

BIG FIGHTER WAS KNOCKED OUT IN THE STURTEVANT HOUSE BAR.

THREE ROUNDS DID IT. Contractor John Hunt, of Indiana, Made Short Work of the Australian.

FRUIT OF AN OLD GRUDGE. Hall, It is Said, Had Several Years Ago Won the Affections of the Wife of Hunt's Friend.

Jim Hall, the heavy-weight pugilist, was knocked out in three two-second rounds at the bar of the Sturtevant House early yesterday morning by Contractor John Hunt, a brawny Western contractor, who, so far as known, has never taken a sparring lesson.

The "scrap" began and ended so suddenly that the few bystanders present were unable yesterday to give any clear account of what had precipitated it.

All versions of the fight, however, agree that it apparently grew out of nothing. Hall had been drinking quite heavily all the evening. He turned up, so it is said, in the hotel cafe about midnight, and began asking everybody within sight to have a drink with him.

When Contractor Hunt walked up to the bar about 1 o'clock the invitation was extended to him, also. Frowning heavily he turned his back upon Hall, without deigning to answer a word.

The police, however, swung on the jaw again, this time with even more vigor, and the heavy-weight again went down in a heap into the brass guard rail of the bar.

None of the bystanders seemed inclined to interfere. There was that in the face of the big, stylishly dressed unknown that seemed to say "I am not to be trifled with."

The following explanation of the affair was furnished by a gentleman in the crowd who claims to have known of the relations existing between Hall and Hunt in the West.

According to this authority had blood had existed between the two ever since Hall was charged some years ago by a doctor living in French Lick, Springs, Ind., with having seduced the wife of a friend.

It is said that Hunt and Hall had not met until they came together in the cafe of the Sturtevant House.

Hunt is a contractor who has made his pile, and his friends say, knows how to guard his wife, but that he had vowed if the latter ever spoke to him again he would thrash him soundly.

It is said that Contractor John Hunt is a man of his word.

Albany, Sept. 22.—When Mrs. Era Maynard's name was called in the Supreme Court this morning in the suit of Uriah H. Maynard against Lincoln Dane there was a silence, and then a buzz of comment on the non-appearance of the principal witness for the defendant.

Strong to say, Mrs. Maynard, wife of the plaintiff, was a witness for the defendant. Her husband had beaten her and refused to support her, and she was employed by Dane. She was a valuable witness for him.

At the close of a few moments there was another call for the missing woman, but no response. Finally Judge Clute, Dane's counsel, rose and said: "One moment, please."

As the trial proceeded with Maynard himself on the stand, Dane's counsel asked the plaintiff many pointed questions as to how she had been treated by her husband.

BOB FITZSIMMONS IN POLITICS.



The Fugitive Politician in His Oratorical Attitude.

He is out in Westchester campaigning in his own original way for his friend, Bill Molloy, who is the Republican candidate for Sheriff.

Professor Robert Fitzsimmons, anatomist and expert in all that pertains to the solar plexus, has extended the wide sphere of his usefulness and entered the seething sea of politics in Westchester. He is in training for an arduous campaign, and has written a number of speeches, all of them burning strings of rhetoric, thrilling with references to American liberty.

Bill Molloy lives in New Rochelle and is the candidate for Sheriff, as the Republican ticket, and was nominated Tuesday at White Plains, the nomination being ably pushed along by Professor Fitzsimmons.

"In politics, sure, why not?" said Bob last night, after returning from the clamor of the "Sucker's Club," held at Fort Chester.

"Here I've been lying at the beach all summer, and I'm a popular man. Show the gentleman what the people do when they see your paper."

"See?" continued Bob, proudly. "Even the kid knows I'm an American citizen, and I'm a friend of Bill Molloy's. I wanted to show Bill that I thought he was all right; so I go over to the convention with me pockets upholstered with Molloy badges. They all knew me over there, and I was a delegate before I had a chance to think. I guess there were twenty men there wearing Long badges."

"Now, there's no reason why I shouldn't be in politics, is there?" he was trying to buy property up in the village and locate here. He could make as good a bluff at holding office as a whole lot of the unions know that night, and you bet your neck they were 'em, too. Was he nominated? In a minute.

"Well, it goes on like that all the way, and it's a bird. I spoke it up to a German Lutheran. Fair, Port Chester, the other night, and say, talk about a hit! They had a lot of magic lantern views there and at the end they gave a picture of me, a profile—say, it was beautiful—that's on the level. The preacher had plugged up the game with me all right, and after they showed the picture I went back on the stage where it was dark. Then the preacher said they had seen the picture of the champion of the world, he would show him in a minute. Then they turned on the lights and there I was. I makes the speech all right, only, instead of saying, 'Bill Molloy for Sheriff,' I said, 'more churches for the people.' At that I think the people have got enough churches."

