

Frederick Furlong

(- 19 Aug 1901)

Furlong. On Monday, August 19, 1901, Frederick, beloved son of Anna Furlong in the 29th year of her age. Funeral from the residence of his sister, Mrs. A. Pinkney, 1225 G street northeast, Wednesday, August 21 at 2 p.m. Relatives and friends respectfully invited.

The Evening Star, August 19, 1901, p. 10

Takes His Own Life

Suicide of Frederick Furlong, a Well-Known Newsboy Became Despondent Over Illness

Had Sold Papers at B. and O. Depot for Years Popular With Customers

Frederick Furlong, a cripple who had sold newspapers about the front of the Baltimore and Ohio depot for more than twenty years, committed suicide this morning by blowing off part of his skull with a shotgun. The deed was committed at the young man's home, No. 1225 G street northeast, about 6:35 o'clock.

After a thorough investigation of the case Coroner Nevitt expressed the belief that Furlong had been driven insane by sickness and worry, and so stated in his certificate of death.

Hundreds of commuters and others who travel on the Baltimore and Ohio road and who patronized the "crippled newsboy," as they called Furlong, made anxious inquiries for him this morning when they failed to see him at his post of duty. The news of his death proved to be a severe shock to many who had shown an interest in him for years. The interest was reciprocal, too, for while they had expressed regard for the young man, the latter had always been extremely obliging to them. He knew all the regular patrons of the road and was often able to give them desired information in addition to serving them their daily papers. His failure to be on hand with his papers this morning caused more comment than would the absence of a railroad official.

During the past two months Furlong had been sick. He had some trouble with his heart and had been led to believe he could never get well. He brooded over his sickness until he was unable to sleep, and then he tried to force sleep by the use of medicine. Yesterday he went on an excursion with his mother and other members of the family, returning home about 10 o'clock.

His Sister's Discovery

This morning his married sister, Mrs. Pinkney, went into his room to get some towels and found her brother seated on the bed with his gun in his hands.

"What are you doing there?" Mrs. Pinkney inquired, not suspecting for an instant that her brother had any idea of killing himself."

"I heard somebody in the back yard," was the answer she received.

She told him the noise was made by a neighbor and put the gun in the corner, telling him he had better see if he could get a little more sleep. Getting the towels from a bureau drawer where they were kept, Mrs. Pinkney left the room and went down stairs. She had hardly reached the lower floor before she heard a loud report made by the firing of the gun.

Rushing back to the room on the second floor, Mrs. Pinkney was horrified at the sight presented. There on the bed was the dead body of her brother, his brains having been blown out. Particles of brain and spots of blood were on the wall and floor, while blood was pouring from the ghastly wound. Dr.

L.D. Walter was called to the house, but he could do nothing, as the wound had caused instant death. Mrs. Furlong, the young man's mother, and other relatives were immediately sent for, and relatives in New York were also notified of the death.

Had Accumulated Property

The deceased was twenty-eight years old and was a native of this city. During the twenty years he was engaged in selling newspapers he saved considerable money and a few months ago he purchased the house in which he ended his life. He sold his first papers the day President Garfield was assassinated. Being a cripple and compelled to use crutches, he was unable to do much manual labor. A few years ago he purchased several horses and carts, and the investment proved to be a profitable one. He was always extremely considerate of his mother and sisters.

His funeral will probably take place Thursday morning, although the exact time will not be definitely fixed until relatives in New York are heard from.