



Out of Luck.

You will learn BY EXPERIENCE that the only way to be sure of the Sunday JOURNAL is to order it from your newsdealer in advance. Many missed it yesterday because late orders could not be filled. . . . You Will Be Wiser Next Time.

THE JOURNAL

Press Comment on the Journal.

The New York JOURNAL, from comparative obscurity, has in a few months gained recognition as the peerless newspaper of the American metropolis. Money and brains were never better employed than in the production of this wonderful newspaper, which makes no idle boast when it affirms that it prints all the news at half the cost of any other paper claiming to print all the news.—The New Mexican, Santa Fe, Jan. 31, 1896.

NO. 4,848.

NEW YORK, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1896.—COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY W. R. HEARST.

PRICE ONE CENT.

MRS. MAYBRICK TO BE FREED.

May Sail on a Steamer This Week Bound for New York.

Her Friends Believed to Have Positive Assurances of a Royal Pardon.

Important Announcements at Least Looked For in a Day or Two.

HOME SECRETARY GRANTED HEARING.

Sir Matthew White Ridley, Though Having Refused to Receive a Public Deputation, Consented to Hear Her Lawyer's Arguments.

The friends of Mrs. Florence Maybrick, after years of indefatigable efforts to secure her pardon, appear confident that they have nearly succeeded, and that their protégée will be released in a few days.

By Julian Ralph. London, Feb. 23.—Never were the friends of Mrs. Florence Maybrick, the American woman convicted of having poisoned her husband and now in Woking Prison on a life sentence, more anxious of securing a royal pardon than now.

In fact, every one of her friends, when approached for information acts in such a mysteriously confident manner that they convey the impression of more than hopeful assurances received from men of high authority.

Some of them profess to be in possession of certain knowledge which leads them to aver that the unfortunate woman's troubles will soon be at an end.

One of Mrs. Maybrick's staunchest supporters, who from the first has labored indefatigably in her behalf, and who, it is said, nevertheless, always spoke pessimistically of the final results of his efforts, said to me to-night:

"Take my word for it, before next Sunday Mrs. Maybrick will be on board a steamer bound for New York."

At any rate it is certain that the clouds are breaking and that important news may be looked for in a day or two in this famous case. The men and women, and there are many of them, who have been working unremittingly for her release are all picking up courage and are industriously spreading the report that their labors are about to be crowned with success.

So far as I can gather they base their hopes partly on the fact that Sir Matthew White Ridley, though having refused point blank to receive a public deputation, consented some weeks ago to hear privately some arguments as her lawyer and personal friends could offer in her behalf.

No reply has been received from the Home Secretary up to the present. Though, of course, it is quite possible that he recommended to Her Majesty to immediately pardon Mrs. Maybrick, it looks rather doubtful from the experience of the past in the case.

Two of Sir Matthew White Ridley's predecessors, both trained lawyers, have remained deaf to successive appeals of this nature, and it does not look likely that the present Home Secretary, who is no great lawyer himself, will care to reverse the decision on his own authority.

I can only ascribe the rosy sanguinity of Mrs. Maybrick's friends to some favorable new and important evidence which



ADOLPH LADENBURG

might have been submitted and which may result in a full pardon. There has been of late much public indignation at the obstinacy which those in authority have shown in persisting to refuse to reconsider Mrs. Maybrick's case, and but few voices are heard against the poor woman now.

FLORENCE MAYBRICK'S CRIME.

