

PRICE ONE CENT

NEW YORK, MONDAY, AUGUST 5, 18-9.

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LAST EDITION MRS. GREY'S DEATH.

Said to Be Natural in Spite of the Bruises.

A Strange Man Offers to Defray All the Funeral Expenses.

Who Is "Bernard Grey" Who Left the House Just Before the Woman Died?

A blue-coated policeman was guarding the door of the second flat at 105 West Sixtieth street this morning when an EVENING WORLD reporter called to see the body of Mrs. Bertha Grey, who was found dead there under suspicious circumstances.

The reporter asked permission to enter, and the officer, after looking rather doubtfully at him, acquiesced.

The reporter and the officer went into the front room. A large, cloth-covered casket occupied one corner. The policeman removed a white handkerchief from its top and the reporter gazed through the small pane of glass at the woman's face.

It was that of a woman apparently about thirty-five years old. The face was puffed and discolored with purple marks that seemed to look like bruises, and her blonde hair straggled down over her forehead.

She died a natural death, it is said, but it was a queer-looking case for one that had died peacefully and calmly and without a struggle.

The rooms were tastefully furnished, pictures and bric-a-brac being plentiful. Mrs. Grey was found dead in bed yesterday morning by little Katie McGurk, who had been employed to do errands for her.

Katie came in to work at 9 o'clock. Everything was quiet. She went into the front room and saw Mrs. Grey apparently sleeping.

She touched her face. It was like ice. The little girl screamed and fled downstairs.

Katie ran out to a policeman and she told him that Mrs. Grey was dead.

When Katie was questioned by a reporter yesterday she said that she thought Mrs. Grey was married.

She said she thought that Mr. Grey was a cloak manufacturer on Broadway, near Canal, or Grand, or West street, and that Mrs. Grey always called him Barney.

Katie further volunteered the information that her mother thought that Mrs. Grey died from taking morphine.

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Capt. Killien and the coroner were notified and the latter ordered a number of autopsies. When the body was turned over its side and face were found to be very much discolored and seemingly bruised.

This looked suspicious. When the autopsy was made, however, Dr. Weston said that the woman died of natural causes.

Among the dead woman's effects were several bottles of medicine, a number of letters. Among them was the following letter:

DEAR BERTHA: I think going into the country would do you worlds of good. I suppose you got a little thinner since you were sick. It will not hurt you to have a little of you fat. Maggie wrote to me, and she said that she heard that there was no money in the market. Now God sell the poor man's soul for a few dollars. I don't let you let me know how they all get along. You let me know how they all get along. I don't let you let me know how they all get along.

It is certain, however, that Mr. Grey left very early in the morning.

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The letter also advised her to borrow from the doctor, whose name from another letter was found to be Dr. Thomas. No clue to his whereabouts is found.

Other male friends than Mr. Grey have been visitors at the flat.

One of them called yesterday, but left hastily when he found that Mrs. Grey was dead.

Mr. Grey is said to be a short, very stout man about forty years old. He wore a heavy black mustache.

The police searched in the neighborhood of Broadway and Canal street this morning but could not find him.

Undertaker Edward Gordon, of 910 Ninth avenue, took charge of the body.

He says that last night a tall, good-looking man who wore a dark moustache came in and gave him the order, saying he knew where Mrs. Grey's friends were and would telegraph them.

He assured the undertaker he would be well paid.

Mr. Gordon says the man did not leave his name.

Mrs. Grey had a messenger call in her flat and frequently sent messages to Mr. Grey by messenger boys. At the office of the Company, Sixth avenue, near Fifty-sixth street, they admitted that they had the man's address, but refused to divulge it.

Mrs. Grey's real name is supposed to be Nelson. Once she showed Charles Gunter, a young man who lives next door, a letter from a woman who was her sister.

The letter was from Philadelphia and signed Mammie Nelson. The letter entreated her to return home.

Gunter could not be found to-day.

Dr. Becklin, of 296 West Forty-second street, who attended Mrs. Grey, left the city last Thursday.

Undertaker Gordon has received no definite instructions as yet, but thinks the burial will take place to-morrow.

THEODORE FREAN DEAD.

Prominent in Staten Island Politics for a Quarter of a Century.

Theodore Frean, one of the widest-known politicians and residents on Staten Island, died suddenly this morning at his home on Boyd Hill, Staten Island.

Mr. Frean, who was seventy years of age, was for many years active in the councils of the Democratic party, and held public office for a quarter of a century or more. During President Buchanan's Administration he was an official representative at the first Fort Mifflin convention.

