

## A STRANGE MURDER.

## A DETECTIVE'S STORY.

MISS CLARA HAMILTON, the daughter of a wealthy merchant, retired from business, and living in a pretty little villa in the suburbs of the city, did not appear at breakfast as usual one morning, and, on entering her bed-chamber, it was found that her bed had not been occupied the previous night.

Search was made, and at last, in a sort of natural arbor, made by the group of lilac bushes, with the clusters of white and purple blossoms bending down, as though to hide the pitiful sight from our avenging Heaven, they found her lying stabbed through the heart, and, as if that were not horror enough, two fearful gashes crossing each other on her face, and making it almost unrecognizable.

The evidence went to show that the murdered girl had retired to her room about 8 o'clock on the previous evening, pleading a headache. Mr. Hamilton, who was a widower, supposed that she had retired to rest; but, on the testimony of one of the servants, it appeared that she was afterward seen in the garden in company with a young man, a newspaper reporter named Geo. Gangoll, for whom she cherished an attachment, but contrary to her father's wish. About ten o'clock the servant saw this young man leave the garden by the water gate, and jumping into a boat that lay moored there, row rapidly away. Then the witness, expecting Miss Hamilton to re-enter the house, had gone to bed.

Gangoll's landlady testified that he returned home about eleven o'clock, evidently disturbed in mind about something, and hastily packing a few articles in a valise, had paid his bill, and told her he would probably not return for a week or two. Then he had taken a cab and driving to Clearing Cross station, left by the one o'clock express for Denver.

On this evidence the inspector of police telegraphed to the authorities and had him arrested as he was stepping on the boat to cross the channel. So far everything was correct; the police had fulfilled their duty in arresting him, and it was now ours, we of the detective force, to find out whether he was wrongly accused, and if so, who was the perpetrator of the crime.

The first moment I looked at Gangoll I felt convinced that he was innocent, but though I could not get him to answer any questions, I felt certain that it was not the sullen obstinacy of guilt, fearful of criminating itself, but the apathetic despair of an overwhelming misery.

"You have the power, if not the right to insult me," he said, his eyes flashing up fiercely for a moment. "I loved her and we bid each other a sad farewell because of her father's wishes, and now you dare to accuse me of her death—my murdered darling!"

Every word he spoke, his face burning with honest indignation, convinced me the more of his innocence, but as I could get no more information from him, I proceeded once more to the scene of the tragedy.

I felt perplexed. I had not the slightest clue to work upon, and as I stood there I could only make vague conjectures, wondering what the tale would be. Could those scented blossoms that all night long hung over that dead mutilated face but speak.

It might seem foolish, but, after all, that was the only way to pierce the mystery—to build up a theory, and then proceed to prove it either true or false. The more I thought of the possibilities of it having been Gangoll who did the deed, the fewer they seemed.

Supposing that a sudden fit of passion or jealousy had moved him to kill her, he never would have made those fearful gashes upon her face. From the estimate I formed of the man he could not do it. But then on the other hand, the murderer must have been prompted by either revenge or jealousy, for the rings upon her fingers and the chain around her neck were untouched; and turning these thoughts over and over in my mind, I at last once became satisfied the criminal was a woman.

My conjectures went no farther than that, and I once more made a thorough search through the garden, but I had done this so carefully twice before that it seemed almost useless. However, I prosecuted my search and at last found in the hedge between the garden and the next, a fragment of the dress. This was something, at all events, and showed two things—that my guess as to its being a woman was correct, and also the means by which she entered and left the garden.

I was on a track now—a slight, one to be sure, but still it was a beginning, and I immediately made inquiries as to the occupants of the next house. I learned it was occupied by an old lady and her niece, who were reported to be very

rich. They were of the Jewish persuasion, and their names was Rosenbaum. I also learned that the niece was of a passionate temper and led the household a hard life.

