

HIS LIFE OF CRIMES

HOLMES COMMITTED 27 MURDERS.

Six Others Failed Him—Confession of the Multi-Murderer—He Says the Devil Was Born in Him and He Delighted in the Mutilation of His Fellow.

PHILADELPHIA, April 13.—H. H. Holmes, the multi-murderer now under sentence of death for the murder of Benjamin Pitzel, has made a confession.

In prefacing the confession, which covers in full nearly three newspaper pages, written in Holmes' own handwriting, and detailing with a minuteness that is at times revolting, the multi-murderer and author of twenty-seven murders, as he admits himself to be, states with something like pathos that he does so simply that he may obtain money enough to educate his boy.

Holmes writes of his blood-curdling atrocities with an abandon that simply appalls one. Not one grain of remorse seems to enter into the construction of that document and never for a moment except in two isolated cases—one where he refers touchingly to the memory of Minnie Williams and another time when he pathetically speaks of an outrage perpetrated on his boy, does the redeeming element, pity, figure in the case.

"I was born with the devil in me," says he, in one part of his confession. "I could not help the fact that I was a murderer no more than the poet can help the inspiration to sing, nor the ambition of an intellectual man to be great. I was born with the evil one standing as my sponsor beside the bed where I was ushered into this world, and he has been with me since. The inclination to murder came to me as naturally as the inspiration to do right comes to the majority of persons. From what I can see I believe fully that I am growing to resemble the devil; that the osseous parts of my head and face are gradually assuming that elongated shape so pronounced in what is called the degenerate head, and that the similitude is almost completed.

"In fact, so impressed am I with this belief," continues Holmes, "that I am convinced that I have no longer anything human in me."

Holmes' confession from this on speaks of his early experiences of his boyhood days on the farm in Vermont and the life he led until he entered the college to study medicine in Michigan.

It was not until after he was graduated, fully equipped with the knowledge of poisons and the easiest way to sever the simple thread of life, that Holmes began his career as a murderer and mutilator.

When he began he admits himself he was ruthless, and never once halted until he took twenty-seven lives. "And I would have committed six other murders," he added, "had not certain occurrences intervened."

Probably one of the worst, most brutal, revolting and disgusting crimes this arch mutilator ever committed was one he speaks of in a chapter devoted to his boy—the son of his first wife. The only explanation he offers is that he did it simply to gratify his love for mutilation.

"It was shortly after I was married," he declares, "and our boy was then but a youngster. I called him from the road, where he was frolicing about like an innocent with a lot of other lads, and took him out to a rear barn. I don't know what it was that possessed me, but I took a surgical knife along with me.

With the utmost abandon, and with here and there an expressed sigh of regret, Holmes tells how he went through the operation of mutilating his own son. Finished with that, Holmes felt satisfied and did not murder his boy outright.

CULLOM MAY WITHDRAW.

The Senator Calls a Conference of Illinois Friends.

WASHINGTON, April 13.—United States Senator Shelby M. Cullom of Illinois, whose state has not received with enthusiasm his candidacy for the Republican nomination for President, judging from McKinley instructions in various congressional conventions, has called for a conference with leading Republicans of Illinois to consider his continued candidacy. It was reported yesterday that he had written a letter withdrawing from the race, but had decided to defer its publication, but later it was declared that he had not prepared the letter and would not do so until after the conference.

Cullom's friends in Illinois have informed him that he can have the convention's indorsement, but that it will be by a small majority. Several of them have, within the past week advised him strongly to withdraw, arguing that indorsement by a little over half of the convention would be worse than nothing. The Senator has listened seriously to these advisers, but has postponed that answer until he can meet those leaders of the party in the state on whose original advice he consented to be a candidate.

The convention will not meet until April 25, and the Senator feels that there is no need of haste in acting upon the question of withdrawal. While he personally will not admit that he has reached any decision, and while he probably has not fully determined in his own mind what he is going to do, his friends here, especially members of the Illinois delegation, are satisfied he will in due time announce his withdrawal. They consider it as good as settled that the State convention will not be asked to indorse him for the presidency.

A Probable Burglar Killed.