He was Supervisor of Middletown, and held various other offices, including County School Commissioner, Trustee of Edgewater and Justice of the Peace.

MRS. MAYBRICK'S STORY

She Did Put an Arsenic Powder Into Her Husband's Food.

But She Says It Was at His Own Earnest Request.

She Declares Her Intrigue with Blerly Had Been Pardonned.

(BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.)

LIVERPOOL, Aug. 5.—At the trial to-day of Mrs. Maybrick, charged with the murder of her husband by poison, the prisoner herself was placed on the witness stand.

She admitted that she had bought the fly-paper previously mentioned in the trial, but said that she procured it for the purpose of making a wash for the face by soaking it in elder-flower water, according to a recipe given her by a German friend.

She had a prescription of the sort given her by Dr. Graves, of Brooklyn, but had lost it.

On the night of the 9th of May her husband implored her to give him a powder, declaring it would not hurt him taken in food.

She had previously refused similar requests from him, but consented on this occasion, seeing the distress he was in.

She placed the powder in a tin of meat-juice, and returning to the sick-chamber with it found her husband asleep.

She left the tin with its contents on the wash-stand, where Michael Maybrick secured it. It had not been touched and Michael was unaware until her husband died, that it contained arsenic.

The remarkable evidence was listened to with breathless attention by the entire Court, but interest was aroused to the highest pitch of sensation when the prisoner alluded to her relations with Blerly.

She swore that she had confessed the whole intrigue to her husband, had been pardoned by him and both were fully reconciled before he died.

SAYS HE KEPT HER TICKET.

JOHANNA BAUER'S CHARGE AGAINST THE RUGIA'S STEWARD.

Johanna Bauer, a German immigrant, who arrived at Castle Garden on the steamship Rugia, from Hamburg, was found in her complaint this morning against the steward of the vessel.

She said that she wanted to go to her brother, Anton Bauer, who is a farmer in Dallas, Ore., but that the steward had deprived her of her order for a railroad ticket.

Her brother, she said, had sent her money to purchase her ticket. She obtained an order for a ticket, and on the way over she became acquainted with the steward, Signor Simposi.

She was afraid she might lose her ticket and she spoke to him about it. He prevailed upon her to let him keep it for her until they reached this side.

When they arrived here, the steward, she claims, refused to hand over the order, but gave her instead a card with the name of a cheap hotel in the neighborhood.

Her tale was related to the Castle Garden authorities yesterday and the matter, Signor Simposi is determined to make a thorough investigation of it.

Her ticket order was of no value to any one but herself, said a Castle Garden official, "as it was merely an order for a ticket and has been stopped."

CRUSHED BY THE ELEVATOR.

Probably Fatal Accident in a Greenwich Street Establishment.

A probably fatal elevator accident occurred at Malain's jelly and canned-goods establishment, 372 Greenwich street, this morning.

Louis Bradley, a clerk, was going down to the first floor when he was crushed by the descent of the elevator, and received a severe laceration of the chest. He was taken to Chambers Street Hospital, where he has been two years of age.

Arrested as a Common Scold.

Theresa True, of Christie and Canal streets, was arraigned at Essex Market Court this morning on the charge of being a common scold. She is very small in stature and very loud in appearance.

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NOT CLEAR YET.

Nothing Shown to Prove the Justice of the Flack Divorce.

The Sheriff and His Son Steer Clear of Newspaper Men.

Referee Meeks Displays an Astonishing Lack of Knowledge.

Just how the troubles in the family of Sheriff Flack are to be adjusted is still a matter of good deal of uncertainty.

Now that Mrs. Flack has been gossiped and kept out of the way of investigative reporters by her son William, who apparently has charge of all her affairs, the steps which may be contemplated looking towards a reopening of the divorce proceedings cannot be learned.

Probably if William, who seems to be equally in the confidence of his father, had his way, he would see that his mother took no further proceedings in the matter.

As it is, he says that she was perfectly cognizant of all the former proceedings for the divorce, and denies very emphatically that there was any intent to deceive her.

He said he was coming to town to-day to further explain matters for the benefit of the public, but up to noon he had not made his appearance at the office at 3 North William street.

The place was open, however, and the bookkeeper in charge said that neither Mr. William Flack nor his sister were expected in town by him to-day. The Sheriff was still absent from his office in the County Court-house, and none of his subordinates could tell when he would return.

Judge Bookstaver has evidently not carried out his intention of consulting with Judge Beach regarding further proceedings which may be taken in the Flack case during his absence on his vacation.