The Story of Her Ancestry, Marriage, Trial and Imprisonment

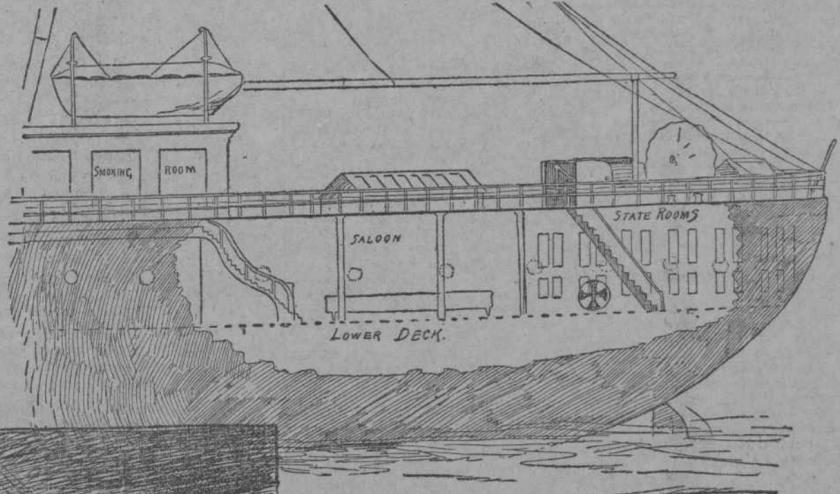
The trial of Mrs. Florence Maybrick for the murder of her husband will always remain, by reason of the curious circumstances attending it, one of the noteworthy trials in the history of criminal law. Apart from all these circumstances it has served to demonstrate to the English people as no other trial before it ever did, the defects of English criminal law.

Mrs. Maybrick was an American by inheritance, a New Yorker, since her mother was Carrie Holbrook, the daughter of Darius Holbrook, who died in 1858, leaving an estate valued at \$1,000,000, including the house formerly No. 17 West Fourteenth street.

Before his death, however, Carrie, the daughter, went to Mobile on a visit to her uncle, the Rev. Dr. Ingram, the author of the once popular "Prince of the House of David." There she met William G. Chandler, a Yale man and the son of a prominent merchant, and soon after married him. They had two children, Holbrook, now dead, and Florence, the unfortunate Mrs. Maybrick. Her own troubled career has probably been influenced somewhat by the fact that she was the daughter of her mother. Early in the days of the Confederacy Mrs. Chandler met a certain Frank du Barry, said to be a French Vicomte. He was a handsome man, a dashing officer, and his attentions to the attractive Mrs. Chandler called forth remark. Suddenly Mr. Chandler fell ill, and died without medical attendance. There was no official investigation, but the situation was unpleasant; so with her two children she moved to Macon, where she married Du Barry. Shortly after they ran the blockade, her husband being appointed an agent of the Confederate Government. On the steamer Du Barry died. Mrs. Du Barry, however, proceeded to Europe, but in time drifted back to this city. She returned to Europe, where she met and married Baron de Roque.

It was in 1880 that the Baroness de Roque, taking her daughter Florence, then a girl of eighteen, left this country to go to Trieste for the purpose of defending a suit pertaining to the indorsement of some notes by a Liverpool cotton broker named James Maybrick. Florence was a pretty, attractive girl, having been educated in Germany, and the Englishman fell in love with her. In 1881 they were married, and went to Liverpool to live. Their married life does not appear to have been happy. The circumstances that culminated in the

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Steamship Niagara, on Which Banker Ladenburg Made His Fatal Voyage.

Adolph Ladenburg, of the great banking firm of Ladenburg, Thielmann & Co., of this city, embarked on the Ward liner Niagara last Tuesday afternoon at Nassau, N. P., to return to his home in this city. He had been spending some time in Florida, and crossed to Nassau in order to take the voyage up the coast. On boarding the vessel he was in the best of spirits, but after partaking of a hearty dinner he complained of sickness, and retired at once to his stateroom, which was No. 11, as shown by the cross in the sectional view of the steamship. He suffered from gill stones as well as seasickness, and it is supposed that he took a hypodermic injection of morphia late on Wednesday night. He was seen asleep in his berth at 11 p. m. Wednesday, but no one saw him after that. Between that hour and 6 a. m. Thursday, it is supposed, he crossed the saloon and wandered up the stairway to the promenade deck. A hurricane was raging, and it is believed he was swept or jumped into the sea. When his room was found vacant at 6 a. m. a vain search of the vessel was made. Mrs. Adolph Ladenburg was formerly a Miss Stevens, and she is well known in New York's exclusive social circles.



Mrs. Adolph Ladenburg.

pay two fares from Jamaica to Hempstead. Faces were cut, noses were bleeding and the bulldog barked exultantly and wagged his suggestion of a tail.

FIREMEN TO BE ARRESTED.

At Hempstead the Kernochan carriage was waiting and the Kernochan coachman did not recognize his battered master, and said "Impudence," when told to drive quickly to Judge Taylor's house. He finally did so and Mr. Kernochan got warrants for the enemy.