HOLT, Mo., April 13.—The stores of B. L. Metcalf & Son and Greason & Riley were broken into last night and merchandise valued at \$75 carried away. This morning the dead body of a man was found a mile south of town under the railroad bridge with his brains oozing from a wound in the head. He is supposed to have been one of the burglars and from all indications was murdered by his companions, as fresh tracks were found near by. A small memorandum book found near the body with the name of Dick Flood, Gainesville, Mo., in it is the only clue to his identity.

TWO BIG CUBAN FAKES.

Consul-General Williams Not Killed and No Note Sent.

WASHINGTON, April 13.—Considerable excitement was created here early this morning by the publication of a dispatch from New York that the Herald had received a cablegram from Madrid saying: "Rumor is current here in the cafes and streets that Consul General Williams has been murdered in Havana and his body dragged through the streets. Excitement prevails throughout the city in consequence of this report, but the authorities have no knowledge of any such event." Inquiries from all parts of the country showed that the story had been generally circulated.

A visit was at once paid to the State department to secure possible confirmation or denial of the story. There it was declared that a dispatch dated today had been received this morning from the consul general, thus effectively disproving of the rumor that he had been assassinated yesterday.

The report of a great battle in which 200 of Maceo's men fell is similarly dismissed. No word of any such engagement has been received at the Spanish legation or elsewhere, although circumstantial details of the movements of the troops are constantly forwarded.

Last night a report was sent out from here, with considerable circumstantial detail, that the president had made to Spain a formal proposition that the good offices of the United States be accepted in mediation between that country and Cuba and that this proposal was made in a cablegram of instructions to United States Minister Hannis Taylor. This morning it was declared at the State department that the story that a note had been sent to Minister Taylor, suggesting mediation was a pure fabrication.

It is not denied that the President, Secretary Olney and General Schaufelberger have been considering the Cuban matter, but it is declared that no document has been forwarded in any way. Ex-Secretary Whitney was at the White House yesterday, and it was reported that he came to confer with the President as to the Cuban matter. He was in Europe when the Alliance was first upon by a Spanish warship, and gave out an interview on the outrage which attracted much attention by reason of the strong Americanism in its tone. It is believed that the President, desiring to get all sides of this question, sent for Mr. Whitney as a representative of the great commercial interests of this country.

EXPERTS ATTACKED.

Lieutenant Menocal Speaks for the Nicaragua Company and Its Plans.

WASHINGTON, April 13.—Lieutenant A. G. Menocal, United States navy, chief engineer of the Nicaragua canal company, appeared to-day before the house committee on commerce, which is investigating the question, and submitted a review of the report of the commission sent to the isthmus last summer. He said: "The company regards and has treated the project as a business enterprise, with a view to commercial requirements, technical success and financial results. The board entirely ignores two of these conditions and considers it from the point of unlimited expenditures without any question of financial results and provides beyond commercial requirements of the present for demands that can be only rarely occasional."

The lieutenant said the board had made a hasty trip through the territory, touching only here and there the route of the canal, when it was convenient and had an imperfect knowledge of the physical conditions of the problems presented and the work already done. The plans of the company were not for an ideal canal regardless of cost, but for one ample to satisfy the needs of commerce and larger than any ship canal now in operation. None of the changes proposed by the board was in the interest of economy or of a better canal.

There was a long examination of Mr. Menocal by members of the committee. The company, he said, had \$100,000 for its concessions and \$50,000 for its right of way and nothing to the Costa Rican government.

DUN'S REVIEW OF TRADE.

The Demand for Consumption is Still Below Expectations.

NEW YORK, April 13.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: "The volume of business has not on the whole increased, nor have prices appreciably advanced since April 1, when the range for all commodities was the lowest ever known in this country. Breadstuffs and iron products have risen slightly, but some other articles have declined and the root of the matter is that demand for consumption is still below expectations. The number of hands employed has been slightly lessened by strikes in some establishments and by stoppage or reduction in force in others, but the change during the past week has not been relatively important. The weather has not favored active distribution of spring goods, and uncertainty as to continued employment affects the purchases by hands in a large number of establishments."

Against the Silk Hat.

LONDON, April 13.—Lord Ronald Gower has written letters to the newspapers urging the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York to discard the silk hat as being "the ugliest and most unhealthy headgear of the century," adding that if the princes did so, our classes are intensely snobbish, and would follow the fashion adopted by a prince of the blood.

