

BULLDOG'S BITES.

Mrs. Carey's Arms and Neck Badly Torn.

Savage Brute Had the Woman Nearly Killed.

Life Saved by Brave Mrs Callahan at Brighton.

Husband Stood by as the Attack Was Made.

Little Child Clung to Skirts as the Hugo Jaws Crunched.

The most horrible thing that has occurred for many a day in this vicinity happened out at 277 Western av, Brighton, early yesterday afternoon, when Mrs Carey, 55 years old, was set upon by a savage bulldog in her own apartments, and almost killed by the brute in the presence of her husband, Jeremiah Carey, and their little four-year-old grandchild, Caroline Rooney.

The whole affair is full of horror and were it not for the fact of the husband's insanity it might be supposed that he was responsible for what would be one of the most brutal things ever recorded of a civilized community.

There is no knowledge that the husband actually set the dog on his wife, but there is evidence that he calmly looked on while the ferocious brute crunched and tore the flesh from her

arms which she held out to protect her face and then from the back of the neck, when she was weakened from the fury of the attack, while the woman screamed in an agony of pain and terror, and the little grandchild clung to her blood-covered gown and in her childish way scolded the dog for biting grandma.

The wonder of it all is that the child was not hurt by the dog. The little girl was so covered with blood that for a time it was thought she too had been bitten.

Brave Mrs Callahan.

It is lucky, indeed, that there happens to be in the same building a woman, Mrs E. Callahan, of dauntless courage, or the affair would have been much worse, for it was this woman who burst into the apartment and saved Mrs Carey, and perhaps the grandchild, from death.

Mrs Callahan is a large and powerful woman about 45 years of age, evidently a determined and hard-working woman, but when she told the story last night to a Globe reporter she shuddered and shuddered as the whole awful scene came to her mind again, and she said she did not think she would ever be able to eat a mouthful again, she felt such a nausea.

The Careys lived on the upper floor of No. 277, which is one-half of a wooden block of tenements three stories in height, owned by Mrs E. Callahan, who also runs a little grocery store in the corner of the building.

The tenement or flat which the Careys occupy consists of five rooms, and they looked very neat except the bedroom in which the tragedy occurred and in

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BULLDOG'S BITES.

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which the dog, Friday, was subsequently shot by the police.

That room looked last night as if something serious had transpired within its walls even though the bloodstains had been pretty well washed up.

The flat is occupied by Jeremiah Carey, who is 55 years of age, and his wife, Julia Carey, about the same age, and two of their children, John and Julia, both of whom were away at work at the time of the affair.

Visiting the old couple were two little grandchildren, named Rooney, the youngest, Caroline, about 4 years of age, being in the house at the time, and in her childish way trying to save her grandmother, while the other little girl, about 6, was outside playing with some other children.

The Bulldog Friday.

The bulldog Friday was the only other occupant of the flat. He is a savage brute which was given the family some two years ago and he weighed about 50 pounds.

Here are the facts as narrated by the only eye witness to the tragedy, Mrs Callahan, but before giving them it might be well to state that Jeremiah Carey has been regarded for several years by friends and neighbors as slightly demented and very erratic in his ideas and conversation, but he has been considered harmless. His wife did everything in her power for him and he has not done any work to speak of for several years. He is a laborer.

When the reporter called at the house Mrs Callahan was seated on the front door steps telling the story to a group of excited women. She was answering questions and relating incidents as they came to her excited mind, for she was still imbued with the full horror of her experience upstairs a few hours previously.

She was still laboring under great mental excitement from the effect of that scene and the subsequent events—the taking downstairs herself of the woman and child, the visit of three men with axes and crowbars, who crept up the stairs and ran down frightened at the old man Carey's threats; the visit of the police, the arrest of the man, the carrying off of Mrs Carey to the city hospital in an ambulance and the shooting of the dog by the police.

All these events had flashed into her life so suddenly that it is a wonder the woman did not break down, but she did not, and before the ambulance arrived she had bathed the suffering woman's wounds with a solution of carbolic acid and bandaged her up as best she could.

Excited Neighborhood.

It was an excited neighborhood last evening, and all of the excited people listened and questioned Mrs Callahan in regard to every detail.

"How did it happen?" was the first question put to get some idea of the beginning of the affair.

"O, I can't tell how it happened," said Mrs Callahan. "It was terrible—terrible! I was in the store there"—pointing to her little store—"a few minutes before I heard the noise. Mrs Carey had just been in the store and she bought a little salt fish and some things for the dinner, and then she went upstairs, an' I went down stairs after she left the store.

"There's a Jew family on the next floor above, an' the first thing I knew the woman ran into the store—they all run to me for anything—I'm the doctor around here that they come to with all their troubles.

"The woman said, 'O, Mrs Callahan! There's either fire or murder upstairs.'

I was out in the back part of the store an' I heard Mrs Carey screaming out the back window.

"I rushed out of the store and I grabbed a bucket of water as I went up the stairs. I pushed open the door, an', my God, the sight I saw! The old man was standing at the sink looking into the bedroom—the sink in the kitchen is just outside of the bedroom—and in the room was Mrs Carey, all covered with blood, and the little child crying and clinging to her, and that dog crunching and snarling as he tore the flesh from her.

"I don't know what I said for a moment. I dropped the bucket and yelled at the man for God's sake to do something to save his wife and the child. She was crouching down in the corner by the bureau, and she was holding her bleeding arms before her face and screaming, and the dog was just going for the back of her neck when the old man deliberately poured some water out into a basin and went into the room and dashed it on the dog.

"The Dog Let Go."

