

**THE MAYBRICK CASE.**  
A Remarkable Book Written to Free an Imprisoned Woman.

**METHODS OF BRITISH BOBBIES.**  
Alleged New Evidence That the Young Wife Is Not a Murderess.

**THE TEXT OF AN IMPORTANT LETTER.**  
NEW YORK, May 31.—The first copy of "The Maybrick Case" to reach this country from England was received by Lawyers Roe & Macklin, of 150 Broadway. It is a cloth bound book of 600 old pages, and is published by the publisher of the New York Times, who is securing the release of the young and beautiful Mrs. Florence Elizabeth Maybrick, who was convicted of poisoning her husband, the story is in "Suburban Edition." On the fly-leaf is a long list of prominent society people, headed by Lady Florence Dixie, who believe that the unfortunate woman in Working Prison is innocent. A handsome full-page portrait of Mrs. Maybrick precedes the title-page, which reads as follows:

**THE MAYBRICK CASE.**  
THE FACTS OF THE CASE OF THE PROCEEDINGS IN CONNECTION WITH THE CHARGE, TRIAL, CONVICTION AND IMPRISONMENT OF FLORENCE ELIZABETH MAYBRICK.

Mr. MacDougall is a London barrister and Chairman of the Maybrick committee. He has written the 600 pages of testimony and comments without a break from the introduction to the finish. Chapter heads would have made the matter more readable to people on this side of the water, but Mr. MacDougall has nevertheless produced a remarkable and intensely interesting addition to literature. Some of the newly discovered evidence is given to the public for the first time.

**An Outline of the Case.**  
James Maybrick was a cotton merchant who married an American girl and lived happily in a suburb of Liverpool. He died in his bed May 11, 1889, and the autopsy disclosed arsenic in his stomach. On the trial Mrs. Maybrick, who is only 37 years old, admitted her relations with Alfred Brierley, her husband's attorney, that she had shared with him the arsenic which she had used to poison her husband, brought about her conviction. She was sentenced to be hanged, but the Home Secretary afterward commuted this sentence to imprisonment for life. The trial of the case is still fresh in the public mind, and the agitation for the woman's release has assumed gigantic proportions in England. Author MacDougall dedicates "The Maybrick Case" in these words: "This work is dedicated to James Clarendon Maybrick, aged 8 years, and Gladys Evelyn Maybrick, aged 4 years, by the author, who has the honor to be their grandfather." "The author's aim is to enable them to feel, during their lives, that the word mother is not a sound thing to be heard or uttered" by them, and that when they are old enough to be able to understand this record of the facts and circumstances connected with the charge put upon the trial of Florence Elizabeth Maybrick, aged 37, throughout her lives, the comfort of feeling that their mother was not proved to be guilty of the murder of their father, James Maybrick.

The author's introductory "Notice to the Reader" makes this note on the presiding justice at the Maybrick trial: "The retirement of Justice Stephen. "Since this book was in print, Mr. Justice Stephen has resigned from the bench, and on April 7, 1891, when the delivery of the book was made, he made a statement of the cause of his resignation, which I have criticized in this book, and which I think is only fair to set out here, though I am not, of course, prepared to accept the doctrine of infallibility which he adopts as applicable to himself and to the eminent, but anonymous, physicians to whom he refers. He said: "Not very long ago I was made acquainted, suddenly and to my great surprise, that I was regarded by some as no longer physically capable of discharging my duties. I made every inquiry to ascertain what grounds there were for this impression and I certainly rejoice to say that no single instance was brought to my notice in which any alleged failure of justice could be ascribed to any defect of mine. I consulted physicians of the highest eminence and they assured me that the signs which I might ever of decay in my faculties, and that, therefore, it was no matter of immediate necessity in the public interest that I should resign. In his public life it is merely his public acts when sitting as judge at Mrs. Maybrick's trial which are criticized in this book, and in his private life he is open to nothing except the warm sympathy of all which is always due to a man who, like himself, has in different ways done great and lasting service to his country."

**“A W. M.D.”**  
"It is only on very rare occasions," writes the barrister-author, "that the public have an opportunity of studying how criminal proceedings are conducted from the beginning to the end. But in the Maybrick case, in consequence caused by the mystery in which the case was involved, the full and complete story was given to the public from the beginning to the end. The whole proceedings, including the inquest, the magisterial inquiry, the judge's charge to the jury, the trial and the reasons for the acquittal, are given to the public by the Home Secretary, and an opportunity is thus afforded to the public (now that the excitement has subsided) in fact, has been followed by a careful study of the criminal proceedings are conducted and reflecting whether, so conducted, they furnish the protection to society which they are intended to provide."