One of the 'Frisco Robbers.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., April 13.—A man whose name is thought to be Robert Bell, and who is supposed to be one of the robbers who held up the Frisco train at Sleepy Hill, Mo., April 1, has been arrested at Litchfield, Ill. He was taken after a desperate struggle with a posse of officers, during which he was shot in the arm. He refuses to tell the authorities anything about himself, but from information received at the Wells-Fargo Express company's office, Bell answered the description of one of the robbers. Two men who were with him escaped.

SEEDMEN MAKE CHARGES.

Chicagoans Accuse Secretary Morton—The Official Denies the Accusation.

WASHINGTON, April 13.—The recent closing of the contract for furnishing seeds for general distribution by the government has resulted in the filing of charges at the Department of Agriculture by Breslan, Goodwin & Co., a Chicago seed firm, against Secretary Morton. The allegations are that their bid, though the lowest was refused because the firm had urged the passage of the resolution providing for the revival of the distribution of seeds, notwithstanding Secretary Morton's protests; that reports furnished by officers of the department to Secretary Morton, to Senator Proctor of Vermont, chairman of the Senate committee on Agriculture, and to Mr. Wadsworth, chairman of the House committee, had been manipulated in order to show that the firm's seeds were below the standard; that Assistant Secretary Dabney had insisted on the company, in case it received the award, using the machines of the Brown Bag Filling Machine Company, and that Mr. Dabney had decided against the company because of the refusal to do this; that the secretary and his assistants had falsely stated that the company refused to use its name on the seed packets.

Secretary Morton and the other officials of the agricultural department absolutely deny the truth of the charges and say that the award of the seed contract was based on a percentage of purity and germinative power of the seeds tested by the department last year at a time when there was no prospect of further distribution.

TWO CONVENTIONS.

Kansas City Democrats Split on the Gold and Silver Question.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., April 13.—The Jackson county Democratic convention for the selection of delegates to the Sedalia convention split wide open to-day on the financial question. The Stone-Brown silver faction and the anti-clashed on question of contested city delegates, and immediately two chairmen were presiding. This caused pandemonium to break loose, and for a time unparalleled disorder prevailed. The convention turned itself into a yelling mob that had no equal in the record of Kansas City's politics. After it had tired itself out it finally adjourned to allow the leaders to confer on a compromise. The anti offered to let the Brown-Stone men name the delegates if Marcy K. Brown and Fred Fleming, Governor Stone's Kansas City managers, were not on the delegation, but the Brown leaders spurned the offer. The two factions then split and two conventions were in full force in the same hall, with the wildest kind of pandemonium reigning.

SHOT HER HUSBAND.

Tragic Sequel to the Boyce-Howard-Smith Scandals of Houston.

HOUSTON, Texas, April 13.—Last night Frank Smith, a well known young man of this city, was shot and probably fatally wounded by his wife, Bertha Boyce Howard Smith. One bullet passed through his leg, the other through his neck.

About a year ago Mrs. Smith, then the wife of William Howard, a cotton man, of this city, eloped with Smith, going to San Antonio, taking one of her children and leaving one with her husband. They returned, and Smith and the woman's brother became involved in a shooting affray, no one being hurt. Howard and his wife parted, and she married Smith about three months ago.

The Boyce family is one of the oldest and most highly respected in this county, and the various sensational happenings of the past year have attracted a great deal of attention.

Wife and Son Stabbed to Death.

DENVER, Colo., April 13.—When Manager Alexander C. Miller of the Warner ranch, twelve miles east of here, arrived home from the city this morning, he found his stepson, aged 12, dead, and his wife unconscious and bleeding to death. The boy had been stabbed through the heart and the woman had numerous wounds. The motive of the crime is a mystery. Mrs. Miller was Miller's second wife.

Major J. H. Finks Acquitted.

SALISBURY, Mo., April 13.—In the circuit court of Charlton county the case of Major J. H. Finks, who was cashier of the bank of Salisbury, and indicted for receiving deposits when the bank was in a failing condition, was tried by a jury and a verdict of not guilty was rendered. The case of Mr. P. B. Brenham, assistant cashier, charged with the same offense, nolle prods.

Big Mining Company Formed.

TOPEKA, Kan., April 13.—A charter has been filed with the secretary of state by the Colorado Gold and Silver Mining Company, with headquarters at Kansas City, Kan. The capital stock is fixed at \$7,500,000, and the directors are Leroy Harvey, J. S. Caldwell, C. J. Woodruff and Thomas H. Rowland, all of Kansas City, Kan.

