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## THE NELLIE BROWN MYSTERY.

**Her Story as Told from Day to Day by the City Newspapers.**

[*From the Sun, Sunday, Sept. 25.*]

### WHO IS THIS INSANE GIRL?

SHE IS PRETTY, WELL DRESSED AND SPEAKS SPANISH.

SHE WANDERED INTO MATRON STENARD'S HOME FOR WOMEN AND ASKED FOR A PISTOL TO PROTECT HERSELF—IS HER NAME MARINA?

A modest, comely, well-dressed girl of nineteen, who gave her name as Nellie Brown, was committed by Justice Duffy at Essex Market yesterday for examination as to her sanity. The circumstances surrounding her were such as to indicate that possibly she might be the heroine of an interesting story. She was taken to the court by Matron Irene Stenard, of the Temporary Home for Females, at 84 Second avenue. The matron said that Nellie came to the Home alone about noon on Friday, and said she was looking for her trunks. She was dressed in a gray flannel dress trimmed with brown, brown silk gloves, a black straw sailor's hat trimmed with brown, and wore a thin gray illusion veil. The closest questioning failed to elicit any satisfactory account of her. During the night she frightened the minister by insisting that she should have a pistol to protect herself. She said that she had had money in a pocketbook, but somebody took it away from her. Her voice was low and mild and her manner refined. Her dress was neat-fitting. The sleeves were of the latest style.

The girl had in her pocket thirty-three cents wrapped in white tissue paper, and a black memorandum book, in which there were some rambling and incoherent writings. One sentence was: "Jay Gould sells a people to Siberia." Justice Duffy took a good deal of interest in the girl, and telegraphed for an ambulance. A physician from Bellevue Hospital, who came with the ambulance, talked with the girl and could get no definite information from her. He expressed the opinion that she was demented. She was taken to the hospital, under a commitment for five days for examination as to her sanity. If pronounced insane she will be committed permanently to the insane asylum. All officials who have seen her are of the opinion that she has come from comfortable surroundings. Justice Duffy expressed the opinion that the girl was under the influence of some drug and that she had been ill treated. He said that he was deeply interested in the girl. She was a Cuban, he thought, and had been waited upon by slaves. She called money in Spanish pesos. She probably journeyed here by water, for she expressed a desire to leave by the return.

In court Nellie was not even terrified into giving any account of herself when informed that she was charged with lunacy. She was perfectly quiet and seemingly willingly with the matron. The burden of her talk, in reply to many questions put to her by the matron and Justice Duffy, was this:

"I have no father. He is dead. So is my mother. I had a grandfather, but he is dead. I don't know where I came from. I am going to New York. I want to get my trunks. I have got nice clothes in them. The hat is not mine. I was trying to remember this morning where I came from. I speak Spanish in Cuba. I have forgotten how to speak Spanish. Oh, how many questions they ask me. Why should they ask so many questions? I wish they would let me go away. That man is a reporter. I don't want anything to do with reporters. I want to find my trunks. I came on a railroad. That is the way I always go. I don't see why my private affairs should be made public. I came to try and get work. But I do not know how to work. I tried to do typewriting, but I could not write on that. They used me very well yesterday, but they don't cook well there. I don't remember where I came from. I am going to New York."

Matron Irene Stenard, of the Temporary Home for Females at No. 84 Second avenue, said yesterday: "Nellie came here perfectly rational. She asked if she could remain over night and what the charge would be. I said 30 cents. She wanted to pay me then, but I told her to wait until she was satisfied in the morning. She ate her dinner without exhibiting any eccentricities in the least. After leaving the table she took a seat in a corner of the back parlor and remained there all the afternoon. About 5 o'clock I approached her and noticed that she looked queer. I surmised that she had been taking something, or something. She began showing symptoms of insanity by telling me that she would kill herself if she could get the right drug. Then she said the people in the house were conspiring to kill her, and called for a pistol. I noticed that whenever she would speak of a pistol she would write it down in her little book. The book was full of jottings. One particular was: 'There are two million working people in the world.' First she said her name was Marina, and then she said it was Brown. Brown, she explained, was a good name for a working girl. She said that she had attended a school for typewriting. I asked her if there were two other girls. She wanted to go to bed, and set up no disturbance when we gave her."

