SHOT DEAD AS HE FLED.

A BURGLAR BROUGHT DOWN IN HIS TRACKS BY A POLICEMAN.

One of Four Men Who Were Carting Away the Contents of a Brownsville Clothing Store at 2:30 o'Clock in the Morning—His Accomplices Caught—Paddy Cohen's Services.

Abe Dorfman of 82 Avenue C, this city, was shot dead as he fled from three policemen in Brownsville at 3:30 o'clock yesterday morning. Two of his companions were captured and locked up for burglary. A third, Dorfman's brother, got away, but was arrested in this city yesterday morning.

The Brownsville part of Brooklyn is out toward East New York, and includes some of the Eastern Parkway. It is settled almost wholly by Russian Jews who make clothing. The place is full of clothing shops, which supply the wholesale dealers of this city. These shops, with their large stores of clothing, have long been sought as plunder by burglars, whose favorite method has been to drive up to a shop in a wagon late at night, and, breaking open the door, carry the clothing off by the cartload. Despite the efforts of the police and despite numerous arrests, the burglaries have recurred at about the same rate, one or two a week, until the police concluded that there were several organized gangs at work. The gang caught yesterday morning is supposed to have been the one in control of most recent operations in the neighborhood.

The gang was brought up at a sharp turn by "Paddy" Cohen of 297 Watkins street, from whose father they hired a wagon and harness with which, sided by a stolen horse, they intended to haul away a great quantity of clothing from the shop of Gellar & Abrawov in Watkins street, near Livonia avenue. Cohen is a peddler and owns a horse and wagon. At about 1:15 yesterday morning his father Philip was aroused by a noise in the yard at the back of his house. Thinking that burglars were about, he picked up a pistol and went to the window. In the darkness he saw dimly the forms of two men.

"What are you doing there?" he asked.

"Don't make so much noise," answered one man. "We want a horse and wagon. Ain't you an expressman?"

"No," replied Cohen. "I'm a peddler."

"Well," said the man outside, "we want to hire your horse and wagon for a while. We'll give you $10 for it."

"Wait a minute and I'll come out," replied the peddler.

He woke up his son Paddy and the two went out together and met the men. Cohen senior at first refused to let the men have his horse and wagon, although they pleaded hard, saying they had a big job on hand. Paddy suspected something was wrong and he told his father to let them have what they wanted.

"Then give us the wagon and harness and we'll give you $2 for the use of it," said one of the strangers.

"Where will you get the horse?" asked Cohen.

"Oh, there's lots of horses in Brownsville," answered the man.

"Give him the wagon and harness," said Paddy to his father, "and get the $2."

An arrangement was effected on this basis, and Paddy brought out a harness that was so badly broken that it would require a long time to mend it. The man who had done the talking went off to get a horse, and Paddy went over the back fence and ran to the Eastern Parkway police station, a short distance away. Sergeant Blaney was at the desk when Cohen came in and told him what had happened.

"They're going to rob some clothing shop, I'm sure, and if you want to catch them you've got to hurry," said Paddy.

The police at first doubted Cohen's story, but finally Blaney sent Roundsman William Gaughran and Policemen Coffey and Payton out with Cohen. They went to Cohen's house and found the two men still there. They had got a horse, but were still working at the harness, which had got into a tangle. The three policemen waited in the dark on the other side of the street and Paddy went back to the men.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Can't you fix the harness?"

"No," replied one of them. "I wish you'd try."

"All right," said Cohen, but instead of working with the old harness he went in and got another.

It was just about an hour after the Cohens had been aroused when the two men were ready to start. Before they went one of them turned to Paddy and said:

"Are there any police about here?"

"No," replied Paddy; "they're all asleep at this time of night."

"That's good. We'll be able to do our job;" and the two drove away.

Cohen warned the policemen, and the four followed the wagon. The two men drove along Watkins street almost to Livonia avenue and stopped in front of the shop of Gellar & Abrawov. The men jumped out of the wagon and entered the shop, calling out to some one inside to hurry up and bring out the stuff. In a minute they reappeared with a third man who carried a large bundle which he threw into the wagon, and he was closely followed by a fourth who also put in a big bundle. Then the four climbed into the wagon, the man who had done the talking and the one who carried out the first bundle sitting in front on the seat and the other two sitting on the bundles in the back of the wagon. They started to drive back toward Saratoga avenue. Then the policemen came out of their hiding places. Gaughran shouted to the burglars to stop.

"Stop or I'll shoot," he called, holding his revolver in his hand.

The men whipped up their horse, and tried to get away. The policemen ran after them, and began to gain on them. The two men on the front seat jumped, one on each side of the wagon.

