyn are in a state of bewilderment, delight, and surprise. Capt. Tumbridge is continually blushing and smiling and saying things which he, himself, does not exactly understand. The hall boys, being black, do not blush, but they wear a grin which is most expressive. The guests—oh, well, it depends entirely upon their sex and their age.

Forty girls—oh, gentle reader! Stop and count forty—all young, red-cheeked, bright-eyed, well built, with lips like cherries, teeth like pearls, eyes like stars, hair like sunlight on the ocean, forms like Grecian statues, voices like sorrowful nightingales—all this dazzling beauty swept into the hotel and—it is painful to think of it—registered upon the hotel book.

Capt. Tumbridge is in a daze. The hall boys laugh and say, "Huh! huh!" And the guests—you never saw a more agitated lot of young men in your life.

"Mor o gan yw cymru i gyd." There is a powerful meaning hidden in those words, for one of the girls repeated them. And she went on to say:

"It is so strange! Everywhere that we have been people—men in particular—have looked at us as though we were some peculiar kind of beings. Now, I don't see anything strange about us. Do you? In Wales, where we come from, we never take so much interest in strangers. But you Americans are so hospitable! Nearly every man we meet wants to take us to a theatre or concert, and sends us confectionery and flowers. I could just live here forever."

These girls all came over from Wales several weeks ago to compete at the World's Fair for the prize for the best ladies' choir. They won it. And now, glowing with triumph, smiling with happiness, and suffering from a surfeit of candy they are on their way back to Cardiff and the land of "gonyf dde ali y rhoddir eyfleusdra i rai," and other things. They came here under the leadership of Mrs. Clara Novello Davies. With their music, however, this story has nothing to do; the critics in Chicago have attended to that. Their jollity, their smiles, their rippling nonsense, and their feminine ways would interest any man in the world.

They came down to breakfast yesterday morning much as a troop of cavalry would make a charge. The other guests were sitting at the tables reading their papers, and eating in that half-hearted way in which people in big cities usually eat their morning meal. All at once arose a buzz of many voices and the rustling of feminine garments. The guests looked at each other in mild surprise. The sounds grew louder and the tread of healthy feet became audible and the surprise became greater. All at once, with a swish and a buzz and a bang, forty girls came rushing down the dining room stairs, two steps at a time, and landed, flushed and glowing, in the presence of the guests.

"What a jolly big room!"

"Oh! Isn't it lovely?"

"Where's Annie?" "Where's Mattie?" "Where's Nellie?" "Come here!" "Oh, your hair ribbon is loose!" "Where do we sit?" "Do we all sit at one table?" "Where——" "How——" "Why——" "Br-r-r-r-r-r-r-r!" all together.

Knives and forks were dropped and eyes opened in amazement. The Welsh singers, entirely unconscious of the attention they were attracting, marched down the hall to their seats and began to eat. It was a pleasure to watch them, whether they ate or whether they pressed their waists and sighed because they had eaten too much. Wales is undoubtedly the healthiest land on earth. Such cheeks, such eyes, such appetites!

They ate through seven courses and then looked reproachingly at Mr. Gibbs, the head waiter, who was feeling as he never felt before, for the other guests cheerfully stopped eating and looked at them.

As soon as the girls at one table finished their breakfast they arose, linked arms, and made a dash for the stairs. They were no longer interested in the dining room and lost no time in getting out of it. Now, American girls would have had to stop and grasp their skirts before attempting to run, but Welsh skirts are arranged differently. They are short in front, just falling below the shoe tops and trailing behind. It is entirely unnecessary to raise them in running, as they do not at all interfere with the free motion of the feet.

The girls ran all the way to the parlor, where they threw themselves about in various postures of comfort and grace. They had hardly settled themselves cosily, when, as if prompted by a sudden, electric desire they got up and ran toward the piano. There was great screaming and struggling and pushing and pulling, but finally a little girl with thick brown hair slipped into the chair and began to play. She played with skill, but kept tossing her head and stamping her little feet as though it were a huge joke. Some of the others began to sing, crowding closely around her. The rest went to the windows and looked out into the street, making remarks about the appearance of the men who passed by.

