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PRICE ONE CENT. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1890. PRICE ONE CENT.

ELEVEN JURORS SECURED.

Only One Man Needed Now to Start the Flack Trial.

Many Called but Few Chosen from Extensive Panels.

Mrs. Flack Still Waiting at the Vanderbilt Hotel.

The tedious work of examining citizens and searching for twelve unbiassed peers of James A. Flack, William L. Flack and Joseph Meeks, was resumed before Justice Barrett in the Court of Oyer and Terminer to-day with a languor befitting the feverish Spring weather.

The jurors in the box tried hard to keep up their spirits by reading the funny papers, only No. 11, chosen last yesterday, evincing any interest in the proceedings.

No. 11 is George Grosse, a plumber at 324 Second avenue.

The lawyers for the defense discovered that Foreman George L. Herrick, who had occupied the first seat in the box since Monday, was an employee of a firm who had been beaten in a lawsuit in which ex-Judge Horace Russell and John H. Bird had been the opposing counsel, and he was excused by consent.

There were, therefore, but ten chairs occupied when the day began, the first and twelfth being vacant.

Detective Phil Reilly, of the District Attorney's office, has appeared frequently on the scene of the trial, and there has been a mysterious air about him.

Capt. "Billy" Ricketts, who has command of the thirty-six officers of the State Court squad and has been employed in the courts for thirty-seven years, though he doesn't look to be more than thirty years of age, in a reminiscent mood recalls some events of more or less ancient history that may have some bearing on Detective Reilly's movements.

Mrs. Mary E. Flack quietly awaiting at the Vanderbilt Hotel the District-Attorney's call, unmolested by the importunities of her husband and son, is rapidly recovering from the nervous prostration resultant on the exciting and distracting events that have rushed into this last year of her life, and she will undoubtedly be in condition to appear as a witness to-morrow.

The Flacks and Joe Meeks were more bored than usual to-day, and even the Sheriff took "forty winks" occasionally in his shirt collar.

Ralph W. Wood, a clerk at 340 Sixth avenue and living at 270 West Twenty-fifth street, confessed to having lived twenty-four years, and then frankly acknowledged that he was anxious to get on the jury because he wanted to learn something.

He would make a model juror, for he did not know that James A. Flack held an important office, nor that he had ever been a candidate.

He had heard of the case only since he came into court, and though he was of a slightly sympathetic nature, he had no hesitancy in assuring Prosecutor Goff that the fact that Will Flack was a son of Mrs. Flack would not make him sympathize with him.

Mr. Bird was perfectly satisfied with this model citizen, but Justice Barrett sustained the challenge of Prosecutor Goff on the statutory ground.

Mr. Bird excepted, and was astonished when the Court refused to note it. Justice Barrett explained that the youth was but twenty-four years of age and lacking in the statutory qualifications, and Mr. Bird subsided with a sigh.

The ambitious Mr. Wood sighed too and left the court-room downcast and discouraged.

John O'Donnell, one of Arnold & Constable's salesmen, in a white tie and pompadour hair, was quite acceptable to the prosecution, but Mr. Bird wanted to know if, in the event of his becoming a juror, he would find a verdict which would countenance divorces, if it was shown by the defense that the divorce was granted with the knowledge and desire of the woman supposed to be the victim of the conspiracy charged.

Mr. O'Donnell said he would.

Then he got into a debate with Mr. Bird as to what constituted a discussion of the Flack case and considerable acrimony was displayed.

Mr. O'Donnell said he had an impression that he had read something about the case, but he had got no impression.

"Would tears affect you?" snorted the examining lawyer.

"Not unless I shed 'em myself," replied the salesman with a self-satisfied air.

The fact that a verdict of guilty would not only convict James A. Flack but would affect his holding of the Sheriff's office, would have no effect on Mr. O'Donnell, and finally he was accepted and became the foreman of the jury, on his good-natured statement that he hadn't gathered any prejudice against Bird by their wordy war.

Ex-Register Slevin, ex-Warden "Fatty" Walsh, of the Tombs, and Lawyer Frank D. Wright, of Auburn, were among those who stepped into court for a moment's look at the scene to-day.

William Cohen, gent's furnisher at 338 Bowery, is "a very busy man" in gold-bowed spectacles. So busy that he never reads the newspapers, though his boy did read the headlines to him sometimes.

Of course, he knew nothing about the Flack divorce case, but was willing to try the divorce case if sworn as a juror.

Mr. Bird suggested that Mr. Cohen's business might suffer incalculably if he were kept away from it, and, everybody agreeing, Mr. Cohen returned to the Bowery.

Jacob Pizer, real-estate dealer in Third avenue, said he was recently married.

"Do you feel sure that you have regained the normal condition of your faculties?" asked Mr. Goff, solicitously, adding: "Would it be a great hardship to you to be kept here—away from your home during a long trial?"

