THE GREAT MURDER MYSTERY INVESTIGATED BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE FOR THE JOURNAL.

archs were wont to employ it in old Asiatic days; and again in the epoch of the great Italian republics we find it frequently mentioned in the annals of love, revenge and politics.

The Aqua Toffana has long been famous; and it is to be observed that, although men were by no means slack in its use, yet to women are to be ascribed most of the renowned feats in that line.

Women More Often the Poisoners.

At all events, women have got the reputation of being more inclined than the sterner sex to its use; and since women naturally shrink from deeds of physical violence, it is only to be expected that they should avail themselves of so refinedly diabolic a means as poisons afford.

They don't like blood—unless they are Spanish ladies at a bull fight—and they are incompetent to struggling with daggers and defending themselves with firearms. Besides, they are more open to the softening influences of civilization than are men, and poison, as has just been observed, is civilized, if it is nothing else. It is the silken bolle a means as poisons afford.

In considering the latest instance of successful poisoning, consequently there is already evident a strong bias in the direction of suspecting that there is a woman in the case. It has been taken for granted that the person aimed at was not the one who chiefly suffered; it appears to have been by the merest accident that Mrs. Adams, and not Mr. Cornish, was the victim.

We Must Eliminate Cornish.

If we were to adopt any other hypothesis it would obviously involve our suspecting Mr. Cornish himself of being the murderer;

Dr. E. F. Hitchcock

He was called in to attend Mrs. Adams, and, tasting of the poison himself, was nearly prostrated. He declares that it was cyanide of potassium, one of the most deadly of poisons.

and this seems not only out of the question on the fact of things, but such small evidence as has come to light so far helps us to dismiss it as hardly within the limits of the reasonable.

Mr. Cornish is presented to us in the guise of a very fairly respectable young man. He is liked by his associates, whom he instructs in the noble arts of the gymnasium; he is himself a masculine, athletic, brawny fellow, who would be far more likely to knock an enemy down than to buy cyanide of potassium to do away with him.

Besides, what could be his motive? Why should he want to kill Mrs. Adams? She may have had some money, but it is unlikely that she had much; and, on the other hand, Cornish was in receipt of a good salary as instructor at the club, and would hardly care to run the risk of his neck for the sake of getting a little more. Nor is it to be supposed that he could have strongly desired to put Mrs. Adams out of the way for any more obscure reason.

The suggestion, of course, occurs to one that he might have held relations with Mrs. Rogers which would not bear looking into; but there is no evidence that this was so, and even if it were, why should that fact lead him to think the death of the old lady indispensable?

Is There Some Old Jealousy?

We may safely decide that Cornish is entirely innocent in the premises; though whether his past life is in all respects immaculate is another question. We have already heard that he has been divorced; and when a young man of his thews and sinews is separated from his lawful wife, and has not been married to another, it is generally inferred that he may have some affairs on the sly.

Such affairs, however agreeable while all goes well, are wont to lead into trouble more or less acute at some stage of their history; and it is trouble of a sort which is very apt to involve jealousy and sprete injuria formae.

A woman scorned by a former lover, who finds herself supplanted in his affections, ordinarily begins to think of getting even somehow; and if she is reckless and angry enough may make her retort very serious indeed.

In short, it is the very suspicion, or certainty, that Cornish has not led a chaste life since his marital troubles—if they were not themselves caused by infidelity—that is at this moment giving the police their main motive of action in the attempt to trace the criminal.

No better motive for the deed need be sought; the only objection to it is from the romancer's point of view—that it is altogether too commonplace and obvious. But real life—or real murders—have a way of being commonplace in their details in spite of the admitted fact that the exceptions are sometimes stranger than fiction.

Once in a generation a Leutgert stews his better half in a vat for soap, but as a rule when a good-looking young fellow of somewhat loose habits is murdered by a woman, or narrowly escapes being so, we shall not be far wrong in assuming that jealousy and revenge are the motives.

If such be the case in the present instance, all that the police have to do is chercher la femme. Mr. Cornish ought to be of great assistance in this quest, for if he has incurred any woman's enmity he ought to know it, and if he points to any particular person she ought to be convicted without much trouble. The matter would then soon be over, and the public settle itself to the next crime that the pregnant future may have in store for us.

An Unusual Feature.

However, there are some unusual features in this affair, which may chance to lead us to less familiar fields. One of them is the singular and unexplained activity of Mr. John McIntyre in the case. He is attached to the District Attorney's office, and his natural function is to suspect every one of being guilty until proved innocent.

