

**WHERE** DO YOU THINK OF SPENDING THE SUMMER, OR YOUR VACATION? IF YOU ARE IN DOUBT, READ THE JOURNAL EVERY DAY AND YOU WILL FIND HINTS ENOUGH TO AID YOUR DECISION.

PAGES 9 TO 16.

# THE JOURNAL.

TUESDAY, MAY 12, 1896.—SIXTEEN PAGES.

**WHEN** DO YOU DESIGN TO GO ON YOUR VACATION, AND WHAT ROUTE DO YOU THINK YOU WILL TAKE? LOOK CAREFULLY THROUGH THE JOURNAL DAILY AND YOU WILL GET SUGGESTIONS OF VALUE.

PAGES 9 TO 16.

## MRS. FLEMING NOW FIGHTING FOR LIFE.

Edgar Saltus Describes the Scene on the First Day of the Trial.

Prisoner, Like a Spoiled Child, Bored by the Tedious Proceedings.

Inspector McCullagh Meets a Rebuff from the Accused and Her Sister.

ONE JUROR IS AT LAST SECURED.

Hypothetical Questions, Put to the Talesmen by the Attorneys, Occupy Much Time and Puzzle the Victims.

The order "Hats off" was called yesterday forenoon in Part II, General Sessions, sharp at 10:30, and in a moment the "Hear ye! Hear ye!" of the clerk told that the trial of Mary Alice Fleming, charged with the murder of her mother, was begun. The

for relief it may be, the prisoner drew from her pocket a letter which she read and gave to her sister to read in turn. During the hours that followed, and the tedium of them, it was but momentarily that the bored look disappeared. At times she fanned herself, and well she might, for the heat in that high-celled room was Senegambian, and at times, too, she appeared lost in the involved hypothetical questions with which her counsel, Mr. Brooks, bombarded one talesman after another.

Again, in the monotony of the proceedings, her eyes would half close and into them would enter the look of one following the fringe and changes of a waking dream. And there were moments when, unsciously, she would betray that tremor of muscle which you may have seen in the initial stage of St. Vitus. Apart from such instances, any interest which she manifested was only when she replied to some remark of her sister or to some query of her counsel. Then she would smile, and her face would brighten.

In her defense, are Gratz Nathan, Howard P. Okie, John C. Shaw and Lex Brooke. The lawyers associated with Mr. McIntyre, Assistant District Attorney Seaman Miller and the medico-legal expert, W. J. Sullivan.

The crime for which she stands accused has already been sufficiently recited. The motive alleged was to obtain property, which has recently been adjudicated to her. From the questions addressed by the District Attorney to the talesmen it is presumable that the evidence is mainly circumstantial.

The first talesman examined was James



Sketches Made at the Trial of Mrs. Fleming

sister, Miss Bliss, were about to re-enter the court room, Inspector McCullagh approached them, touched his hat and extended a hand to Miss Bliss. She looked at him as might a princess whom a lackey had dared to question.

"Oh!" said the Inspector. "So you don't recognize me, eh? Well, I'll bet your sister will."

"I'll see you further first!" the prisoner retorted, and, with an air which evidently she can assume very readily when she chooses, she swept into that room where she is to be tried for her life.

Six more talesmen were then examined and excused. None of them was willing to convict a woman, and all were opposed to capital punishment.

Finally, at 3 o'clock, Charles B. Poor, a wine dealer, of No. 367 Manhattan ave-

nue, a man with a full beard, a flower in his button-hole and the only white waistcoat in court, was accepted by prosecution and defense, invited into the empty jury box, and there sworn by the clerk.

"Juror," he was admonished, "look upon the defendant. Defendant, look upon the juror."

At this Mrs. Fleming rose and stood, a handkerchief in one hand, a fan in the other, scrutinizing the face of the first of the twelve who are to acquit or condemn her.

"Do you solemnly swear," the clerk continued, "that you will truly try and true deliverance make between the People of the State of New York and Mary Alice Almont Fleming, the defendant, whom you shall have in charge, and a true ver-



Statue To Be Erected at Washington to Gen. W. S. Hancock.

## RACING TO BEGIN IN WESTCHESTER TO-DAY.

New York's Foremost Turf Clubs Promise the Public Grand Sport.

