

JURY READY FOR "FRENCHY NO. 1."

THE ALGERIAN TALKS ABOUT HIMSELF AND PROTESTS INNOCENCE.

A jury to try "Frenchy No. 1" (George Frank) for the murder of Carrie Brown in the East River Hotel was obtained yesterday before Recorder Smyth, in the Court of General Sessions. The members of the jury are Joseph Bartelle, clerk, 86 Franklin Street; Ferdinand Hezel, insurance, 1,007 Lexington Avenue; James Shipman, builder, 95 West One Hundred and Thirty-fourth Street; B. H. Waterman, tobacco, 116 Water Street; Henry Lichtig, clerk, 248 Canal Street; William J. O'Reardon, clerk, 279 Broadway; Robert Niemann, cigars, 120 Third Avenue; Samuel S. Rutsky, broker, 57 East Ninety-first Street; Morris Boom, tobacco, 1,211 Broadway; Harris Brown, clothier, 622 Broadway; Henry Ubelhor, merchant, 649 East One Hundred and Sixty-first Street, and G. A. Phillips, upholsterer, 172 East Sixtieth Street.

On Monday at 10:30 the jury will visit the scene of the murder, and upon returning to court the taking of testimony will begin.

"Frenchy No. 1," or Aamer Ben Ali, as he calls himself in Arabic, was looking tired and sickly yesterday as he sat in court waiting for the impaneling of the jury. He is a typical Algerian Arab, with a dark, sallow skin, coal-black hair and eyes, and a thin, aquiline nose. His beard has grown somewhat during his incarceration.

During recess Aamer was put into the prisoners' cage, where a friend took him a couple of sandwiches. A court attendant gave him a glass of milk. The Arab was considerably surprised when a TIMES reporter saluted him in his native Arabic. He was sitting on a bench puffing a cigarette. He immediately laid aside his cigarette and came close to the grated window that separated him from his visitor. When asked what he thought would be the result of his trial, he replied: "God knows what they will do with me. Perhaps they will hang me, but I swear that I never killed any woman."

"How old are you?" asked the reporter.

Aamer replied that he did not know how old he was, and he undoubtedly spoke the truth, for very few Arabs, except those of the upper classes, know their ages. They generally say that they were born about the time of some important event, such as a war or earthquake, or during the administration of some well-known ruler.

Aamer was brought up a soldier in the French Army in Algiers, he said, serving in one of the Turco regiments that was taken to France on the outbreak of the war with Prussia. He fought in several engagements with the Germans, and in one of them was shot in the leg. After the war he returned with his regiment to Algiers, and several years later was discharged, and got married and settled among his own people.

Some time ago he was told by some people—probably steamship agents—that it would be a very good thing for him to go to America, where he could earn a great deal of money. "You can easily make \$3 a day," they told him. Three dollars a day, Aamer thought, was a good deal of money, and he decided to go to America and earn some of the money which was so plentiful there. First, however, he went to Tunis, and then to Marseilles, where he paid \$50 for a passage to Brazil. He could speak a little French, which he picked up while in the French Army, but in Brazil he could not find any one who could speak French. He also found out that he could hardly make a living in Brazil, and so he came up to the United States, where he fell in with some of his fellow-countrymen who were living at 379 Fourth Street, Brooklyn. How did he live here? He used to go out into the streets and do odd jobs wherever he could get them. Sometimes his friends and other people helped him. He finally decided to return to his home in Algiers, but did not have any money to pay for his passage.

Aamer swore that he never had anything to do with Carrie Brown. Here he became quite excited, his eyes dilated, and lifting up both hands he exclaimed: "I swear that I did not kill that woman or any other woman. I did not know her; never had anything to do with her. Why should I kill her? She never did me any harm. Women like her never have any money about them. She might have 50 cents or \$1, or perhaps \$2 at the most, and who is going to kill a person for a couple of dollars?"