**The Duty of Everybody.**  
"It is the personal duty of every individual in this country, not merely as a public duty, but as a duty of self-protection, to watch the administration of justice vigilantly and to scrutinize jealously the conduct of those who are intrusted with the administration of justice; and this is especially so in matters which affect the life and liberty of the subject. In this treatise the text will be exclusively confined to the facts of the case and the proceedings as they appear in the reports and to observations upon those facts and those proceedings. Any other or subsequently acquired information will appear as notes whenever such additional information may throw light upon the subject of the text itself."

The most interesting of the newly discovered facts and evidence is the letter of a waiter who was one of the prosecution's most important witnesses. Mrs. MacDougall says that Alfred Schweizer, the waiter at the hotel in London where Mrs. Maybrick and Brierley met, has written him the following letter on the subject of his evidence:

OLD BROADWAY ST., QUEEN'S PARK, LONDON, JANUARY 15, 1890.

Sir—I received your letter this morning at this address. You were very kind to inform me as to what would be of assistance to your committee in a Maybrick release. I am aware that your body for the prosecution was dead against me, but I have been so very much further from seeing that justice was done that I did not act as I ought to have done, and I was really afraid of my life and of the consequences that might happen. I will give you an instance.

**Recognition Made Easy.**  
When I arrived at the coroner's inquest I met an inspector. This was the conversation that passed between us: He said: "Will you be able to recognize Mrs. Maybrick?" I said: "I should not." He said: "Keep with me, and I will take you so you can see her," or something to that effect, "because you will be sworn whether you can recognize her or not when you are called." I saw her twice before I was taken to recognize her. I had more trouble in recognizing Mrs. Maybrick, as I will prove to you. He was in court all the morning, near where I was standing myself, and I did not recognize him. After the inquest came to me and said: "Mr. Brierley was against you; I suppose you recognized him. Well, I never saw him again. I give you this statement to show you that, honestly, I could not recognize him if it had not been for the police. You are aware that at the coroner's court the coroner dwelt chiefly upon Mrs. Maybrick's movements in that room, and that it was published in the local papers that the case would be quashed. I told the inspector this. He said: 'I have seen it myself, and I have a different opinion, for it is going to end against her,' or something to this effect. I went with regard to Mr. Brierley. Of course, I should not have recognized him at all if it had not been for the police; but I was for the prosecution I went by their orders, which I am sorry for now, for they were very shameful in manner. Well, after they returned from luncheon that inspector told me to nod to him when I recognized him. One morning last winter we lay in bed. 'What's the matter with building a pair of canvas canoes—building them ourselves—and making a trip from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati next spring?' The canoes were built, and though their 'lines' may not have satisfied the most fastidious canoeist, they bore us safely and well many a mile, writes B. A. Jenkins in the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette. This is the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette. This is the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette. This is the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

**AFLOAT ON THE OHIO.**  
Description of a Spring Trip From Pittsburgh to Cincinnati, WITH TWO IN A CANVAS-CANOE.

The Curious Persons and Sights Encountered on the Voyage.

**AVOIDING THE DREAD DYNAMITE BOAT.**  
"Say, old man," said my room-mate, Chris, one morning last winter as we lay in bed, "what's the matter with building a pair of canvas canoes—building them ourselves—and making a trip from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati next spring?" The canoes were built, and though their "lines" may not have satisfied the most fastidious canoeist, they bore us safely and well many a mile, writes B. A. Jenkins in the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette. This is the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette. This is the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette. This is the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

**THE NEW AND STARTLING DEPARTURE.**  
A Mc Dougall writes that the attention of the Home Secretary having been directed to this letter, he wrote in reply that the Home Office having no jurisdiction over the police, he could not make any investigation into their conduct—that it was a matter for the local authorities.

"This is a new and startling departure in criminal procedure," he continues. "The local police are, it is true, now under control of the joint committee of the County Council, but the police, when they appear in our courts conducting criminal proceedings appear there as representing the Queen, and not any such elected body as the committee of the County Council. It is difficult to conceive a more revolutionary doctrine than this evasion of duty, this shifting of responsibility for the administration of criminal justice from the crown to the people, than this doctrine of Mr. Matthews. That if the conduct of police in any criminal proceeding should require investigation, there is no jurisdiction at the Home Office."