"Stop or I'll shoot," called Gaughran again, and he pointed his revolver ahead and fired low without taking aim. One of the men jumped into the air and fell in a heap. Gaughran, not thinking it possible that he had hit the man, and imagining that he was shamming, shouted to the other two policemen to look out for him and the other two, who had slid down from the wagon and crawled under it, while he went after the fourth. He failed to catch the fourth man, and when he came back he found that Coffey and Payton had the two men under arrest, and that the other man was dead in the road with a bullet hole in the back of his head. The body was taken into the wagon, and the whole party started for the station house. An ambulance was called from St. John's hospital, and Ambulance Surgeon Graves was soon on hand. He said the man had been killed instantly.

The two prisoners said they were Henry Hertz, 24, salesman, of Christopher street and Dumont avenue, and Henry Zox, 19, tailor, of Watkins street and Dumont avenue. The police recognized Dorfman as a former resident of Brownsville who had been arrested several times, once for larceny, once for swindling, and once for drunkenness.

Hertz denied all knowledge of the affair, saying that he had been attracted by the pistol shot. Zox, however, made a confession to Capt. Velsor. He said he lived at 80 Norfolk street, this city. On Sunday night, he said, he met Abe Dorfman at 91 Norfolk street, and Dorfman proposed the job to him. At Norfolk and Hester streets they met Hertz, whom Zox had never seen before. The three of them went out to Brownsville and he and Hertz were told to get a horse and wagon and bring it to the shop which was to be broken into. Hertz and Zox went to Cohen's, to take his horse and wagon, and when they could not get Cohen's horse Hertz went away and stole a horse belonging to Solomon Chaiop, a milkman, who lives in Thatford avenue, near Riverdale. Then they went over to the shop. Zox said that he had never seen the fourth man, who escaped, until he saw him at the shop.

From a coat and shirt found in the wagon, and from the fact that a man with a glass eye had tried to borrow a coat from Abram Goldberg, a tailor in Blake avenue, at about 5 o'clock yesterday morning, the police believed that the fourth man who had escaped was Charles Dorfman, a brother of the man who was killed. The east side police of this city were notified to look for him, and at noon he went into the Union Market station to inquire about his brother. He was arrested, and Policeman Green of the Eastern Parkway station took him to Brooklyn, where he was identified by Paddy Cohen as the man who had bargained for the wagon and by Goldberg as the man who had tried to borrow a coat. He said he was Charles Dorfman, 20 years old, a cloak maker, of 82 Avenue C, this city. He denied all knowledge of the burglary.

Hertz and Zox were taken to the Gates Avenue Court yesterday morning and arraigned under two charges, burglary and grand larceny, and both were held in $5,000 and $2,000 bail each on the two charges. Charles Dorfman will be arraigned this morning.

Early yesterday morning David Dorfman, the father of the dead burglar, was notified of his son's death. With his daughter he went to Brooklyn and identified the body. He said that Abe Dorfman had not been home for four weeks and he had been confident that his son would come to a bad end. After the body had been viewed by the Coroner it was taken to the house of family friends. Capt. Velsor publicly commented Roundsman Gaughran on his work in the case.

Supposed Train Robbers Caught.

TRINIDAD, Col., Sept. 6.—The posse of men that started from this city on the trail of the robbers who held up the Gulf passenger train on Twin Mountain early Saturday morning have taken into custody five men supposed to be the ones wanted for the hold-up. They were captured near Springer, N. M. Among the prisoners are the notorious Pearsons brothers, three Dunnigans, considerable stolen property was found in their possession. The posse is now on its way to this city.

LABOR DAY AT CENTRAL PARK.

No End of Bicycles in Evidence, but Not Many Pretty Girls—Why Was This?

That it was a holiday was evident in Central Park yesterday. All day long the great pleasure ground was filled with pleasure seekers. Picnickers were on tap everywhere. Croquet was played on the lawns as well as more modern games, and there was baseball playing galore. Every hundred square yards of meadow apparently was devoted to the national game.

The result was not always picturesque, for the players generally took off only their coats, giving them an undressed appearance which the removal of the waistcoat would have obviated, provided that the suspenders had been also laid aside. While uniforms were lacking, the armor of baseball was conspicuous in even the humbler games. Catchers of small stature and of dilapidated clothing wore at least one padded glove apiece, while masks covered faces opposed to pitchers who seemed scarcely able to throw a ball with detrimental effect.

The drives were filled with horse-drawn vehicles of all sorts, and with bicycles of every pattern. Early in the day 211 bicycles were counted on the West Drive in five minutes. This is at the rate, of course, of 2,532 an hour. Cyclists do not confine themselves to an eight-hour day; twice that is nearer their limit. At that rate, over 40,000 wheelmen and wheelwomen did duty in Central Park yesterday. The number was probably little less, for the Park is used as a thoroughfare by everybody who does not go to or return home from the Westchester runs by way of Riverside Drive.