"The dog let go an' I rushed in an' caught Mrs Carey in my arms, and I was all covered with blood. I took her out of the room and pushed the child ahead of me, and as we were going through the door the dog pushed himself out an' into the other room. I yelled at the man for God's sake to lock the dog up, and while he was doing that I took the dying woman and the child down the back stairs."

Mrs Callahan's presence evidently overawed Carey, for he never offered to molest her or interfere in any way, but a little later he threatened to kill any of the men that would attempt to enter his door.

"I don't know how I ever got that woman and child down them stairs," said Mrs Callahan. "O, how the poor thing suffered, and the child was all covered with blood. It's a wonder the little girl wasn't killed. She was in that room hugging her grandmother's gown and trying to pull her away from the dog"—"and saying 'Friday, go 'way from gran'ma,' and 'Friday leave gran'ma alone'"—interposed another woman at this point, who had evidently heard it from Mrs Callahan before.

"We didn't have a drop of anything in the house," continued Mrs Callahan, "and it seemed to me an hour before we were able to get a little brandy and give the poor, dying woman a couple of spoonfuls. I bandaged up her arms and neck and put a little carbolic wash that I keep in the house as a sort of disinfectant on the poor thing's wounds—that dog had torn the flesh right off the arms and he just scratched the back of her neck. He would have killed her if he'd got at her neck, but she kept her arms in front of her so—"

Here Mrs Callahan illustrated by holding both her arms in front of her face.

"An' she was so weak that she was nearly down when I went up," she continued.

"What happened after that, Mrs Callahan?"

Police Sent For.

"I sent out for the police, but first some men came with crowbars and axes and went upstairs, but the old man scared them with his threats an' they came down again. They were going to kill the dog."

Mrs Callahan accompanied the reporter into the rooms occupied by the Careys. It looked rather dismal at the time. The son, John, was home and he was feeling pretty badly and the two little Rooney children were sitting in silence in the dim light in the kitchen. Both are bright little fair-haired children and the youngest, Caroline, looks not much more than a baby. She had been cleaned up, but she looked pale and frightened.

Mrs Callahan pointed out just where Carey stood at the sink looking into the room while the dog chewed his wife.

She went over the entire scene again

in a very dramatic manner, while boy John paced up and down the room thoughtfully and the two little children looked on in silence.

"It's a wonder the dog did not attack you, Mrs Callahan," said the reporter.

"I don't know how I ever got out of these rooms," was the reply. "The suffering of the poor old woman was as follows: This is a brave little girl," she turned to little Caroline.

Mrs Callahan then pointed to scratches on the bedroom door made by the dog after he had been locked in the room in his frantic efforts to get out.

After police officers Brown, Preble and Randall arrived about 1 o'clock, Jeremiah Carey was promptly placed under arrest and the ambulance sent for. The meantime officer Randall shot the dog in the room.

The whole neighborhood was quite in a state of excitement, and the kind of rumors flew from mouth to mouth. It is unnecessary to state that Mrs Callahan is the heroine of the neighborhood, for she is said to be a woman with a great, big, warm heart and a friend to all those in distress of any kind, and as she said herself a doctor of the neighborhood, for she almost invariably called on by her neighbors before the regular physician.

It is not known whether there has been any trouble between Jeremiah Carey and his wife during the month, although one remark he made afterwards would seem to show that there had been a little difficulty, for he said:

"It served her — right. She ought to give me my breakfast."

Carey himself, as has been said, has been an eccentric character for some time. He is a little wizened up with sparse whiskers and a thin face, and he could be found walking the streets of Brighton at all hours of the night and in all sorts of weather. His wife is an estimable woman, who did everything in her power, so the neighbors say, to make life pleasant for her husband, whose eccentricities were overlooked.

The house is about half a mile from the Western av bridge, and backs up to the marsh which lines both sides of the Charles river at this point. On the opposite side of the river are the Cambridge and Mt Auburn cemeteries.

It is thought that Mrs Carey's prospects of recovery are very slight, though they were more favorable last night.

held.

The Bowdoin Club will meet at the Copley Square Hotel this evening.

COMMITTED TO AN ASYLUM.

Jeremiah Carey Who Is Said to Have Set a Dog on His Wife Sent to the Westboro Insane Asylum.

In the Brighton Police Court this morning Judge Baldwin ordered **Jeremiah Carey**, who was charged with setting a dog on his wife at their home in Brighton, to be committed to the Westboro insane asylum, Drs. Marion and Dow having pronounced him to be mentally unbalanced.

"Mrs. Carey was terribly bitten by the dog, and her face is disfigured for life.

Mr. George H. Lewis, proprietor of the Niagara Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., and formerly the president of the Bell, Lewis & Yates Mining Company, died suddenly of heart failure this morning, aged fifty-seven years.

Bon Ami

CLEANS AND POLISHES
GLASS, METALS OR ANY SURFACE.

All Grocers.
[**]

ing a rarewen engagement at the theatre, and after travelling for about five months in London at the Stan played one hundred nights and later went to Ireland.

It was in Glasgow Henry Irving, and establishment which has lasted till this day, ways made it a special friend Proctor whenever in London. While at Glasgow he went to Proctor's Mac his Richelleu, Cassio Roland in "The Nick of Time" for two years in Europe to this country, and in Boston at the Howard Edward L. Davenport then resumed his star in the United States. From until the fall of 1875 he devoted his attention to the purchase of the inventory connected with a completion plan.

The semi-centennial Theatre of his first well remembered by the public.

For several years he was a school of elocution in the city and was unusually successful.

BROWN'S DENTAL

Examination by
proved this to

TOOTH

for preventing the
matter on the teeth
white and in good

[**] etc