

ASSASSINATED WHILE ASLEEP.

Roger Costello Awoke to Find He Had Been Shot Through the Lung.

In His Friend's House an Unknown Assassin Puts a Pistol to His Breast.

The Police of Several Cities Hunting for the Son of Dennis Reynolds Whose Guest Costello Was.

WAS HIS FATHER'S DEATH MEANT?

A Theory That the Slayer Returned to the House After Everybody Was Asleep and Shot the Man to Lay in Old Reynolds' Place.

Roger E. Costello awoke at 1 o'clock yesterday morning in the house of his friend Dennis Reynolds to find that he had been shot through the breast. He is dead or dying this morning. Costello could not tell who shot him. No revolver was found in the house, or is it certain that any of the other people in the house knows the person who fired the shot.

The police took into custody all the people they found about the flat, and now they are looking for Thomas Reynolds, son of Costello's host. Among the possible explanations of the strange shooting is that Costello, who was occupying Dennis Reynolds' bed, was shot for him. Part of this, which seems to be the theory of the police, is that there had been a violent quarrel between Thomas Reynolds and his father the night before.

An Odd Family.

There are odd people, the Reynoldses. Dennis Reynolds is making a lot of money out of his produce yard and commission house. He is said to be a heavy drinker, and is a familiar figure to the Jersey City police, because he is always being arrested for doing grotesque things while he is intoxicated.

He had only been out of jail twelve hours when Costello was shot, having been locked up for a couple of days because he was drunk and throwing his money about the Jersey City streets for boys to scramble for.

Costello is also a well-to-do produce dealer. He is reported to be a card and sport fellow, or a different stripe from the man in whose home he was shot. He is married and has one child. Costello had been buying produce all over the State for Reynolds and they met in New York Thursday. They drank a lot, and after a hard day among the metropolitan stations returned together to Jersey City. Costello lives at Mullica Hill, N. J., but accepted Reynolds' invitation to spend the night at his home, No. 647 Henderson street, as he had often done before.

Mr. Reynolds' home is a pretty well-furnished place at any time. Reynolds' family consists of himself and wife, an eighteen-year-old daughter and his son, Thomas, about twenty-four years. There was also in the house Reynolds' brother, Frank, Peter Fox and John Scanlon, employees of the produce dealer.

There was not room for all these, so the wife and the daughter went to sleep at a neighbor's house.

This is the condition that existed at 11 o'clock, when the men went to bed. In the front bedroom, the room of Dennis Reynolds and his wife, slept Roger Costello.

In the girl's room slept Dennis Reynolds, but he was too drunk to completely undress.

In a small rear room slept Frank Reynolds and Peter Fox.

MYSTERY OF THE SHOOTING.

Thomas Reynolds and Scanlon should have occupied the room adjoining that in which Costello slept, but Mrs. Reynolds says her son went out before they went to bed and did not return, but she is not sure of her son as any other mother, and it will help Thomas Reynolds a great deal when the police get him if he can prove he was not at home Thursday night.

Dennis Reynolds, Frank Reynolds, Fox and Scanlon were all taken into custody by the police immediately after the shooting. They all said they knew nothing about it, except that they were roused by the shots and jumped up, and Costello crying that he was wounded, and to see him staggering from his room, with the blood coming from his breast. Dennis Reynolds and John Scanlon are still in jail, technically as witnesses. The others were let go. Chief of Police Murphy gives out Dennis Reynolds' statement as follows, but will not tell anything about Scanlon, who is a stout-looking boy of nineteen, though he looks three years younger.

It is Scanlon to whom the detectives are paying attention; it is Scanlon's ebullient nature that is being questioned, and Scanlon's habits that are being investigated, but all the police will say about the boy, who looks as if he did not know anything, is that he is "detained as a witness."

Thomas Reynolds, the young man for whom the police are searching, is a queer sort of fellow himself. He is partner in some degree of his father's business, something of a swell in his way. He wears good clothes, wears his father wears but one, and has a way of disappearing without giving notice at home.

He has travelled in Europe and in this country on such occasions that his acquaintances he is described as a shrewd, steady young man, by another as a rattle-brain, whose wits are in his partner's face, and in a certain lopsided way of walking, and with a falling for liquor not unbecomingly to the eyes of his father. The young man is five feet nine inches tall, slight, smooth-shaven, with light hair and complexion, and weighs about 140 pounds. He wears a light box coat, gray trousers and vest, tan shoes and a black derby hat, and one of his shoulders is higher than the other.