But instead of that, he seems to have at once assumed that Mr. Cornish, at all events, is innocent, and he has put himself forward and taken possession of things in a way that is certainly unprecedented, although it is true that he has cited a "decision" which seems to warrant his novel proceedings.

The detectives, who are very touchy in such matters, tumble over each other in their eagerness to declare that there is no friction whatever between the District-Attorney's office and themselves; such shrill assurances remind one of the Shakespearian criticism that "the lady doth protest too much."

What is the explanation of this ordinarily grim officer's zeal? He is, it appears, a personal friend of Mr. Cornish. But one would expect him, in that case, to let the thing severely alone; certainly he would do so were he asked to be the judge in the trial. Matters of taste are matters of opinion, no doubt; but it does seem that if Mr. McIntyre had absented himself from this imbroglio the public would not have taken it ill of him. He knows so much that the question inevitably arises, Does he, perhaps, know any more?—and is all that he knows such stuff as he would be willing to talk about?

The Women Mysterious.

The social condition of Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Rogers is not altogether clear. It was said that the former was his aunt; but this is now denied. Why was she said to be his aunt if she were not so? Mrs. Rogers has been divorced, or, at any rate, she does not see much of her husband. She lives in the same house with Cornish and Mrs. Adams.

Are the relations of these three unimpeachable? If they are, why did Cornish take them down Sixth avenue on the night preceding the murder, and treat them so liberally that Mrs. Adams, at least, had a headache next morning?

Is that the way gentlemen usually behave with women they respect? Does not the story suggest that these three persons lived together on somewhat unusual terms? Perhaps, nay, even so, can it be shown that their relations have any bearing on this murder? Not so far as one can see at present; but it adds to our curiosity to know why Mr. McIntyre is so active in defending and protecting them—or is it only the "exhibits" that arouse his anxiety?

The Strange Mr. Hovey.

There is another gentleman in the case, and he is the most mysterious of them all—Mr. Hovey. Who and what is Mr. Hovey, and how did he come there at this juncture? Nobody has yet answered these questions. It was at one time rumored that he was Hovey the tennis player; but this seems to be a mistake.

He himself declared that he had only dropped in by accident, but the accident was such an unfortunate one that people are questioning whether after all it was a pure accident and nothing more. He certainly cannot be the murderer unless he is built differently from most other murderers we know of.

But there he is, and he is mysterious—which is very ill-judged on his part. If there be any possibility of his explaining himself he owes it to his own comfort and reputation to do so at once. These two unfortunate women appear to have acquaintances enough, but none of them are in the way of doing them much good. After contemplating the situation we are driven to the conclusion that the menage at the house where Cornish lived was an odd one, which it would be worth the while of a New York Balzac to investigate for the benefit of posterity.

Still another individual has arrived on the scene, or is on his way hither—Mr. Rogers, the divorced or semi-divorced husband of the surviving lady. He was a man who might have been suspected of being the culprit, but his prompt taking of a train to New York, instead of away from it, leads the wise to infer that he had nothing to do with it, and was even anxious to demonstrate that fact.

He may be no friend of Mr. Cornish, but his actions are not those of a man who had done his best to lay Mr. Cornish away. Mrs. Rogers herself, if you ask the police, is as free as air; but if you pursue investigations in the newspaper offices you may find some one to tell you that she is under arrest.

Is Mr. Cornish under arrest, too? We are assured that he is not; but again it is whispered to us that he is—more or less. At all events, he is feeling bad from the effects of that swallow of cyanide that he took, and is not likely to get away.

As to Clews.

What clews have we got? The bottle; its contents; the paper with the address written on it; and the silver holder, which looks as much like an old candlestick as anything else, and which, if it be designed merely to hold bottles, is the first contrivance of the kind that the present writer has ever heard of. Mr. Tiffany, indignantly, and indeed fractiously, denies all knowledge of it; and it turns out to be not sterling, but plated (which may account for the indignation if not for the fractiousness). Be it what it may, it is a novel and interesting feature in the case.

One supposes that it must have been employed by the murderer to cover the oddity of sending the bottle. It was to be regarded by the recipient as a Christmas gift. The bottle was merely thrown in, as it were, to show what the holder was meant for. It was an ingenious device. Does it imply a masculine or a feminine ingenuity?

The Mystery Darker.

But why did the murderer suppose, or how did he know, that a bottle of bromo seltzer was a thing that Mr. Cornish would be likely to need in his business? Inquiry along this line has developed the fact that Mr. Cornish is known to have taken bromo seltzer but once, when he had a "head" after a Thanksgiving supper.