They will be taken to Far Rockaway and served to-day. Mr. Kernochan will not be able to show up at the Knickerbocker Club for many days with any prospect of recognition, and the Far Rockaway firemen will not be able to parade again without new uniforms.

ROBBED OF \$6 AND DIED.

Mrs. Nellie Jaretki Loses Her All and Succumbs to an Attack of Heart Disease.

The shock of finding that she had been robbed of the little money upon which she depended to buy food for her family caused the death of Mrs. Nellie Jaretki Saturday night.

Mrs. Jaretki lived at No. 222 Avenue C. She was a widow, with a young son and a daughter ten years old. The meagre earnings of the boy were all that the family had to live upon, for Mrs. Jaretki had been troubled for years with heart disease and had been unable to do any work except to care for the house.

Friday night her son, George, returned from work and gave his mother his week's pay. She put it with a small sum which she had saved toward the next month's rent and went out to buy groceries. She had \$6 left when she returned, and this she placed in a bureau drawer. She thought the money was safe and paid no more attention to it until Saturday night. Then, when she went to look for it, she could not find it. Hurriedly she searched through the other drawers and in every place where she thought the money might be. There was no trace of it.

Her son, who had watched her movements anxiously, without comprehending what she was after, was about to speak when he saw her become ghastly pale. Raising her hands and clutching at her breast she gasped:

"George, some one has stolen the money."

With a groan she fell to the floor. Her son was at her side in a moment and found her unconscious. He tried in vain to revive her, and falling lifted her upon the bed. Then he ran for Dr. Robert Theyson, of No. 61 St. Mark's place.

Not more than fifteen minutes elapsed before the son returned to the room with the physician. He was too late, for Mrs. Jaretki was dead. The physician examined the body carefully and tried many restoratives without avail. He said that beyond doubt the shock caused by the discovery of her loss had been too much for the woman's diseased heart.

Do not go travelling without a bottle of Salivation Oil. It cures a bruise at once. 25c.

SEVEN MET DEATH IN A SUNDAY FIRE.

Terrible Disaster in the Home of One of Baltimore's First Citizens.

James R. Armiger and Nearly All His Family Perished from Flame and Smoke.

A New York Broker Burned to Death While Heroically Attempting to Rescue a Child

TWO DAUGHTERS SAVE THEMSELVES.

The Fire Burned with Marvellous Rapidity and Fierceness, and Even the Family Plate Was Melted Down—Another Will Die.

Baltimore, Feb. 23.—A Sunday morning fire in the fashionable district of North Baltimore was the cause of seven deaths and sent a feeling of horror into hundreds of homes in the city, where most of the unfortunate victims were well known and highly respected.

The dead are: James R. Armiger, aged fifty-five. Mrs. Marion Chamblin, widowed daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Armiger, aged thirty. William B. Riley, son-in-law of Mr. Armiger, aged thirty-eight. Richard Riley, his child, aged four.

Marion Riley, his little daughter, aged two and a half. James Chamblin, son of Mrs. Marion Chamblin, aged three. Harold Maxwell, broker of New York, aged fifty.

Not many of the inhabitants of the residences on North Charles street, between Lafayette and North avenues, were awake this morning when fire engines came dashing along the fashionable thoroughfare shortly after 8 o'clock. The call had been sent in from the corner of North avenue and Charles street, when flames were seen breaking from the basement of No. 1806 Charles street, the residence of James R. Armiger, one of the best known men in the city.

A large crowd gathered in front of the burning building almost in a moment, and, looking up at the windows, they saw the occupants of the house, aroused from their slumbers, appear one after the other at the window in their night robes.

DISCOVERED BY A SERVANT. Lou Whiting, a colored servant, who was employed next door to the Armiger

LADENBURG LOST FROM THE NIAGARA.

The Banker Was on His Way Home from Nassau on the Ward Liner.

Last Seen by an Assistant Steward Wednesday in His Stateroom.

It Is Supposed That He Wandered to the Deck and Was Swept or Jumped Overboard.

WANTED MORPHINE FOR HIS PAIN.

Steward Could Not Give It to Him, and It Is Believed He Took It Himself—His Beautiful Wife Prostrated by Grief.

Somewhere in the ocean off Cape Hatteras is the body of Adolph Ladenburg, of the great banking firm of Ladenburg, Thielmann & Co., of this city.