Mr. Pizer never smiled as he replied affirmatively to both questions, and then as he developed an uncertainty as to whether this was a civil or a criminal action, he was excused by consent.

George L. Baker, a Wall street broker, confessed to an intimate acquaintance with Mr. Bird and was excused.

John J. Knowles, the Lafayette place marble dealer, was afraid that a distracting opinion which he had picked up somewhere about the defendants, combined with certain tender sympathies for women common to men in the first year of wedded bliss, would spoil him as a juror and he was permitted to retire.

New Jersey's Formal Protest.

TRENTON, N. J., March 13.—Assemblyman Johnston presented a concurrent resolution protesting against Liberty Island being taken as an immigrant landing place and it passed the House by a unanimous vote.

LIKE A FAIRY GODMOTHER.

A Cunning Little Old Woman Found Asleep in a Hallway.

Says Her Name Is Sura Provitz, but Don't Know Where She Lives.

Sergt. Welsing, of the Fifth street police station, is entertaining a singular guest to-day.

She is a beauteous fairy, grown old and wrinkled and toothless, but a fairy still, with a soft, musical voice, and a sunshiny smile.

She must be somebody's fairy godmother come down from Fairyland to look after her godchild.

Patrolman William Dorn discovered this fairy, all rolled up in a little ball and fast asleep, in a hallway at Thirteenth street and Avenue D.

It was nearly 8 o'clock last night, and when the policeman touched the bundle it unrolled and out came the fairy. She was chilled and weary after her tour from Fairyland and she was bewildered.

The little woman came hardly up to the big policeman's watch pocket, but she chirruped blithely to him in an unknown tongue, and so he gently led her to the station to find out whose fairy godmother she might be.

People were called in from the neighborhood, and finally a Pole was able to translate her words.

She said she was Sura Provitz, and that she once lived in Plotsck, Poland, and that she was ninety years old. Now she lived with her daughter, whose husband was a bookbinder, and she thought his name was Kepel, but she hadn't the remotest idea where she lived.

The fairy was given a clean cot bed to sleep in, and this morning a grand breakfast of chops, eggs, coffee, bread and butter was served to her by the Goliaths of the station. But she sent everything away but a bit of bread, drank her bowl of coffee and called for another.

Having floated herself in coffee, the fairy godmother rubbed the four fingers of her thin, white little hand over her wrinkled old forehead and tried to remember. After a little, the soft, musical little voice said that she and her son went to the synagogue.

What synagogue? Oh my! That was too much for even a fairy to remember! She was sure her son was Kepel or Kopel but she had lost his first name somewhere between fairyland and Thirteenth street, and where she lived with him was—" somewhere."

She wore a light blue calico waist and a faded but neatly laundered gown of blue-white plaid, from a lifted corner of which peeped a clean white skirt. Over her scattered brown hair was wound a fascinator of white zephyr, and the little old eyes gave forth a gleam of sunshine as she gazed comfortably about her.

But her shoes must have been a pair picked up after she reached the real world, for they were great, coarse old brogans.

There is no Kepel, bookbinder, in the Directory of New York, and though a general alarm was sent out last night at 8.15, nobody of earth or fairyland has made inquiry for the wanderer at any of the police stations, and at the office of the Hebrew Society, in St. Mark's place, nothing was known of her.

WHY THE POLICEMAN'S ZEAL?

Queer Complications Growing Out of an Excise Arrest.

The arrest of Edward Downey, barkeeper in Ehlers's saloon, 109 West Houston street, once kept by ex-Policeman Nugent, who escaped conviction as one of the band of burglars that plundered the Manhattan Bank only to be caught red-handed in highway robbery in Jersey City, led to very unusual complications this morning.

The law says that saloons shall be closed between 1 and 5 in the morning. At 5.20 o'clock Policeman George Snyder, of the Prince street squad, brought Downey to Police Headquarters and demanded of Officer Brady, who was on duty at the door, that he send for the night inspector. He wished to arraign his prisoner before him. Capt. McCullagh, the elder, who had been on night duty, was roused from his sleep to hear what the officer had to say.

Policeman Snyder stated that he had arrested Downey at 4.45 A. M. for violating the Excise law. Capt. Thompson had given special orders to look out for such cases. The saloon was open, Snyder said, and beer and whiskey were being sold over the bar. He saw the prisoner take money from his customers.

He arrested the barkeeper and took him to the station-house. Sergt. McNamara, who was at the desk, refused to accept the complaint, and discharged the prisoner. Snyder, mindful of the Captain's instructions, promptly rearrested him and took him over to Headquarters.

Downey denied having sold liquor. He had just come in to begin cleaning up for the day, he said, when the policeman arrested him without cause.