It was 1:35 o'clock in the morning when Dennis Reynolds, half dressed and wildly excited, rushed from the house and to the police station with the news of the shooting.

"Come round to my house," he cried, "a friend of mine has been shot in my own house. Send round the ambulance. Hurry up, I'm afraid he is dying."

He had shrieked the same tidings to Policeman Dunn on the street corner, and it took only a few minutes to bring Captain Kelly and half a dozen officers to the house.

"Who shot you?" asked the Captain when he reached the wounded man's side. "I don't know," gasped Costello. "I'm sure I don't know," gasped Costello; "all I know is that I woke up with a hurt in my chest, and the blood running from me. I knew I was shot, but it was dark and I didn't see or hear anybody."

The blood was clotting up his lungs and he could tell no more. He was taken to the City Hospital and the other men in Reynolds' home were taken into custody.

Mrs. Reynolds was not there, and the police started to search for her. In his excitement Reynolds forgot about her going to the neighbors, and all the police of Jersey City were out looking for the woman, who was peacefully sleeping in Mrs. Brennan's house, a few doors away.

She did not know of the shooting until 9 o'clock in the morning, when she came home to find the house in charge of the police.

The Reynolds home is a queer combination of wealth and poverty. The rooms are barely furnished and badly carpeted, but the daughter's bicycle leaned against the wall of the living room, and a great safe was there to hold Reynolds' money.

Mrs. Reynolds was seated in hysterics. She uttered in weeping over the fate

of Costello, and telling what a fine, honest, straight boy her son was.

ROBBERY IS SUGGESTED.

"Mightn't robbery have been the motive, Mrs. Reynolds?" questioned a police sergeant. "I believe you keep a good deal of money in the house."

For answer Mrs. Reynolds drew from the bottom of her dress roll after roll of bills bound together with elastic bands, the proceeds of the potato sale, for which she had been cashier. She dumped them on the table, and they made a heap as big as a man's head.

REYNOLDS TELLS HIS STORY.

The elder Reynolds' story to the police is that they all went to bed at 11 o'clock. He says he was the only one of the party that was drunk. The street door and the doors leading to the room occupied by Costello were all unlocked, so that anybody could have come in. Reynolds thought his son had gone. He was awakened by the shot and rushed into Costello's room. Costello was struggling to get up, and was crying that he was shot. There was nobody else in the room, but it was full of powder smoke. He spent no time in investigating, but hurried for the police.

Those of the headquarters detectives who think young Reynolds did the shooting interpret the old potato seller's story this way: He and his son had quarrelled over money, for throwing it to the boys on the street when he was drunk was the only piece of liberality old Reynolds was ever granted with, and both were drunk, and the son went out, swearing to get even.

Reynolds should have been sleeping where Costello slept, and the theory has it that Costello was shot by mistake for Reynolds. The detectives affect to believe that when the old man rushed from his bed at the pistol shot he did most seriously hurt the room where the wounded man was, and saw that he was well away from the house before he gave the alarm.

Fox said he thought he heard somebody

GIRL WIFE'S ROMANCE ENDS IN BEATINGS.

Only Fifteen Years Old, Pretty Nellie Murphy Runs Away with a Widower.

Love Soon Ends and the Young Woman Has Her Husband Arrested for Ill-Treating Her.

SAYS HE THREATENED HER WITH DEATH.

Jealousy Alleged to Be the Cause of Hansen's Frequent Outbreaks—His Alleged Victim Seriously Injured—Friends Desert Him.

Arlington, N. J., Sept. 25.—With her face and arms covered with bruises, Mrs. Nellie Hansen, the sixteen-year-old wife of John Hansen, of No. 123 Kearny avenue, Kearny, appeared before Justice of the Peace C. A. Krebs, in Arlington, last night, and complained that her husband had beaten her cruelly and threatened her life with a dirk knife. The dirk-wife was scarcely able



ROGER E. COSTELLO AND HIS WIFE

DIAGRAM SHOWING DIRECTION OF SHOT

DENNIS REYNOLDS.



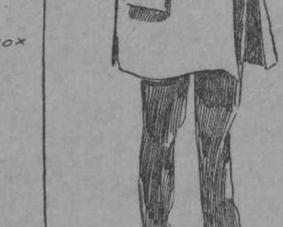
DENNIS REYNOLDS

MRS. REYNOLDS SHOWS SOME OF HER MONEY.