Having learned this much, I went to the house where Gangoll had lodged, and once more went carefully over his papers and letters, in the hope of finding something that might assist me. There was nothing of the sort among the papers, however, but in a cigar case lying on the mantel-shelf, I found a woman's card with the name of Mary Rosenbaum.

I began to have my case pretty well in hand now. Dressing myself as a peddler, I went to the house, and exhibited my wares in the servants' hall and spreading out my stock of silks and ribbons, offered them for about half their value, saying I would take cast-off dresses in exchange.

"Now, my dears," I said, "your mistress must have very many that she will not wear again."

"Lawks! yes," replied one of the girls. "Why, Molly, where is that old gray merino that Miss Mary told you to give to the regiment?"

The dress was brought and my satisfaction was intense when I saw it was of the identical shade of the piece I had found in the hedge. Purchasing it at a figure that made their eyes open, I went on my way, and examining it, found the spot from which the fragment had been torn.

My case now stood as follows: It was a woman who had done the murder; a woman wearing a dark dress, had climbed over the hedge into the garden on the night of the murder; this woman was Mary Rosenbaum, who was acquainted with George Gangoll, and was of a passionate temper. The question now was what did she go into the garden for at all, and why take that method of doing so?

Under the peculiar circumstances, I thought myself justified in communicating these facts to the superintendent, and asking for a warrant to apprehend Mary Rosenbaum. It was granted me, and I and another officer took a coach and proceeded to the house.

Leaving my companion outside, I sent my name as the bearer of a message from Gangoll, and I was at once ushered up stairs into the drawing-room.

"I am Miss Rosenbaum," she said: "what have you to say to me?"

She was a woman of about thirty, slightly corpulent, with the common, heavy cast of countenance, and an ill-tempered look in her coal black eyes.

"I am an officer of the detective police," I said, "and I arrest you for the murder of Clara Hamilton."

A ghastly pallor overspread her face, and she seized the back of a chair for support.

"I have been waiting for you," she said, at length. "I do not deny anything. I loved him madly, and I might have won him if it had not been for that doll-faced girl, with her large, sheep's eyes. I only went to listen, but when I saw him press her to his bosom, and lavish the caresses upon her, I could not help it, and as soon as he was out of sight, I crept upon her and stabbed her through the heart, and even robbed the worms of the triumph of spoiling her wax-doll beauty."

A baleful green light shone in her eyes, while the tone of vindictive triumph in which she spoke made me shudder.

"I will go with you at once," she said, "but let me first go to my dressing room for a moment."

"No," I said; "you can ring for anything you want. Dressing-cases may hold other drugs than toilet-powders."

"You think I would poison myself?" she said, with a hallow laugh. "Well, you are right; for I never will go into court nor ascend the gallows. See!"

Even while she spoke, before I could stir or stop her, she had sprang from where she stood and dashed herself through the French window to the street below.

I ran down stairs as quickly as I could, but my companion met me in the doorway.

"Call for assistance to carry the body into the house," he said; "there is no more use for us here, for she will never speak again."

## Appreciating a Sermon.

I cannot resist repeating a conversation between a friend and his farm servant, which illustrates the remark already made, that an Irishman is rarely at a loss for a reply or an excuse:

"That was a good sermon, was it not, that we had last Sunday?" said the gentleman.

"True for you, yer honor, an illigant one! It done me a power of good intirely."

"I'm glad of that. Can you tell me what particularly struck you? What was it about?"

"Oh, well," stretching his head, "I don't rightly—not exactly know. I—A' where's the use in telling lies? Sure I don't remember one single 'divid-

ual word of it, good or bad. Sorra a bit of me knows what it's about at all."

"And yet you say it did you a power of good?"

"So it did, sir. I will stick to that, sir."

"I don't see how."

"Well, now, yer honor, look here. There's my shirt that the wife is after washing; and clean and white it is, by reason of all the water and the soap and the starch that's gone through it. But not a drop of 'em all—water, or soap, or starch, or blue has stayed in d'ye see.—And that's just the same with me, yer honor, an' it's dried out of me; but all the same, just like my Sunday shirt, I'm the better and the cleaner after it."