As Snyder's complaint amounted to a serious charge against Sergt. McNamara, Capt. McCullagh sent for him to hear his side of the story. The Sergeant said that it was 4.57 o'clock when Snyder brought in his prisoner. The saloon but a little way from the station, and they could have been more than a few minutes under way. The charge made by the officer before him was not that Downey had sold liquor, but merely that he had it exposed on the bar. He saw him from the street behind the bar, and some glasses standing in front of him. (Questioned by the Sergeant, he said that he did not see Downey sell anything, or anybody buy liquor. Under the circumstances, considering also the narrow time margin, the Sergeant decided that there was no case and refused to hold the prisoner.

Capt. McCullagh decided that Sergt. McNamara had acted properly on the evidence before him. Upon the officer's amended complaint that the prisoner should be held to allow of a judicial investigation. Supt. Murray, too, will take a hand at investigating the case to-day.

At Jefferson Market Court this morning Judge White considered Snyder's charge trivial, 4.30 A. M. being so near the legal opening hour, and discharged the prisoner.

A MURDERER BURNED ALIVE.

Horrible Punishment Meted Out by a Band of Sioux Indians.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

PIERRE, S. Dak., March 13.—Dirty Foot, a Sioux buck, yesterday got possession of some whiskey at Fort Pierre, and returning to the camp on Bad River got drunk.

Going to his tepee he found there a squaw known as Old Sal, and he picked up an axe and struck her on the forehead, cracking her skull.

A crowd soon gathered and Dirty Foot was caught, thrown into the fire in the centre of the circle of the tepee, and as he tried to escape was thrown back again and again until he was burned almost to a crisp.

KILLED BY DYNAMITE.

Six Reported Victims of a Terrible Explosion at Baldwins.

A Premature Explosion of a Blast the Cause.

No Accurate Account of the Explosion Yet Received.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

EAST ROCKAWAY, L. I., March 13.—Six laborers are reported to have been blown to atoms by the premature explosion of a dynamite blast on the new aqueduct at Baldwins this morning.

First reports of the disaster did not reach here until 12.30 o'clock this P. M., and the details are too horrible to believe.

It is said that the unfortunate men who were blown up were so badly mangled as to be entirely unrecognizable, and only by apportioning the bones and shreds of flesh which were scattered in every direction can any idea of the number of dead be obtained as yet.

Medical aid has been sent to the scene from here and other places in the vicinity, as a number of men are also reported to have been injured.

SHE FOUND DEATH AT LAST.

A Beautiful Young Wife's Fourth Attempt at Suicide Succeeds.

Mrs. Annie Strauber Ends Her Life With a Dose of Rat Poison.

Three times in three years has Mrs. Annie Strauber, a young woman of remarkable beauty, sought relief from her miseries and perplexities by attempting her own life. Each time has her suicidal attempt been foiled by a watchful and loving husband. The desire to die, however, had apparently become a mania with her, for to-day she lies a corpse in her home at 132 East Houston street, her fourth attempt to end her life having resulted as she desired. She died about 3 o'clock this morning from the effect of a dose of rat poison, self-administered.

Nine years ago, when she was a lovely maiden of eighteen, she became the wife of Charles Strauber, who at that time was proprietor of an east-side liquor store. The marriage was a happy one, though unblessed with children.

Strauber was not successful in conducting business for himself and finally gave up his store and began tending bar for others.

It is alleged that Mrs. Strauber contracted an appetite for liquor which caused a great deal of trouble between her and her husband. She fought valiantly against the habit which was overcoming her, but could not vanquish it. Her husband strove with her, but she had not the requisite mental force to combat the evil.

After yielding to her craze for stimulants she would become remorseful and disheartened. Her depression took the form of a suicidal mania, and her husband was obliged to watch her closely.

On two occasions she dosed herself with rat poison, but her husband's timely interference saved her life. Another time she drank a pint of kerosene oil, the only destructive she could find, but, though it made her very ill, she recovered.

Last evening Strauber came home and found his wife very despondent. He assured himself that no poison was within her reach, and went to bed. He was mistaken, though. She had, with a lunatic's cunning, concealed a box of the deadly stuff. About 2 o'clock he was awakened by her groans. She lay writhing on the floor, and on the table was a half-emptied box of the poison. She had taken a large quantity of the bane.

Strauber summoned assistance at once, but before a physician could reach her she was dead. Her fourth attempt to penetrate the mysteries of the hereafter had been successful.

JUDGE NEHRBAS DYING.

His Physicians Have No Hope that He Can Survive Many Hours.

Chief Judge McAdam, of the City Court, received a message this morning announcing the fact that Judge Charles J. Nehrbas, of the same Court, lay at the point of death at his residence, 151 East Forty-sixth street, and that his physicians did not expect him to survive many hours.

It was about five weeks ago that THE EVENING WORLD exclusively announced the illness of Judge Nehrbas and its probable fatal termination.

The Judge had then been ill about three weeks. His malady was acute bronchitis which had developed from the then prevailing grip.

Judge Nehrbas was re-elected to a full term as Judge of the City Court on the Tammany Hall ticket last November.

