

LOST: AN OLD MAN'S WIFE.

Patrick Flannagan's Extraordinary Misadventures in
His Search for His Wife, Mary.

Separated in the Streets of New York a Month Ago.

Who Has Seen a Crippled Old Woman Answering the Description
Here Given?

A heart-broken old man came into The World-Office yesterday. Patrick Flannagan was his name and he told a sad, pathetic story of how he had lost his wife, Mary, in this big city and how, through a series of misadventures, he had in vain endeavored to find her.

Everything looked strange to the old couple from Kerpianek's Point, on the Hudson, as they stepped off the car and walked through the Grand Central Depot on the 16th of November last. It was their first visit to the great city. All their lives they had lived in the country, and the rush of people, the noise of vehicles and the great buildings that almost shut out the light of the sun in the metropolis completely mystified them.

A strange couple, truly, and they looked out of place as they walked slowly along the street in a bewildered manner. Patrick is sixty-three years old, and the deep wrinkles that furrow his spare face and the broken finger-nails and bruised and battered hands and stooped figure tell of a life spent in a hard battle for bread. He wore a pair of brown overalls, a loose-fitting white and blue checkered waistcoat and an overcoat that had done service for many winters. On his head was the same old cloth cap that he had worn for the last half-dozen seasons. His face was shaved clean, down to a little circular patch of bushy whiskers that covered the end of his chin.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE LOST WIFE.
That is way his companion, the old woman.

that caused the passers to stop and look back for a moment. Mary was a little younger than her husband, but the hand of affliction had fallen so heavily upon her that she looked older. She was a paralytic, and her left arm was held helpless against her bosom with a handkerchief and her left leg was dragged along the pavement with much difficulty. She aided herself with a cane of sassafras wood, with a small crook upon which to rest her hand, that had been cut in the woods by her husband.



PATRICK FLANNAGAN, THE DESOLATE OLD MAN.

She wore a blue spotted calico dress of the plainest cut, a gray plaid shawl and an old-fashioned gingham sun-bonnet. Her face was seamed with pain and care, and there was a scar on the bridge of her nose, made by the surgeon's knife when she had had erysipelas.

It was about 11 o'clock Monday-morning, Nov. 10, when Mr. and Mrs. Flannagan came to New York. It seems impossible that they were on their way to search for work, an old broken-down couple like that, and yet it was true. All their lives they had worked, until Mrs. Flannagan's affliction had rendered her almost helpless, and then the old man had to work the harder. They had no children to help them when they became old, and there was no rest in sight.

THEY LEFT THE OLD COUNTRY IN 1873. In the Spring of 1873 Patrick had bidden his wife good-by in County Longford, Ireland, and sailed for this country. He was then strong and full of hope, but only had enough money to pay for one passage. Mary did not mind waiting until he could make money enough to send for her. It took about a year in the coal-fields of Pennsylvania before Patrick had saved enough; but when Mary arrived the next Spring they were both happy and perfectly content to work hand in hand, although the result of their toil barely brought them the necessities of life.

It was nine years ago when, after doing a hard day's work, Mrs. Flannagan walked to the store at Wilkesbarre to make some purchases. The goods were put into a basket and they made a pretty heavy load, but Mrs. Flannagan was used to carrying heavy loads and she trudged homeward in the cool of the evening and didn't seem to mind the three-mile walk. Reaching home, she sat down in a chair for about ten minutes and then dropped to the floor unconscious. It was six months before she left her bed, and then she could only get about the house with great difficulty. For the left side of her body was paralyzed.

They remained in Pennsylvania until four years ago, when they moved to Verplanck's Point, and there the husband found employment in a brickyard. Sometimes he drove a team and at other times he handled brick.

A few months ago the manager told him there was no more work for him.

ON ROUTE TO NEW JERSEY.

He looked around the country for a few weeks, but could find nothing to do. At last he thought they would move to New Jersey, and, boxing up their household goods, they had them hauled to Peekskill and put on board the Christina on Monday morning. Then Mr. and Mrs. Flannagan boarded the train, and in a short time were whirled into the Grand Central Depot.

After leaving the depot the old couple walked about three blocks, in what direction they didn't know. They wanted to go to the Harrison street dock, on the North River, to get their goods.

"I feel a pain in my stomach," said Mr. Flannagan, "and I think I'll just step in here and get me a little whiskey."

HOW THE SEPARATION HAPPENED.

