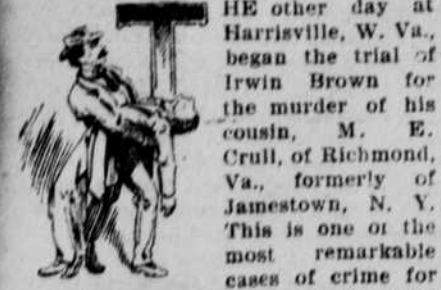


HE HAD THE CORPSE.

BROWN ALLEGED TO HAVE SLAIN HIS COUSIN.

Then When at Last He Dumped the Corpse into the River It Floated to a Fishing Smack and Resulted in Brown's Capture.



THE other day at Harrisville, W. Va., began the trial of Irwin Brown for the murder of his cousin, M. E. Crull, of Richmond, Va., formerly of Jamestown, N. Y. This is one of the most remarkable cases of crime for a small remuneration that has ever taken place, and the trial is of an exceptionally interesting nature. The story of the crime is substantially as follows: On Sunday night, June 13, 1897, the body of a foater was found at one of the house-boats lying about a mile above Sistersville by some of the inmates. When the body was taken out of the water and conveyed to Sistersville it was found to be in a very badly decomposed condition, and at the same time it was supposed to be the remains of some unfortunate who had died of life and had passed to the great beyond by the suicide route, and the only thing done was to take a description of the remains and then give them a decent burial. The newspapers published a description of the remains, and Mrs. Emmanuel Crull, of Richmond, Va., was at once struck with the idea that the description fitted her husband, who had started for Sistersville a short time before with his cousin, intending to make a trip overland.

Mrs. Crull at once communicated with the authorities in regard to the matter, and a more thorough investigation was made of the affair, with the result that a wagon that had been standing at a point near where the remains were fished out of the river was examined, and everything was found to tally exactly with the outfit with which her husband left Richmond. Inside of three days after it was known that something was wrong the supposed murderer was in the toils. On Thursday, May 27, of this year, Crull and Brown left Richmond with a wagon and four horses, on their way overland to Sistersville, where Crull intended going into the livery business. Crull had been induced to make the trip by Brown, who had told him some very glowing tales of the immense amount of work to be had there and the good prices paid, Brown having been in Sistersville several days while on his way from New York to visit his kinsman in Virginia. After leaving Richmond, they stopped at the home of Nelson Crull, a son of the murdered man, who lives at Irving, Va., on the James river, about thirty miles from Richmond, and there the fifth horse was got. When Crull was at his son's he remarked that he had plenty of provisions and about \$25 in money, and it is believed that it was while stopping here that Brown conceived the idea of murdering his friend and taking possession of the outfit, at least it seems that from that time on he was constantly looking for an opportunity to pick a quarrel, and at every point at which the outfit stopped there were people who have said the men were quarreling.

The men proceeded on their way, and after three weeks traveling arrived at a point in Ritchie county, two miles from Pennsboro, and this is where the crime was committed. An examination of the ground at the point where they camped over night showed conclusively that was where the crime had been committed, as a spot was found in the middle of the wagon

man had been dead long enough for gas to accumulate, and it floated to the place where it was found. Several people were passing by when the fellow was taking his ghastly load to the river, and it is supposed he became frightened, as he at once started to leave the country, but he must have become dazed, as he traveled around in a circle a distance of about 200 miles and at no time was he more than 50 miles from where he had left his victim.

Curious Earthquake Spot in California. There is a place in California where earthquakes may be said to be kept on tap. The spot is at the headwaters of the Keweenaw, at the border of Fresno, Tulare and Inyo counties. You can't hire an Indian or a Mexican to go near that locality. They say it is the home of the evil spirits. The country is rugged and rocky—mountains with deep valleys and precipitous cliffs. Snakes, scorpions, tarantulas, centipedes and all sorts of hideous reptiles and insects seem to have made that neighborhood their paradise, for they are there in very palpable abundance. But in addition to these attractions the region may be said to be in a state of perpetual earthquake. The ground trembles and quakes continually, and the rocks themselves seem to be grinding and grating against one another constantly, as if some subject to some great internal force. These phenomena are said to be more emphatic at night than in the daytime. Frequent booming discharges, apparently deep in the earth, are heard, and men who have heard both say they are exactly like the muttering of distant artillery.