A SUN reporter asked for Mrs. Davies, the conductress. The girls laughed.

"If Mrs. Davies were here, sir," one of them said, half choking with laughter. "We'd all be sitting up stiff and straight."

"But where is she?"

"Oh, she's safe, sir. She won't be coming in here for some time, sir."

"But I would like to see her on a matter of business."

The girls began to laugh, and one of them, a vision of twenty years' contact with this world, said laughingly:

"Oh, you're one of those press interviewers. You'd better not see Mrs. Davies, for she won't let you talk to us. Our mammas said she mustn't."

They all laughed, and THE SUN reporter began to wish that he might dissolve into air, when young Mr. Tumbridge, the Captain's son, who had already learned the names of all the girls, came in and said:

"The gentleman wants to know what you think of America."

"Oh, gracious! We haven't thought of America at all," one of them said. "But if you want to interview us, sir, there's Bessie Evans, our leading contralto, who is the finest interviewist in Wales. She's been interviewed, oh! ten times at the least."

Amid much laughing and pinching and crowding, Miss Bessie Evans was pushed forward. She puckered up her lips and looked very sedate.

"Did you want to see me, sir?" she said.

"Oh, Bessie! Sing 'Where is My Beloved To-night?'" said a mischievous little girl. For a moment two dimples wandered hesitatingly over Miss Bessie Evans's cheeks. The next, she burst into hearty laughter.

"Oh, sir, you never saw such awful girls as these," she said. "They're the most—why, out in Chicago, they—they——"

"Bessie Evans! If you tell!"

They all laughed, and half a dozen of them fled from the room with blushing faces.

"You mustn't tell Mrs. Davies," Miss Bessie went on. "She would never like it. She had gone to the theatre, and the girls knew she was safe, and what do think they did? Five of them went and put on their Welsh costume and went out into the streets. They made believe they couldn't speak a word of English. They went into a fruit store—they have such lovely fruit in America and it's so cheap! Such big pears for tuppence-ha'p'ny I never saw in my life—and they all took up a big pear. Then they said something in Welsh which the fruiterer couldn't understand. 'Five cents,' said he. 'Nis gallaf beidio,' said one of the girls. 'Five,' said the man. 'One—two—three—four—five.' 'You don't say!' the girls said in Welsh. The poor man was nearly daft. He held up his fingers and began to count, and then the girls pretended they were afraid and they dropped their fruit and ran out of the store. The poor fruitman thought they must be crazy. Then the girls went into a chemist's shop and said in Welsh, 'Give us a pound of something you haven't got,' and 'Oh, mister, what a big nose you have,' and 'How far is it to Cardiff?' You never saw such a wild lot. The poor chemist nearly went mad trying to understand them.

"When they went out into the street quite a crowd followed them on account of their high hats. That's part of the Welsh costume, you know. Then they walked along the street, and a lady came up and said, 'Pardon me, ladies, but do you belong to the Welsh ladies' chorus?' 'Ihaw! manylion ychwanegol, gobeber,' one of the girls said. 'I would so like to have you come to my house and sing,' she said. 'Diwrnod hwnw yn bwrpasol,' the girls said, and the poor lady nearly died. You see they selected the harshest Welsh words they could think of."

"Were you there, Miss Evans?"

Miss Evans looked very prim for a moment, and then, bursting into a laugh, said:

"Hey dum diddle, the cat and the fiddle!"

The other girls laughed and cried.

"Oh, we mustn't tell about each other. We're sworn to secrecy!"

"When do you go back to Wales?"

"Oh, I hope we never go back. I think the ocean is just horrid. The day after we left Liverpool I came on deck and saw all our girls lying around like dead things. The ship rolled frightfully. We had a dreadful storm all the way over, and I was nearly dead."