The unusual circumstance was noticeable that pretty girls were conspicuous by their absence from Central Park yesterday. A believer in the theory that the prettiest girls in town are those who are likely to be in evidence in the Park on Labor Day bet a scoffing friend at the rate of two to one (in dimes) that every girl who came along would be pretty. He was nearly bankrupt before they had walked over half the Park, but managed to get even by the finish of the stroll. He explains his not making a fortune on the ground that New York's pretty girls went out of town yesterday because of the heat, and that the girls who went to Central Park were from the country.

While the heat even in the shadiest part of the Park was that of midsummer, the foliage was that of early autumn. Here and there among the trees and bushes peeped forth tints that are the forerunners of fall. The leaves which still remain green, however, retain their freshness, thanks to the nearly forty days' rain which followed St. Swithin's Day. The grass, as a whole, is in comparatively good condition, in spite of the abuse to which it has been subjected through the Park Board's ill-advised decree permitting it to be trampled upon without restriction. Altogether the Park seldom looked fairer for a holiday at this time of year.

EULOGIZED JAY GOULD.

Col. Fordyce Pays a Tribute to Him as a Public Benefactor in a Labor Day Speech.

PINE BLUFF, Ark., Sept. 6.—The feature of the Labor Day celebration here to-day was the address of Col. Samuel W. Fordyce, President of the Cotton Belt Railroad Company, who eulogized the late Jay Gould as a public benefactor. Among other things the speaker said:

"Shakespeare says some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and others have greatness thrust upon them. I make use of this quotation to pay a just tribute to a great man, the son of a poor farmer, and who, unaided, achieved greatness. He was the most wonderful financial genius of modern or ancient times, the greatest railroad builder and operator the world has ever produced—less understood by the public at large than any American citizen in his day and generation; a man who by his indomitable will, intense energy, good judgment, far-seeing sagacity, and keen discrimination, in a business life of less than forty years, amassed a fortune of $100,000,000; but who at the same time gave employment to more than 100,000 employees, thus providing for over 500,000 human souls, the families and dependents upon those employees.

"Who will say that such a man was not a benefactor or that this country and multiplied thousands of its citizens have not profited by his having lived. He was never known to turn his back on friend or foe. He never forgot a kindness done him, but made arrangements with newspapers to herald his deeds of benevolence, and the result was that none outside of his small circle of intimate friends knew the extent of these. The Governor of Kansas, in the grasshopper invasion, did not appeal to him in vain, and without being asked he sent many thousands of dollars to the Howard Association of Memphis in aid of the yellow fever sufferers and authorized the association to draw on him for all that was needed.

"These are acts of public record and are quite insignificant as compared with many others that will never be known by the public. I personally know of many firms and individuals saved from bankruptcy by his unselfish aid in their hour of need. He dispensed charity as he transacted his business—in a quiet and unassuming manner. Such a man to friends and employees was the late Jay Gould, whose fortune still remains invested in the properties he created and acquired, and which continue to furnish employment to more men than any other system or systems in this country."

HERR MOST'S PICNIC FAILS.

Not 100 Anarchists Attend the Farewell Festival in Honor of Their Chief.

If yesterday's picnic of the Anarchists of New York, held at Manzel's Park at Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island, is to be taken as an indication of the esteem in which Herr Johann Most is held by his followers, it would seem that he has lost caste. It was expected that, as Herr Most was about to be himself to pastures new, this final picnic which he was to father would be the biggest of its kind. But just the opposite turned out to be the case. Although the mercury soared to a high altitude at Manzel's, there was a frosty atmosphere around the Anarchist party. Herr Most scowled when the subject of a speech was broached to him and swore behind his whiskers. There were fewer than a hundred Anarchists present. The saloon keeper looked for fully 500 beer drinkers. His cellar was stocked with full kegs, yet the thirsty Anarchists did not come.

Herr Most did something to relieve his host, and was aided by a few faithful followers. They drank beer by the quart, and then ordered more by schooners. But no amount of beer could cheer the crowd nor make up for the lack of Anarchists. Most wandered over to the grove several times and stood on a little hillock and looked over the thin crowd. He then went back to the schooners to drown his sorrow. His nearest companion announced that there would be no speech, and Most disappeared. The frost was complete.

DIED IN BATTERY PARK.

A Union, N. J., Assessment Commissioner the Victim of Heart Disease.

John George Schwartz, a Commissioner of Assessment of the town of Union, N. J., was found dead yesterday afternoon on a bench in Battery Park near the music stand. Park Policeman Thomas F. Eagan saw the man on the bench with his head hanging forward on his breast about 3 P. M. The policeman summoned an ambulance from Hudson Street Hospital, and Dr. Holmes on his arrival pronounced the man dead. A permit was given to remove the body to the Morgue. The cause of death is supposed to have been heart trouble, superinduced by the heat.

George C. Schwartz was one of the wealthiest and most prominent citizens of Union Hill. He was formerly Town Collector and he had occupied many offices of trust. He was one of the founders of the town. His age was 75 years.

THROWN FROM A CABLE CAR.

A Passenger's Skull Fractured at Ninth Avenue and Fifty-third Street.