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JOHN SCANLON THE MYSTERIOUS WITNESS.



JOHN SCANLON THE MYSTERIOUS WITNESS

PETER FOX.



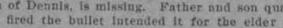
PETER FOX

FRANK REYNOLDS.



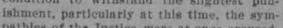
FRANK REYNOLDS

THOMAS REYNOLDS.



THOMAS REYNOLDS

CROSS SHOWS WINDOW IN ROOM WHERE SHOOTING OCCURRED.



CROSS SHOWS WINDOW IN ROOM WHERE SHOOTING OCCURRED



THE DOG THAT GUARDS THE OPEN FRONT DOOR.



THE ROOM WHERE THE SHOOTING OCCURRED.



DIAGRAM OF THE REYNOLDS' FLAT

1 ROOM, WHERE COSTELLO SLEPT
2 D. REYNOLDS
3 T. REYNOLDS & FOX

MYSTERY OF THE SHOOTING OF ROGER COSTELLO.

Costello is a prosperous produce dealer and stopped in the home of his friend, Dennis Reynolds, in Jersey City, Thursday night. He woke up in the night to find that he had been shot in the breast and his unknown assailant just escaping in the darkness. Thomas Reynolds, son of Dennis, is missing. Father and son quarrelled the night before, and it is suggested by the police that the man who fired the bullet intended it for the elder Reynolds, but got into the wrong room

and shot Costello.

DOG DID NOT BARK.

In the hall, just inside this door, sleeps a big, woolly dog, and that this dog made no noise is considered pretty good evidence that no stranger came into the house at 1 o'clock in the morning. There are other people in the house, above and below the Reynoldses, but none of them was awakened by the shot. This is not surprising.

The bullet hole in Costello's chest is of the small calibre, probably .32. The bullet entered the right lung, near the middle of the chest and a little below a line between the nipples. The innermost bosom of the powder skirt is stained with powder. The powder marks are scattered all over the bosom. The bullet struck the chest about three feet from Costello's breast. The bullet struck a quarter of an inch to the right of the place in Costello's shirt. The bill ranged backward and downward, and is supposed to be lodged in the muscles of the chest. The condition of Costello's condition forbids its being cut out.

MOTHER SAYS HE'S INNOCENT.

The police are doing everything to catch Thomas Reynolds. His description has been scattered among the police of all the cities in the metropolitan district, his habits are being watched, and his particular friends are being shadowed, and yet Chief of Police Murphy will not say that he is accused of firing the shot, the hospital surgeons say will kill Roger Costello. The absence from home of young Reynolds would seem to indicate a flight, but his mother's fearful cries that there is nothing unusual about it.

"He's as good a boy as mother ever had," she reported to the police; "as nice a boy as I ever had. He would never do a thing like that, and he never drank a drop until this year. The poor boy isn't himself these days; he's that sick he can't sleep nights, and so he gets up and goes out. One time he was gone six weeks, and not a word to his father in his life. He wasn't in the drink last night; there wasn't any drinking here except what Dennis done, and the police district will tell you the same thing."

At a late hour last night the police searched for Thomas Reynolds, but he was not found, and Costello was still alive.

to stand while making the complaint, and as she is a delicate little thing and in no condition to withstand the slightest punishment, particularly at this time, the sympathies of the Justice were at once aroused.

Witnesses testified that Hansen had been maltreating his young wife for the past three months because of the attention she met with whenever she appeared in public. Justice Krebs issued a warrant for Hansen's arrest, and late last night he was taken into custody and locked up.

The story told of the alleged cruelty of Hansen astonished many of the former friends of the couple, when it became known this morning. Hansen is about forty years of age, and was a widower with an eight-year-old boy when he ran away with fifteen-year-old Nellie Murphy, of William street, Harrison, and married her. The circumstances surrounding the secret marriage are romantic, and were widely commented upon at the time. Mr. Hansen is well to do, and has been engaged in Edison's General Electric lamp works, in Harrison, as superintendent, for eight

years. In his department over one hundred young girls find employment, and when last Fall the superintendent began to pay marked attention to Nellie Murphy, at that time a girl in short dresses, but one of the handsomest girls in Harrison, there was much comment.