"No Ooty-Goot About Fitz." "In case I take a notion to go into politics here and run for office, the people will find Bob Fitzsimmons just what he always was on the level. I'll tell 'em just where I stand and just how I feel. There won't be any ooty-goot about the way I want things done, and whatever I say I'll do 'em."

Mr. Hazard, once a wealthy publisher, who lived with his wife and daughter at No. 143 West Seventy-second street, had been in ill health for some time, and had also met with financial reverses. Wednesday he left his home and went to Newburg. Yesterday his dead body was found floating in the river. It was a case of deliberate suicide.

MAILED TO DEATH. WEIGHTED DOWN.

Charles Hazard Drowns Himself in the Hudson River.

POCKETS FULL OF STONES. Formerly an Elmira Newspaper Publisher and an Advertising Agent in This City.

Charles Hazard, a former newspaper proprietor and advertising agent, committed suicide by drowning in the Hudson River yesterday half a mile above Fishkill Landing.

Mr. Hazard, who was about forty years old, lived with his wife and unmarried daughter at No. 143 West Seventy-second street. The house, which is a four-story brownstone building, was owned by him, but a short time ago he rented it, subletting three small rooms for the use of himself and family.

Late that night he went to his room, but it was learned that he did not retire, as his bed was not disturbed. After breakfast yesterday morning he left the hotel and crossed the river to Fishkill. He walked up the tracks of the New York Central road, and his action attracted the attention of men at work along the line.

A Hungarian laborer at noon found a brown overcoat on the river bank near what is known as Huckleberry Cove, and a moment later he saw the body of a man floating in shallow water. The laborer informed the authorities at Fishkill, and the body was taken from the water.

It was evident that he had deliberately walked into the stream and thrown himself face downward. The weight of the stones in his pockets had prevented him from saving himself, even had he been disposed to do so.

In the pockets of the garments on the bank were found various receipts, including one for the last premium on a life insurance policy for \$3,000, issued by the Southern Tier Masonic Relief Association.

No money was found. The body was taken to the morgue, and the coroner's jury, together with James Hazard, a brother, went to Fishkill last evening and attended the inquest.

Mr. Hazard was born in Chester, Orange County, in 1842, and went to Elmira in 1850. He attended the Elmira Academy, and after leaving that institution, went into partnership with him on returning from the war, and together they published the paper until 1889, when "Boss" Tweed, assemblyman Patrick, ex-Senator David B. Hill and others, bought out the paper and organized it into a stock company.

Mr. Hazard was at one time the editor and publisher of the Elmira Sunday Telegram, a prosperous weekly publication. Several years ago he moved to this city and formed a partnership with John B. Flanagan, in what they called the Greater New York Advertising Agency. The agency had offices at No. 108 Nassau street, while Hazard occupied a branch office in Broadway, near Thirty-second street.

Mr. Hazard was born in Chester, Orange County, in 1842, and went to Elmira in 1850. He attended the Elmira Academy, and after leaving that institution, went into partnership with him on returning from the war, and together they published the paper until 1889, when "Boss" Tweed, assemblyman Patrick, ex-Senator David B. Hill and others, bought out the paper and organized it into a stock company.

Mr. Hazard was at one time the editor and publisher of the Elmira Sunday Telegram, a prosperous weekly publication. Several years ago he moved to this city and formed a partnership with John B. Flanagan, in what they called the Greater New York Advertising Agency.

Mr. Hazard was born in Chester, Orange County, in 1842, and went to Elmira in 1850. He attended the Elmira Academy, and after leaving that institution, went into partnership with him on returning from the war, and together they published the paper until 1889, when "Boss" Tweed, assemblyman Patrick, ex-Senator David B. Hill and others, bought out the paper and organized it into a stock company.

Mr. Hazard was at one time the editor and publisher of the Elmira Sunday Telegram, a prosperous weekly publication. Several years ago he moved to this city and formed a partnership with John B. Flanagan, in what they called the Greater New York Advertising Agency.

Mr. Hazard was born in Chester, Orange County, in 1842, and went to Elmira in 1850. He attended the Elmira Academy, and after leaving that institution, went into partnership with him on returning from the war, and together they published the paper until 1889, when "Boss" Tweed, assemblyman Patrick, ex-Senator David B. Hill and others, bought out the paper and organized it into a stock company.

Mr. Hazard was at one time the editor and publisher of the Elmira Sunday Telegram, a prosperous weekly publication. Several years ago he moved to this city and formed a partnership with John B. Flanagan, in what they called the Greater New York Advertising Agency.