JOE ZIP'S ENGAGEMENT RING.

His Love Token Embezzled and Pawned by a Mutual Friend.

Joe Zip is the name of a bright, little Mongolian, who runs a laundry in East Forty-second street. Zip, who is well to do, is a social favorite in Chidstown.

A few weeks ago the laundryman was introduced to Minnie Wilkens, a prepossessing little German girl.

He fell desperately in love with her. He made her innumerable presents and their marriage was set down for the first week of the next month.

With all Zip's gallantry he was puzzled how to approach Minnie on the engagement ring business. The article had been purchased.

It was of plain gold, and valued at $10. He gave it to Johnna Kennedy, the plump wife of his friend Lung Lem. Mrs. Lem secured Zip that she would tender the ring to Mammie.

Subsequently Zip found that Johanna had pledged the ring and drank the proceeds.

The laundryman hurried to the Elizabeth street station-house, where he laid his case before the police, and Johanna was taken into custody.

The trio—Zip, Lem and Johanna—appeared in the Tombs Court to-day, where Judge McMahon concluded to hold Johanna in $500 for trial in Special Sessions.

WINDOM'S VANDALS FOILED.

Uncle Sam's Senate a Unit in Rescuing Liberty Island.

Our Own Evarts's Ringing Protest—The Inquiry Begun.

Inquiry into the matter of establishing a new Castle Garden is begun to-day by a joint committee of Congress. There can be but one result. The beautiful little green island, from which Liberty's Statue rises a most impressive and inspiring figure to point the way through the gates of the Great Western World, will be free from unsightly and disfiguring environment, and a deserved rebuke will be administered to the iconoclastic clique which aims to despoil its sacred sward.

Secretary Windom's repeatedly avowed determination to establish the Government's immigrant station on Liberty Island, despite the claims of patriotic sentiment, of deference to the public wishes, of violation of expressed or implied pledges, has met with a setback which will probably prove effectual. It is evident that the disposition of the Administration to humiliate and affront New York for its great offense of being a Democratic city is not shared by the leaders of the dominant party in the Senate.

The McAdoo amendment to the Senate resolution for an investigation of the entire question of immigration came up for action by the Senators yesterday. The amendment provided for inquiring into Mr. Windom's scheme, and was aimed to head off the proposed desecration of Liberty Island by the erection of barracks, sheds and sausage stores. Senator Edmunds read a letter from the Secretary of the Treasury, in which he reaffirmed his belief that Liberty Island was the most available site for the immigrant station, and intimated his intention of proceeding at once with the work unless stopped by Congress, upon whose shoulders he threw the responsibility.

Senator McPherson addressed the Senate in a forcible and convincing manner. He paid high tribute to THE WORLD for its work in securing the fund for the pedestal of the Colossus. "Every dollar of this money was contributed," he said, "upon the pledge, either expressed or implied, that Bedloe's Island should never be used for any other purpose, that is for any purpose of a commercial character, at least."

Mr. McPherson then explained the superior merits of Ellis Island for an immigrant station. It is larger, more easily accessible, its preparation would involve less expenditure, and its use is indorsed by commercial bodies and the mass of citizens of New York and New Jersey. The legislation necessary for the removal of the stores of dangerous explosives from the island is now pending and will undoubtedly pass. The protest against the seizure of Liberty Island "is not limited alone to New York and New Jersey. Protests come from all sections of the country."

Senator Evarts followed. "I look with no complacency," he said, "upon the movement of the Government to use Bedloe's Island as a depot for immigrants, after it has been consecrated to the Statue of Liberty and the pedestal there erected upon the action of the Government. This island was selected as one that could be given by this Government, without injury to the public service, to this munificent gift from a friendly State. It is a great international monument."

Mr. Evarts forcibly reiterated the objections to the selection of this island for an immigrant depot. He believed that by the adoption of this amendment the most effective course would be taken to check the proposed vandalism, and he urged the Senate to concur.

The Senate adopted the amendment without a dissenting vote.

In the House, Chairman Owen succeeded in securing the passage of the appropriation of $5,000 for the purpose of the investigation, and the joint committee will begin its labors to-day.

Gen. Spinola will to-day introduce a resolution in the House, providing for setting aside twenty acres on Governor's Island for an immigrant depot.

New Jersey's Legislature yesterday unanimously adopted a joint resolution protesting against the proposed desecration of Liberty Island.

SALE OF HAGGIN'S TROTTERS.

Niece of Sunol Promptly Bid Off for $1,600.

Ninety-five head of fine-looking, well-grown and high-stepping trotters, brought by J. B. Haggin from his noted Rancho del Paso in California, were put through their paces at the American Horse Exchange, Broadway and Fiftieth street, this morning and offered at auction. The beauties arrived from California last week, and up to Tuesday were on view at the Easton Company's sale paddocks at Hunt's Point, One Hundred and Sixty-fourth street and the Boulevard.