Miss Murphy at that time lived in William street, with her father and two younger sisters, and in addition to her work in the factory looked after the house and prepared the meals for her father, who was an invalid. The talk of her friendship for Hansen reached her father's ears, and he made decided objection. Last November, so unpleasant were her home surroundings, that the girl left Harrison, without telling her family or friends where she was going. Two months later she returned to Harrison with Hansen, and they announced their marriage.

Since that time the couple have boarded with a widow at the address given in Kearny avenue. The sixteen-year-old wife is strikingly handsome, and before Hansen began to pay her attentions she had many

admirers among the young men living in her neighborhood. After her marriage she seemed to become prettier than ever, and she rarely left her home without attracting the admiration of all who passed her. The attention thus attracted to the young wife, it is said, caused Hansen to become jealous, and that during a quarrel he threatened her.

For the last three months, the young wife says, she has been alternately chided and beaten by her husband. Yesterday morning, she says, Hansen was almost insane with anger. He grabbed her by the throat, she said, threw her down on a bed and after giving her several severe blows in the face said he would kill her with a dirk knife he had.

The prisoner this morning was held in default of \$500 bail. None of his friends would furnish the security for his release. Mrs. Hansen was attended by a physician all night. It is feared that her cruel treatment will cause a permanent injury.

Mrs. Hansen is now in the care of her husband's brother's family. She has the sympathy of all her neighbors, who speak in the highest terms of her. They claim that Hansen's jealousy is absolutely without cause. It is alleged that while Hansen had his wife down yesterday he reached under the pillow of his bed in their room and attempted to secure a large dirk knife which he kept there, and with which he threatened to kill his wife, whom he had knocked down and was choking. With a great effort the girl broke away and fled to the street, blood streaming from her face where her husband had struck her.

TRAVELLER AT NINETY-SIX.

One of the oldest voyagers who ever Crossed the Ocean is Adam Unterkerchner.

One of the oldest voyagers who ever crossed the ocean walked down the gangway of the North German Lloyd steamship Welmar when she reached her home pier yesterday from Bremen. He was Adam Unterkerchner, ninety-six years old, once powerful of frame and still possessed of strong hands and steady nerves. He was more than six feet tall when in his prime, and he walked yesterday with but a slight stoop, but as steadily as a man of sixty.

Mr. Unterkerchner was born in Metzenger, Wurtemberg, Germany, on September 11, 1800. He came to this country many years ago and secured a large farm near Burlington, Iowa, under the Homestead law. He is now in comfortable circumstances. He decided last Spring to visit his old home in Germany, and accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Frederica Braun, he took passage on the Welmar, which brought him back yesterday.

On the voyage he scorned all offers of assistance and walked about the deck as sure-footed as any of the seamen. Moreover he was not ill a single day, and he never missed a meal during the cruise. The sensibleness of the other passengers surprised the old man, who could not understand why a notion he found so agreeable should cause others such distress.

He told Captain Steenken that he had visited all the haunts of his childhood, and that he was satisfied to go back and finish his days on his farm. The old gentleman can read without glasses, and he speaks English almost as well as German. On landing he insisted on starting at once for Burlington, and accompanied by his daughter, left for the West at 2 p. m.

The railroad men deny Bryan was insulted by them. As to the engineer's starting suddenly, they say no orders had been given to delay the train and the engineer had no right to stop longer than was absolutely needed. The train on which Mr. Bryan rode from Washington to Hoboken was a United States mail train, and the men say there is a tradition on the road that a mail train must be run on time, even if every other kind of a train is delayed.

Look Out, Bicycle Girl!

"Charlotte Smith is in earnest. The day of the dainty, prudent reformer is past. Jane, with your golden hair and naughty, twinkling eyes, you must run away. And you, most heinous sinner of all, with your natty suit and bloomers, take one last farewell of your naughty bike, steal back into citizen's clothes and be nice."

See The Sunday Journal.



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ANNOYED MR. BRYAN.

Lackawanna Employees Tried to Prevent the Candidate from Speaking on His Trip.

A series of complaints are likely to result from Mr. Bryan's recent trip over the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railway because of the treatment experienced by the candidate and his party. When Mr. Bryan and his party reached Hoboken last Wednesday they complained bitterly of the treatment accorded them.

It is claimed that only by the energetic action of Mayor Fagan, of Hoboken, on a scheme on the part of the railway men to prevent a Republican banner in the faces of Bryan and his party as they disembarked from the train was balked.