All at once the noise and the murmur of voices subsided, and one voice rose, clear and sweet, in the strains of a Welsh folk song. The little girl with the brown hair was playing gently in accompaniment, and a tall, graceful girl was singing. She had a sweet and pure contralto voice of volume sufficient to fill the room. The guests of the hotel, who had gathered in the parlor, became silent and attentive and listened to the sweet singing. It was a pretty song with a sorrowful refrain, and though the guests could not understand the words, they knew that the songstress was throwing her heart into them.

"Well! well! well!"

The singing stopped instantly, and there was a hasty scrambling for concealment. A lady had appeared in the doorway, looking at the girls with a smile that contrasted strangely with her tone of displeasure.

"And I thought you were all practising!" she went on. "Now, young ladies, please get your music and prepare for work." She went up stairs.

"I thought Mrs. Davies had gone out!" said one girl.

"Yes, but you see, she's come back."

Five minutes later the room resounded with, "Do-re-me-fa-sol-la-si-do."

FELL 20 FEET WHILE SKYLARKING.

Roach's Neck Was Broken, but He Was Apparently Doing Well at Last Accounts.

While John Roach of 218 Freeman street and John Cunning of 26 Guernsey street, Greenpoint, both 18 years old and employed in Pratt's oil works, at Kent avenue and North Twelfth street, Williamsburgh, were skylarking yesterday morning on a wooden bridge connecting two buildings in the oil yard, the railing broke and they fell to the ground, a distance of twenty feet. Roach fell on his back and broke his neck. The sound which followed the breaking of his neck was heard by many of the employees in the yard. They found Roach unconscious, and sent a call for an ambulance. Dr. Reilly of the Eastern District Hospital responded.

Roach opened his eyes while the doctor was examining him and asked what had happened to him. He was taken to the hospital, where he told the doctors that he had no feeling in any part of his body below the shoulders. The hospital doctors thought his death was only a question of a short time. To their surprise, Roach asked for something to eat, and ate heartily of the food which was given to him. Last evening he was apparently doing well, and the doctors said that he might live for some time.

Cunning's wrists were sprained in the fall, but in other respects he was scarcely hurt.

HIRING RAILROAD WORKMEN.

A Fulton Street Agent Engages 500 Men for Work Out of Town.

A procession of men in want of a job filed all day yesterday in and out of 40 Fulton street, in answer to an advertisement in yesterday's SUN for men to work on a railroad "out of New York." More than 500 machinists, boilermakers, blacksmiths' helpers, and carpenters were engaged. Each man had to give his address and was told that he would be informed by mail when he would be needed. The men engaged were not told where they were to go.

A man with a pleasant face superintended the engaging of the men. To a SUN reporter he said he would need as many good men as could apply for several days, but he would not say what they were required for. He gave his name as Henry L. Williams and smiled when asked for more particulars.

A blacksmith who was engaged said there were three rates of wages—$2.75 a day for first-class men, $2.50 for second class, and $2.25 for third-class men.

There is a report that these men are wanted to be in readiness for a possible strike on the Big Four road.

BETHESDA

NATURE'S REMEDY FOR

ALL KIDNEY TROUBLES.

"I think the Bethesda Water as good a mineral water as I have ever tasted."

HON. T. W. PALMER,
President World's Columbian Commission.

1-2 gall. Bottles (Natural), Medicinal Use.
Qt. & Pt. " (Effervescent), Table "

BOTTLED ONLY AT THE SPRING.

F. SCHERER, Selling Agt., 8 Barclay St.

Very low rates to World's Fair by New York Central. See agent.—Ads.

ELOPED ON A STEER.

The Bride and Bridegroom Had Difficulty for a Time in Getting Married.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., Sept. 23.—On last Thursday morning a young couple appeared in Welch, McDowell county. They were Miss Carrie Coats, a pretty, peachy-cheeked country damsel of 17, and Sandy Johnson, a tall, stalwart, good-looking mountaineer of 22 years. They had travelled all night from the bride's home on Ground Hog Creek, in order to elude the obdurate father of the girl. The girl was riding on the back of a dignified spotted steer, and Sandy was walking by her side. The unusual sight soon drew a crowd of people, and, as everybody loves a lover, half a dozen hurried off after a magistrate or a preacher. Unluckily for the lovers no official could be found who would marry them, on account of the girl's age. When the couple learned of this they both broke down and cried, the girl sobbing as if nearly heartbroken.