There was more philosophy than he was aware of in the quaint reasoning of the man. An impression for good or evil is often left upon the mind and bears fruit, when what has caused the influence has passed away from our memories.

## The New Stove.

A fat citizen, having in view the purchase of a new coal stove, was yesterday standing in front of a hardware store, when a newsboy halted and respectfully said:

"I s'pose you've seen the new stove—the one that beats 'em all?"

"I don't know that I have," was the calm reply.

"You orter see it, sir. They are allus talkin' 'bout these coal stoves which save 10 per cent. of fuel and now they've got one."

"Have, eh?"

"Yes'r, I saw this one goin' the other day, hot 'nuff to bake an ox, an' it did not burn any coal at all—not even a pound."

"Is that possible! Why, I never heard of such a thing. Didn't burn any coal at all?"

"Not an ounce and it was throwing out an awful heat."

"Well, that beats me. I don't see how they got the heat?"

"They burned wood, sir!" was the humbly reply.

The man tried to coax the boy with-in reach, but the lad had to go to the post-office.

## A New Hand at the Bellows.

During the journey of Emperor Joseph II. to Italy, one of the wheels of his coach broke down on the road, so that it was with difficulty he reached a small village at a short distance. On his arrival there His Majesty got out at the door of the only blacksmith's shop the town afforded and desired him to repair the wheel without delay.

"That I would gladly do," replied the smith, "but it being holiday all my men are at church; the very boy who blows the bellows is not at home."

"An excellent method then presents of warming oneself," replied the Emperor, not revealing who he was, and he immediately set about blowing the bellows, while the blacksmith forged the iron. The wheel being repaired, six sols were demanded for the job; but the Emperor gave him six ducats. The blacksmith returned them to the traveler saying:

"Sir, you have made a mistake, and instead of six sols you have given me six pieces of gold, which no one in the village can change."

"Change them when and where you can, said the Emperor, stepping into his carriage; "an Emperor should pay for such a pleasure as that of blowing the bellows."

## A Boy's Depravity.

A remarkable case of juvenile depravity is reported from Bell's Camp, an oil village on the line of the Olean and Bradford Railroad. A ten-year-old boy named Charlie Welch, living at Bell's Camp, has for a long time been in the habit of boarding trains on that road and riding to and fro between stations.

Monday last the conductor of train 28, seeing the boy in a dangerous place on the train, stopped and put him off, telling him never to get on again unless he paid his fare and rode inside the car. "D—n you," exclaimed the lad, "I'll fix you for this." Friday afternoon, as train 28 was approaching a very steep embankment about two miles west of Bell's Camp, the engineer saw an obstruction on the inner rail in the shape of a piece of iron about two feet long, raised and fastened by a scantling braced against it and the outer rail. It was too late to stop the train, but fortunately two flat cars had been placed in front of the engine to be pushed to Olean.

The first struck the obstruction and was hurled down the bank, pulling the other with it. The coupling between the rear flat car and the locomotive broke and no further damage was done. A brakeman on the front car went down the bank with it, and had a miraculous escape from death. After the smash-up the boy Charlie Welch was seen to run from near the track towards home. He was followed and arrested, but denied all knowledge of the crime until he was

placed in a dark cell of the lock-up when he confessed that he had planned and executed the train-wrecking scheme because he was mad at the conductor and wanted to "get square" with him. The boy will doubtless be sent to the House of Refuge.