"It is the very corner stone of our constitution that criminal proceedings are conducted in the name of the Queen, and the police, when they appear in our courts, are the representatives of the Queen and not of the County Council. The widest revolutionary demagogues has never propounded such a doctrine. Where next will Mr. Matthews lead us? Moreover, the police themselves, as a man, whether employed and controlled by local authorities or not, would not be the representatives of the Queen in our courts of anyone except the Queen."

**Evidence and Sentiment.**  
A sample comment of the author in reviewing the testimony given on the trial is this: "He will be presently seen, when we come to consider Mr. Justice Stephen's summing up, that the question left for the jury was 'motive for murder' instead of 'murder by arsenic' and, that in returning their verdict, they were asked to consider the motive as a motive for murder."

**The Memorable First Day.**  
The first day out of Pittsburgh was a memorable one, and hangs out its red flag of avoidance like the dynamite boat that was not later. The experiences of that day say plainly to the canoeist—as well as to other people—"Don't try to do it all the first day. For we nearly exhausted ourselves by adding 18 hours against the strongest of head winds, finding in the end that we had made only 44 miles. For the rest of our journey we contented ourselves with an average of only 23 or 24 miles per day, for the head winds continued and seemed to back, crablike, ahead of us all the way down. To add to the difficulty the current was almost nothing, owing to the low stage of the water. Three cold winds anchored in the narrow cove of our canoes that day, as we watched the shores glide slowly by."

Factory after factory, mill after mill, out of Pittsburgh and further down, hill after hill and cliff after cliff, with a good deal of wilderness and an occasional small Pittsburgh, with more mills for brick, paper or chisels. The dynamite boat, with a tow-rope and iron, and—Oh, yes, the dynamite boat. The red flag over that lone man in the small skiff had a strange fascination for us, but it waved us away as plain as could be seen in the distance, and the leper of old. That man had in his little boat a deadly load. He was the bearer of the dreaded nitro-glycerine from the factory, up some of the hills of Allegheny, to the oil fields at Belmont, 150 miles from Pittsburgh, where it is used in "shooting the wells." Night and day the lone messenger bears his tremendous burden, that no steamboat or motor launch can touch him for an hour to eat or sleep. He touches neither shore, and avoids "the rollers" of the big steamboats, darting from side to side to avoid them. Or he goes to the steamers court proximity. They know that one bump of that skiff on a rock or shoal would bring skiff, man, steamboat, rock—yes, almost that everlasting hill itself.

"That boat had a queer sort of fascination for us—especially for Chris. He wanted to get aboard and talk to the man. We tried hard to find a glycerine factory. Chris wanted to know all about it. But no body seemed to know where one was. They hide them away in out-of-the-way mountainous places, where no man comes.

**Curious Cries From the Shore.**  
It was curious to hear the cries and steamboat men ready to assist us. The good-humored greetings and jokings from the shores were of all kinds, but the most frequent was "Paddle your own canoe!" "We were surprised to know how widely the old line is known."

It was about sunset on that first day when a little fellow chirped it at us in a shrill key, and then jumped into a skiff and paddled out to us. We asked him the cause of his gathering of people on the shore there, near a little, lonesome village.

"Floater," answered he tersely. "Say, what'll you take for yer john-boat?" "Floater!" It made us creep, but Chris was in for going ashore, and I could only feebly protest and follow after. He was a workman, four weeks downed. His friend, standing by to identify him, spoke the words, "Yes, that's him," just as we landed.

"How do you know him?" "By his clothes and beard."

Nobody said anything more, except the undertaker, who cursed the men for being slow with the wagon. We didn't stay long. Night soon set in, and the moon seemed behindhand.

We traveled on in silence; each knew what ailed the other. We could see only that blood-red body. Chris tried to sing, "Winking Stars are Laughing Love," but failed. I had to groan out: "I'll be hanged if I like this traveling at night."

"Neither do I," confessed he. And just then the canoeist of a big town came up the river ahead, and we could see her bank of lights. We held our breath, for we could tell neither where she was heading, nor where she had been, the really passed us safely, only shaking us up a bit, and we heaved a sigh of relief as we swung round the lower end of Black's Island and saw the lights of our stopping place glimmer on the shore. At the same time the moon arose, and our spirits arose with her. So ended our first and hardest day. After that we seldom traveled at night.

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Hood's Sarsaparilla is a powerful purgative, and is adapted for the treatment of all diseases of the bowels, and is particularly cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver, and a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, use Syrup of Figs.

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We don't believe you want shoddy, sweepings of the mill, and cotton mixed, all driven and pounded together, and then printed a fancy pattern to make it look like all-wool cloth. It isn't good enough for Reliable Clothing. When we can't sell the best goods we'll shut our doors.

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Suits to Order, \$25.

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