As a rule, being in high physical condition, he does not need such things. He is less likely to need them than ninety-nine men out of a hundred. And yet the murderer, who must know him well and be familiar with his habits, chooses to send him poison under that particular guise.

Why? Bromo-seltzer is a thing which one is very apt to offer to one's afflicted friends. Did the sender imagine that Mrs. Adams might ask for a dose of it? Hardly; for then he or she would have sent it to the house and not to the club. And yet the chances were all against Mr. Cornish taking it himself. At all events, the murderer might have to wait till next Thanksgiving, and few murderers are so patient as that.

Nevertheless, we can scarcely believe that the poison would have been sent to one person on the off chance of its being swallowed by another. That would be rather too weird, unless on very strong evidence.

If a certain person had given Mr. Cornish a very good dinner and enough wine withal to insure a headache the next day, and had then sent him the seltzer, we could at once have declared his reasoning sound; but nothing of the sort happened.

A Line to Follow.

"I cannot help thinking that there may be some light to be found in this direction. Poisoning is such a serious matter and the poisoner is generally so desirous to kill a particular person and not people in general, that it is pertinent to ask why this poisoner selected a means so extremely unlikely to achieve its object in this particular case.

"It would almost justify one in thinking that Cornish could not have been the one aimed at after all. But if he was not, then all our investigations so far are astray, and we must turn about and head in a new direction.

"As to the handwriting on the bottle, that has not amounted to anything as yet, through Mr. Carvalho has said that it was written by a man over thirty years of age.

"Many people will still be of the opinion that it was written by a woman. It looks like a vulgar writing; but we are to suppose that it was purposely made to look so. We may also remember that the person who wrote it had two things in his or her mind at the time—first, the purpose to murder a fellow creature, and second, the desire to escape discovery.

The Availability of the Poison.

Such emotions might modify a handwriting without anything else. Anyway, the person who wrote that address must have been well enough educated to know that cyanide of potassium is a quick poison, and must have been able to get it with a good deal of facility; and in this connection I may mention the suggestion of a newspaper friend of mine, that there are two kinds of people who have access to cyanide of potassium in the ordinary course of their business—namely, chemists and photographers. If, therefore, the drug was not bought by some outsider by means of a doctor's prescription (in which case there is a remote chance of tracing the person who applied for the recipe), we might hopefully canvass all the photographers and chemists in the city—or out of it. Somebody must have made that poison; somebody sold it, bottled it, stamped it. Were they all one and the same individual?

And meanwhile, how many chemists and photographers does Mr. Cornish know, and who are they?

It is all a very pretty riddle, and it may well puzzle us for some time to come, if not permanently. And yet I cannot help thinking that it might be cleared up in short order, if every one who knew anything to the point would come out and tell it. But there are so many semi-secrets around the great central secret, that I fear the truth may be long in coming out, if it comes at all. Let us hope that it may be reserved for Mr. McIntyre to sever the Gordian knot.

THE AUTOPSY SHOWS CYANIDE POISONING.

Physicians Present Agree to This, but Chemists Will Investigate Further.

The autopsy on the body of Mrs. Adams was held yesterday afternoon. It demonstrated almost conclusively that the diagnosis of the physicians is correct, and that the poison used was probably cyanide of potassium. When the autopsy was ended Dr. Weston, the Coroner's physician, said:

"The general results of the autopsy do not change the opinion I expressed yesterday. The woman died from the effects of cyanide of potassium poisoning."

The autopsy was held in the dining room in the flat at No. 61 West Eighty-sixth street, where the murdered woman had lived with her daughter, Mrs. Rogers, and Harry Cornish. While it was in progress Mrs. Rogers entered the house through a building in the rear. With her was Mrs. Hovey. They were much excited and started to go to the apartment where the body lay, but were stopped by Detective Maher, of the One Hundredth street station.

"Don't go," urged the detective. "They are examining the body now."

"But Captain McCluskey told us to come here," she pleaded. "Who is in the room where she is?"

"Only the physicians and the Coroner," Maher assured her. Mrs. Hovey also advised her not to ascend the stairs, and the two waited in the lower hall with the detective.

Mrs. Rogers was very nervous. She was dressed in black, as was Mrs. Hovey. Both women had been weeping. For a little while they stood in the lower hallway, then the janitor took them to the basement, where they remained until the autopsy was ended.