Events Will Ensure a New Lease of Life to the Eastern Turf.

HENRY OF NAVARRE HEADS THE LIST.

Battle of the Cracks May Be Anticipated, Recalling the Palmiest Days of Old Jerome Park and Stirring the Multitude to Enthusiasm.

All the town goes racing to-day, for does it not mark the opening of what will, barring these unforeseen occurrences, change the course of all human affairs, usher in a new lease of life for the Eastern turf? New York went racing last year, but it was in half-hearted fashion. The shadow of the constitutional amendment, whose promulgation from Saratoga the previous Fall had astounded the entire country, was over us.

Men felt that when they wished to emphasize those opinions that all, even the veriest novice, will undertake to entertain about race horses, they were doing something contraband. The layer and the backer were furtive in their manner, for none understood the scope or real intention of the law. Doubt was even entertained of the legality of the actual races. The enemies of the turf were trying to prove

## ELEVEN KILLED BY BURSTING BOILERS.

Towboat Harry Brown Sinks Five Minutes After Explosion.

Steamer's Crew Saves Many Lives and Recovers the Victims' Bodies.

CAUSE OF THE DISASTER A MYSTERY.

Captain of the Ill-Fated Craft, Though Dangerously Injured, Coolly Directs the Work of Rescue from a Floating Deck House.

Vicksburg, Miss., May 11.—One of the most terrible disasters of recent years occurred last night about twenty-five miles below this city. The boilers of the towboat Harry Brown, of Pittsburg, upward bound, from New Orleans, exploded at 11 o'clock last night. The boat was completely wrecked and sank in less than five minutes. Eleven lives are known to have been lost. The dead are:

Norman X. Dravo, pilot.  
G. W. Bardsley, steersman.  
William Dougherty, chief engineer.  
Miss Annie Hess, chambermaid.  
Tom James, fireman.  
William Wilson, fireman.  
William Fitzsimmons, first mate.  
George Keira, lamp trimmer.  
William Kelly, lamp trimmer.  
Second mate.

The body of William Fitzsimmons, that



MRS. FLEMING AND HER HALF-SISTER, MISS FLORENCE BLISS.

A Study in Physiognomy.

diet give, according to the evidence, so help you God?"

"I do," the juror responded, and subsided into that empty pen where, during the rest of the proceedings he assumed a variety of luxurious attitudes.

NO MORE SECURED.

The next talesman called was Thomas W. King, of No. 463 West End avenue, whose business is at No. 233 Mercer street. He did not believe in the death penalty, and was excused.

Donald F. Kennedy, of No. 715 East One Hundred and Sixty-seventh street, seemed to be a model juror. He had few prejudices, and the reading of the story of the crime had not biased him. But Mr. Brooks recalled that he had been called as a juror in the McLaughlin case, when the inspector was on trial, and he was excused, apparently because the servant maid in his house was the daughter of a policeman. Mr. McIntyre tried hard to have him qualified, quoting Judge Barrett as an authority that he showed sufficient intelligence to make a good juror, but on Mr. Brooks's peremptory challenge he was scratched from the panel.

Leonard S. Burtell, president of the Farmers' Butter and Produce Company, of No. 164 Duane street, was attacked on all sides with legal questions as to his bias, implied or actual, and whether he or his wife owned the necessary \$250 worth of property to qualify him for a trial juror. He answered all the questions with apparent satisfaction to the prosecution. The Recorder excused Mr. Brooks for confusing the record, and counsel for the defense said:

"The juror is acceptable to us."

Mr. McIntyre then asked the juror if he had heard lectures and sermons and understood them; if he understood account books, etc., and wound up by saying:

"I submit this man as sufficiently intelligent to serve."

The Recorder challenged and declined to accept Mr. Burtell and Mr. Brooks excepted the finding.