James Gilfoyle of 18 West 125th street was thrown from a Columbus avenue cable car yesterday afternoon while the car was turning the corner at Fifty-third street and Ninth avenue. Mr. Gilfoyle was changing his seat at the time and was evidently unaware of the danger of street railway curves, even with the Metropolitan Street Car Company's new grip in operation.

As the car struck the curve he was thrown off and picked headfirst to the pavement. He was taken to Roosevelt Hospital in an unconscious condition, and the doctors there said last night that they feared his skull was fractured. The gripman in charge of the car was not arrested.

A HOBOKEN POLICEMAN RUN OVER.

He Fell Under the Wheels of a Wagon Driven by a Man Whom He Tried to Stop.

Policeman Gutheil of Hoboken was run over and badly bruised while trying to stop a recklessly driven team yesterday afternoon. The driver was Thomas Reinhard of 46 Hopkins avenue, Jersey City Heights. He refused to heed the officer's command to go slower, and Gutheil, who was at the corner of Hudson and Eleventh streets, which were crowded with bicyclists, in trying to catch the bridle, missed his aim and fell. Two wheels passed over him. He was taken to his home in an ambulance.

SOUND PIRATES ARRESTED.

THREE WATER THIEVES CAUGHT AT OYSTER RIVER'S MOUTH.

They Had Just Stolen a Sailboat and Were Beating Out to the Sound with It When Two Parties of Pursuers Closed In on Them and Made Them Prisoners After a Short Fight.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Sept. 6.—The men who have been sailing along the shore of the Sound in this neighborhood all summer robbing cottages left unguarded and stripping yachts have been captured. The capture was made last night by a party of Woodmont residents after a lively chase and struggle with the robbers. Last week John Ham, who has a cottage at Woodmont, near Oyster River, lost a fine sailboat. It was suspected that it was the work of the Sound pirates, as they have been called. Since that time Hall has been on the lookout for his boat, and also has kept a sharp eye when any strange craft have been in the neighborhood.

Yesterday, just at dusk, a sloop cast anchor about a mile off the mouth of Oyster River. There appeared to be three men aboard of her. With glasses the men aboard the sloop surveyed the shore. At night various lights were displayed on board the strange craft. That was sufficient to arouse the suspicion of Ham. He told Benjamin Lindlay and Harry Trowbridge of his suspicions, and they decided to watch the strange boat. About midnight they saw a small boat with three men in it leave the sloop. They pulled quietly along and up Oyster River to where a fine new sailboat belonging to Harry Waddingham lay anchored in a little cove. Ham and his companions had armed themselves, Lindlay with a shotgun and the two others with revolvers. They had a rowboat handy, and when the men from the sloop rowed up the river the watchers embarked in their boat and followed.

It was bright moonlight, and Harry Waddingham, who had learned of the presence of the strange craft, had been watching his boat from his house near by. He saw the men row up the river and leave the rowboat and jump aboard his boat and hoist sail. He summoned two neighbors and hurried to the river and, jumping into a rowboat, pulled up the river to where the robbers were. Ham and his companions did not wait after they saw the men get aboard Waddingham's boat. They pulled along the shore in the shadow, as near the stolen boat as possible. They were not more than a quarter of a mile away when the robbers discovered them and took a different tack. The pursuers called for the robbers to stop and fired shots to let them know they were armed. Ham and the others pulled with all their strength, but did not gain on the sailboat, and it looked as if the robbers would get out of the river and in the Sound, where there was quite a fresh breeze, and thus make their escape.

A new state of affairs confronted the robbers, however, when they were near the mouth of the river. Waddingham and his companions were rowing up the river. They were right on the robbers before they were discovered. Their escape was impossible. The men on the sloop boat seemed to lose their head, and the craft was almost at a standstill as the two boats filled with pursuers closed in on them. When within a few feet two of the men jumped overboard and endeavored to escape by swimming. Ham's boat easily overtook them. The men did not offer any resistance as they were dragged over the side of the boat almost exhausted. Waddingham and his companions boarded the boat, which contained the lone robber. He stood in the stern with an oar held in the air. It was three to one, and he was quickly overpowered. The three robbers were secured, and an hour afterward were locked in Milford jail.

The craft which the robbers left at the mouth of the river is an old one and worth little. It was well provisioned. There was no name on it, nor was anything found aboard to tell who the owners or occupants were. No stolen property was found aboard. The captured men refuse to talk. The boat the robbers had is still held at Woodmont. The prisoners will be charged with the theft of Waddingham's boat, and an effort will be made to fix other thefts on them.

THEY HOLD THE HOTEL.

Congress Hall Servants at Cape May Demand Their Pay and Refuse to Budge.

CAPE MAY, N. J., Sept. 6.—Under the leadership of the head waiter, Robert America, and the chief cook, Edward Harris, fifty servants hold the servants' wing of the closed Congress Hall Hotel against all strategic attempts to coax or drive them out.