Coroner Hart was present in person—an acknowledgment of the importance of the case. The autopsy was performed by Dr.

The Mysterious Mr. Hovey.

He was one of the party, including Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Rodgers and Harry Cornish, who attended the theatre on the night before the poisoning, and was present in the apartments when she took the dose of what she supposed was bromo seltzer. He says that he is a friend of Mr. Cornish, but will not explain further.

Weston, assisted by Drs. Hitchcock and Porter, who had attended Mrs. Adams. The only others present were Undertaker Browne and John Gilbert Kelly, the Coroner's clerk.

The membrane of the stomach was badly inflamed, showing the effects of an irritant poison, and there was a heavy odor of bitter almonds. This is the odor of the deadly cyanide of potassium. Parts of the woman's body were sealed in glass jars for chemical and microscopic examination. The result of the analysis will not be known for a week or ten days, but all the physicians at the autopsy agreed that the poison administered to Mrs. Adams, in the dose of bromo-seltzer, was undoubtedly cyanide of potassium.

CAPTAIN M'CLUSKY GETS CORNISH'S STORY.

He and Mr. McIntyre Closeted with the Sick Man in the Club for Two Hours.

Meantime Cornish is in his quarters at the Knickerbocker Athletic Club, still ill from the effects of the small share he took of the poison bottle's contents. His complete retirement from view is moreover proving a material assistance to his friends, official and unofficial, who are striving tooth and nail to keep the solution of the mystery a secret.

Captain McClusky sent to the club yesterday asking if Cornish was able to come to Headquarters. It was the desire of the police to have him there when Mrs. Rogers and Mrs. Hovey got there, in order that the whole matter might be gone over thoroughly.

Dr. Louis A. Coffin, of No. 145 West Twelfth street, a member of the club and Cornish's physician, answered that his patient would not be in a condition to leave his bed for two or three days. He did not, he said, believe that Cornish was in any danger if he was careful, but deprecated any overexertion or excitement.

Upon receiving this response Captain McClusky and Mr. McIntyre secured a stenographer and went to the club. They were taken at once to Cornish's room and remained with him for more than two hours.

Club Official's Statement.

Among the club members the deepest interest is manifested in the case, and a striking degree of sympathy with Cornish. The Secretary, Mr. John D. Adams, said to a Journal reporter late yesterday afternoon: "Cornish has had a pretty severe time. He has been unable to get out of bed, and has been spitting blood, but is better to-night. His physicians were here this morning for some time, and had to apply some internal treatment."

When asked if he was sure that Cornish and Mrs. Rogers were relatives, Mr. Adams said:

"Yes. I have no reason for thinking otherwise. I have been introduced to Mrs. Rogers and to Mrs. Adams by Cornish, and he mentioned the relationship at that time, and there was some conversation about it which went so far into detail as to leave the impression very clear in my mind."

"What has Cornish said in regard to the poisoning?"

"He has talked very little to any one in the club about it. What he has said to his physician or to the police or the District-Attorney's representatives I do not know."

"Has he any idea who sent him the bottle?"

Mr. Adams hesitated a moment, then said: "Yes, he has suspicions which seem to him well founded and which, without doubt, he imparted to the authorities. It is not in my province to talk about them, however, even if I knew enough about the matter to do so."

"Had Cornish been in the habit of using bromo-seltzer or any similar drugs?"

"No. He has told me since the death of Mrs. Adams that he had never tasted bromo seltzer but once; that was the morning after the Thanksgiving reception here at the club. He went into the bar and told the man on duty there that he felt badly, and asked what was good for him. Bromo seltzer was recommended, and he drank it.

"I was not surprised when he told me that was the only time he had ever used it, for his calling is one which does away with the need for that kind of treatment. He is in the very best of physical condition always."

Thinks No Woman Sent It.

"From your own acquaintance with the case, have you formed any notion of who could have sent the bottle?"

"It seems to me worth consideration that there are only two classes of persons who can readily obtain cyanide of potassium—photographers and chemists. It is not sold to every one who asks for it. In regard to the belief, which seems quite prevalent, that it was a woman who sent the package, it seems unlikely to me. So far as I know, Cornish has been very circumspect in his affairs. Although he and his wife are separated, I know, from things he has said, that he is still very fond of her."

"Is it true that Cornish is under arrest here?"

"No, and unless some new and very astonishing developments take place in the matter I do not believe he will be arrested. He certainly is not averse to aiding the police in any way he can. He was anxious to get up and go to Police Headquarters this morning, but his physician forbade it positively."