Here Assistant District Attorney Seaman Miller took Mr. McIntyre's place as examiner for the State, and a dozen more talesmen were questioned and challenged or excused. On the Court an empty hat settled. Mr. Brooks got up and left the room. Mrs. Fleming fanned herself languidly. Her pretty sister forgot to smile, and presently, to the relief of every one, the tedium of the proceedings was adjourned until 10:30 o'clock this morning. The juror in the box, warned that he must permit no one to speak to him about the case, was suffered to take his flower and white waistcoat away, and Mrs. Fleming, on the arm of her keeper, returned to the Tombs.

that the skill of the trainer and the jockey went for nothing; that racing was a lottery. We have changed all that. The courts have defined the status of the sport, its limitations, the penalties for offences, and now there is a clear course for the turf.

Last year one loud, long wail of woe rose from the promoters of racing enterprises. The good thing of former years had shriveled none of all recognition. The juicy grape had shrunk and acidified till it left naught but a bitter taste. Money was pouring out of their coffers instead of pouring in. Again we have changed all that. Fat profits, fat out of all proportion to the investment, have gone, probably for ever it may be hoped, but a legitimate dividend on capital is, virtually assured.

The best tribute to the men who have put our turf on this sound and lasting basis is to show a practical appreciation of their action, by putting on four best bib and tucker and going to see the Metropolitan and Juvenile run for, to watch how the giants of the turf perform after their long Winter's rest and, incidentally, to cast a critical eye over the world of fashion and beauty that will sun itself upon the clubhouse piazza and lawn. For the Westchester Racing Association, that gives the meeting, and its ally, the Turf and Field Club, that runs the clubhouse contain such a galaxy of blue blood and millions as no organization of the kind in the world has ever equaled.

All signs fall if the road to Westchester does not see a procession of four-in-hands, tandems, pairs, high stoppers and trotters and every conceivable form of vehicle, that has not been equalled since the palmiest days of old Jerome. The railroad facilities and the trolleys that run within the very gates will not be neglected, and the great crowd that may be expected by rail and road will see some grand sport.

For the Metropolitan a far better and bigger field than had been anticipated is colored. At the top of the list, with the crushing weight of 220 pounds is Mr. August Belmont's gallant horse Henry of Navarre, conceding many pounds even to the next in the scale, his stable companion, Dorian. But the class of the field may be best appreciated through the fact that not one of them is rated as worthy of less weight than 167 pounds. Rubicon and St. Maxim, both good horses in their class, but here outranked, getting in at this lightest impost.

There is no "tail end" to the field. The race will be a battle of the cranks, such a race as has in the past stirred many a multitude to the highest pitch of pleasurable frenzy, and will again, many a time, show that the future of our Eastern turf has assumed a definite aspect.

of the second mate and those of George Keira and William Kelly were recovered and brought to this city by the steamer Washington Houshell, which was in sight of the Brown at the time of the accident. The prompt lowering of the Houshell's boats saved many lives.

Six of the officers and crew of the Harry Brown are in the marine ward of the Vicksburg Hospital, as follows: Captain John Keira, master, hip seriously injured; William Grimme, carpenter, leg broken; John Hardy, badly scalded and otherwise seriously injured; Dan Delaney, second engineer, badly scalded and injured internally; will probably die.

Captain Keira, the master of the Brown, was blown on to the cabin roof by the explosion. This portion of the cabin floated off from the hull as it sank. The captain, although seriously injured, remained perfectly cool, and directed the efforts of the men who were at work rescuing the bodies. Captain Keira and Pilot Dan Keira were in the Brown's pilot house when the explosion occurred. Captain Keira states that it is impossible to tell how many of the seven boilers exploded. It seemed to him that the vessel went down in less than a minute. Captain Keira attaches no blame to anyone. He says the cause of the explosion will never be known, as the chief engineer, William Dougherty, was lost. He declares that the vessel was running at her usual speed and under no special pressure, and he can form no idea of the reason of the explosion. The boat carried a list of forty-eight officers and crew, all white. She had in tow sixty empty barges and two fuel boats.

The Harry Brown was built in 1882, and was owned by the big coal firm of Brown & Co., of Pittsburg. The boat was in perfect order and had just had her boilers cleaned at New Orleans.

To Unveil His Grandfather's Statue.

Washington, May 11.—The committee in charge of the ceremonies connected with the unveiling of the statue of General W. S. Hancock to-day selected Gwynn E. Hancock, the grandson and only surviving male descendant of the General, to pull the string that will expose the statue to public view.