Shot His Wife's Companion.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., April 13.—Harry Carson went home last midnight and found William Snyder locked in a room with his wife. Carson broke open the door and shot Snyder in the breast. Snyder cannot live. Carson is in jail. Both are railroad brakemen. Carson is the son of J. L. Carson, a leading grain dealer.

Great Damage by Fire Bugs.

HAVANA, April 13.—The insurgents have burned the machinery houses of the central plantations of Diana and Barbon, near Moraito, the approximate loss being \$1,200,000. The insurgents have also burned 90,000 tons of cane on the plantation of Santa Gertrudis, belonging to Antonio Gonzales Mendoza.

Governor of Nevada Dead.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 13.—Governor Jones of Nevada died at the Palace hotel in this city last evening. Governor Jones has been ill for several months and came to this city for medical treatment.

DINED AT THE CAFE.



IN TWO of the leather-seated chairs before the big window of the hotel the junior and sophomore sat side by side. Each wore a large chrysanthemum and carried a cane decked with streamers of ribbon. The rotunda behind them was filled with restless groups of young men, all wearing ribbon or carrying flags, and all talking loudly and excitedly.

The streets in front of the hotel, already filled with the dusk of earthly twilight, through which the street lamps seemed spheres of golden haze, wore much the same look, but with the difference that the groups took the form of a procession moving along the wet sidewalk. Across the way the shirts in the window of the "Gents' Clothing Palace" were all of the same color as the ribbons. The entrance to the dry-goods store further down was draped with the same shade. Even the bootblacks and newsboys, perhaps with a view to personal benefit rather than from any strong affection for the college, wore knots of the same.

The sophomore looked out at the moving crowd and tapped the floor lightly with his cane.

"Great game, wasn't it?" he said, hoarsely.

The junior nodded. The fact that he had heard the same remark from the same source a dozen times in the last fifteen minutes did not affect his appreciation of it in the least.

"Wrecked my voice, though," said the sophomore.

"If it were shattered," said the junior, in a thoughtful tone, "I might get a little sleep in the morning."

To this the sophomore made no answer. He did not feel himself capable of conversing on any subject except the game.

"There were holes in their line that you could drive an ice-wagon through," he said in sudden exclamation.

"I don't drive an ice-wagon," said the junior, shortly. Then he turned and looked at the clock above the desk. "It's nearly 6," he said. "Let's go and get something to eat."

The sophomore glanced at him out of the corner of his eye, and an instant later became immersed in a study of the toes of his shoes.

"I'm going downtown to dinner," he said, hesitatingly.

"What?" said the junior.

The sophomore repeated the statement with obvious embarrassment. The junior looked at him with withering scorn.

"Didn't you tell me," he said accusingly, "that we'd take dinner together, go to the theater, and then catch the 11:30 train back?"

"You'll need your nerve this time," said the sophomore, bitterly.

He went up stairs slowly, the junior close behind him. At the top he turned sharply round, and said:

"Do you really mean to do so ungentlemanly a thing?"

"It's not ungentlemanly," said the junior, stoutly. "All you have to do—"

"Oh, shut up!"

The sophomore turned away and put his hand on the bell. Then he looked back over his shoulder. The junior was leaning easily against the broad railing of the veranda.

"I believe you're fool enough to follow me in," said the sophomore, angrily.

"I am," answered the junior, calmly. "Perhaps not exactly that, but we'll not fight over terms."

"Well, you can't make me make such an ass of myself," said the sophomore, suddenly.

The junior smiled broadly. "You can take dinner here if you want to," the sophomore went on. "I believe that you have no more sense than to try. I'll wait on the corner to see you kicked out. Then I'll go back to the hotel and get something to eat."

"I'll go with you," said the junior, readily.

The sophomore turned and stole quietly down the steps.

"I hope no one saw me," he said, when he reached the bottom.

"Why, I hardly know the girl! It would make me look like the very devil!"

"You flatter yourself," said the junior.

"She'd think me an ass," said the sophomore, smiling.

"Well, what's the use of trying to deceive her?" asked the junior, coldly.

"Of course, you're joking, though," said the sophomore, apologetically. "You wouldn't do such a thing."

"Why not?" asked the junior. "You could make it all right by a little explanation."

