

MURDERED HIS WIFE.

Tells Police She Had Written Letter to Another Man.

Asked An Interview With Her and Slew Her.

Two Had Been Living Apart—Letter Story Not Believed.

New York, July 27.—In a bedroom on the second floor of the old Cropsy mansion, in Eighty-fourth street, Bath Beach, in which his ancestors had lived for more than two hundred years, Andrew Cropsy, thirty-nine years old, lined descendant of Caspar Cropsy, famous Long Island pioneer, at noon yesterday fired four shots at his wife, killing her instantly.

"It's a rash act, and I suppose I'll be executed for it," was Cropsy's remark to Policeman John Thrall, while he extended his hands and permitted the policeman to handcuff him. The man's two small sons continued to play in a front room on the first floor of the mansion while their father was taken to the Bath Beach police station, charged with the murder of their mother.

From his statement to the police, to have a final settlement with his wife, since early in last November. They separated, evidently, on an agreement, and although she returned to the Cropsy home, located at 1,749 Eighty-fourth street, he did not live with her.

Evidently Cropsy went to Brooklyn to have a final settlement with his wife. He never had been known to carry a revolver. He was a veterinary surgeon, but, according to other surgeons who knew him well, never practiced about Bath Beach.

Mrs. Cropsy, who was handsome and popular in society circles, was alone in the parlor when Cropsy arrived soon after 11 o'clock. Apparently, she did not fear harm from her husband, and greeted him cordially.

From his statement to the police, Cropsy told his wife he wanted to talk to her about something important, and she led the way to her bedroom on the second floor. The room is in the south-east corner of the house, and the rear of the building. Cropsy's story to the police is the only explanation of the shooting.

He said he had received a letter in his wife's handwriting on Tuesday. The letter was addressed to him in Bayonne. It was sent by mistake, according to Cropsy. When he opened it, he found it was from another man, making an engagement. The place of meeting, Cropsy said, was Oyster Bay, and his wife had written that they would have a "jolly good time." It was for an explanation of that letter that he came to Brooklyn.

When they reached the bedroom Mrs. Cropsy sat in a chair near a bed. Her husband stood near the window and did not accept the chair offered to him. He asked his wife about the letter. She denied she had written it. Whether he received the letter he said was written by his wife and sent to him by mistake, the police have been unable to verify. It was not in the man's pockets when he was searched at the station house.

As the interview progressed, Cropsy told his wife he had a jolly good time. He was treated badly by him, and finally, he said, declared she never would live with him again. He became angered at this, and, pulling a revolver from his pocket, declared, "Well, you will never be another man's wife."

Pointing the weapon at Mrs. Cropsy, her husband pulled the trigger four times. She jumped from her chair as he stood with her back against the bed. Two of the bullets went wild. The third struck her as she attempted to run toward the door. It entered her left side, an inch below the heart, and she fell backward across the bed. The fourth shot struck half an inch above the other.

Cropsy threw his revolver on the floor and with his hands in his pockets walked to the door and opened it. The coachman, ran into the house at the sounds of the shots and found Mrs. Cropsy lying on the bed. Running downstairs, Moore sent a call to Police Headquarters and to the ambulance at the Bath Beach station and an ambulance from Coney Island Hospital were hurried to the house.

Policemen Thrall and Harley were the first to arrive. As he was carrying the body, Harley met Cropsy. The man was standing at the head of the stairs leading to the bedroom. Harley passed on the stairs and talked to Cropsy. Then it was he said he had committed a rash act and supposed he would go to the electric chair for it. He held out his hands as Thrall handcuffed him.

As the police entered the house, the Cropsy children, Albert, four years old, and William, seventeen months, came into the hallway on the first floor and stared at them. The doors had been closed and the children had not heard the shots which killed their mother.

Cropsy is a son of Andrew J. Cropsy, who died fifteen years ago. His mother died ten years ago. His father was reputed to be one of the wealthiest men in Brooklyn, and several years ago owned practically all of Bath Beach, which at that time was included within the town of New Utrecht. The elder Cropsy was Overseer of the Poor.