By 10 o'clock the Exchange yard was filled with over five hundred horsemen. Among them were J. B. Hathaway, representing ex-State Treasurer Fitzgerald, of Cortland; Randolph Huntington and Mr. Lyons, of Rochester; Horace S. White, of Syracuse, and other prominent men, who not only know a good horse when they see it, but have many swift beauties in their own stables. Mr. Haggin himself is abroad.

This is the first time that the Rancho del Paso Stock Farm has entered the lists as a consignor of trotters for sale in the New York market. Many of the colts, fillies and geldings sold to-day were sired by Albert W., 11,333, record 2.20, whose sire was Electioneer, and whose dam was a sister of the dam of Bonanza. Albert W. is a brother of the wonderful Sunol, 2.10¾, and his forty-six other brothers and sisters all belong to the 2.30 class. He is a bay, was foaled in 1878, and bred by A. Waldstein, of San Francisco.

It was 10.45 when Auctioneer William Easton opened the sale. The first horse was soon disposed of:

Brown filly, by Albert W., dam Miss Bran, foaled March 22, 1889; Dr. R. W. Hall, city, $1,600.

Bay colt, by Albert W., dam Rosemary, foaled April 19, 1889; A. J. Beidler, Washington, $260.

Chestnut filly, by Albert W., dam Cecelia, foaled March 17, 1889; J. S. Ferguson, New York, $600.

Bay filly, by Cornelius, by Nutwood, dam Adams mare, by Echo, foaled April 9, 1889; A. J. Beidler, Washington, $225.

Bay colt, by Albert W., dam Maggie Rose, foaled April 30, 1889; Dr. R. W. Hall, New York, $400.

EXTRA

LOOMIS HAS GONE.

Mayor Grant Surprised by the Street-Cleaning Commissioner's Departure.

Not Resigned, but Gone Away for Ten Days.

Just on the Eve of Important Action by the Mayor on the Street-Cleaning Problem.

Street Commissioner Horace Loomis has not resigned, but he has done something which will call additional condemnation on him from the people.

He has deserted his post of duty when the city's streets are the dirtiest, and has appointed his politician deputy, Edward P. Hagan, Acting Commissioner to manage the affairs of his Department during his absence.

"Commissioner Loomis left on a Pennsylvania Railroad train this morning for Philadelphia," was the information vouchsafed by Chief Clerk Beardsley to THE EVENING WORLD reporter.

The length of time he intended to remain away from the city and neglect the pressing duties of his office is stated to be ten days, in a short official note which he forwarded to Mayor Grant.

The announcement of Mr. Loomis's flight was more than a surprise to Mayor Grant, who had expected to consult with him this morning on the subject of street cleaning and the possibility of a speedy solution of the present difficulties under which the Commissioner claims to be laboring.

The Mayor was ready to call a meeting of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment to act on Mr. Loomis's plan for cleaning the streets by special contract, which the Commissioner claims to be the only method that will obtain that result.

"I had an interview with Commissioner Loomis yesterday," said the Mayor. "He complained that he is ill, and he certainly looks ill. His complaint is neuralgia of the stomach, and he is in such a condition that he declared he could not stand the harassing cares of his office.

"He asked for a ten days' leave of absence in which to obtain rest, and says that he will utilize his short vacation to obtain information regarding street-cleaning methods in other cities."

It is understood that the Commissioner told the Mayor that the trouble arises from an inability to sleep nights because of the persistent activity of reporters and the unwished-for condolence of friends which is poured in on him at all hours of the day and night.

"Why," said he in desperation to a city official, "my wife and I are kept hanging out of the windows about all night answering questions put by impertinent reporters, and my good friends are constantly calling my attention to caricatures of me sitting on broken-down sweeping machines and the like."

When the Mayor learned that Mr. Loomis had run away this morning, instead of keeping his engagement with him, he gave up all idea of calling a meeting of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment.

"Why could not Deputy-Commissioner Hagan represent the Department at that meeting?" was asked.

"That would not do, at all," was his reply. "The plan to be discussed is Commissioner Loomis's, and he should be present to advocate it."

Asked if he could call for the resignation of the Commissioner under the circumstances, the Mayor said that he did not feel as though he ought.

The man he declared is undoubtedly ill, and his precipitate flight should be accounted for on that score.

Mayor Grant only regrets that Mr. Loomis's departure will have a tendency to retard the progress of reform in the Department which had been planned.

It is thought more than likely that the Commissioner will resign on his return if not before.

The position as Chief Engineer of the Bureau of Sewers in the Department of Public Works, which he held before his appointment as Street Commissioner, has been held open and he may be reappointed to it.

In case he does resign, Deputy Commissioner Hagan is looked on his probable successor.

ALL PLEASED WITH WEBER.

Federal Immigration Appointments Approved by Politicians.