The hotel closed on last Monday without previous warning or subsequent explanation. The wages of the servants had not been paid for several weeks. They declined to accept Manager Cake's proposition that they should go to the Girard House in Philadelphia and get their back pay.

"We decline to recede," said Mr. America. "We will stay here until reduced to indefensible starvation. But we want our money."

In this determination the negroes have the support of Mayor Hildreth as well as of ex-Judge Wescott, who has been retained as their counsel. The sympathy of the townspeople is with them.

The hotel has always borne an excellent reputation for sound business methods, and it is believed that the company which owns the place will pay the servants rather than endure the scandal much longer. In their restricted quarters the negroes try to combine their attempts to keep up their own cheerfulness with efforts to remind Manager Cake, who has retained lodgings in the hotel, that they are still with him. They sing "Hold the Fort" and secular songs fully as appropriate and more in accord with their feelings.

A big yellow moon, looking for like the full moon in eclipse and a trilled shirt front like a pillow of supporting cloud came out on the veranda today. He sat heavily down on the bottom step and heaved a sigh. He mopped his sorrow-corrugated brow. A reporter asked him what he thought of the situation.

"Go on, man," he said, waving the questioner back. "I lemme lone. I'm in no way to repress my sehtiments. No. I did not come out here to make no statement of any kind whatsoever. If you all desire me to speak I'll just bust right out and tell you. Honest, I came out here wondering whether any gentleman out here was waiting for me to go to dinner with him."

The despair in his face gathered intensity as he looked in the countenances of those who had gathered to listen to him and saw in them no sign that the dinner would be forthcoming. He got up and walked a few steps away to a wheelbarrow. He sat down on its edge, and buried his face in his hands. He was in the attitude of supplication.

Head Waiter America was more talkative. He said that the waiters, chambermaids, cooks, and other servants would have been starved out several days ago if it had not been for a Cape May grocer and butcher, who voluntarily came to their aid with gifts of provisions. America hinted with some fervor that if the beleagured servants did not receive the demanded wages within a few days there might be trouble. He didn't say outright that they would begin with the servants' quarters and pull the hotel down about their ears, but he intimated that some such thing as a boycott of the Congress Hall Hotel by all negro servants might be declared for the future. From the way he spoke it was quite clear that he didn't see how the hotel could survive such an extreme measure.

"Other Cape May folks have come to our assistance since the butcher and baker so kindly supplied us with food for our children, and we can hold out now until it gets so cold that there won't be any use living here any more. We are informed on very good authority that the company will pay us soon, and before it pays any of its other creditors. I hope that said will come to us soon, I most certainly do. We are a band of wronged and hungry men and women, and our Christian forbearance is almost exhausted."

ALLEGED MURDERERS NABBED.

Two Italians Accused of Killing a Man in Westerly, R. I.

Two Italians, who are said to be fugitives from justice from Westerly, R. I., were arrested in this city last night upon information furnished by a countryman.

Giuseppe Tuaro was the informer. He went to the East 104th street station and told the police that he knew the hiding place of two Italians who were wanted at Westerly for stabbing and killing a man.

The police of the 104th street station communicated with Headquarters, and found that two men were wanted for the crime referred to, and that the description of the fugitives was like the description which Tuaro gave of the men he knew of.

Detectives were sent to the addresses given by Tuaro, and Francis Montgrino, of 2211 First avenue, and Paolo Drisi of Westerly, R. I., were arrested. They were locked up at Headquarters and will be arraigned in Court to-day.

Chairman H. K. Boyer Resigns.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 6.—Speaker Henry K. Boyer of the Pennsylvania Legislature has resigned the chairmanship of the Executive Committee of the Republican State Campaign Committee, in which he succeeded Frank Willing Leach, and T. Larry Eyre of Chester county, an enthusiastic supporter of Major McCauley, the candidate for Auditor-General, was placed nominally at the helm today. There is no significance, Boyer says, in the resignation, which is owing to pressure of private business.

W. & J. SLOANE

Are now offering all their newest designs and colorings in

Carpets, Rugs, AND Upholstery Goods.

Intending purchasers will do well to make selections now while the assortment is complete.

Upholstery Department enlarged, and many exclusive novelties exhibited.

BROADWAY, 18TH & 19TH STS.

THE PRESIDENT LEAVES CANTON.

He and Mrs. McKinley First Visit Their Old Home and the Graves of Their Children.

CANTON, O., Sept. 6.—At 9 o'clock to-night a Pennsylvania special left the depot in Canton, carrying from their old home President and Mrs. McKinley. As the train began to move eastward the President and Mrs. McKinley stepped to the rear platform and answered the salutes of the people gathered at the station. As long as they could be seen they continued to wave a farewell to friends and the home city. Carriages containing a half dozen Cantonians were whisked to the home of Mother McKinley fifteen minutes before 9 o'clock, and the President and Mrs. McKinley were driven to the private car in waiting. There was no formal demonstration, but cheers greeted the President wherever he was recognized. Few Cantonians knew that a special train would be taken, as the fact was kept from the public in deference to the President's wish. Thoroughly rested and much benefited, the President left Canton for a short stay at the summer home of his brother Abner at Somerset, Pa.