Mr. Hazard was born in Chester, Orange County, in 1842, and went to Elmira in 1850. He attended the Elmira Academy, and after leaving that institution, went into partnership with him on returning from the war, and together they published the paper until 1889, when "Boss" Tweed, assemblyman Patrick, ex-Senator David B. Hill and others, bought out the paper and organized it into a stock company.

Mr. Hazard was at one time the editor and publisher of the Elmira Sunday Telegram, a prosperous weekly publication. Several years ago he moved to this city and formed a partnership with John B. Flanagan, in what they called the Greater New York Advertising Agency.

Mr. Hazard was born in Chester, Orange County, in 1842, and went to Elmira in 1850. He attended the Elmira Academy, and after leaving that institution, went into partnership with him on returning from the war, and together they published the paper until 1889, when "Boss" Tweed, assemblyman Patrick, ex-Senator David B. Hill and others, bought out the paper and organized it into a stock company.

Mr. Hazard was at one time the editor and publisher of the Elmira Sunday Telegram, a prosperous weekly publication. Several years ago he moved to this city and formed a partnership with John B. Flanagan, in what they called the Greater New York Advertising Agency.

Mr. Hazard was born in Chester, Orange County, in 1842, and went to Elmira in 1850. He attended the Elmira Academy, and after leaving that institution, went into partnership with him on returning from the war, and together they published the paper until 1889, when "Boss" Tweed, assemblyman Patrick, ex-Senator David B. Hill and others, bought out the paper and organized it into a stock company.

Mr. Hazard was at one time the editor and publisher of the Elmira Sunday Telegram, a prosperous weekly publication. Several years ago he moved to this city and formed a partnership with John B. Flanagan, in what they called the Greater New York Advertising Agency.

Mr. Hazard was born in Chester, Orange County, in 1842, and went to Elmira in 1850. He attended the Elmira Academy, and after leaving that institution, went into partnership with him on returning from the war, and together they published the paper until 1889, when "Boss" Tweed, assemblyman Patrick, ex-Senator David B. Hill and others, bought out the paper and organized it into a stock company.

LADY TICHBORNE SAILS FOR SYDNEY.

Alarmed by Case of the New Claimant to Her Husband's Title.

TRUE SIR ROGER FOUND? Overwhelming Evidence in His Favor Produced in the New South Wales Court.

London, Sept. 23.—Lady Tichborne has just sailed for Australia for the purpose of attending the trial which is now in progress at Sydney, in the Supreme Court of New South Wales, and the object of which is to deprive both her husband and herself of the valuable Tichborne estates, as well as of the baronetcy.

The present claimant has already been able to produce overwhelming evidence in favor of his truth of his assertion that he is indeed the missing Sir Roger. He has permitted so long a time to elapse before putting forward his pretensions, it is because, in the first place, he was afraid of the legal penalties to which he would have been exposed as having, while serving before the mast, taken part in the mutiny of the crew of the sailing ship Bella, the officers of which were murdered.

It is since then he has been assailed by a man, that they have come forward in public to give evidence before a tribunal. Tichborne is really former messmate Roger Tichborne, who landed in Australia with them on board the Bella, the name of which they had changed to that of the Osprey before reaching the port where they landed.

How strong is the case in his favor is shown by the fact that in the absence of Sir Henry Tichborne, who has been hunted for some months in Africa during the last six months, and who is beyond reach of post or telegraph, his young and lovely wife, one of the leaders of Catholic society in England, should have considered it necessary to undertake the long and arduous voyage to Australia at the worst time of the year.

When we cry out against the extortionate rents we are compelled to pay we are met with the landlord's explanation that the fault is with the Tax Board, and not with him. A glance at the records of the district courts, setting forth the melancholy fact that 9,000 families were evicted from their homes during the last year, is eloquently convincing of the truth of the charges of gross discrimination we now make against the taxing authority of the city of New York.

When we cry out against the extortionate rents we are compelled to pay we are met with the landlord's explanation that the fault is with the Tax Board, and not with him. A glance at the records of the district courts, setting forth the melancholy fact that 9,000 families were evicted from their homes during the last year, is eloquently convincing of the truth of the charges of gross discrimination we now make against the taxing authority of the city of New York.

When we cry out against the extortionate rents we are compelled to pay we are met with the landlord's explanation that the fault is with the Tax Board, and not with him. A glance at the records of the district courts, setting forth the melancholy fact that 9,000 families were evicted from their homes during the last year, is eloquently convincing of the truth of the charges of gross discrimination we now make against the taxing authority of the city of New York.