Downtown politicians to-day busily discussed the appointment of ex-Congressman John B. Weber as Superintendent of Immigration and Gen. James B. O'Beirne as his deputy, announced in yesterday's EVENING WORLD.

Collector Ehrhardt had not been officially notified of the appointments, and was unable to say when the new appointees would begin their duties, or where their offices would be located.

There was a great deal of gossip by Custom-House people. Weber's appointment was generally indorsed, and many had a great deal to say in favor of the selection of Gen. O'Beirne. The latter's qualifications are highly spoken of. He speaks no less than six languages, is herculean in physique, and is possessed of high literary attainments.

Weber's salary, it is stated, will be $6,000, while that of his assistant will be $4,500. That these appointments were secured through Boss Platt there seems little room to doubt. Weber is still in Buffalo, and O'Beirne is in Washington, where he has been for the past two weeks.

SUPPRESSED THE SUICIDE.

A Tragedy at Bellevue Not Put On Record at the Coroner's Office.

Another suppression of a case of suicide by the Coroner's office has been brought to light. This time it was the death of John Bottcher, an alcoholic patient in Bellevue Hospital, who hung himself in a cell with a lint bandage, which he fastened to a lead pipe.

Bottcher entered the institution's lavatory, and five minutes later when an attendant went to look for him, he was dead.

The hospital authorities made no effort to conceal the facts, but although the suicide took place at 10 o'clock yesterday morning no record of it was put on file at the Coroner's office.

COLLECTED BILLS AND FLED.

Ira Ross Aldrich Suddenly Disappears with Nearly $15,000.

His Handsome Fifth Avenue Office Besieged by Duped Employees.

Ira Ross Aldrich, a well-known and successful bill collector, who has offices in the Madison Square Bank Building, has disappeared very suddenly, taking with him $10,000 or $15,000 in money belonging to other people, and leaving behind innumerable debts and a beautiful wife.

I. R. ALDRICH.

The sign on Aldrich's office door in the the bank building at 202 Fifth avenue, is Aldrich & Aldrich. His brother was in partnership with him, but the firm dissolved last September.

Since that time Ira Aldrich has been rolling along on the top wave of success. He became known as one of the most successful bill collectors in the country. He made a specialty of collecting physicians' bills, and the many bad debts he has succeeded in collecting made him famous.

He gave as his references such physicians as Dr. W. A. Hammond, Prof. W. T. Lusk, Dr. William Dayton and Dr. John Woodman.

His business assumed large proportions and Aldrich was compelled to employ assistants. These assistants were required to deposit all the way from $200 to $500 as a guarantee that they would faithfully return the amounts they collected.

Their salaries ranged from $15 to $25 a week, when they got them.

On March 1 Aldrich drew out all the money to his credit in the Madison Square Bank. He left a letter for his brother William telling him that he had gone to Providence, R. I., and would return by Wednesday. He has not turned up since.

Since his disappearance there have been mournful scenes around the Madison Square Bank building.

The collectors inquired in vain for their money but were put off with the statement that the wife of a commercial traveller living in East Forty-fourth street, would advance money for Aldrich as soon as she learned his whereabouts.

No money has been forthcoming however. The list of collectors and the amounts due them is as follows:

William Hazen, 25 West Eleventh street	$500
D. E. Vanderlind, 116 West Sixty-third street	350
Charles H. Mahlstedt, 28 First avenue	250
N. Van Dorn, 220 Ninth avenue	500
M. Schimes, 343 East Fifteenth street	150
N. Frost, 209 East Thirty-third street	250
Joseph Miller, 208 East Seventy-fifth street	250
M. McCoy, New Brighton, S. I.	250
M. J. Rankin, 102 Nassau street	40
J. Bickert, 116 Canal street	310
Total	$2,850

Aldrich's career has been a varied one. He was formerly a doctor of stammering with elegant offices on Fourteenth street near Fifth avenue. About three years ago the beautiful daughter of Mrs. Birdsall, of 139 East Forty-seventh street, visited him to be cured of some defect in her speech.

He laid siege to her heart and soon captured it. They were married and went to live with Miss Birdsall's mother.

The married life was not a happy one. Aldrich would frequently stay out all night, and sometimes would not appear for three or four days. He gave as his excuse that he was gambling.

This sort of thing went on for over a year, and his wife began to suspect that all was not right.

She had him followed, and found sufficient evidence to warrant her suspicions. They parted, and she has seen him only once or twice since, and then with a view of obtaining a divorce.

An EVENING WORLD reporter called at Aldrich's office to-day. William Aldrich was sitting at a desk, but refused to give the reporter any information. He said he was settling up his brother's affairs.

He did not know where his brother had gone to, and said that he could get money enough to square everything if he could find him.

One of the collectors, Miller, is sixty-two years old. He sold all his furniture to pay Aldrich his $250 deposit. He has four children depending on him and is absolutely destitute.