"It has been commented on as very significant that Cornish was so anxious to get the bottle from his desk in the club, where he had left it, in order to take it to the house of Mrs. Adams, hasn't it?"

"Yes. He said he had forgotten his keys, and there seems to be nothing singular in that. He made no secret of it, as he would assuredly have done if he had had any inkling of the real nature of the bottle's contents."

It is stated further, upon this point, that after he had taken the bottle from the desk, two of the club members, joking about the sending of such a gift to him, asked Cornish for a drink of it. He started to open the bottle, but as the cork was crowded in tightly, they laughed and told him not to bother about opening it, and they called for something else to drink.

Barnett Wasn't Poisoned.

Secretary Adams was asked concerning the story that Henry C. Barnett, a member of the club, who died on November 10, had also been the recipient of a bottle containing a white powder, and that it had caused his death. He said: "That story is groundless, I am sure. Barnett died of diphtheria, and the fact was very clearly established." Barnett's brother, E. M. Barnett, who is employed at No. 68 Broad street, said yesterday very positively that there was no truth in the story that his brother was poisoned. "I was with him when he was taken sick, and before," he said, "and he had all the symptoms of diphtheria. He had been stopping down at Sea Gate, and stayed there until very late in the fall. I do not think the air down there agreed with him, and the weather was very bad.

"When he came back here he was in very bad shape, run down and ready for diphtheria or almost anything else. I was with him during his illness until the last four days, when his physician, Dr. Beaman Douglass, forbade everybody access to him, on the ground that it might bring about a spread of the disease. If there were any truth in the poison story I should know it."

Diphtheria Killed Him.

There were circumstances attending the case of Barnet which afforded a handle for the rumor that he had fallen victim to "poison through the mails." Attention was first called to the case at the Bureau of Contagious Diseases of the Board of Health by the presentation of a death certificate signed by Dr. Douglass, which said that Mr. Barnet had died of heart failure, following diphtheria of ten days' duration.

A search of the records was made and it was found that the case of diphtheria had never been reported, and the death certificate was held and a permit to remove the body from the clubhouse was refused.

Dr. Douglass then called up the Board of Health on the telephone and acknowledged that he had failed to report the case, but said that he had used all the necessary measures to prevent the spread of the disease, and again urged that a permit be given to remove the body. This was again refused, and the next morning Dr. Douglass was ordered to have the body placed in a sealed casket and a sanitary policeman was sent to the club house to remain there until the body was removed to the cemetery.

Dr. Douglass was summoned to appear before the Board of Health and explain his action. He did so and no complaint was made against him, his explanation being accepted.

In the efforts made by persons other than the police and Mr. McIntyre to obtain some clew which might lead to the discovery of the sender of the poison bottle stress has been laid upon the importance of learning where and when it was mailed, and tracing the time of its delivery at the Knickerbocker Club. Even here the sources of information seem to have been stopped.

The package containing the poison was delivered at the Knickerbocker Athletic Club by a letter carrier attached to Station H. According to Division Superintendent William L. Baldwin, three men are assigned to cover this particular route in the course of a day. They are Frank Merritt, C. F. Bedoe and Michael Costello. None of these carriers, when questioned by a Journal reporter yesterday, could remember delivering a package which bore any resemblance to the one sent to Cornish.

Letter Carrier Merritt said: "So many packages and letters are delivered to the Knickerbocker Athletic Club in the course of a day that it would be impossible for a man in my position to take especial notice of any one parcel. I do not remember it."

Carriers Bedoe and Costello made similar statements and declared that in any event it would be a violation of the post-office rules for them to mention it.

What Post Office Officials Say.

Postmaster Van Cott, when asked yesterday if any investigation would be made by the Post Office authorities, said:

"I do not see how we can do anything in the matter. The morning papers state that the package was mailed at the general post office on Saturday morning. If it was properly stamped, as it appears to have been, and there was nothing about it to attract attention, it would go through the mail the same as any other package or letter. We could have no way here of tracing the person who dropped it into the mail box.

"Thousands of packages are mailed here every day, and this package may have been in the box where it was dropped for ten minutes before it was picked up by the clerk. Even if the clerk had been standing at the drop when it was mailed there would have been no way for him to have discovered the person who dropped it.

"We will do all we can to assist the police and the District-Attorney in the matter, but unless there is something about the address on the package, or the package itself, to reveal the identity of the sender, I do not see how it is possible to learn who mailed it."