Cropsy was born in another room on the floor on which he killed his wife yesterday. All his father's estate came to him, and one sister, Mrs. William B. Lake, wife of a prominent contractor in Gravesend, whose home is at Van Sicken street and Lake place. Mrs. Lake is out of the city, and her husband last night refused to have anything to say about the shooting. Cropsy's two children were taken to the Lake home after the shooting. Cropsy was at one time very active in Masonic circles and is a member of Kedron Lodge, No. 858.

Mrs. Cropsy's maiden name was Gertrude Henry, and she came from a prominent Long Island family. Several hundred well known persons gathered in the Cropsy mansion five years ago when

FAMOUS TRAGEDIES.

DYING MAN SOLVES DISAPPEARANCE OF BENDER FAMILY.

Illinois Business Man Tells How He and Four Other Vigilantes Overtook Fleeing Criminals on Kansas Prairie and Wiped Out Whole Band.

Chicago, Ill., July 27.—After thirty-five years the secret of the fate of the Bender family of infamous memory has been revealed. After they fled from their blood-reeking shanty on the Kansas prairie they disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed them.

Since that time many rumors of how they got away to Mexico, to Canada, to California, to Germany and many other places have been circulated. Stories of their annihilation by the sheriff and United States marshal have been told only to be disproved.

Their fate is now revealed for the first time by a man sick unto death, who for more than thirty years has lived the life of a respected and honored business man in a Chicago suburb.

The man who tells the wonderful story gives nothing from hearsay, nothing from rumor or "reasoning," but his is the recital of an eyewitness, of a man who watched the events at work, who helped to organize the posse which pursued the fiendish murderers, and was present, gun in hand, until Kate Bender, fighting to her feet, plunged with a bullet in her forehead, across the bodies of her mother, father and brother.

George Evans Downer, of Downer's Grove, descendant of Pierce Downer, who founded the settlement in 1833, tells the story, fully believing he is in the right bed, and that it is his duty to publish the truth to the world. A compact entered into by the members of the vigilantes at the time has kept his lips sealed all these years in an effort to organize the posse which pursued the fiendish murderers, and was present, gun in hand, until Kate Bender, fighting to her feet, plunged with a bullet in her forehead, across the bodies of her mother, father and brother.

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ONLY A YARN.

Report That Englishmen Have Go Moroccan Concessions.

London, July 27.—The Daily Express this morning publishes a curious story to the effect that six Englishmen, led by James Ashford Bartlett, representing a British syndicate, have penetrated Morocco and obtained from Mulai Hafid, the usurping Sultan, the promise of valuable concessions in mining, railroad and trading concessions in return for assistance in establishing Hafid on the Moroccan throne. The story is extremely improbable, Bartlett having been at Fez as the correspondent of a London newspaper.

FORM UNIONS.

John Flett Busy Among the Ottawa Labor Me n.

(Special Despatch to the Times.)

Ottawa, July 27.—J. A. Flett, Hamilton, international organizer, has formed several unions here. The Butchers' Association and Journeymen Blacksmith's Association were the first. Last night the teamsters of the city formed a branch of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters. To-morrow there is a meeting to organize all the hands of the naval yard into a union. Flett gave addresses in each case.

WANTS A FIGHTING NAVY.

Roosevelt Comes Out Boldly for Ships That Can Hit.

Newport, R. I., July 27.—President Roosevelt arrived here at 9.45 a. m. today and later in the forenoon at a conference of naval experts, gathered together from all branches of the service to consider plans for new American battleships.

President Roosevelt made a stirring appeal for a hard-hitting sea-going navy. "I want a first-class fighting navy or no navy at all," said the President, "because a first-class fighting navy is the most effective guarantee of peace this nation can have."

"There are always a number of ambitious and well-meaning people," continued President Roosevelt, "who believe in having a navy merely for coast defence. A purely defensive navy would be almost worthless. To-day the United States is engaged in a school of prize fighting in which no one should do any thing but parry."

"I hope this nation will never have to hit. We should do everything that honorably can be done to avoid trouble. But if we go to war, that war is only excusable if the navy is prepared to hammer its opponent until he quits fighting."

"The Monroe doctrine," he declared, "had almost fallen into disgrace and contempt until the American nation began to build up its navy."