Mr. Ladenburg embarked at Nassau, N. P., last Tuesday on the Ward liner Niagara, which steamed into New York harbor early yesterday morning after a tempestuous voyage. While the steamship was struggling in a southwest gale early last Thursday morning the banker was either swept overboard or deliberately leaped to his death.

Purser T. H. Pemberton, of the Niagara, said Mr. Ladenburg came on board with a dozen other saloon passengers at Nassau some thirty minutes before the vessel left. Among the other voyagers were E. O. Bell, Mrs. R. W. Armstrong and Mrs. M. E. Maynard, all of New Haven, Conn.; Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Seidon and their two children, W. S. Russell, of Detroit, Mich.; L. B. Groves, of Albany; Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Swan, of Montreal, and H. C. Howes, of the Philadelphia fruit importing firm of Howes & Smith.

On Deck with His Friends.

Banker Ladenburg and Mr. Howes were warm friends, and the two were on deck near the rail, chatting, when the Niagara left Nassau at 6 p. m. The banker, who had been in Florida for his health, had arrived in Nassau a few days before the Niagara sailed. He was heard to remark that he desired to take a coasting voyage, so as to get used to the motion of a vessel at sea.

On leaving Nassau the Niagara caught the tail end of a northwest gale, and all the passengers had to go below when she reached the open sea. The wind soon afterward veered to the southwest and blew with the force of a hurricane. Mr. Ladenburg ate dinner in the saloon and then retired to his stateroom, which was No. 11, on the starboard side. The room opened from the main saloon.

The grand stairway leading to the social hall on the deck above was at the stern end of the saloon and to reach it from Mr. Ladenburg's stateroom it was only necessary to cross the saloon. Doors opening from each side of the social hall led to the promenade deck.

Too Ill to Eat.

On retiring Mr. Ladenburg complained of seasickness and when a steward went to his room the next morning to call him to breakfast the banker said he was too ill to eat and that he did not wish to be disturbed. Mr. Howes visited him several times during the day and once, it is said, Mr. Ladenburg essayed to go to the smoking room, but decided to give it up.

He did not appear for lunch or dinner on Wednesday, and at 8 o'clock that evening Robert Evans, a young assistant steward, was sent to the banker's room to see how he was. Evans says he found Mr. Ladenburg attired only in his pajamas and lying in his berth. He appeared to be very ill and told Evans, the latter says, not to bother him.

Evans was about to leave the room when Mr. Ladenburg called him back and ordered him to partially open the air port and to send some one to close it at 11 p. m. The banker declined to take any food.

Seen for the Last Time.

Evans opened the port and then left the room. The Niagara was then being swept by waves that rolled over her port quarter and the force of the storm heeled the vessel far over to starboard. Promptly at 11 p. m. Evans returned to Mr. Ladenburg's room and closed the port. This was the last time any one saw the banker. He was still lying in his berth, the assistant steward said, and was apparently asleep. Evans said he made as little noise as possible in shutting the port and then left the room at once for fear of awakening the sick man.

Evans remained in the saloon some time after this. When he left all the passengers were in their staterooms and none of the other servants or stewardesses were in the saloon.

Under instructions from Chief Steward Relling, Evans again went to Mr. Ladenburg's stateroom at 6 o'clock Thursday morning. The gale was as fierce as it had been throughout the night, for the Niagara was then off Hatteras and steaming almost into the teeth of the tempest.

The Berth Was Empty.

The door at first could not be opened, and Evans thought it must be locked. Pressure caused it to fly open, however, and Evans almost fell into the room. On recovering and to his amazement he saw it empty. His astonishment changed to horror when he saw that the banker's clothing was hanging on the pegs just as he had placed them before going to bed. Across the berth also were the trousers of his pajamas, as if they had been hastily thrown there.

Everything in the room was in its proper place. Mr. Ladenburg's trunk and valise, the only baggage he carried, were in the room, locked and strapped as when they were brought on board. The steward rapidly noted this and then he at once notified Chief Steward Relling. Captain Crocker ordered a thorough search of the steamship, which was carried out under Purser Pemberton's direction, but no trace of the missing banker was found.

Evans was then called before the purser and closely questioned. He told in detail

Continued on Second Page.



Mrs. Florence Maybrick, The American woman now in Woking Prison on a life sentence for having poisoned her husband, and who, it is reported, will be released this week.