Watching the Procession. Corralton, Chihuahua, was enjoying a boom founded on rumors of railroad connections with Deming, N. M., and the ubiquitous real estate dealer was at work.

One day a stranger came to town and put up at the "leading hotel." One of those sand storms that blow everything but the mortgages off the ranches was raging, but that did not stop the real estate dealer. He pulled his sombrero over his eyes, clung to the buildings on the sheltered side of the street, and fought his way to the hotel, groped for the door and finally landed inside in the presence of the stranger.

Jealousy Begat a Terrible Crime. Sanford Collins of Glade Farms, near the Maryland line, made a desperate attempt to murder his wife, shouting her several times, but it is thought she will recover. Collins has had and the officers are unable to locate him. Jealousy is said to have prompted the deed.

THEIR HEADS BATTERED.

A Brother and Sister Found Murdered in Their House.

Henry J. Reed, a money lender, and his sister, Blanche M. Reed, were found dead in their home at North Adams, Mass., the other morning. They had, apparently, been murdered by burglars. The house had evidently been entered during the night, and the burglars discovered by Miss Reed, who was killed before she could make a disturbance, and then the brother was beaten to death because he refused to disclose the hiding place of his money. The house had been ransacked from top to bottom. Everything was in confusion. The body of Miss Reed, battered and almost unrecognizable, lay across the threshold of her bedroom, while in his room on the bed concealed by the covering, lay the body of Henry Reed, gagged and also covered with blood. The bodies were in such a state that it was almost impossible to determine how death had been inflicted. In the man's head was a wound which looked as if it had been made by a bullet, but by other marks it was apparent that a heavy implement of some sort had been used to beat the head almost to a pulp.



EMMANUEL CRULL.

A piece of quilt had been forced into the man's mouth as a gag, and he had apparently been slain in bed. The woman's body was in much the same condition. As the body lay partly in and partly out of the room, it appears as if she had stepped out of bed on hearing a noise below stairs, and was either killed or rendered unconscious by a blow before she could investigate further. The police are inclined to believe that the motive of the crime was robbery, but it is thought by many that the mutilated condition of the bodies indicate a desire for revenge on the part of the murderers. Mr. Reed was well-known and highly respected. He was about 45 years of age. His sister was 50.

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JEALOUSY'S CRIME.

A CHICAGO SHOWMAN KILLS HIS WIFE.

Their Little Girl Awakens to Find Their Dead Bodies Drenched in Their Life's Blood—An Unusually Atrocious Deed.



HARLES CLIFFORD killed his wife and then committed suicide in Chicago the other morning. Jealousy is supposed to have been the cause. Clifford, his wife and the daughter, Musetta, 11 years old, resided in the rear of a small restaurant and confectionery store conducted by Mrs. Clifford. John Morris, who operates the Lion laundry at 300 Rush street, opened his shop at 6:30 o'clock, according to his usual custom. He noticed that the morning rolls and the full milk can of his neighbor lay untouched on the doorstep, and he stepped to the low window to call them, as he had often done before. Neither Clifford nor his wife responded, but the girl Musetta, hearing the call from the room adjoining that of her mother, where she had been sleeping, slipped out of bed and went into her mother's room.

The sunlight that fell upon the bed through the half-closed shutters gleamed on crimson bed clothing, on a revolver by the bed side, and on the blood stained bodies of her parents. Screaming with fright, the girl ran to the door and called Morris, who after hastily looking into the room, went to call the police. Then it was discovered that Mrs. Clifford's throat had been cut by her husband, and that he had shot himself in the right temple. Each apparently had died instantly, for there was no evidences of a struggle. Mrs. Clifford's body lay in the night clothing in a natural position, with the head resting on the pillow as if in sleep. The body of Clifford lay across the foot of the bed, clad in underclothing and trousers only. The woman's throat apparently had been cut with one stroke of a butcher knife, which lay with the revolver beside the bed. Her face and the whole upper part of the bed were stained with the blood from her wound.