## Material Effects of the Yellow Fever.

It is estimated that the actual material loss to the region of country scourged by the yellow fever, thus far, says the Louisville "Courier-Journal," is not less than \$200,000,000, and that is, doubtless, a very low estimate. Splendid stands of cotton will be lost for want of hands to pick it, while the cessation of business in cities and towns, and on the railroads and river, had occasioned enormous losses, which cannot now be computed. Beyond expression, this has been a terrible year for the people of the Lower Mississippi Valley. Some people talk in a melancholy way, and express the belief that the South will be utterly, irremediably ruined. That is an impossibility. The South has been swept by the flood, pestilence and sword, yet has she come up out of the depths with a firm step and a hopeful heart. Temporarily crushed the south may be, but destroyed never. There is reason to rejoice that the yellow fever has spread so little East from the Mississippi. It is leaving a broad, black mark from Cairo to the gulf. It is a terrible mark, to be sure. It is a trail marked by graves.—Yet, out of the depths of this woe those communities will come with renewed strength. If it were otherwise, we might indeed abandon hope for the South.—The people have too much at stake, and the business of the valley is too great. Its demands will speedily set all the machinery of trade in motion again. The heart only aches in contemplation of the weeks of deaths and misery which must elapse before this plague storm's horrors will vanish.

## Torn in Pieces by a Mule.

A boy named Conrad Cramer was engaged at the Empire Mines in Luzerne county in hauling coal-dirt from a culm pile to a boiler-room, in a car drawn by a mule. On the return trips Cramer would ride. After several efforts the mule succeeded in throwing the boy from his back, and as he fell he became entangled in the harness. The animal plunged and reared and bit at the boy, who was dangling in front. Finally the mule leaped forward and ran, dragging Cramer over the sharp rocks. When those who followed came up to the animal they found the body of Cramer literally munched to pieces by the mule. The beast had gnawed off the right arm at the shoulder, torn the flesh clean off the lower left leg so as to expose the bones, and had opened gaping and ragged wounds with his teeth in every part of the body.

## A Brave Boy.

On Tuesday morning last a child of Mr. G. F. Brady, of Delaware City, while standing upon a well curb, was, by the breaking of a rotten board, precipitated to the bottom of the well a distance of forty-five feet. A boy named Frederick Hilabum, who was standing near, immediately pulled off another plank, threw his arms around the pump stock and slipped rapidly down to the water, grasped the child as it was sinking for the third time, and though the water was very deep, succeeded in holding himself, as well as the child, above until ropes were lowered to him, by which he was safely drawn out. The child is less than three years old, and, strange to say, escaped injury save a few scratches. The boy's heroism and presence of mind in his successful efforts to save the child deserve universal commendation.

## His Temperance Story.

An old soldier, relating his experience at a temperance meeting, said that at one time he got possession of two kegs of whisky, took them to camp, put a faucet in one of them, and passed the whisky around among the boys until they all were pretty full. About the time the keg was empty, he said, for a moment his conscience told him he was doing wrong. He picked up an ax and knocked the head of the other keg in, and—(here he was interrupted by the deacons' startling cry of "Amen!") "Thank God!" "Glory be to God!" After the house became quiet, he continued: "I knocked in the head of that keg, gave the boys a tin cup, and told them to help themselves."

On entering the box, a witness had a Testament presented to him, but he declined to be sworn. On being asked for his reasons for refusing, he naively replied: "I'll tell a lie with any man in England, but I'll not swear to it."

In boring a well at Stewart Station, Minn., a butternut log was found at the depth of 177 feet from the surface, in the middle of a vein of blue clay.

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## ASSIGNEE'S ACCOUNT.

The following Assignee accounts have been filed in the Prothonotary's of Perry county, and will be presented to the Court for confirmation on WEDNESDAY, the 30th day of October, 1878:

1. The account of Dr. D. B. Milliken, Assignee under deed of voluntary assignment for benefit of creditors of W. B. Diven, of the borough of Landisburg.

2. The account of E. B. Wise, Assignee under deed of voluntary assignment for benefit of creditors of John C. Leonard, of Newport borough.  
D. MICKLEY, Prothonotary.  
Prothonotary's Office, New Bloomfield, September 30, 1878.

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All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them duly authenticated for settlement to  
I. J. HOLLAND,  
Executor.  
July 15, 1878—4tpd.

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