"Little explanation?" said the sophomore, with great exasperation. "It would take a hundredfold of explanation to clear up a thing like that!"

"Stick to football English," said the junior. "Duo-decimo is the little kind. When you get out of your depth you don't say what you mean."

"I might tell her you were a lunatic," said the sophomore, thoughtfully.

"That would do," the junior agreed. The sophomore looked at him critically.

"I believe you would do it," he said at last. "It's a blessed thing that I'll not take you."

"How'll you help yourself?" asked the junior, with interest.

The sophomore studied the question in silence.

"You can't turn me over to the police," said the junior; "and you can't fight, because if you did you'd not be presentable yourself."

The sophomore glanced over his shoulder at the clock.

"It's time for me to start," he said. "Good-by, I'll meet you at the train."

The junior promptly rose and followed him. At the door the sophomore turned and looked at him helplessly.

"I say, now, you'll not—" he began. "Come on," said the junior. "There goes a car."

He seized the sophomore's arm and they boarded the car together.

"Better go inside, it's warmer," said the sophomore, wildly.

The junior smiled.

"I'll stand out here with you," he replied carelessly.

The sophomore sighed.

"You don't really mean—"

"That I'll invade the young woman's home," put in the junior. "I do. Under your protection I will have no hesitation."

The sophomore turned his back and gloomily watched the passing lamps. The junior paid the fare for two.

"If I obliged him to pay my fare," he said to himself, "it might anger him."

The sophomore did not look at him when they got off the car. Half-way down the square he stopped at the foot of a flight of stairs and turned his eyes doubtfully from the door above to the junior.

"Is this the place?" asked the junior, innocently. "I'm beginning to get nervous. I always do when I go calling."

"You'll need all your nerve this time," said the sophomore, bitterly.

He went up stairs slowly, the junior close behind him. At the top he turned sharply round, and said:

"Do you really mean to do so ungentlemanly a thing?"

"It's not ungentlemanly," said the junior, stoutly. "All you have to do—"

"Oh, shut up!"

way to his mouth and looked at him over the rim in amazement.

"I'm the cousin at college whose name you never asked," said the junior.

A GOOD MEMORY.

The American Staggered His German Challengers.

A story is told of a bright young American and several German officers who, at a dinner one evening, set out to make him uncomfortable by chaffing him about his country, says the Kansas City Star. The young man is Albert H. Washburn, the United States consular agent at Magdeburg. Henry P. Merritt, consul at Chemnitz, was the first one of the Americans attacked with a taunt from one of the Germans that he could not give the names of the presidents of the United States. Merritt named them over with some deliberation and drew from his German friend the declaration that he did not believe there was another American present who could do it. Young Washburn had said nothing until now, but he broke in and declared: "I can do it and I will give you the vice-presidents." He was about to begin, when a second thought struck him and he said: "While I am about it I might as well give you the secretaries of state, too." The Germans got down a book giving the names and kept tabs on the young man as he correctly went through the list. They were pretty well backed down already, but Washburn had no idea of letting them off so easily. "Now, I should like to know," he said, "whether any of you can give the names of the Prussian rulers from the time of Charlemagne and his sons down to the Emperor William?" Not one of them could go half through the list and they were on the point of apologizing to the young Massachusetts scholar, when he took them down still more by modestly suggesting: "Perhaps I had better do it for you." He began with Charlemagne and went through the list without a break, much to the astonishment of his German hosts and the delight of Consul Edwards and the other Americans. "How did you do it?" asked Merritt.

"Oh, my father had a taste for such things and taught them to me when I was a boy, and you see they are sometimes useful to know," he replied.

Once the Trick Didn't Work.

A curious accident happened the other day to Herrmann, the great prestidigitator. During his recent engagement he performed the old trick of the melted watch—a gold watch being melted down to a liquid, and then, presto! given back to its owner unharmed. Herrmann got a gentleman in the audience to lend him his magnificent gold chronometer, and then, by some mistake, which has not happened before in the magician's life, the real watch and the "fake" watch got mixed, and the gentleman's chronometer was badly damaged. There was, of course, loud laughter from the audience, and an angry protest from the owner of the chronometer, who cried out that the watch cost him \$150. "Is that all?" rejoined Herrmann, coolly, and bringing from his pocket a wad of bills, he paid the gentleman the \$150 and proceeded to the next trick.