The police took possession of the bodies, and a search was begun for something that would throw light upon the motive of the crime. In the pocket of Clifford's trousers were found two notes addressed to Mrs. Clifford and signed by Gust A. Penner, a recently appointed police officer residing at 245 Grand avenue. They were on paper bearing the heading of the police department, bore dates of Aug. 3 and Aug. 4, and apparently had been received by Mrs. Clifford while on a trip to St. Joseph, Mich. They were as follows: No. 1: "Chicago, Aug. 3.—Mrs. L. M. Clifford, 119 State street, St. Joseph, Mich.: I will leave here tomorrow (Wednesday) evening by the night boat at 11:20 o'clock for St. Joe. Hoping you are well and having a good time, I remain respectfully yours, Gust A. Penner." No. 2: "Chicago, Aug. 4.—Mrs. L. M. Clifford, St. Joe, Mich.: Impossible to leave on tonight's boat, but will leave on Thursday (tomorrow) morning boat at 9:30 o'clock. Meet me and bring your lady friends with you. Yours, etc., Gus."

Penner was appointed to the police force the day before, and had served one day at the Chicago avenue station. The finding of these notes in Clifford's pocket has convinced the police that the murder and suicide was the result of jealousy.

Clifford was 38 years old and his wife 35. They had been married seventeen years, but during the last three years



C. W. CLIFFORD.

had lived apart most of the time. The two, with their daughter Musetta, came to Chicago from Rochester, N. Y., in the latter part of 1894, and Mrs. Clifford started the restaurant. Clifford has had concessions for a weight machine at several places of amusement.

The daughter has been for the last two years at St. Joseph's Academy of the Sacred Heart at Cedar Rapids, Ia. On her return last June she found that her father and mother had quarreled, and that Clifford was living alone in a west side flat. The difference was smoothed over, however, and the three were united in the little Rush street house. But, according to the daughter and the neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Morris, who have known the Cliffords for seven or eight years, Clifford's ungovernable temper made matters continually unpleasant. He suspected his wife of infidelity and made threat after threat to kill her. She in her turn grew angry, and there was anything but peace between them.

Rita Anfield, a little girl employed to help about the restaurant, told the coroner that Clifford told his wife every few days he would murder her soon, but she never believed him. Tuesday

afternoon, by the girl's story, Mrs. Clifford was chopping meat, when her husband grasped the knife and said, "How would you like me to use this on you?" Mrs. Clifford grew angry and answered, "Go on, kill me. You said you would often enough. Do it now, while Ella's looking." Clifford muttered something the girl did not catch, and put down the knife.

Tuesday night Mrs. Clifford and Musetta were sitting sewing, when Clifford entered and ordered the little girl out of the room. Her mother told her to sit still, and when she obeyed her mother Clifford was furiously angry. At 11 o'clock the family went to bed. It is supposed the deed was done about 4 o'clock. Morris and his wife were awakened at that time by something that sounded like a shot. Morris declares, but he did not investigate it.

Penner, supposed to be the indirect cause of the murder, had known Mrs. Clifford only a week, and was introduced to her by Clifford himself, so Mrs. Morris declares. The Morrises refuse to believe that Mrs. Clifford had wronged her husband, and join with the little daughter in denouncing Clifford's temper and attitude toward his wife.

Married, Anyhow. Alexander Bolles, one of the early itinerant preachers, was much tormented by the influence of one John Rogers, who openly taught atheism and the abolition of marriage. On one occasion, while holding a meeting in the woods, a young man and woman pushed their way up to the stump which served as a pulpit. The man, interrupting the sermon, said defiantly: "I'd like you to know that we are Rogerites." The old man looked at



MRS. CLIFFORD.

him over his spectacles, and waited. "We don't believe in no God. Nor in marriage. This is my wife, because I choose her to be, but I'll have no preacher nor squire meddling with us." "Do you mean to tell me," thundered Father Bolles, "that you have taken this girl home as your wife?" "Yes, I do," said the fellow, doggedly.

"And you have gone willingly to live with him as your husband?" "Yes," said the frightened girl. "Then I pronounce you man and wife, and whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder. Be off with you! You are married now according to the law and the gospel."

A Shower of Frogs. A traveler from Fort Ogdan, Florida, declared that he passed through an avalanche of frogs ten miles south of here recently, says a dispatch from Arcadia, Fla. It had been raining terribly for three days and the day before yesterday there was almost a cloudburst in this county, the rain coming down for four hours in almost solid sheets. This man started out and on the way he passed through a section where for two miles the frogs literally covered the ground. The road was covered and the ground in the woods as far as could be seen on either side. They were crushed beneath his horse's feet as he rode along. There were three kinds or sizes, most of them being the green so-called "tree frogs," so abundant here. The small ones were about an inch long, the others being two and three inches. There were millions of them and the noise they made was deafening. He brought several along as specimens. It's the general opinion here that the cloudburst brought them. This is the first time that this thing has ever happened in this section and the people are greatly excited over it. The man stated that the frogs seemed dazed and hardly moved as he came along.