KERNOCHAN'S FIGHT WITH FIREMEN.

An Exciting Set-to on a Long Island Railroad Train.

The Clubman's Prize-Winning Dog the Innocent Cause of the Trouble.

One of Far Rockaway's Fire Laddies Pulled Its Ear and Then Struck Its Owner.

GROOMS AND TRAINMEN TOOK PART.

It Only Ended When the Train Stopped at Jamaica—Disjointed Noses, Blackened Eyes and Torn Clothing. Warrant Sworn Out.

James L. Kernochan, the clubman, can "ride a straight line" across country or play polo as well as Foxhall Keene, but it was not until Saturday night that he had an opportunity to show that he could put up a fight of which even a professional pugilist need not be ashamed.

Mr. Kernochan, who is known as "Jimmy" by his intimates, is handicapped in life's race by a particularly youthful appearance, that might lead strangers to expect him to be a devotee of hop scotch or marbles. He is, however, as hard as nails and a good all-around athlete.

Mr. Kernochan exhibited a French bulldog at the Dog Show, and the dog won. He was taking the dog in triumph to his home at Hempstead, L. I., Saturday night, when a party of flushed firemen, en route to Far Rockaway, after parading and enjoying life in Brooklyn, entered the car. Mr. Kernochan sat in a window seat holding the dog, and a fireman took the vacant seat by his side. The fireman chirped at the dog by way of scraping acquaintances, but the animal, besides being a prize-winner, moves in the most exclusive dog circles at Hempstead, and refused to be friendly. That annoyed the fireman and he pulled the dog's near ear and pinched him.

HOW THE FIGHT STARTED.

Mr. Kernochan was not looking for trouble. He was accompanied by Daniel Frank, Harry Hewett, John Hastings and Thomas Gibson, all groomers, who sat respectfully apart. He called Frank and handed him the dog, remarking that he did not see that being a Far Rockaway fireman conveyed with it the privilege of meddling in other people's affairs. Then the

fireman hit him a glancing blow in the eye. Mr. Kernochan replied with a well-directed right-hander that landed on the fireman's mouth and laid him on his back in the aisle. It was a blow that caused all the grooms to exclaim:

"Give it 'im, sir! Give it 'im proper!"

Mr. Kernochan was in a position to follow that advice had he been let alone. A true groom loves a fight, and will not interfere to spoil sport under any circumstances. Nor would these had not the firemen, who outnumbered the Hempstead party three to one, pitched upon their master.

The firemen fell upon Mr. Kernochan as if in truth they intended to extinguish him as they would a Far Rockaway fire. Blows reached him all over, especially on the face, but every time he saw a hand he hit it. Then the grooms piled on with a yell.

CARRIED THE DOG TO SAFETY.

The eldest son of Harry Hewett, who rides at sixty-seven pounds, got the dog out of the way in the corner of the car, where the boy shouted and the dog barked encouragement to the belligerents, as yelling, pounding and wrestling, they struggled in the aisle.

On the seats, over the seats, under the seats and between the seats, they fought. It would have annoyed Austin Corbin to see his order, "Keep your feet off the seats," so disregarded. A sign, "Do not bleed on the floor," would have been quite as useless.

Then the train conductor came in to collect the tickets and stayed to enjoy an active part in the fun. He took the side of Mr. Kernochan's party presumably, because it was nearest to him.

Then the brakeman came through the train to see what had become of the conductor. They too joined the Kernochan force and made the struggle more equal. Trainmen who struggle at railway lunch counters are efficient on such occasions and they went at it as if they liked it. Clothes were torn, hats and coats were off and the firemen on parade would have looked like firemen lately issued from a corn sheller.

BECOME AN EVEN MATCH.

With the reinforcements it was a pretty even thing. First one side and then the other would give tongue to loud peens of victory as the tide of battle turned first one way and then the other, and all the time the train rattled on. It might have gone right on to Greenport, and into the Atlantic for all the fighters cared, but it pulled up at Jamaica, where Hempstead passengers changed.

Between blows a brakeman yelled "all out for Jamaica!" and fighting as they went, the Hempstead army backed out of the car. The train went on. It was a sorry crowd on the platform. Mr. Kernochan's own tailor would not have known him, and the grooms were not fit to be seen in a stable.

Daniel Frank had been kicked in the stomach and said he felt as if he ought to