At Tiffany's, where the case containing the deadly poison bottle was said to have been purchased, the employes were dumb about the matter. The manager, Mr. Hyde, declined in very curt fashion to discuss the subject at all. "We don't know anything about it," he said. "We can't know anything about it until we make an investigation, which will of course be done. I refuse to answer any questions. I refuse to say anything about the affair at all. Good day."

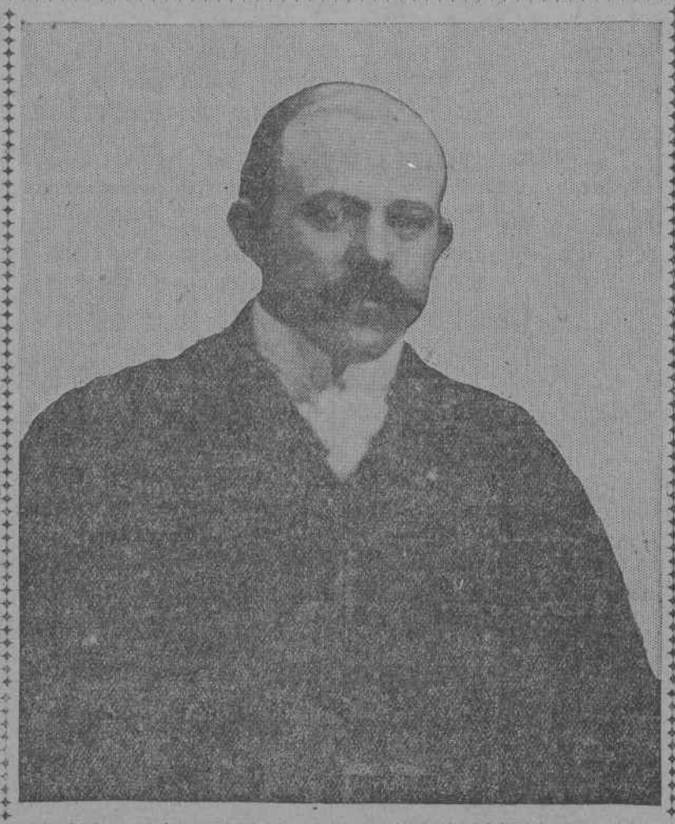
A dispatch from Buffalo yesterday said: Edward F. Rogers, whose mother-in-law, Mrs. Kate J. Adams, was poisoned in New York by the contents of a bottle sent as a Christmas present to Harry Cornish, was greatly shocked when he learned of the tragedy. When asked if he knew of any one who could desire to murder Cornish, he said he did not, as he hardly knew Cornish himself. He had heard nothing of the Christmas present mentioned in the dispatches.

"The position I am in is a peculiar one," he said, "and I shall go at once to New York to put myself right in the matter. I have not now sufficient information to form an opinion regarding the matter. I cannot tell when I shall return." Rogers is an insurance adjuster.

A later telegram stated that Rogers had boarded the Empire State Express for New York. When the train arrived at the Grand Central station at 9:30 last evening Rogers could not be found on board.

Two Central Office men were seen standing around the station a few minutes before the train was due. When questioned as to whether or not they were after Rogers they refused to say.

Former Mayor William Hoyt, of Hartford, who was on the train, said that he did not see Rogers on the train at Albany which is the last stop. It is not unlikely that he left the train at some station along the line and will come in on a later train.



Harry Cornish.

(Copyright by Steinberg.)

The physical director of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club, who fell unconscious after tasting the poison which he had received by mail from an unknown sender, and which killed Mrs. Adams, is said to be the cousin of Mrs. Florence Rogers, daughter of the poisoned woman.

MRS. ROGERS TELLS HER STORY TO POLICE.

Whisked Out of the House by Detectives, She Is Taken to Headquarters.

Before the arrival of the Coroner, and long after his departure, a small throng of curious persons lingered yesterday about the house where the tragedy had taken place.

A policeman in uniform was detailed outside the building, and Detective Maher was on guard inside. Mrs. Rogers was under his surveillance. During the day he was joined by detectives from the Central Office, sent to the house by Captain McCluskey.

Mrs. Rogers was not put under arrest, but soon after noon a messenger came from Police Headquarters with a request from Captain McClusky that she come to headquarters. Immediately there were rumors of an arrest, and a crowd gathered to see Mrs. Rogers leave the building.

Detective Corey, of headquarters, was with her. Mrs. Rogers, to evade the crowd, left with Mrs. Hovey, Mr. Hovey and Dr. Hitchcock, by a rear entrance.

