FRANK McGLONE SLAIN

FOUR PISTOL BALLS CRASHED THROUGH HIS BODY.

He Was Shot in the Presence of His Wife at the Residence in Adelaide Place—Corrects Scott the Shooter—The Inquest.

The wood cottage No. 208 Adelaide place was the scene yesterday afternoon of a bloody tragedy.

The house is situated but a block away from Washington street, in the First ward, and is immediately back of the Dow school.

When a Post reporter reached the house at nearly 2 o'clock, a crowd of men stood about the front gate, in the yard and on the veranda, and on the corner that overlooks the parlor floor the dead body of a man layed as Frank McGlone was stretched. Dr. G. M. Lawrence, Dr. Turner and the City Office attaching the police sergeants present. In the hall and seated half a dozen sympathetic women, and in an adjoining room was the widow and her three children, the eldest sympathizer of the distracted girl about 17 and the youngest aged about 2 months. The widow was weeping hysterically and the young body sat with her face bowed upon her hands in silent grief.

The dead man was foreman of the repair shop of the City Street Railway company, was aged about 45 years, and came here with his family from San Antonio about six weeks ago. His shop was Gonzalez Street, Dr. Turner, who added the autopsy of the wounds, said one bullet had penetrated the right breast below the nipple, another had entered the left side back of the arm hole and below the shoulder blade, another was a little higher up and center the center of the back, while a fourth had entered near the ear, lodged and between the shoulders, coming out at the mouth. This latter, the doctor stated, had broken the man's neck, and any one of the wounds would have proved fatal.

Justice Mahoney was summoned to hold the inquest, and after viewing the body turned it over to Sam A. Knight to be prepared for autopsy. The testimony, as taken by Justice Mahoney, is as follows:

Mrs. Alice McGlone, wife of Frank McGlone, being first duly sworn, testified as follows: My name is Alice McGlone. I was married to Frank McGlone about seven years ago. We lived in San Antonio. I was married to my husband in Galveston. We came to Houston about six weeks ago. We lived at 208 Adelaide place. We occupied the room in the hall. Mr. McGlone was standing in the hall when Scott said, "McGlone, you are a d—d scoundrel and liar." I ran to the door and said, "Mr. Scott, don't do that." Mr. McGlone was called that name. Mr. Scott said, "Yes, you are a d—d scoundrel and swindler." I ran to the door and said, "Mr. Scott, don't do that." Mr. McGlone came into the house by the front door, and stood the hall clock. My husband came in by the back door and stood near me. Mr. Scott said, "Yes, I am too, and I know what Scott was going to do." I said, "Mr. Scott, don't do that." Mr. McGlone said, "Yes, I am." I saw that Scott was going to do something and I said to him, "Don't do that." Mr. McGlone said, "Yes, I am." I saw that Scott was going to take hold of the furniture out of the hall. I said, "Don't do that." Mr. McGlone said, "Yes, I am." I said, "Don't do that." Mr. McGlone said, "Yes, I am." I said, "Don't do that." Mr. McGlone said, "Yes, I am."