Aldrich is about thirty-five years old, a very suave, oily talker, and very neat in his dress. He is about 6 feet 2 inches tall, and is called handsome. He wears a small black mustache.

He is a noted player at the races, and only a short time ago is said to have dropped $450 in a single sitting at faro.

ONE MORE FOR THE DEATH CHAIR

Joseph Wood Condemned to Die with Kemmler, Mollvaine and Slocum.

Murderer Slocum will be closely followed to death in the electrical chair by Joseph Wood, a colored laborer on the Aqueduct, who was yesterday convicted of murder in the first degree in the Court of General Sessions.

Wood killed Charles Ruffin, another colored laborer, in a quarrel which grew out of a discussion which took place in a grocery store at shaft No. 2, new Aqueduct, May 19 last. Becoming angry, Wood drew a revolver and deliberately shot Ruffin twice in the abdomen. Death resulted two days later.

There are now five men doomed to die by electricity in this State: Kemmler, Mollvaine, Jugiso, Slocum and Wood. The constitutionality of the law is yet to be passed upon by Court of Appeals, where it has been carried by counsel for Kemmler.

Swept from a Steamer's Deck and Drowned.

(BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.)

LONDON, March 13.—Intelligence has just reached here that Sir Howard Elphinstone, who has acted as Treasurer and Comptroller of the estate of the Duke of Connaught, was swept over by a heavy sea and drowned on March 8, during the passage of the steamer Tongariro from Plymouth to Tenerife.

DENNIS CRAY MADE WARDEN.

Keating's and McGonigal's Resignations Were Demanded.

But Sheriff Flack Retains the Old Regime at Ludlow Street Jail.

James P. Keating, Warden of Ludlow Street Jail, and David McGonigal, Special Deputy Sheriff, attached to the Order of Arrest Department, both indicted for bribery in accepting money from a prisoner for doing required official acts, have tendered their resignations to James A. Flack, Sheriff, indicted for conspiracy to obtain a fraudulent divorce, and their resignations have been accepted.

Warden Keating feels his position keenly and justifies his administration of jail affairs in the following letter:

NEW YORK, March 12, 1890.

James A. Flack, Esq., Sheriff, New York.

MY DEAR SIR: It has been my constant aim and endeavor for the past four years, since my appointment to the wardenship of the county jail, to discharge my duties conscientiously and without fear or favor.

Acting upon a sensational article which appeared in one of the morning papers, the Grand Jury, without according me a hearing, has found an indictment against me.

In view of this I felt it necessary, in justice to myself as well as to you, to retire from the wardenship, and I do hereby tender my resignation with the request that judgment as to my official conduct be suspended until I may be granted an opportunity to vindicate myself from accusations at once false, base and malicious.

Permit me to express to you my sincere appreciation for your ever kind and courteous treatment. Believe me, yours truly,

JAMES P. KEATING.

Both men were requested to resign.

Mr. McGonigal tendered his resignation verbally.

The position vacated by Warden Keating was promptly filled by Sheriff Flack, who appointed Dennis F. Cray as Warden.

Mr. Cray has been a keeper at Ludlow Street Jail during Sheriff Flack's term of office. He is a Tammany Hall Democrat and hails from the Eighteenth Assembly District.

Ex-Warden Keating is the Tammany leader in this district, and the appointment of Cray is commented on as an act which proves the Sheriff to be in sympathy with the indicted Warden in his trouble, else he would not have appointed one of his followers to succeed him in the management of the jail.

The revelation of fraudulent practices in the Sheriff's office has presented an opening for the insertion of the Fassett Investigating Committee's pry, of which ex-City Chamberlain William M. Ivins, counsel for the Committee, has not been slow to take advantage.

He nurses the hope that, by a thorough examination of the affairs of the office when administered by Mayor Grant, rottenness will be discovered in which the city's present Mayor may be implicated.

This, he realizes, will be a hard blow for Tammany Hall, and the Committee is in training to knock that organization out, as has been demonstrated in the one short public session it has already held.

To accomplish its aim in this regard Mr. Ivins has caused a subpœna to be served on the Mayor to testify before the Committee at its session to be held Saturday, and he is required to produce before the Committee for its examination the books of the Sheriff's office during his incumbency.

Under-Sheriff John B. Sexton, who occupied the same position when Mr. Grant was Sheriff, has also been subpœnaed, as have Order of Arrest Clerks John M. Tracey and Thomas Moore, who has had charge of the clerical work in the Order of Arrest Department for many years.

Sheriff Flack has not been subpœnaed, and this fact it is which leads to the declaration that the Albany legislators are not after the present so much as the former incumbent of the Shrievalty.

Mayor Grant said to-day, when asked if the books desired were those relating particularly to the Order of Arrest Department, that the Committee had demanded a production of all his books.

LEACH WAS NOT MURDERED.

The Missing Salesman's Valuables Found on His Drowned Body.