Snakes in Her Garret. Mrs. Clara Leidy found a nest of seven young rattlesnakes in the garret of her home. The house is located at the foot of Mount Jefferson, Pa., and the garret window is only a few feet from the rocky side of the mountain. The young snakes were about ten inches long. They were in a piece of flannel lying on the floor. They darted their forked tongues at her and then dropped in a hole in the floor. Mrs. Leidy declares she heard the hissing of a big rattlesnake when the little reptiles crawled over the floor and believes the garret is infested with rattlers.

Mother Accidentally Shoots Her Baby. Samuel Johnson of Johnsonburg, Pa., took a .32-caliber revolver from his pocket and told his wife to lay it away. Mrs. Johnson was sitting on a chair and laid the revolver in her lap. Her 4-year-old boy was playing on the floor, and the mother took hold of the revolver and accidentally pulled the trigger. The ball entered the child's face just under the chin. Dr. H. H. Smith was called and dressed the wound, but the child died. The parents are almost wild with grief.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

The Colored Individual's Excuse or the Effect of Scientific Research on Rural Chicken Coops—A Legal Lunatic—A N-D-Summer Rest.



The Mid-Summer Rest. GAIN the happy time is here. When souls with work distressed, Enjoy with naught to interfere, Their glad vacation rest. From all his cares, the city drudge, Will he himself away. And eighty-seven miles will trudge For pleasure every day.

The dry-goods clerk will daily broil, As 'neath the scorching sun, Dismissing every thought of toil He does a century run.

The office slave will now devote A week to restful rounds, And day by day will row a boat That weighs nine hundred pounds.

The tired city folks who say With ennui they're distressed, On rural beddicks stuffed with hay Will find their nightly rest.

For 'restful rural pleasures' which At home would drive us mad, We make some good old farmer rich And try to think we're glad.

But sweeter joy to those who roam Is that glad moment when They're through with "resting" and come home And get to "work" again.

Scientific Research. Farmer Sprouts—Stop thur. What ye goin' with them chickens? Erastus Pincher—Dat's all right, boss, I'll bring 'em back. Our sassiety fo' general research is dun studyin' up de language ob chickens, an' we needs dem very much.

The Landlord's Ruse. "What ever induced the Gazleys to go to that wretched mountain resort again? They said when they got back last year that they would not return there even if their board were offered to them for nothing." "Oh, then, you haven't heard? Why, the landlord wrote to Mr. Gazley that he had secured an impoverished foreign nobleman to act as waiter. The old man didn't intend to say anything about it to his wife and daughter, but Mrs. Gazley found the letter in his pocket, so they packed up and started the next day."—Cleveland Leader.

An Achievement. "There is the usual disposition to become jocose with reference to Alfred Austin's poetry," said the matter of fact person. "Yes," replied the pale youth who writes, "but his detractors can't obliterate the fact that he triumphs in one respect." "What is that?" "He gets his poetry printed."—Washington Star.

Suspected a Mistake. "Sim Wilkinson has two mighty smart boys," remarked Mrs. Cornet. "One of 'em hez gone to town an' learnt to paint; they say he puts a lot of atmosphere in his work." "Mandy, ain't you thinkin' about the other boy?" "His brother?" "Yes. The one that learnt to play the cornet."—Washington Star.

He Noticed It. Mike D New Arrived—And where air ye from? Pat—Dublin. Mike—D'ye know Dennis O'Leary? Pat—Faith, an O'U'n his brother-in-law. Mike—Sure, Oi thought Oi saw a resemblance.



When It Shows. Visitor—The natives down here don't seem to be very ambitious. Georgian—Don't, eh? You'd oughter see one when a greenbottle fly lights on the back of his neck.—Philadelphia North American.

When They're Becoming. Sney—Why are those things that widows wear called "widows"? Kookey—Because they spring up and choke the grief.—Pittsburg News.

Feeding Cattle on Molasses.