The old man went into a saloon and left Mrs. Flannagan leaning on her cane on the pavement waiting for him. His cash capital amounted to 25 cents. He spent 10 cents for a glass of whiskey, drank it, put the 15 cents change in his pocket and returned to the street. It was probably the strong drink that made him go out at a different door from the one he entered, and when he reached the sidewalk the old woman was nowhere to be seen—and he has never seen her since.

Mr. Flannagan searched for her all day long, but could find no tidings of her. For the ensuing twenty days he was unable to look for her, for he was on the island, a prisoner.

"After I left the saloon," he said yesterday, "and was unable to find Mary, I thought maybe she had gone to the Harrison street dock, and I went there, but they told me they hadn't seen her. I found the Christina had arrived and our goods were all right. Then I went to the police station

and asked if they had seen her, but they said they had not. I went to another station and they told me the same story. Then I went into a third station and asked for a night's lodging. It was then 8 o'clock at night, and I was so tired that I could go no further.

"The old man's been drinking," said the Captain, and before I could say a word a policeman caught hold of me and put me in



MARY FLANNAGAN, THE MISSING WIFE.
a cell. But still I thought I was just getting a night's lodging, for I wasn't drunk, not having tasted anything since before noon, and having drunk only a single glass of whiskey.

"It was awful dark in the room where I was put, and I couldn't sleep there was so much noise. I could hear plenty of people coming in and talking and hollering and asking if this person and that person was

there, and I hoped some one might ask for me, but no one did. It seemed a terrible long night, and I kept asking the watchman if it wasn't nearly time to let me out. I was shaking, and so scared with the trouble that I couldn't think.

"Finally an officer came to the door and told me to come out. I went out to the desk and found it was Wednesday morning. I had been there two nights and a day, and thought it was only one night. I asked the man behind the desk for my knife, which had been taken from me, but he said I would get it when I came back.

SENT TO THE ISLAND BY JUDGE DUFFY.

"An officer then took me to court, a distance of about a quarter of a mile. There were lots of people in court and I was very much frightened. I don't remember the name of any of the station-houses or of any of the officers; the only thing I remember is that I was taken before Judge Duffy. The Judge looked at a paper before him and asked me what I had to say for myself, but before I could answer a word the policeman grabbed me and told me to come along.

"What did the Judge say?" I asked the policeman.

"He gave you ten days," he answered. "I passed another person, a clerk, who put my name down and said I got twenty days. I was then locked up with sixteen other men all night. In the morning we were taken in a wagon or carriage down to Twenty-sixth street and put on the steamboat Thomas Brennan and carried over to the island. We were put in a big room where the convicts are and kept until Thursday morning, when I was sent to Randall's island to work on the farm.

"They put me to adding a park first. Two men cut the sod and I put it in place. I worked at that six days. Then they put me to trimming grapevines, which I did two days. The rest of the time I dug parsnips and cut cabbage from the stalks to send to

other parts of the island. I had plenty to eat and they treated me well enough.

A FUTILE SEARCH FOR MARY.

"When I was on the island I wrote a letter to Commissioner Porter to see if he could help me find my wife, but never got any answer. My twenty days were up Dec. 1, and I went directly to Police Headquarters to renew my search for Mary. They sent me to the Eleventh street station, where I got a pass to the island to see if my wife was in the workhouse or Charity Hospital. I couldn't find her there, so I came back and went to Bellevue, but she wasn't there either. I then walked to Tarrytown and went to the poorhouse. From there I went to the Poormaster at Croton, thinking that if she had gone back home she might go there.

"I could not find a trace of her, so I walked back to the city and went to the hospitals at Hoboken and Jersey City. I came over to the Harrison street dock last Friday and opened my box and took out a pair of shoes, a coat and a vest and sold them. They were worth \$20, but I only got \$1.75 for them. I sent the rest of my goods to Peekskill on the Christina, accompanying them myself. I went to people there and asked them if they could not help me in search for Mary.

"But I couldn't get any help, and so yesterday I started back to the city and go here about 4 o'clock to-day. I am heart broken and don't know what to do. I intend to go around to-day and to-morrow to see if I can find Mary, and then I think perhaps I'll go and stop at the poorhouse."

The old man's trembling voice lowered to a whisper as he pronounced the last word and the tears rolled down his cheeks. He had worked hard all his life, and he has always had a horror of the poorhouse.

Can anybody tell The World, and through The World the desolate old man, where his wife is?