The tears of the pretty young girl brought about a determination on the part of the spectators to see them through in some way, and one suggested that they take the train, then nearly due, for Bristol, Tenn., where they would find no difficulty in getting married. This proposition changed the tears of the bride into smiles of joy and Sandy's less apparent grief into open-mouthed delight for a moment, until he thought of the expense. Some one in the crowd, however, anticipated the young man, and proposed that the crowd pay all expenses, and in less time than it takes to write it pocketbooks were out and enough money was contributed to carry the couple through, with a souvenir left over for the bride.

The spotted steer was stalled in front of a pile of oats and corn to ruminate in peace and plenty until the return of the couple, and the procession headed for the platform. Neither of the couple had ever seen a train before, and when it pulled in they got on the platform between the engine and baggage car. Their sponsors soon remedied this mistake and had them conducted into a ladies' car, where the conductor was expressly charged to see them safely through. The last seen of Carrie and Sandy as the train was whirling out of sight they were folded in each other's arms, laughing and straining their eyes as they looked out of the window.

The Navahoe Seen from the Paris.

As the American liner Paris which arrived yesterday from Southampton was passing the Needles, on Sept. 16, her passengers caught a glimpse of the yacht Navahoe finishing her race for the Cape May Cup with the cutter Britannia. The centre-boarder passed within two cables' length of the Paris. She was hopelessly astern of the slick Briton. She carried all her light sails. The patriots on the Paris crowded to her port rail and became half delirious over the yacht, yelling, throwing up hats, waving handkerchiefs, and swinging umbrellas and canes. The Paris gave the Navahoe a rapturous greeting, and she responded by running the American ensign to her peak while her crew cheered heartily. Some of the Paris's passengers recognized Mr. Carroll, the owner of the Navahoe.

EVERYBODY GLAD TO GET BACK

NO PLACE LIKE HOME!

AND SURELY, NO PLACE LIKE RIKER'S, WHERE LADIES MAY GET ALL SORTS OF LOVELY CREAMS AND LOTIONS TO REMOVE FRECKLES AND SUNBURN, AND WHERE TOILET REQUISITES, PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES, AND EVERY POSSIBLE COMFORT AND LUXURY FOR THE SICK ROOM OF THE VERY BEST QUALITY MAY BE PURCHASED AT A SAVING OF 40 CENTS ON EVERY DOLLAR. DON'T FORGET A BOTTLE OF **RIKER'S EXPECTORANT.** YOU KNOW THAT THIS IS THE TIME OF YEAR WHEN A COLD COMES ON LIKE A THIEF IN THE NIGHT, AND THERE'S NOTHING LIKE HAVING A REMEDY HANDY THAT'S GUARANTEED TO CURE. ONLY 50 CENTS FOR A LARGE BOTTLE, AND YOUR MONEY BACK IF IT FAILS—OF YOUR DRUGGIST, OR AT

RIKER'S,

SIXTH AV., COR. TWENTY-SECOND ST.

COMMITTED SUICIDE IN THE WOODS.

The Victim Had an Excursion Ticket from New York to Shohola Glen.

PORT JERVIS, Sept. 23.—This morning William Wendt, a quarryman, found the dead body of an unknown man in a lonely spot in the woods near Torbell & Ridgway's stone quarry, about a mile from Shohola, Pike county, Pa. A bullet had penetrated the brain and made its exit at the top of his head. At his feet lay a revolver with one chamber empty. He had evidently committed suicide, as the revolver had been discharged in his mouth. A box of cartridges was found on a stone near the body. The man appeared to be of German origin, and was probably from New York city.