When we cry out against the extortionate rents we are compelled to pay we are met with the landlord's explanation that the fault is with the Tax Board, and not with him. A glance at the records of the district courts, setting forth the melancholy fact that 9,000 families were evicted from their homes during the last year, is eloquently convincing of the truth of the charges of gross discrimination we now make against the taxing authority of the city of New York.

When we cry out against the extortionate rents we are compelled to pay we are met with the landlord's explanation that the fault is with the Tax Board, and not with him. A glance at the records of the district courts, setting forth the melancholy fact that 9,000 families were evicted from their homes during the last year, is eloquently convincing of the truth of the charges of gross discrimination we now make against the taxing authority of the city of New York.

When we cry out against the extortionate rents we are compelled to pay we are met with the landlord's explanation that the fault is with the Tax Board, and not with him. A glance at the records of the district courts, setting forth the melancholy fact that 9,000 families were evicted from their homes during the last year, is eloquently convincing of the truth of the charges of gross discrimination we now make against the taxing authority of the city of New York.

When we cry out against the extortionate rents we are compelled to pay we are met with the landlord's explanation that the fault is with the Tax Board, and not with him. A glance at the records of the district courts, setting forth the melancholy fact that 9,000 families were evicted from their homes during the last year, is eloquently convincing of the truth of the charges of gross discrimination we now make against the taxing authority of the city of New York.

When we cry out against the extortionate rents we are compelled to pay we are met with the landlord's explanation that the fault is with the Tax Board, and not with him. A glance at the records of the district courts, setting forth the melancholy fact that 9,000 families were evicted from their homes during the last year, is eloquently convincing of the truth of the charges of gross discrimination we now make against the taxing authority of the city of New York.

When we cry out against the extortionate rents we are compelled to pay we are met with the landlord's explanation that the fault is with the Tax Board, and not with him. A glance at the records of the district courts, setting forth the melancholy fact that 9,000 families were evicted from their homes during the last year, is eloquently convincing of the truth of the charges of gross discrimination we now make against the taxing authority of the city of New York.

When we cry out against the extortionate rents we are compelled to pay we are met with the landlord's explanation that the fault is with the Tax Board, and not with him. A glance at the records of the district courts, setting forth the melancholy fact that 9,000 families were evicted from their homes during the last year, is eloquently convincing of the truth of the charges of gross discrimination we now make against the taxing authority of the city of New York.

When we cry out against the extortionate rents we are compelled to pay we are met with the landlord's explanation that the fault is with the Tax Board, and not with him. A glance at the records of the district courts, setting forth the melancholy fact that 9,000 families were evicted from their homes during the last year, is eloquently convincing of the truth of the charges of gross discrimination we now make against the taxing authority of the city of New York.

When we cry out against the extortionate rents we are compelled to pay we are met with the landlord's explanation that the fault is with the Tax Board, and not with him. A glance at the records of the district courts, setting forth the melancholy fact that 9,000 families were evicted from their homes during the last year, is eloquently convincing of the truth of the charges of gross discrimination we now make against the taxing authority of the city of New York.

When we cry out against the extortionate rents we are compelled to pay we are met with the landlord's explanation that the fault is with the Tax Board, and not with him. A glance at the records of the district courts, setting forth the melancholy fact that 9,000 families were evicted from their homes during the last year, is eloquently convincing of the truth of the charges of gross discrimination we now make against the taxing authority of the city of New York.

When we cry out against the extortionate rents we are compelled to pay we are met with the landlord's explanation that the fault is with the Tax Board, and not with him. A glance at the records of the district courts, setting forth the melancholy fact that 9,000 families were evicted from their homes during the last year, is eloquently convincing of the truth of the charges of gross discrimination we now make against the taxing authority of the city of New York.

When we cry out against the extortionate rents we are compelled to pay we are met with the landlord's explanation that the fault is with the Tax Board, and not with him. A glance at the records of the district courts, setting forth the melancholy fact that 9,000 families were evicted from their homes during the last year, is eloquently convincing of the truth of the charges of gross discrimination we now make against the taxing authority of the city of New York.

When we cry out against the extortionate rents we are compelled to pay we are met with the landlord's explanation that the fault is with the Tax Board, and not with him. A glance at the records of the district courts, setting forth the melancholy fact that 9,000 families were evicted from their homes during the last year, is eloquently convincing of the truth of the charges of gross discrimination we now make against the taxing authority of the city of New York.

When we cry out against the extortionate rents we are compelled to pay we are met with the landlord's explanation that the fault is with the Tax Board, and not with him. A glance at the records of the district courts, setting forth the melancholy fact that 9,000 families were evicted from their homes during the last year, is eloquently convincing of the truth of the charges of gross discrimination we now make against the taxing authority of the city of New York.