The matter has been laid before the State Democratic Committee, a member of which body said yesterday that Mr. Bryan has been insulted and annoyed during his entire trip over the Lackawanna.

"The engineer of the train lost no opportunity to place the candidate at a disadvantage," he said. "From Summit down it was not so bad, but up to that point the treatment the candidate received was disgraceful. The train would pull up at a station where the townspeople had assembled and Mr. Bryan would walk to the rear platform to address them. When he had got fairly started the engineer would pull the throttle and start the train with a jerk. On one occasion the passengers were thrown against the side of the car and

Mounting Officer Howard's Horse Stumbled and Fell While at Speed.

Cleverly Slipped the Stirrups and Landed Safely on the Ground.

Was Chasing F. M. Wheeler's Runaway Horse as It Ran in Central Park.

RE-MOUNTED AND GAVE CHASE AGAIN.

Then the Runaway Was Caught, for It Stumbled and Fell, Too—Crowds Scattered to Avoid the Maddened Brute.

Mounted Policeman Thomas D. McIntyre met a heroic death while trying to stop a runaway team last Wednesday. Mounted Roundsmen Herbert L. Hays and narrowly escaped a like tragic fate yesterday. His horse, too, fell on him, but he remounted and again set for a most dangerous runaway.

F. M. Wheeler, of No. 17 West Fifty-eighth street, went driving in a phaeton yesterday afternoon. At 5 p. m. Mr. Wheeler was at One Hundred and Tenth street and Tenth avenue, about to drive into the upper entrance of Central Park's East Drive, when his horse was seized with blind staggers and ran away.

The horse was furious, literally blind, reeling to and fro like a drunken horse, now on one side of the road, now on the other. Mr. Wheeler was utterly unable to check his course; other drivers saw the mad horse coming and excitedly drove this way and that to escape collision.

Roundsmen Hays and McIntyre were near the entrance when he saw the horse break into his erratic flight. He remounted and dashed after the runaway horse, but he was a harder chase than Howard's. Here and there staggered Wheeler's horse, after him wheeled Howard, his horse often spinning around like a top.

At One Hundred and Sixth street Howard's horse stumbled and fell, but Howard saved himself from McIntyre's fate by springing from his saddle. As it was, he fell heavily, seriously bruising his hips and cutting his hands and head.

But he was plucky. He forced his horse to his feet, remounted and dashed after the lunatic horse with the staggers. Howard had almost reached him, when Mounted Policeman Pease sprang up, grabbed the other direction. As the horse fell, overturning the phaeton and throwing out Mr. Wheeler, Pease dismounted, grabbed the horse by the head, and held the maddened brute.

Mr. Wheeler's ankle was sprained and his head and body were badly bruised. He was taken home in the Park ambulance. The horse and the wrecked phaeton were stabled in the Park stables.

Then Policeman Howard realized how severe were his injuries and a surgeon dressed them.

BEATEN BY A CONDUCTOR?

O'Connell Says He Was Pushed Off a Belt Line Car and Then Kicked into Insensibility.

Charles O'Connell, a clerk, aged twenty-seven years, of No. 1497 Lexington avenue, claims that he was kicked into unconsciousness by William Haas, conductor of a Belt Line car, early yesterday morning.

Haas was arraigned in Yorkville Police Court, and as the complainant was not in a condition to attend, was committed to prison to await the result of O'Connell's injuries.

At half-past 1 o'clock yesterday morning, according to O'Connell's story, he with his sister and a young niece who had been visiting friends in Westchester, near Haverth street, boarded a Columbus avenue cable car, having first been assured that they would be transferred eastward at Fifty-ninth street. When that point was reached transfer tickets were applied for.

The conductor told them to jump on the coming car and it would be all right. The red cross-town cars accept transfers, but those of the Belt Line do not. It was a Belt Line car on which the party jumped. When asked for fares O'Connell refused to pay. O'Connell said yesterday:

"The conductor Haas said he would call a policeman to put us off, and I said I would help him to look for one. I walked on the platform for that purpose, and then he pushed me violently from behind and I

several windows were broken. The train would be started before the candidate got through talking. In many instances the train was not stopped until it had rolled a couple of hundred yards from where the crowd had assembled.

"At one point along the road when Mr. Bryan had taken a rear platform ready to address a gathering, an engine with its headlights covered with a picture of the Republican candidate was run right up to his car almost within the candidate's touch."

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Adam Unterkerchner, Aged Ninety-six Years.

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