NEGRO PREACHER LYNCHED.

With Two of His Dupes, Whom He Had Induced to Commit Arson.

New Orleans, July 27.—Three negroes, one a preacher, were lynched at this village, Catahoula parish, for burning a cotton gin while in a religious frenzy. At some time the Rev. Albert Godlin had been preaching the burning of the gin to the negroes of Catahoula parish. He began at Harrisburg, but being driven from there he moved near Jonesville, where he renewed his preaching. There he and two negroes, who were with him, were Christ, that the world would soon come to an end and the wicked would be punished. Among the wicked in his declaration was Capt. J. W. Swayze, a white farmer, who, he said, would be soon visited by a great misfortune. His sermons caused great demoralization among the negroes, many of whom quit work to await the coming of the end.

The burning of the cotton gin of Capt. Swayze by incendiaries arouse the suspicion of the authorities. They arrested two negroes, Miller Gaines and Sam Gaines, who confessed that they had with the assistance and at the suggestion of the Rev. Albert Godlin burned the gin, expecting to arouse the negroes thereby and to hasten the destruction of the gin as evidence of the truth of his prophecies. The men were placed into a mob and the men hanged to a neighboring peach tree. The woman who was mixed up in the affair escaped.

FILLING UP THE WEST.

Fifty Thousand Families in Fifteen Years.

Ottawa, July 27.—According to statistics compiled by the Census and Statistics Bureau, 50,000 families took up a corresponding number of farms in the three Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta during the past fifteen years. They increased the population of the Canadian west by 203,774 persons.

From the United States there came 16,344 families, with 70,793 persons; from the British Islands 10,787; with 31,395 persons; from Austria-Hungary 10,650; with 52,639 persons; from Russia 5,018; with 24,564 persons; from Scandinavia 3,500; with 11,968 persons; from Germany and Holland 1,886; with 7,734 persons; from France and Belgium 1,131; with 4,487 persons; and from other countries 568; with 2,254 persons.

BODIES RECOVERED.

Were Remains of Three Young Men in Montreal River.

Cobalt, July 27.—Last night the body of Harold Dowse, who was drowned Sunday with two companions in the Montreal River, was recovered and brought into Cobalt by Undertaker Campbell's place. The body, which was brought up from an old reservoir, near the dam by sectionmen, was shipped to Prescott, the deceased's home, this morning. The bodies of the other two unfortunate young men were later recovered and brought into Cobalt. That of O. E. Newell will be shipped to his home at Egan Mills to-night, while Black's body will be sent to his relatives at Berkeley street, Toronto. Mr. Reid, M. P. P. Prescott, helped to recover the body of Dowse, and accompanied the remains.

MET HIS DEATH.

Niagara Falls Boy Gets Into Deep Water While Bathing.

Niagara Falls, July 27.—Charles Learn, the ten-year-old son of Mr. Geo. Learn, this city, was drowned this afternoon in the old reservoir, near the Ontario power house. The lad had been bathing with companions, and when drowned was alone in the pool. He slipped or ventured beyond his depth, and his companions, boys about his own age, playing on the ground near the reservoir were attracted by his cries. Seeing his danger, they ran for help, but before they returned the boy had sunk. The body was recovered.

WAS BARBARA REIG.

Body of Murdered Girl Identified by Mother and Brother.

New York, July 27.—The body of the young girl who was found dead in a summer house in Irving Park in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn yesterday, was identified today as that of Barbara Reig, who resided near the park.

The identification was made by the policeman of Miss Ella Blumberg, who had seen photographs of the dead girl printed in today's newspapers. They said they were convinced the girl did not commit suicide and they gave the police the names of a number of men with whom she was acquainted. The investigation will be continued.

MAY BE POISONER.

Letter Termed a Forgery—Testimony Indicates Man's Connection With Ella Blumberg's Death.

Chicago, July 27.—William E. Golden held to the grand jury by a coroner's jury yesterday on suspicion of being the poisoner of Miss Ella Blumberg, who died in Maywood on July 15.

It was reported that Miss Blumberg had committed suicide, and soon after her death Golden's lawyers showed letters purporting to have been written by Golden, which contained threats to kill Golden.