He said yesterday that this would be done in case Mrs. Flack should make an application to reopen the case.

Judge Beach, when questioned in regard to this report by an EVENING WORLD reporter this morning, said:

"I have not seen Judge Bookstaver and I know nothing whatever of the matter."

There is considerable discussion in legal circles as to the regularity and validity of the appointment of Joseph Meeks, who is named or suggested by the parties or to the appointment of any clerk or assistant in the clerk's office in the court, unless it is by the consent of all parties to the action or proceeding.

In this case both those rules appear to have been violated. For Meeks is not only an assistant to the County Clerk's office and an intimate friend of Sheriff Flack, but he is undoubtedly chosen by at least one of the parties to the action. Mrs. Flack having no knowledge of the proceedings, of course did not consent to anything.

These rules are intended to prevent any collusion in obtaining divorces, and the irregularity of the appointment of Meeks is evident upon the face of it.

When Mr. Meeks was questioned about this to-day by an EVENING WORLD reporter he at first evaded an answer.

"I don't think anything about it at all," he said.

"And you have nothing further to say in answer to the statement?"

"I don't say anything yet, have I?" he asked in reply.

The reporter admitted that he could not have displayed greater ignorance if he had spent his entire life in acquiring it.

"Well," said Meeks, "I am not going to say anything, either. If you want information you must go to the Court."

Both the Sheriff and Mr. Flack attended the Madison Avenue Free-Press Club, which the Rev. Charles S. Thompson is pastor, for many years. Mrs. Flack was a member of the church and gave much money in charity to the cause.

She is said to be a very devout and religious woman who did not believe in absolute divorce.

In this account that nothing would induce her to bring proceedings against her husband, although she knew of his unworldliness and his betrayal of his marriage vows.

The most that she would consent to was a separation.

Her intimate friends all ridicule the idea suggested by her son William, that she read the sealed records by the order of the Judge.

He could not, however, explain why this case and the decree had not been properly enforced as is the custom with all judgments rendered by the Court, and all lawyers say that the exception to the general rule made in this case is a remarkable and almost unheard-of proceeding.

It was said at Mrs. Smith's boarding house at 45 West Thirty-fourth street, where Mrs. Raymond lived to live after she was obliged to leave the house in Fifth street, that she had gone away with her son Eddie about two months ago.

Not only knew where she had gone, and nothing but the name of Mr. Raymond, who had visited her during her stay there, since his disappearance.

The house is a most respectable one and Mrs. Smith fees very bad because of the unpleasant notoriety that her former boarders have given her.

BURKE REACHES ST. PAUL.

THE OTHER CRONIN SUSPECTS GRANTED A CHANGE OF VENUE.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

St. Paul, Aug. 5, 12:08 p.m.—Martin Burke arrived here at 7 A. M. over the Manhattan road and the teamsters' baggage, which he arrived in the sleeping car Grand Forks, closely guarded.

Two detectives stood on each platform. Burke was a man in a dark suit, and the Cronin suspect now in jail at Judge McConnel's Court. He overruled the motions to quash the indictments and the prisoners were arraigned and pleaded not guilty.

OUR RIFLEMEN HEARD FROM.

The Veterans Will Call on Mayor Grant on Their Return from England.

At the Mayor's office to-day was received the following letter, dated Paris, July 22:

The American Rifle Team, returning from England with a record of unbroken victories, will do itself the honor to pay an official call on the Mayor of New York immediately after leaving New York on Saturday evening, August 10.

Will you kindly advise us on arrival at New York of the time and place it will be convenient for you to receive us?

We shall appear in uniform, heavy marching order.

Yours very truly,
Captain American Rifle Team.

FIRED INTO HIS MOUTH.

An Elderly German's Effort to Put an End to His Life.

The police were called to 334 Eldridge street at 9 o'clock this morning by a report that Conrad Bugner had committed suicide by shooting himself in the mouth.

Bugner was found bleeding in his room, with a big 44-caliber revolver in his hand, and when he was taken to the hospital he was found to be a German and sixty-two years of age.

He is a Swiss and a printer by trade. He was well known in Staten Island years ago, where he published a German paper.

He was lately employed in selling a book for Dr. Steiner on Second avenue.

WOOD SHOWS UP.

Harlem's Theatre Napoleon Not Far from New York.

He Met Young Bresler at Newburg Last Night.

Son-in-Law Wood More Popular with the Old Folks than Son-in-Law Kahn.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

Newburg, N. Y., Aug. 5.—A. H. Wood, alias Hahr, the projector of the West End Theatre, at Harlem, and who is now wanted by the police at New York, is stopping at the Merchants' Hotel, in thirty.