Puss Was Blind Baggage.

Eric Baggage-master Ellison, of Middletown, N. Y., has a cat which is posing as a hero. The cat belongs in Port Jervis twenty-five miles away, and crawled upon a truck under a freight car. The car was brought to Middletown without stop, and puss came too. The jolting and bumping of the cars failed to dislodge the cat, and when the train reached here she was discovered and released. The cat was half dead from fear and fatigue.

Hero a Politician.

Prof. Jowett once made a remark which very happily indicates one of the strongest characteristics of the late William Rogers: "You always know when Rogers arrives, because as soon as he reaches the gate he begins to talk to your gardener, and when he reaches the door he makes friends with your servant in the hall."

Big Tree in Wisconsin.

A pine tree was recently cut down in Antigo, Wis., whose trunk measured 29 feet in girth, 150 feet in length and 2 feet in diameter at the top, which had been broken off. The full height of the tree before being broken was probably 200 feet.

RESOURCES OF THE STATES.

Oregon's salmon fisheries produce about 600,000 fishes a year and its wool clip exceeds 16,000,000 pounds. There are 25,000 square miles of forests and the annual gold yield exceeds \$1,500,000.

Delaware has 9,000 farms valued at \$37,000,000. It exports every year 7,000,000 quarts of strawberries and 55,000,000 baskets of peaches.

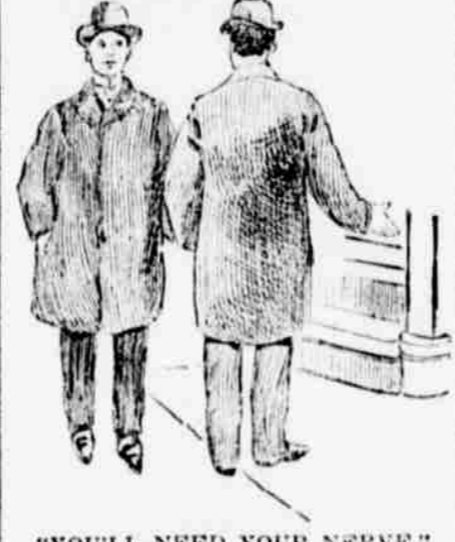
Missouri grows 219,500,000 bushels of corn, 56,969,000 of oats, 20,000,000 of wheat and 13,000,000 pounds of tobacco. The lead product has exceeded 100,000,000 pounds in a year.

Massachusetts has over 100,000 persons engaged in the fisheries. The making of boots and shoes gives employment to 62,000; cotton goods, 58,000; building, 59,000; clothing, 33,000.

Michigan produces one-fifth of the iron of this country, mining 9,600,000 tons a year. The copper mines are the richest in the world, having produced over \$200,000,000 worth of metal.

The state of Washington has salmon fisheries worth \$1,500,000 a year and catches 10,000 fur seals. It exports \$5,000,000 worth of lumber and coal and raises 15,000,000 bushels of wheat.

Kentucky is the foremost state in the production of hemp and has been known to produce 25,000 tons in a year. It produces nearly two-thirds of the American tobacco crop, growing in 1893 250,000,000 pounds.



"YOU'LL NEED YOUR NERVE." The sophomore shifted uneasily in his seat.

"Well, you see," he said, "I hadn't received this invitation then."

"That makes no difference," said the junior, sternly. "You made an engagement with me. Are you going to break it?"

"No," said the sophomore. "Only—"

"Only you don't intend to keep it," said the junior. "What'll I do now? Wander about till train time?"

"Oh, you'll be all right!" said the sophomore. "Unless some one takes you for a hayseed and buncoes you," he added.

The junior looked thoughtfully up at the electric light. Then he turned to the sophomore.

"Who is she?" he asked.

"It'll do you no good to know," said the sophomore.

"I don't want to know," said the junior. "Was it the one on the coach?"

The sophomore nodded.

"I met her at the beach last vacation," said he. "I never called on her here, but she asked me to dinner last night. She has a cousin in this city."

"I never asked his name for fear I would want me to look him up."

A broad smile came over the face of the junior, but when the sophomore turned toward him he was preoccupied.

"You're going then?" he asked.

"Yes," said the sophomore, coldly. The junior looked pensively at the sophomore.

"I think I'll go with you," he said. The sophomore laughed.