To-day was Labor Day in this State, and it was a veritable day of rest for President McKinley. He enjoyed it, too. Surrounded by relatives who are dear to him, he threw away as much as possible all thoughts of his official duties. He and Mrs. McKinley, however, visited Westlawn Cemetery, where they placed flowers on the graves of their children, a beautiful custom they never neglect, no matter how short their stay in this city. A short drive was taken about the city, and then President and wife returned to the home of Mother McKinley. There were many callers, but they were for the most part Cantonians, old time friends, who had dropped in to see them. To all the President had a gracious greeting and warm welcome. Among the callers were many of the "old boys in blue," comrades in arms, and members of the Canton Grand Army post, on the rolls of which the name of William McKinley appears. To these the President extended a specially warm welcome.

While at the home of his mother the President laid aside all formality and was once more the citizen of Canton in every respect, so far as appearance is concerned. He sought rest on the side porch of his mother's home, and there, with a friend, sat on the step and enjoyed a cigar. After receiving neighbors and other callers, he and Mrs. McKinley drove to the country home of Mrs. Maria Saxton, who had been a companion of Mrs. McKinley at the White House, and took lunch with her. They remained there some time after lunch and then returned to the city.

The memories of a year ago came back to both President and Mrs. McKinley, and they could not resist taking a look at the home occupied by them before leaving for Washington. So they drove over to North Market street to the little wooden house, made famous by reason of its being the mecca for hundreds of thousands of people during the campaign of last fall. The afternoon and evening were spent at the home of the President's mother. Among the many callers that came to see Mr. McKinley were some former residents of this city, who now live in far distant States. They had planned to reach Canton on a visit with friends about the time the President would reach here, and in calling on him did not forget to mention that there were certain offices in their States which they very much desired to have.

CANON GORE COMING.

He Will Be Bishop Hall's Guest—Bishop Talbot to Come with Him.

BURLINGTON, Vt., Sept. 6.—The Right Rev. Arthur C. A. Hall, Bishop of the diocese of Vermont, returned home to-day from England, where he went in June to attend the Lambeth conference. While in attendance at the conference, Bishop Hall stayed at Westminster Abbey, with Canon Gore. Canon Gore will arrive in New York this week, coming direct to Burlington, where he will be the guest of Bishop Hall. On Monday morning he will leave for Albany, where next week he will conduct a retreat for the clergy. He will be accompanied to America by the Right Rev. Dr. Talbot, Bishop of Rochester, and both will attend the meeting of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew at Buffalo in the middle of October. Later Dr. Talbot will go to the Rocky Mountains and Canon Gore will fill appointments in various parts of the country, returning to England early in November.

NO FAST CANADIAN SHIPS.

The Promoters Fail to Finance Their Scheme for Swift Atlantic Liners.

MONTREAL, Sept. 6.—The Canadian fast Atlantic line project, whereby Petersen, Tait & Co. agreed to carry the Canadian mails across the ocean for a subsidy of $750,000 yearly in ships to rival the Lucania and Campania, is dead. This information is brought from London by John Torrance, agent of the Dominion Steamship line, who says that the Petersens have been unable to finance the scheme, and that despite the recent jubilee manifestations in London British capitalists would not furnish the necessary money. The British Government's subsidy was $250,000, the Canadian authorities offering $500,000. The conditions, however, were too onerous to induce capitalists to take hold. It is reported that the Canadian Government will establish the service as a Government line rather than abandon the undertaking.

TWELVE ITALIANS ATTACK A MAN.

Michael McEwan Stabbed in the Back and Seriously Hurt.

PATERSON, N. J., Sept. 6.—A gang of Italians attacked Michael McEwan on Jersey street about 6 o'clock this evening, and one of them stabbed him in the back. He was taken to St. Joseph's Hospital. He is in a critical condition. A patrol wagon was sent to the scene of the trouble, and twelve Italians were arrested.

Tried to Kill His Former Boarding House Mistress.

PATERSON, N. J., Sept. 6.—Patsy Farrell, an Italian, who formerly boarded with Mrs. Mary Penger of 211 Clay street, left her house a few weeks ago and since then he has threatened to kill Mrs. Penger, her husband and another boarder who was allowed to stay in the house. This morning Farrell met Mrs. Penger as she and her husband were walking down Main street. He poked a pistol under her nose, but before he could pull the trigger it was knocked from his hand by an Italian bootblack.

Farrell was arrested and was held under $1,000 bail for attempted murder. A few days ago he attacked Mrs. Penger at her gate, and after firing three shots, which went wide of their mark, threw stones at the house.