The apartments are connected by a cellarway with apartments in West Eighty-seventh street, and it was through this cellar way that the party passed.

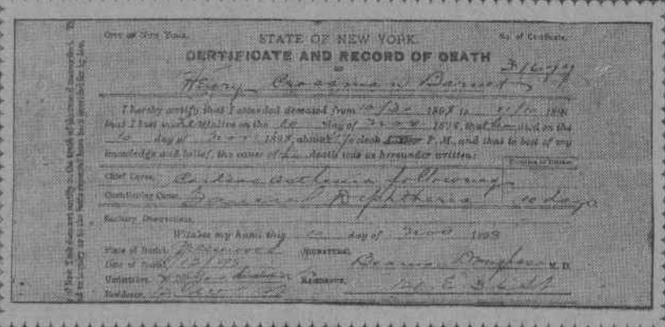
A closed carriage was waiting for her and she entered it with Mrs. Hovey and Detective Corey.

When the carriage drew up at the Mott street entrance at police headquarters both Mrs. Rogers and Mrs. Hovey, heavily veiled, were quickly taken into the detective bureau, where they remained for nearly an hour. Assistant District-Attorney McIntyre was present, and the women were closely questioned as to details of the mysterious case. When the interview ended Mr. McIntyre handed the women to the carriage and they were driven away.

Then Mr. McIntyre told the reporters that he had no further information to give out. There had been developments, he said, during the day. Captain McCluskey, he said, had entire charge of the case, and the District-Attorney's office was simply assisting the police.

Captain McCluskey said:

"There have been no arrests in the case, and I don't think there will be any to-night. Mrs. Rogers came here at my request, and Mrs. Hovey accompanied her as a friend. She made a statement and went home. She is not under surveillance."



STATE OF NEW YORK.

No. of Certificate.

CERTIFICATE AND RECORD OF DEATH

Fac-simile of Death Certificate of Henry Grossman Barnet.

The official record of Mr. Barnet's death effectually disproves the sensational story printed in other newspapers that he, like Henry Cornish, had been poisoned by medicine sent by mail. The certificate shows that Mr. Barnet died on November 10 of cardiac asthenia, followed by faucial diphtheria. The certificate is signed by Dr. Beaman Douglass, of No. 121 East Thirty-sixth street.

SIMILAR CASES OF POISONING.

Nov. 12, 1897.—Alfred H. Brooks, poisoned by whiskey supposed to have been sent by moonshiners.

Aug. 28, 1898.—Mrs. Dunning and Mrs. Dean poisoned by arsenic candy, for which Mrs. W. A. Botkin is now on trial.

Sept. 9, 1898.—Package of sugar sent to Mrs. Margaret Wilkinson, of Newark, N. J., containing 4 per cent of arsenic.

Dec. 26, 1898.—Deliberate attempt to kill inmate of boarding house by putting arsenic in milk can, from which George Naef died at Paterson, N. J.

Dec. 28, 1898.—Cyanide of potassium sent to Mrs. Adams in silver medicine case.

MRS. CORNISH GLAD HER HUSBAND ESCAPED.

Has Only the Kindest Feeling for Him, Though His Actions Compelled Divorce.

Boston, Dec. 29.—Boston's interest in the Adams poisoning case is centred at the Boston Athletic Association, where Harry Cornish is a favorite, but no one there can offer any clew to help in clearing the mystery.

Mrs. Cornish, who obtained a divorce a year ago in Chicago, was found to-day at her home on Huntington avenue. She is above medium height, slender and graceful in figure, and wore to-day a neat-fitting tailor-made street gown. Her flat is a modest one, but neat and tidy, and she says she has two lodgers. She has a frank manner, and in general gives a favorable impression.

Mrs. Cornish says she never met Mrs. Kate J. Adams, the victim of the poison, or Mrs. Rogers, her daughter. She had, however, sent her daughter Edith to New York to visit her father and the little girl told of having been to the house of Mrs. Adams. Mrs. Cornish herself had not been out of the city in many weeks.

"When did you see Mr. Cornish last?" she was asked.

"It was last March during the Sportsman's Show in Boston. He sent tickets for his daughter and I to go on two occasions. He saw us each time and had a pleasant chat with both of us.

"What are your feelings toward Mr. Cornish?"

"They are kindly and can never be anything else. I think he made a great mistake in taking a course that made it necessary for me to secure a divorce. I believe he will realize this some day."

"When was the divorce granted?"