CAN ONE EARN MONEY WHEN DEAD?

Novel Question to Be Determined Through the Harper Heirs' Suit.

Mutual Reserve President's Estate Wants Percentages on Insurance.

The suit of the Harper heirs against the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, which will come up for trial in the Supreme Court soon, is expected to settle an important question: "Can one earn money after death?"

The great life insurance organization was built up by E. B. Harper, and when he died, about two years ago, the association, it is said, was indebted to him very heavily. The suit was brought by his heirs, through Emma M. Harper, as executrix, and George W. Harper, as executor, to force an accounting of this indebtedness.

Great interest lies in the suit to insurance men, for it will settle a question that hangs on the percentage system of remuneration for their services to an insurance company. The question is, "Can percentage on renewals of policies be collected by the heirs of those who originally obtained the policies?"

President Harper entered into a contract with the Mutual Reserve by which the remuneration for his services was to be a percentage on the renewals of insurance. As the business of the company increased—and it increased with great bounds under Mr. Harper's guidance—the president's compensation grew to imposing figures and he felt gratified that the fruits of his work would continue for several years after his death for the benefit of his heirs, or until the expiration of all the renewals made prior to his death.

Mr. Harper's will makes disposition of this source—one-third to his widow, one-third to his brothers, and one-third to his sister. However, no payments, it is said, were made to the heirs, the company, it is alleged, holding that the contract with its late president terminated with his death.

The amount involved is said to be large. George W. Harper, one of the executors, holds a high position in the Mutual Reserve. He would not discuss the suit yesterday, but referred to Hilary A. Bell, another officer of the company, who furnished the following statement in writing for the company:

The action is purely formal. It is the duty of the executors to ascertain what money, if any, is due the heirs, and the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association is likewise anxious to have this fact ascertained and determined by a binding and authoritative judgment of the court. The only way to accomplish this result was to bring the action which is now pending. It is precisely the nature of a formal suit to determine judicially the rights of the parties which all desire.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher wrapper.

This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA" which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. LOOK CAREFULLY at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought on the and has the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher wrapper.

No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company, of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggists may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which even he does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought"

Bears the Fac-Simile Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

Insist on Having The Kind that Never Failed You.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 97 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK CITY.

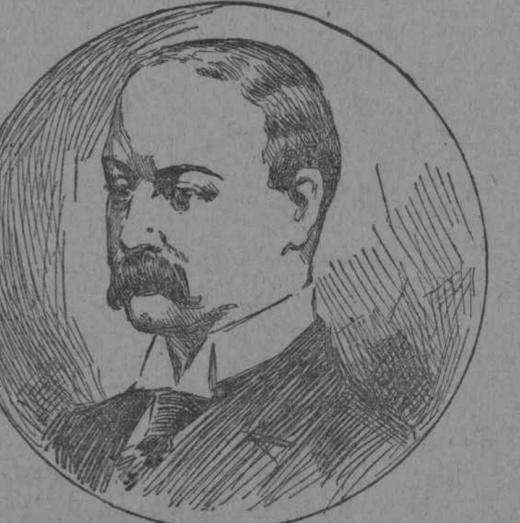
NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

Published Every Day in the Year. Daily Edition (in Greater New York and Jersey City)..... One Cent Daily Edition (outside of Greater New York and Jersey City, and on Trains)..... Two Cents Evening Edition..... One Cent Sunday..... Five Cents

TERMS—POSTAGE INCLUDED. For the United States (outside of New York City), Canada and Mexico, Daily and Sunday: Daily Only: One Year..... \$8.50 Six Months..... 4.25 One Month..... .75 Sunday: One Year..... \$2.50 Six Months..... 1.26

The New York Journal in London, England, can be purchased at any of the following places: The International Publishing Co., 1 Northumberland Ave., W. O. Low's Exchange, 3 Northumberland Ave., W. C. Smith, Ansell & Co., Ormond House, 28, New Castle St., Strand.

Permanently cured by CUTICURA BLOOD PURIFIER. Pimples, blotches, blackheads, red, rough, scaly, itching, scaling, scalp, dry, thin, falling hair, baby, etc., prevented by CUTICURA SOAP, the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as a new, white and sweetest for toilet, bath and nursery.



Charles Hazard a Suicide.

Mr. Hazard, once a wealthy publisher, who lived with his wife and daughter at No. 143 West Seventy-second street, had been in ill health for some time, and had also met with financial reverses. Wednesday he left his home and went to Newburg. Yesterday his dead body was found floating in the river. It was a case of deliberate suicide.