The discovery of the body of Roland Leach, Zucker & Josephy's missing drummer, in the Chicago River, clears up the mystery which has been worrying the Chicago police and Pinkerton's agents for the past ten days.

There were no marks upon the body that would indicate a violent death; on the contrary, a handsome seal ring, valuable gold watch and other jewelry found upon his person show that Leach's death must have been caused by an accident.

A sum of money, life insurance policies for $15,000, and other valuables were found in his pockets. The theory of the police is that Leach accidentally walked into the river while partially intoxicated, believing in the darkness that he was crossing a bridge.

Leach was one of the best-known travelling men in the millinery business. He was thirty-five years old and a widower, and when in New York he lived with his married sister, Mrs. Nichols, at 125 West Twenty-eighth street.

He was a member of the Royal Arcanum, the American Mutual Investment Company, the Millinery Mutual Benefit Association, the Traders' Accident Company, the Silver Traders' and Travelers' Company and the New York City Company.

MYERS MEANS BUSINESS NOW.

He Demands the Manhattan L Company's 5 Per Cent. Profits.

Comptroller Myers has carried out the policy predicted by THE EVENING WORLD and has made a formal demand on the Manhattan Elevated Railway Company for the payment into the City Treasury of 5 per cent on the actual net income of its Third and Ninth avenue lines.

In his letter to the railway officials he declares that should his interpretation of the law not be acceptable the Company he will proceed to take the necessary steps to recover the arrears of moneys which he claims to be due the city.

These arrears, according to the showing of the Elevated Railway Company, amount to about $200,000.

NEW SCHOOL COMMISSIONER.

Joseph F. Mosher Appointed To-Day in Eugene Kelly's Place.

Mayor Grant to-day appointed Joseph F. Mosher School Commissioner in place of Eugene Kelly, resigned.

Mr. Mosher is a lawyer, of the firm of Carpenter and Mosher, at 62 Wall street.

The new Commissioner is a club man, belonging to the Manhattan, the University and the Young Men's Democratic Clubs. He is thirty-nine years old and a resident of the Twenty-third Assembly District.

He is a graduate of St. Francis Xavier College and was recommended by Mr. Kelly for appointment.

EXTRA

2 O'CLOCK.

FRED LESLIE'S PERIL.

Birchell Believed to Have Marked Him for a Victim.

Enticed to a Strange Room to Sit for a Picture.

Appointment with a Fellow Actor Which Perhaps Saved His Life.

(DUNLAP CABLE NEWS SPECIAL.)

LONDON, March 13.—Fred Leslie, the well-known actor of the Gaiety Company, said in an interview to-day that he firmly believed that he himself came near being made a victim of Reginald Birchell's murderous monomania.

It appears that while in America he was in the habit of receiving frequent requests to sit for his photograph.

Among those who wrote was Birchell, and while in New York he acceded to the latter's request and called, by appointment, at a certain house.

The door was opened by Birchell himself, who seemed to be alone.

There was a studio-like room at the back of the premises, but otherwise no appearance that the photographic business was being carried on there.

Leslie was posed for a profile portrait and Birchell threw a cloth over his head to obtain the proper focus, but there were no signs of any lens or camera.

The actor called Birchell's attention to to this, but the latter replied that it was a "new style."

"This somehow reminded me," continued Mr. Leslie, "that Charley Danby, who is an amateur photographer, had promised to look in on me. On mentioning this to Birchell he turned deathly pale and seemed quite disconcerted.

"I now honestly believe that my making this statement was the only thing that saved my life, judging from subsequent developments, as it would have been the easiest thing in the world for Birchell to have used an air gun while pretending to focus me.

"I was wearing considerable jewelry at the time and had a large sum of money about me. However, Danby soon arrived and Birchell pretended to take his photo, but it never materialized, nor did I ever lay eyes on Birchell again."

A letter from Mr. Leslie, making an appointment for a sitting, was among the papers found upon searching Birchell's luggage since his arrest in Canada.

BIRCHELL DULY COMMITTED.

And His Young Wife Returned to Her Boarding-House Custody.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

NIAGARA FALLS, March 13.—Well, the preliminaries are over and Reginald Birchell, adventurer, bogus son of an English Earl and a positive human enigma in crime, stands formally held for the murder of Frederick C. Benwell, whom he had previously lured from England on false representations concerning a stock-farm business in [illegible]

The proceedings which resulted in Birchell's commitment to Woodstock Jail last evening to await his trial, were disappointing in some respects.

A vast crowd of people gathered about the Town Hall at Clifton, where the arraignment took place, and the hall was packed with a curious humanity.

It had been half expected that the prisoner would make a statement, or tell some kind of a story; but after all the Crown's witnesses had spoken and Birchell was asked if he had aught to say, he smiled and bowed his head courteously to the magistrate as he replied: "No; not at present."

Through all the proceedings he maintained his suave demeanor, his apparent ut