His pocketbook contained $2.66 and an excursion ticket from New York to Shohola Glen, dated Sunday, Sept. 17. A pair of glasses, pocketknife, and white handkerchief were also found on his person. He was five feet eight inches high, and weighed about 145 pounds. He had light complexion, brown hair, and sandy moustache, and was attired in a black office coat, dark blue diagonal vest, dark trousers checked with orange, congress shoes, and white shirt and collar. He wore a black derby hat, and his underclothing and clothing indicated that he was in comfortable circumstances. Justice Kneasling empanelled a jury, and a verdict of suicide was rendered. He was buried to-day, as decomposition had set in.

A despatch from Shohola says the name of H. Lustberg, 379 Eighth avenue, New York, was printed in the hat of the suicide. His linen was marked x1669. Some believe that the man was murdered.

We are Scalpers of Prices in Fine Tailoring.

YOUR CHOICE of ANY of the following HIGH CLASS FOREIGN GOODS, THOROUGHLY SHRUNK:

Finest English Clay Diagonal (no gloss).
Carr's English Melton (medium weight).
Scotch and French Vicuna Cheviots (ribbed or plain); also **Black Thibets.**
English and French Worsteds and Cassimeres.

THE ENTIRE SUIT TO ORDER..... **$15**

WORTH $28.

THESE SUITS are cut in the LATEST STYLES, including the LONG 3-BUTTON DOVETAIL FROCK and LONG SHAPE 3-BUTTON DOUBLE-BREASTED SACK, lined with best FARMER SATIN, EDGES FLAT-BOUND (by hand) or CORD, and all seams sewed with PURE SILK.

The TAILOR WORK of full suit warranted PERFECT.

FIT GUARANTEED.

All garments kept in repair for 1½ YEARS, FREE OF CHARGE.

COHEN & CO.

FRENCH TAILORS,
27 and 29 Ann Street,
One Door West of Nassau.

THEY NEED A PLUMBER IN SING SING.

This is the Plumber—His Last Exploit a Robbery at Mr. Maturin L. Delafield's.

The interesting thing about this plumber is that he made more outside of the trade than he did in it. He was a happy plumber, always volunteered his services, never asked for pay, but took what he could get. In the case of the Delafields it was $300 worth of jewelry.

On July 1 he called at the residence of Maturin L. Delafield, at 475 Fifth avenue. He told the servant who answered the bell that he was a plumber, Leo von Friedner by name. He presented a business card of Hindley & Sons, plumbers at 819 Sixth avenue. On the card was written in lead pencil, "Clean traps."

"Is this the place?" he asked carelessly of the girl.

"This is Mr. Delafield's residence. But were you sent here?" said the girl.

"Guess so," replied Von Friedner, indifferently, at the same time showing the card.

The plumber couldn't look the girl straight in the eye, and his general sheepish appearance made her distrust him. She called Mr. Delafield's two sons, Maturin L., Jr., and Joseph. The plumber showed them the card with the instructions, and as Hindley & Sons were doing work for Mr. Delafield, who was at that time at his summer home in West Hampton, they supposed the plumber, who had a kit with him, was all right. So Lizzie Paul, one of the servants, showed the plumber up to the top floor, where there was a sink. As she started to go up the last flight of stairs Von Friedner said, "Oh, that's all right. Don't bother to go up any more stairs. I can find it all right."

She thought that was kind of him, and, leaving him to his tinkering, she returned to her work down stairs. In about an hour Von Friedner came down stairs, and said there was some work to be done in the cellar. He busied himself for a while, and then calling to the girl he told her not to use the pipes until afternoon, when a man would come to turn on the water.

Two days later, on Monday, Martin L. Delafield, Jr., tore round the house, and wanted to know if any one had been in the house. When told that no one had been in the house except the servants he said:

"I guess that plumber was a thief."

The same day the servant went to Police Headquarters where, after a look through the Rogues' Gallery, she picked out one of the pictures as the photograph of the plumber.

At Police Headquarters yesterday it was said that "Von Friedner" is John Ryan, an ex-convict, who had been arrested during the summer for robbing seven other residences in the city. In each case he had pretended to be a plumber sent to do repairing. He was released on $2,500 bail.