[illegible] Nellie's conversation, [illegible] of the Sacred Heart, near New Orleans. She also had been wandering in Brooklyn, and the name of the Home employer mentioned.

"Insanity is common," said the little judge, "certainly not Temperance reform."

Justice Duffy, of Bellevue, said that he considered the girl insane.

[*From the Herald, Sunday, Sept. 25.*]

### HER MEMORY CLOUDED.

THE INSANE GIRL ON BLACKWELL'S ISLAND WHO HAS NO RECOLLECTION OF HER PAST.

It is a sad case.

A young lady of eighteen years, nicely attired, showing in her speech and bearing every evidence of having been well educated and tenderly reared amid refined associations, becomes insane, without any identification whatever, and is to-day an inmate of the female asylum on Blackwell's Island.

This is the late of Nellie Marina, or Nellie Brown, as she indifferently calls herself, who, on Friday last, asked permission to stay over night in the Home for Women at No. 84 Second avenue.

The matron of the institution thinks she was sane when she came there, and that her lunacy suddenly developed a few hours later.

Dr. Braisted, in charge of the insane pavilion at Bellevue Hospital, who studied the case with much interest after the girl came under his charge, thinks she had a lucid interval when she entered the home. Even after entering the hospital she was apparently sane and logical in conversation the greater part of the time, except when the subject of her chief delusion—a belief that people were seeking to kill her—was brought up, or when any persistent effort was made to learn something of her antecedents.

If she has any friends they have not presented themselves. "The one series of statements to which she is faithful in her various conversations with us," said Dr. Braisted, "is that her father and mother are dead, and that after their death she lived with her grandmother and had a maid."

Her grandmother, she told the doctors, died recently, and the girl thinks she remembers having a fine watch, an extensive wardrobe and a large sum of money. She does not know how she came here, and quietly declines to believe she is in New York.

"She never seems to be restless," said Dr. Braisted. "Her delusions, her dull apathetic condition, the muscular twitching of her hands and arms and her loss of memory all indicate hysteria."

A commission consisting of Drs. Braisted, Field and Fitch yesterday adjudged her insane and she was committed to the asylum on Blackwell's Island.

There is no evidence that she has been treated with any violence nor that she had been involved in any unfortunate love affair, nor that her own conduct has been marked with any moral improprieties. With much tact and delicacy she was closely questioned on these points by one of her own sex without exhibiting the least indication of anything but surprise.

[*From the Sun, Monday, Sept. 26.*]

### HER MEMORY STILL GONE.

NO ONE CLAIMS THE PRETTY CRAZY GIRL AT BELLEVUE.

Nellie Brown is still in Bellevue Hospital. The doctors are not certain that she is insane. She says continually that men are going to kill her and that she would kill herself if she only knew the name of the poison she wants to take. She has lucid intervals, when she talks sensibly enough about what is going on around her, but she appears to remember nothing of the past. Dr. Braisted, the physician at the insane pavilion, takes no stock in the theory that the girl is suffering from the effects of drugs. His opinion is that she is suffering from hysterical mania, but he is not certain that she is not romancing. He admits that her case is a puzzle that will take several days to solve.

The girl is probably a Cuban, and as far as can be inferred from what she said on Saturday it is believed that she lived in New Orleans. She walked into the nurses' room in the pavilion, with a heavy shawl wrapped around her neck and shoulders, to see a Sun reporter yesterday afternoon, and complained of the cold. She said nothing, but stood shivering until the reporter spoke.

"Where are your relations?" she was asked.

"They are dead," she answered, sadly.

She appeared to have forgotten even the events of the day before, and said that she had never been at the home in Second avenue or at the Police Court. Then her eyes sparkled and she said appealingly to the reporter: "I want to leave this place; will you take me?"

"Where do you want to go?"

"Nowhere," she said, mournfully.

As the nurse took her back to her apartment the girl said: "I never saw such a lot of crazy men as there are around this place."