All the testimony given at the inquest indicated that Golden was directly connected with the young woman's death. Mrs. C. F. Andrews, 4317 Calumet avenue, Chicago, testified that she had seen Golden, said every letter produced by Golden's attorney, H. E. Loughan, seemed genuine except one, which she declared was not written by Golden's father, J. Blumberg, 713 North Fourth avenue, Maywood, also said one of the letters was forged.

The doubted letter, purporting to have been written in New Orleans on June 4 and found in Golden's pocket after he was arrested a week ago, follows: "To whom it may concern: If anything should happen to me, please notify Thomas H. Golden, room 47, 96 Washington street, as the longer I live the less I see in life. My ideas may not be like others, but as I am about to lose my best friend I am in a despondent mood in my life, and I hope this world will forgive me for my act, and if I find an opportunity I will send my 'love' before."

"Madam," announced the kisser, "you have embraced the Prince of India."

Before she came to the woman was in headquarters telling her story to Acting Captain Roach.

It was a very busy time around the detective bureau for a few moments. All hands were assigned to find this human kissing bug, and orders went forth not to hurt "it" in any manner, as a real live prince should be given the best of care.

For an hour the headquarters telephone was kept very busy; then the phone delivered the mail. In it was a letter from the Columbus State Hospital. Here is what it said: "Enclosed for the Columbus State Hospital, July 15, Clarence E. Tressel, aged 21, weight 183, height 5 feet 9 inches. Brown hair, blue eyes, smooth face. Admission that he is the Prince of India."

BRIGAND MURDERED.

DAUGHTER'S SUITOR SHOTS SICILIAN IN CROWD.

Dies on Operating Table—Friends Attribute Part of Victim's Wealth to Black Hand.

New York, July 27.—Frances Grimi Rinaldi, a wealthy Sicilian importer of wine and olive oil, was shot today and instantly killed by another Sicilian yesterday afternoon in a street filled with playing children.

Rinaldi had just come out of the barber shop of Charles Giddio at 29 Monroe street, when a young Italian walked up to him and said something in an undertone. Rinaldi, who was alone, stepped the young man's face. The boy drew back, and, pulling a revolver from his hip pocket, fired three shots. The first clipped Rinaldi's stum, the second entered the side of the merchant's head, and the third struck him in the abdomen. He barely had been stretched upon the operating table in St. Gregory's hospital when he expired.

The dead man had been in this country off and on for about two years. He came from Sicily, where he was reputed to have been a brigand and one of the more powerful members of the ammorata. A big, husky man, with an insolent, overbearing manner, all his countrymen in the lower east side were openly afraid of him.

Over the coffee in the Italian restaurants in Monroe and Cherry streets it is whispered Rinaldi was an ex-convict and had served thirteen years in fact, in Italy for some particular act of brigandage.

Rinaldi brought with him to America his wife, a quiet woman, and his daughter, Jennie, a girl of 16. Apparently Rinaldi, as he was called most often, knew no English, but he had obtained the agency for several firms importing wine and olive oil to America and made frequent trips to Boston and Philadelphia.

The wine and olive oil business, while lucrative, hardly explained Rinaldi's wealth nor the hold he had upon his countrymen who lived around about him. His Sicilian countrymen esteemed him to be worth at least \$100,000.

For Grimi Rinaldi, whether because of his past, was looked upon as a member of the Black Hand, La Mano Nera. If word was passed around that Grimi wanted something done haste was made to return to the office of the young man's wife quietly told how Alfredo Ventingino, a young Sicilian gambler and ne'er do well, had been in love with Rinaldi's daughter Jennie for five or six months. The more attention the young Sicilian paid his daughter the less Rinaldi liked it.

Jennie, the mother said, had gone to Boston several days ago to visit her uncle. Ventingino had proposed to her before she went and had provisionally been accepted. The girl's father had become enraged when he learned this, Monday afternoon had ordered the young Sicilian from the house with orders not to return, at the same time slapping him on the cheek in his usual rough fashion. Ventingino cursed the wine merchant then and walked quietly away.