He declared that, although he slept in the East River Hotel the night of the murder, he was alone all that night, and went out about 5 or 6 o'clock in the morning, when it was already daylight. No one said a word to him when he went out. He said that he had a fight with a woman that night and that some blood was spilled, and declared that if the woman could be found and brought to court she would testify to the truth of his statement. After leaving the hotel he went about looking for work as usual, and was not hiding. A policeman laid his hand on his shoulder and told him to come along. Aamer asked the officer why he arrested him, but the officer could not speak French and could not make him understand what was the matter.

"They say that the man who was with the woman had large and lovely mustaches," continued Aamer; "just look at my mustaches. They are neither long nor thick." In fact, Aamer's mustaches are of very medium size.

Aamer was asked what he would do in case he were acquitted. "In that case," he said, "I shall go home to my wife and children in Algiers as soon as possible. I'd go and ask the French Consul to send me home, as I have served in the French Army."

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"BOSS" CROKER GIVES TIT FOR TAT.

THE COMMITTEE INDORSED HIM AND NOW HE INDORSES IT.

Richard Croker is back in town from Great Barrington, where he went with Col. William L. Brown, so as to be out of town while the Tammany Committee of Twenty-four was indorsing him and declaring that there was nothing but harmony in the Wigwam. Speaking of this meeting yesterday the "indorsed" boss said:

"I never had any mistrust of the loyalty of a single man connected in any way with the councils of Tammany Hall. I would trust all of them unreservedly. My dealings with every one of the present district leaders have been and are now of the pleasantest character. There is no truth whatever in the reports to the contrary. I have had no disagreement with Mayor Grant, Commissioner Martin, Mr. Cockran, or any one else concerning the management of Tammany Hall."

Mr. Croker was asked if he considered the action taken at Wednesday's meeting of importance. He said: "So far as I was concerned personally, I saw no necessity for the meeting of the Executive Committee nor the adoption of resolutions certifying to the loyalty of its own members. However, it must be remembered that numerous rumors of an annoying nature have been set afloat by interested parties, and perhaps it was better, after all, to settle them by a clear declaration of the real condition of affairs in the organization, to which I add my opinion that Tammany Hall was never working in better harmony than it is to-day."

This is very nice of Mr. Croker. The committee indorses Croker, and now Croker indorses the committee, and thus "perfect harmony" having been restored, the leaders can now resume their wranglings and proceed with the struggle for patronage.

WALL STREET TALK.

The announcement that over \$4,000,000 in gold had been engaged for export to-day knocked Wall Street's stock market all to pieces yesterday. Nearly every stock on the list suffered. Some which have lately been inactive suffered most.

An especially savage raid was made on National Cordage stock, which from above par was knocked down under 95. This was a clear scoop. Stop orders were caught and stock held on a margin pushed over. There is a big short interest in this stock, and yesterday's slump increased it.

Richmond Terminal got down again yesterday to the panic prices of last Fall, when Mr. Gould was talking about 6 as a possible fair price for it.

The Chicago and Alton is to make a lot of new cuts in rates. Its friends are insisting that an old-fashioned rate war is ahead.

Chicago bought stocks early this week, but parted with them yesterday. Louisville and Nashville is still being unloaded by London.

The Street has it that a good many stocks held by Victor Newcomb have been sold this week by order of his family.

MUST EXAMINE DR. CECIL.

The Court of Appeals has affirmed the decision of the General Term of the Supreme Court granting Dr. Thomas Cecil, who was a student at Bellevue Hospital Medical College, a writ of mandamus compelling the college to examine him and grant him his degree if the examination proves satisfactory.

Dr. Cecil is a native of London, but was in India for some years, and came to this country four years ago. The inducements held out to him for taking a course at the medical college were such that he entered the institution three years ago last December. Dec. 18 he offered himself for examination, but was refused the opportunity. Dr. Austin Flint of the college had absolute discretion in the matter, and were not obliged to assign any reason for refusing such opportunity for examination. This contention has been finally overruled.

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