At the present time, when the method of feeding cattle and sheep on straw and molasses is being widely adopted, stock-owners will be interested to learn that in Germany the fattening of cattle on molasses and peat "mull," or moss, is successfully carried on. In Germany there is plenty of molasses obtainable at a cheap rate from the sugar beet factories, but one of the difficulties to be overcome was that of finding a proper medium with which to mix the molasses, in order to counteract the purging effect of the treacle when fed to cattle in considerable quantities. It is found that the molasses—in the German market—contain injurious salts, which are prejudicial to the health of the beast. In the course of a report on the subject, the British consul at Stettin says: "The moss turf, from which the dust or 'mull' is obtained by being torn up or teased out by a machine for making moss litter, called a 'Wolf,' is taken from the upper strata of high-lying peat moors, and consists largely of the dried but non-decomposed fibre of the *Sphagnum cuspidatum* and the *Eriophorum latifolium*. The following are the advantages stated by experimenters to accrue from the use of 'molasses mull fodder': It is 50 per cent. cheaper than the best fat-producing food, and yet equal in nourishment; it tends to keep the animal in health, helps the digestion and whets the appetite; it is almost equal in nourishment to, and is a good substitute for, bran; it prevents colic and other sickness; it gives a glossy, healthy appearance to the skin; in consequence of the large proportion of sugar it contains it acts as a stimulant, and increases the working capabilities and stamina; with proper and careful use for milk cows, it increases the production of milk, while improving the quality; when used for fattening, it increases weight, and improves the flavor of the meat; it lessens the expenses of the farmer, both in respect to fodder and as a manure, the large proportion of alkali in the molasses being especially advantageous in the latter; it will keep stored for an unlimited time." The consul advises that some caution is necessary in feeding pregnant animals, the maximum quantity of molasses allowed for cows is calf being 1 pound to 1½ pounds per day, but for the first week from 1 third to a fourth of a pound per head per day should only be given until the animals become accustomed to the food.

Dairying in Sweden.

Among the dairies the co-operative ones are the largest. The number of their members sometimes amounts to more than 400. Many of the co-operative dairies receive 1,200 to 3,300 gallons, and the largest more than 4,000 gallons of milk daily. For the most part men are employed, but a maid is always engaged for working the butter, and one, two, or more maids for washing. In a few dairies the workers are chiefly women. Dairy instruction is undertaken by one higher dairy school for consultants (experts), one lower dairy school for men, seven dairy schools for women and twenty-four dairy stations for women. At the cost of the Government a dairy inspector is maintained; and in every county there is a dairy consultant (expert), who has to go about in the county in order to give advice and information in dairying. The number of these consultants is twenty-three, of whom one is a woman, and they are paid by the Agricultural Societies of the different counties. In order to control the quality of butter for export, there are every year in Gothenburg and Malmo twenty control butter judgments, to which the dairies have to send a cask of butter, immediately on receipt of notice to do so. The expenses for these judgments amount to about £1,500 a year. In addition, a yearly butter exhibition is held alternately in Malmo and Gothenburg, and a larger cheese exhibition almost every year in Stockholm; while smaller exhibitions of butter and cheese take place once or twice a year in most counties. In order to promote the dairy industry, several Dairy Associations are in existence. In regard to the co-operative dairies it may be stated that the dairy farmers generally take back all skim and buttermilk, which is used for feeding calves and fattening pigs. Some dairies, however, keep calves and pigs in order to utilize the by-products. A small quantity of skim milk is employed for cheesemaking. In Sweden there are about 800,000 pigs. Bacon is exported principally to England. Dairy machines, apparatus, implements, and supplies are manufactured in many factories, such as those of the "Separator Company," in Stockholm; Carl Holmberg, in Lund, and A. Hollingworth, in Orebro. The grant of the Government for dairy purposes amounts yearly to a sum of about £2,700, and those of the Agricultural Societies to £5,300.—Dr. Engstrom.

Askes for Gooseberries.—In the April number of the Fruit Grower Mrs. Graham, of Indiana, writes that she has the best success with gooseberries that are not cultivated. My experience is much the same. I use hard and soft coal ashes and cinders as a mulch, and find that the bushes I treat in this way are in every respect superior to those not treated with the cinders. I shall treat all my bushes, both currant and gooseberry, in this manner as fast as I can get the cinders.—W. B. Hall in Green's Fruit-Grower.

The Cow.—The higher the degree of advancement attained, the more room for deterioration in useful qualities in unskilled hands. The cow, of whatever breed, is more than a machine. Moreover, what her merits may actually be, she is susceptible of improvement. Never conclude her to be a thing of perfection.—Es.

In buying trees good roots are the most important item to look after.