Pleases Children

It doesn't seem like medicine, yet it's a perfect laxative for little people. Makes the stomach pure and sweet and prevents bowel troubles. For 50 years physicians have recommended it for old and young.—

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT

50c. & $1. All druggists.

WARDWELL UP FOR MAYOR.

NOMINATED BY THE PROHIBITIONISTS YESTERDAY.

Their Candidate the First to Enter the Field Against Low—He Naively Admits That He Doesn't Expect to Be Elected—Low's Stand on the Sunday Excise Question Assailed.

Following close upon the nomination of Seth Low by the Cits' Union comes another nomination which puts a rival in the field of the Mayoralty contest. Bets are now in order as to whether Mr. Low or Mr. William T. Wardwell will get the greater number of votes. The Prohibition party nominated Mr. Wardwell yesterday at a meeting held in Union Square Hall, attended by close upon 150 voters. The nominee said that he didn't expect to be elected, which should make Mr. Low a favorite in the Cits' Union-Prohibition race. The convention adjourned after making nominations.

Unkind fate brought it about that the day which the temperance folk had selected for their own proved to be just about the thirstiest day of the season. While Union square was full of men who mopped their foreheads and said to each other "Come have a beer," Union Square Hall filled up with citizens, the strenuousness of whose political efforts caused their collars to wilt.

As Chairman of the Conference Committee William T. Wardwell called the meeting to order. After a prayer and the singing of a hymn by the White Rose Quartet, James E. Ramsey of Brooklyn was elected Chairman of the meeting and forthwith appointed the various committees. The proportion of committees to persons present was so great that those who didn't become committeemen of one kind or another felt quite lonely. Next the White Rose Quartet sang again, and after the reading of correspondence they furnished more music. The Rev. C. H. Mead was called upon to make a speech. He sounded a note of hostility to the nominee of the Prohibitionists' chief rival.

"It is said that Mr. Low will cater to the Germans by favoring liberal excise laws," said he. "A liberal Sunday means a low Sunday. We want politics freed from the domination of the saloon, and we are going to nominate for Mayor of the Greater New York a sound, practical business man and Prohibitionist." [Applause.]

Reports of committees were then heard. The Committee on Resolutions denounced the Raines law as "surrendering the Christian Sabbath to the liquor dealers and encouraging the saloon keeper to utilize his hotel for assignation and other evil purposes."

J. C. Wether of this city nominated Mr. Wardwell for Mayor, and Mr. Wardwell accepted in a brief speech, saying that he had no hope of being elected, but would make a fight on principle. Mr. Wardwell is Treasurer of the Standard Oil Company. A. H. Walker of Kings was nominated for Comptroller and Francis Crawford of Westchester for President of the Council. The convention adjourned early in the afternoon, as many of the delegates wished to attend a convention in Syracuse.

AFTER AN INSURANCE TRUST.

Missouri's Attorney-General Tackles the Underwriters' Agreement.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Sept. 6.—In the State Supreme Court to-day Attorney-General E. C. Crow filed quo warranto proceedings to oust the American Central Insurance Company and Citizens' Insurance Company, each of St. Louis, Mo.

The relator charges that the defendant corporations in July last offended against the laws of Missouri, and have grossly abused their corporate authority, franchises, and privileges, and unlawfully assumed and usurped franchises and privileges not granted to them by the laws of this State, by entering into and becoming members of a trust with other corporations of a similar character to control and maintain the premiums to be charged and paid for insuring property against loss or damage by fire in Kansas City, Mo.

It is further alleged that on or about the same time the defendant corporations, by their respective agents, entered into and are now members of a certain organization composed of those and many other fire insurance companies known as a board of underwriters, organized to fix and regulate the price to be charged and paid for insuring property against loss or damage by fire in Kansas City, Mo., and to maintain the price when so regulated.

The Attorney-General prays for judgment of dissolution against the defendant corporations, and that they be excluded from all corporate rights, privileges, and franchises under the laws of this State, and that their rights and certificates to do business under the insurance laws of the State of Missouri be forfeited. The Attorney-General announced that later he would file proceedings against the Associated Board of Underwriters and also against the combines outside of the cities.

A LIVELY NONOGENARIAN.

Mr. Wilson of Babylon Will Celebrate His Ninety-fourth Birthday To-Day.

BABYLON, L. I., Sept. 6.—Ex-Sheriff Stephen Jennings Wilson, the oldest man in western Suffolk county and one of the best known residents of this section, will celebrate his ninety-fourth birthday to morrow. He was born near Glen Cove, Long Island, and his boyhood days were spent on a farm. He learned the trade of a tailor, and about a half century ago located in Babylon, where he has since lived. For fourteen years he was a constable and deputy sheriff of the town. In 1856 he was elected Sheriff of the county by a majority of 881, the largest ever polled up to that time. He is now serving his eighteenth year as Tax Collector of the Union Free School district and is also Collector of the village, an office he has held since the village was incorporated in 1893. He attends to his duties with the precision of a man of 40. He has served since the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church here as steward and trustee and for twenty consecutive years was chairman of the Board of Trustees. He is one of the ten charter members of Sumpawas Lodge, No. 101, I. O. O. F., of Babylon, which was instituted half a century ago.