"They are not crazy men," said the nurse; "they are reporters."

"They must be crazy to question me," she answered.

There's not a mark of any kind on the girl's clothing. Her shoes are high-topped, with French heels—wood covered with leather. They are of American make and are 3½ in size. She has probably been travelling very lately, for she often speaks about her trunks. She is unable to tell where they are, but says she has plenty of nice clothing in them.

[*From the Evening Telegram, Monday, Sept. 26.*]

### THE BEAUTIFUL WRECK.

UNABLE TO TELL HER NAME OR ANTECEDENTS.

The mysterious and beautiful young woman who wandered into the Home for Women, at No. 84 Second avenue, last Friday and from there was sent to Bellevue Hospital, is still there in the insane pavilion, but will leave late this afternoon for Blackwell's Island. Dr. Braisted, who is in charge of the pavilion and who at first thought that she was suffering from hysterical mania, said to the *Telegram* man to-day that she was undoubtedly insane. She is about eighteen years old, of medium height, with dark brown hair, hazel eyes, delicate features and has evidently the air and tone of a well brought up girl. Her clothing consists of a dress of light-gray fashionably made material trimmed with black lace; her shoes are of fine material and No. 2½ in size. There is not the slightest mark on her clothing by which she can be identified. Dr. Braisted thinks that she is a native of a southern country, probably Cuba. "I have not been able to learn anything of her antecedents or past history," said Miss Scott, the experienced head nurse. "I speak to her sometimes in French, and at lucid intervals she seems to understand what I say, and evidently at first made a mental effort to answer intelligently. She has evidently been properly raised and well educated. She complains of the quality of the food and the size of the cups and saucers and wants to be waited on. The same is the case in dressing herself, she evidently expecting some one to perform that duty. At one of her lucid intervals she said that her parents were dead, and at another time she spoke of travelling on the ocean with her grandmother; but she could not remember her name, and, in fact, her mind as to the past is a complete blank. No one has called to inquire for the girl, and Dr. Braisted said that she would be sent to the Blackwell's Island Insane Asylum late this afternoon.

[*From the Sun, Wednesday, Oct. 5.*]

### NELLY MARINO OR BROWN.

SHE TELLS A LITTLE ABOUT HERSELF, BUT IS A MYSTERY YET.

Nelly Marina, who also calls herself Nelly Brown, the pretty crazy girl who was sent from Bellevue to Blackwell's Island a week ago yesterday, and about whom there is believed to be a romance, has not yet been claimed. Her case is diagnosed as melancholia, and Dr. Ingram considers it a very hopeful one.

"Am I sane or insane?" is a question she frequently asks Dr. Ingram. She speaks French, Spanish and English perfectly. She is travelled and is very familiar with Southern customs. She says her parents are dead. Her mother was a Cuban and her father an Englishman. She once lived in New Orleans, she says, but she is careful not to reveal anything that might lead to her identification. She promises that she will tell all about herself.

Emile Voltier, of Toulouse and Bourbon streets, New Orleans, wrote to the Sun to ask the girl if she was Lottie Peters. Lottie Peters, Voltier wrote, was a friend of his who had disappeared from New Orleans, and about whom he was greatly troubled. Nelly said yesterday that she was not Lottie Peters, and that she knew no girl of that name or no man named Voltier.

Morena is Spanish for Brown. The hospital authorities could easily have written Marina for Morena, so that the girl's giving two names may be merely additional corroboration of her story instead of a suspicious circumstance.

[*From the Sun, Friday, Oct. 7.*]

### FRIENDS CLAIM NELLY MORENO.

Nelly Brown, or Nelly Moreno, has been released from Blackwell's Island Insane Asylum. On Tuesday Lawyer Peter A. Hendrick, of 20 Nassau street, satisfied the authorities of the asylum, and, under a bond that the girl would be properly cared for, he was permitted to take Nelly away. The people who have taken charge of Nelly are Americans, living in this city. The girl made her home with them, her parents being dead. She has an income derived from an estate left by her father, who lived in the South.