This afternoon Ventingino asked him to slap him once more. The merchant gave him a stinging blow and a moment later he had fired three shots and the girl's father lay unconscious on the sidewalk.

An alarm has been sent out for Chleo, as the murderer was called.

HUGS WOMAN.

Kissed by Man Who Said He Was the Prince of India, But He Was Only a Crazy Man From the Hospital.

Pittsburg, July 27.—The "Prince of India" is in town. Apparently he is here incognito, as a minute inquiry among the society leaders place. But he failed to reveal his hiding place. He is here. They heard all about it at police headquarters yesterday.

About 4 o'clock a handsomely groomed woman rushed into the detective bureau, and gasping for breath, dropped into a chair.

"I've been hugged," she announced. "Yes, I have been hugged in broad daylight and on Smithfield street and by a man; not really a man, you know, but by a Prince of India. Oh, what will my husband say?"

Acting Captain of Detective John Roach became quite worked up. He gathered six of his most trusty sleuths around him, and they listened to the tale.

It seems that Mrs. —, but we promised not to tell her name, because her husband might hear of it, went shopping yesterday afternoon. She just had finished her purchases and was waiting for a car when a real nice looking young man walked up to her, gave her a great big hug and a resounding smack, not on the cheek or the hand or the forehead, but right on the lips. And she kissed him back. As she explained it, there was no way of resisting that oscillatory effort; it was soul rending.

"Madam," announced the kisser, "you have embraced the Prince of India."

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It was a very busy time around the detective bureau for a few moments. All hands were assigned to find this human kissing bug, and orders went forth not to hurt "it" in any manner, as a real live prince should be given the best of care.

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CHARGED WITH PERJURY.

Rev. H. R. Grant Runs Counter to Nova Scotia Liquor Dealers.

Halifax, July 27.—Rev. H. R. Grant, secretary of the Nova Scotia Temperance Alliance, was arrested at Guysboro today on a warrant charging him with perjury. The charge was laid by Mr. E. A. Aikens, liquor dealer, of Mulgrave, from whom Mr. Grant lately seized a large quantity of liquor, estimated to be worth about five hundred dollars, and it was at the trial following the above seizure that the perjury is alleged to have been committed.

Mr. Grant arrived in Guysboro early this morning and raised the local water goods shop of Alex. Bruce, and it was while he was still engaged in disposing of seized liquor that he was served with the warrant for the offense charged.

He, however, found no difficulty in obtaining bail and was soon off again on his reign of terror. The trial is to be on Tuesday, July 28.

MARRIED HIS STEP-MOTHER.

Young Massachusetts Man Has Created a Sensation.

Worcester, Mass., July 27.—Clement W. Kirkpatrick, a well-known young Springfield man, today wed his wealthy stepmother, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Mark A. Denman, of Memorial Church. Mrs. Kirkpatrick was Miss Stella D. Morris, of Holyoke, before her marriage to her present husband's father, who died two years ago. She was his third wife.

After their wedding trip the couple are to return to the local water goods shop of Alex. Bruce, and it was while he was still engaged in disposing of seized liquor that he was served with the warrant for the offense charged.

He, however, found no difficulty in obtaining bail and was soon off again on his reign of terror. The trial is to be on Tuesday, July 28.

Fired Four Shots on Crowded Station Platform.

Hackensack, N. J., July 27.—While more than a hundred men and women were waiting for a train for New York at the Ridgeland Park station early today they were frightened to the verge of panic when one of two men who had been chatting on the platform suddenly drew a revolver and began to shoot at his companion. Only one of the four bullets took effect, and that caused only a flesh wound, but the bullet which sped wild went dangerously close to the passengers in the crowded platform. When only one bullet remained in the revolver the assailant shot himself, dying instantly.

The suicide was a jeweller named Bargman, who had been employed by Tiffany in New York. His companion, Monday afternoon had ordered the young Sicilian from the house with orders not to return, at the same time slapping him on the cheek in his usual rough fashion. Ventingino cursed the wine merchant then and walked quietly away.

NAVAL MANOEUVRES END.

No Announcement Made as to the Result, However.

London, July 27.—The British naval manoeuvres closed today. The result is unknown. Secrecy was maintained throughout. It is believed the rival