RUN DOWN BY A TROLLEY CAR.

Charles Burnett, an Artist, and His Son Thrown from Their Buggy.

A Jamaica avenue trolley car ran into a horse and buggy at Pennsylvania avenue, Brooklyn, at 11:15 last night, and the two occupants of the buggy were thrown out. One of them was severely injured, and the horse was hurt so badly that it was necessary to kill it. The man is Charles Burnett, an artist, 31 years old, of 284 Sumpter street, Brooklyn. He was driving with his 10-year-old son Lewis.

Jamaica avenue is being repaired, and just below Pennsylvania avenue the cars to Brooklyn are switched from the downtown to the uptown track. Mr. Burnett was crossing Jamaica avenue at that point when the car ran into the buggy. Mr. Burnett and his son were thrown to the ground and the horse went under the car.

Mr. Burnett sustained a concussion of the brain and some bruises. He was taken to St. Mary's Hospital. His condition is critical. His son, who was injured slightly, was taken home. No arrests were made.

OBITUARY.

Sister Mary Dennis, in charge of the surgical ward in St. John's Hospital, Long Island City, died last Saturday morning after an illness of three days. Sister Mary Dennis, though in poor health for several months, persisted in continuing her duties and her death is attributed to overwork. She was known to the world as Miss Bridget O'Connor and was 32 years old. She had been in St. John's Hospital since 1891. She was a member of the Order of Sisters of St. Joseph of Flushing, L. I., and will be buried in St. Mary's Cemetery in that village. The body was taken to St. Joseph's Convent in Flushing yesterday. The funeral services will be held there to-morrow evening.

Robert Bleakley died in New Orleans yesterday, aged 48. He was one of the best known men in New Orleans. He was one of the founders of the Commercial Club of New Orleans and its President for several years, and was also Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce. He was President of the Pan-American Congress held in Philadelphia a few months ago. Upon the organization last year of the Port Commission, which has charge of all the wharves and port facilities of New Orleans, Mr. Bleakley was appointed its President.

Mrs. Michael Murphy, 59 years old, of Tarrytown, died at 8 o'clock last night of pneumonia, which she contracted on last Thursday while attending the funeral of her son, John H. Murphy, formerly Chief of the Fire Department. She left a husband, two daughters, and four sons, three of whom are Father Thomas Murphy of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York; Father Edward Murphy of Tuxedo, N. Y., and Father William Murphy of Troy.

Elijah D. Burnett, who died at West Orange, N. J., on Sunday at the age of 79, had been a Justice of the Peace for nearly twenty-five years, as well as an assistant tax collector. Ten days ago Mr. and Mrs. Burnett celebrated their golden wedding. Kidney trouble was the cause of Mr. Burnett's death. His widow and three children survive him.

Jack Fitzpatrick, colored, aged 106 years, died at his old home at Bowling Green, Ky., yesterday, after a protracted illness. Fitzpatrick had been a resident of Bowling Green for half a century. He was owned by a family named Fitzpatrick, from whom he took his name.

Isaac N. Foster, President of the Wayne County Savings Bank of Honesdale, Pa., died on Sunday morning in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

We find in our stock of staple black worsteds and tricots about 600 walking coats with outside breast-pockets. Among these are some of the finest silk-lined coats we make; regular price $20—others of $18, $16, $15 and $12 quality.

They go to-day for $10 each, solely because Fashion says "inside-breast pockets are correct."

Men who'd rather have money in their outside pockets than obey Fashion may take an inning.

Vest and trousers to match these coats will be supplied, at regular prices, if wanted.

Some at each store.

ROGERS, PEET & CO.

Prince and Broadway.
Warren and Broadway.
Thirty-second and Broadway.

HORSE LOOSE IN CENTRAL PARK.

A Policeman Breaks His Arm Trying to Catch the Runaway.

A runaway horse with only a halter gave the mounted police of Central Park yesterday afternoon a chase which ended in the arm of one of the pursuers being broken by his being pulled from his horse. The horse belonged to Fred T. Roth of 511 East Seventy-fifth street, who was leading him home after being shod. When the horse got to Ninetieth street he broke away from Roth and dashed over to Fifth avenue, entering the Park at Ninetieth street. The horse ran up the east drive for about two blocks. Here a policeman confronted it, but the horse evaded him and dashed over the lawns, scattering picnickers right and left, and creating no end of excitement.

When the horse reached the west drive at Ninety-second street Mounted Policeman Cavanagh set out in pursuit. The horse started up the drive, but presently took to the bridle path. Up the bridle path the horse galloped to Ninety-seventh street, where the policeman caught it by the halter. The horse