"On my birthday, April 3, 1897, in Chicago. There were two corespondents. I never saw either. One, who lived in Boston, is dead; the other, Mrs. Fitzgerald, lives in Chicago. Our little girl is nine years old. I was given custody of her when the divorce was granted and she lives with me. She went away yesterday to spend the rest of the holiday vacation with her grandmother in Hartford. Her aunt, Mrs. Saunders, also lives there."

"Are you on good terms with Mr. Cornish's people?"

"I visit his mother occasionally, though I haven't been there for a year now."

"Do you know of any one who had any enmity toward Mr. Cornish?"

"Some person has deliberately tried to murder him. I did not know that he had any enemies. He is a very popular man."

"But a popular man may excite the jealousy of a woman."

"That is true," said Mrs. Cornish. "But I am sure I can't imagine who it could be. I have really known nothing about Mr. Cornish's life, companions or associates for three years. I am greatly relieved to know he is unharmed. When I heard there was bad news for me I thought at once for the child and her father. I am glad both are well."

There were tears in her eyes as she said this.

CORNISH LIVED A GAY LIFE IN CHICAGO.

Witnesses in Wife's Divorce Suit Showed He Was a Man That Might Make Enemies.

Chicago, Dec. 29.—Harry S. Cornish was what might be termed a "popular" man during his three years residence in Chicago. While he lived with his wife and child they resided at No. 2903 Calumet avenue. Mrs. Cornish soon discovered, however, that her husband was fond of eating late suppers away from home. She left him in July, 1895, and with her daughter took lodgings in another part of the city. In the latter part of February, 1897, she filed a bill for divorce against her husband, charging infidelity. A decree was granted by Judge Tuley April 3, 1897.

Mrs. Cornish testified that her husband had been intimate with a Mrs. Fitzgerald and a Mrs. Small. P. J. Smith, a cab driver, said he had been in the habit of driving Mr. Cornish to No. 114 Custom House place, which is located on the edge of the "Tenderloin" district, four or five times a week.

Late in the Fall of 1895 he drove Cornish and a woman from the Schiller cafe to the St. Bernard "European" Hotel, on Madison street, near Wabash avenue. There had been a fight in the Schiller cafe that night, Smith said, in which Cornish had struck a man who said he was the husband of the woman who was with him. The police, Smith alleged, arrested the alleged husband.

Smith also related the story of how Cornish had had a fight with another alleged husband the night he was driven to the St. Bernard.

Smith's version of the Schiller cafe row as told in court differs considerably from the stories told by friends of Cornish who were present at the time. These friends assert that Cornish merely acted as a peacemaker in a quarrel in which the late William F. Mack, comedian; Kittie Mitchell, soubrette; Sadie McDonald, the soubrette who died in Australia, and an attorney were the principals.

John Robinson, one of Cornish's intimate friends while the latter was in Chicago, says:

"I knew Harry very well in an athletic way, but was not acquainted with his private affairs. He was something of a rounder, but that is the worst that can be said of him."

Fred Stone describes Cornish as a man who would make bitter enemies and strong friendships. He is of the opinion that Mrs. Adams's death was plainly the result of an attempt to take Cornish's life.

ALL THE PRINCIPALS ARE FROM HARTFORD.

Mrs. Rogers Married There—Cornish and His Divorced Wife Came from the Connecticut City.

A dispatch from Hartford, Conn., says that all of the persons publicly connected with Mrs. Adams are well known there.

Edward Rogers, Mrs. Florence Rogers's husband, and son-in-law of Mrs. Adams, was formerly in the employ of Martin Bennett's insurance agency, of Hartford, and married Miss Adams there.

Cornish was a Hartford boy and graduated from the Hartford Public High School. His father now lives there, as does a sister. Mr. Cornish's divorced wife was Addie Barden. She worked in a department store in Hartford.

BARNETT DIED FROM NATURAL CAUSES.

Had, However, Been Made Ill by Powder Said to Have Been Received by Mail.

Concerning the case of Henry C. Barnett, who is said to have died from the effects of poison sent to him through the mail at the Knickerbocker Athletic Club, Captain McCluskey, of the Detective Bureau, said last night:

"I have learned that Barnett received some powder called "Kutnow" in the early part of November. I don't know whether he got it through the mails or not. We are investigating that point. He took some of the powder and immediately became sick. He recovered from that illness in November and went out and caught a cold. He was laid up for some time and diphtheria developed. His death was due to the latter disease according to the doctor's certificate."

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