Ever since the Delafield robbery Central Office Detectives Byrnes and Cady have been looking for him. Friday night they caught him in one of his resorts. Lizzie Paul identified him at Police Headquarters yesterday morning, and he was then taken to the Jefferson Market Police Court, where he was remanded till Monday.

The jewelry has not been recovered. It was all taken from the room of Mr. Maturin L. Delafield, Jr., though it was discovered that the plumber had gone through all the other rooms in the house without getting anything. Mr. Delafield also learned why the plumber had told Lizzie Paul not to use the pipes in the cellar until the man came to turn on the water in the afternoon. Form a secluded spot in the cellar some of the less valuable pieces of jewelry were found. The plumber had sorted the jewelry, and, possibly being well to do, had deemed it not worth while to take any but the most valuable pieces.

The plumber may be seen for a day or two at Police Headquarters, if anybody wants to see him. He is 30 years old, of medium height, broad across the shoulders, with dark hair and eyes, and a small moustache. His hangdog look is very noticeable.

DID THE CREW GO DOWN?

The Unknown Schooner Sunk Off Chatham Life-saving Station.

CHATHAM, Mass., Sept. 23.—Nothing has yet been learned of the identity of the vessel or the fate of the crew of the schooner sunk in collision about five miles northeast of the Chatham Life-saving station. It was supposed that the crew had been taken off by the vessel that ran her down. But the schooner Robert Graham Dunn, at Newport News, which reports colliding with an unknown vessel off Chatham, knows nothing of them. The Captain of the Dunn says that he lay by two hours, but saw no signs of the vessel again. None of the life-saving stations in the vicinity has seen the men, and they were probably all drowned.

A CENSUS BY LETTER CARRIERS.

Postmaster Dayton Collecting Statistics to Send to Washington.

Postmaster Dayton has begun a postal census of the city in order to demonstrate to the Post Office Department at Washington the necessity for new Post Office branches here and the reorganization of those now in existence. The Porter census was valueless for the Postmaster's purpose.

Every carrier in the city has been directed to obtain the following information on his route: Number of buildings; number of buildings in course of erection; number of buildings erected during the past year; number of vacant lots; number of residents in each building; number of firms or individuals engaged in business; number of boxes on route, average number of pieces of mail matter delivered daily; average number of pieces of mail matter collected daily; length of route by blocks. The carriers have been collecting this information for several days, and it is thought their part of the work will be completed in about a week. When that is done the result of their work will be tabulated at the several branch Post Offices and forwarded to the Postmaster, who will send the results to the Post Office Department.

Mr. Dayton thinks that by this system he will be able to arrive at a fairly accurate estimate of the city's population. He thinks that while the carriers have no authority to demand of householders the number of residents in their houses there will be little objection to giving the desired information.

FARMERS GET THEIR ELEVATOR.

A Contest in Minnesota Over a Recent Law Finally Ended.

ST. PAUL, Sept. 23.—The fight between the elevator companies and the farmers ended late yesterday afternoon in a victory for the latter. The contest has been going on since Aug. 5, the elevator companies having asked that the State Railroad and Warehouse Commission and the State Auditor be permanently enjoined from erecting the State Farmers' elevator at Duluth, for which the Legislature had appropriated $120,000. Judge Willis decided last evening, after long arguments, not to grant the injunction, and said that he would not interfere with the State or its officers in proceeding to carry out the act of 1893.

Working Girls,

"Are your cheeks pale?

"Your eyes dull, and step heavy?

"Does your back and side ache sometimes terribly?

"Are you at times faint and dizzy, with pain in the lower part of your stomach?

"Do you watch the clock, and wish the day would end, as you feel ill, and so tired. If so, listen! Standing all day, week in and week out, you have slowly drifted into woman's great enemy, displacement of the womb.

"That or some other derangement of the organ, causing irregularity and other troubles.

"Take warning in time! *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound* is the surest and safest remedy in the world for you."—*Miss Sallie Palmer, Juniata St., Nicetown, Pa.*

All druggists sell it. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills, 25 cents.