He came last night about 6 o'clock, and securing a carriage at once drove to Merritt's boarding-house, at Silver Street, within half a mile of Dikkenham's Hotel, of Flack notoriety.

There he picked up his brother-in-law, young Bresler, sixteen years of age, not even taking time to change his tennis clothing.

He arrived at the Merchants' Hotel here and occupied room 88 with Bresler.

About midnight a stranger put in an appearance and demanded that the parties be detained, but having no papers they were not interfered with.

A little before 9 o'clock Wood opened one of the valves, took out a small parcel and left to visit par in the city.

One of the satellites is very large and heavy and the other is quite light.

Lawyer Blake, of the firm of Blake & Sullivan, was in a fine state of indignation over the insinuations that Mr. Sullivan, Wood's lawyer, had been part and parcel of a conspiracy in the Wood-Bresler business.

Mr. and Mrs. Bresler were in his office this morning, and corroborated the statements which Mr. Blake made to exonerate Mr. Sullivan.

They were evidently more partial to Son-in-Law Wood than they are to Son-in-Law Aaron Kahn.

They both avowed that they knew of Wood's forgery before he married their daughter, and regarded it as a fact of youthfully, of which he was proud.

"He lived a year in the house with us before he married," said Mrs. Bresler. "That forgery is the only fault we ever knew in him."

"It is false that Mr. Sullivan went to Detroit to patch up Mr. Wood's character. He didn't go there till some time after Wood's marriage, and then it was on a business entirely. There was no conspiracy whatever."

"The land in Forty-seventh street was sold before we ever knew Mr. Wood. Mr. Kahn, however, was named in the deed on the sale of the Forty-second street property."

"Where is Mr. Wood now?" inquired the reporter, and corroborated the statements which Mr. Blake made to exonerate Mr. Sullivan.

"We do not know, though I dare say we may have a telegram from him when we get home. His wife clings to him. She is a lovely girl."

SAYS KAISER WOOD HER.

STRANGE TALE TOLD BY A PRETTY SWISS IMMIGRANT.

The official of Castle Garden have a peculiar case on their hands for investigation. It rests on the story of a pretty Swiss immigrant named Anna Frank, who says that Farmer Jacob Kaiser, of Detroit, Mich., wooed her and promised to make her his wife.

Anna, who is a tall, well-formed girl, says that she is a maiden player and songstress. She met Farmer Kaiser in Switzerland, she says, and he persuaded her to come to this country, and she did so, and he married her when they arrived in New York.

Coming over on the steamship Rugia from Hamburg, she learned that Kaiser was a married man, and now she wants him to pay her passage back home again.

Kaiser, on the other hand, stoutly denies the girl's story and says that she came over with a woman named Anna Strutz, to whom he loaned \$200, and that she was to collect his money. Anna, he says, lodged the complaint against him.

Supt. Simpson will make a thorough examination of the case.

AD FOR THE OLD COUPLE.

THE SCANDINAVIAN SOCIETY WILL SEND HOME THE PETERSONS.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

The EVENING WORLD printed on Saturday afternoon an account of the journey of old Herman Peterson and his wife, Christiana, who came here from Pittsburgh. Herman is sixty-eight years old and the wife sixty-seven. They came to America from Denmark three years ago and went to live with their married daughter in Nebraska.

All went well until the daughter's husband lost an arm and the old couple were thrown on their own resources.

They determined to return to Denmark. They managed to reach Pittsburgh by rail, but their money having given out they walked the 500 miles between there and Castle Garden.

They had expected that the Emigration Commissioners would send them to Europe, but in this they were disappointed. All that the latter could do was to send them to some almshouse.

Mr. Eia Christanson, of the Scandinavian Society of 1884, read about them in The Evening World, on Saturday evening there was an informal meeting of the Society at Beethoven Hall. Mr. Christanson read The Evening World's story. It was voted to send the couple home.

A collection was taken up and Mr. Christanson and Mr. A. Campbell Koppel were appointed a committee to arrange the details.

They found Peterson and his wife at Bellevue this morning, where they were awaiting transportation to the Flatbush Poorhouse. The old man was lying listlessly.

"That's good, we will get home once more," said the old woman, "for Herman is pointing to the husband will be able to work for me there."

The couple will be sent home on the Hamburg steamer that leaves here on Thursday, and in the interim their wants will be provided for by the Scandinavian Society.

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