MYSTERIOUS MURDERS.

The Darkest Crime Results Some Very Celebrated Crimes Whose Perpetrators Have Never Been Discovered.

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The recent brutal murder of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew J. Borden in Fall River, Massachusetts, and the difficulty encountered in attempting to ferret out their assassin and to fix the crime upon their daughter Lizzie, recall the fact that within the past forty years there have been committed in this country a large number of equally mysterious murders whose perpetrators have never been brought to justice. Despite Hamlet's saying that murder, though it hath no tongue, will speak with most miraculous organ, it often happens that murderers plan their crimes with such exquisite cunning and execute them so skillfully that discovery never overtakes them.

One of the most celebrated of such cases is the Nathan murder, which was committed in New York more than twenty years ago. Nathan was a wealthy Hebrew who lived in elegant style in the most fashionable part of the metropolis. For some time previous to his assassination he had been greatly vexed by the conduct of his son—the pleasant lad to his great fortune, who was inclined to be "fast" and was rapidly "losing the pace." On the night of the murder the old gentleman set up in his library till a very late hour awaiting the return of his son, with whom he was addicted to remonstrate on the course he was pursuing. The next morning his lifeless body, horribly mauled and battered, was found lying across library floor, which together with the walls and ceiling of the apartment, was spattered with his blood and brains. Suspicion pointed strongly to his assassin, nothing could be positively proven against him. Large rewards were offered, and the best detectives still of this country and even those abroad were devoted for months—say years—to the direction of the pursuit, but without avail. Several other criminals were arrested on suspicion in various parts of this country and Europe, but they all succeeded in proving an alibi and establishing beyond doubt that they were in no way connected with the crime, the Hamlet prodigal meanwhile secreting himself to the authorities of a foreign city, promulgating himself the author, yet it subsequently transpired that he did this solely for the purpose of securing free transportation to New York, for on arriving there with the officers he fully established the fact that he had not been connected with the crime in any way, and that he was hundreds of miles distant from the scene of that horror at the time of its perpetration. Suspicion always continued to attach to the prodigal Nathan, and he was disowned by the members of his family, inheriting the greater part of his father's large property, he plunged at once into a wild career of luxurious pleasure, in which he eventually squandered his entire patrimony. He shortly died abroad in great poverty, all hope of ever proving who murdered old Mr. Nathan, was abandoned years ago by everybody. The secret of his guilt died with him, and always stuck to the story, that he returned home at a late hour on the fatal night, was admitted to the library by his father, and after a protracted interview he left the old gentleman still sitting up and returned to his bedroom, where he was found sleeping soundly in the morning when a member of the family went to rouse him with the dreadful news of the murder.

By far the larger number of murders whose perpetrators are never detected by the police are those in which women play a prominent part either as the causes or the causes of them. It would require a great deal of space to enumerate all the celebrated cases of young women who have been murdered in this country within the past half century, and who are still undiscovered, while nearly as long would be the list of men who have been assassinated within the same period, and whose murderers have never been brought to justice because the hunting up of the whole affair was associated in the preservation of some woman's good name.

It is now more than eleven years since the people of New Haven, Conn. (actual), were horrified one bright summer morning at finding on the stoop where it had been washed up by the unconscious waves, the lifeless body of Jennie Cramer, a sixteen-year-old girl connected in the City of Elms by her personal beauty. She was the daughter of an honest old German, who kept a small cigar store. It was generally known that for some time previous to her death she had been receiving the attentions of James and Charles Hadley, the sons of one of New Haven's wealthiest merchants. Neither had been seen alive with these young men, and one Blanche Douglas, a female of a disreputable house in New York, who, for several days previous had been sojourning in New Haven by invitation of the Hadley brothers, suspicion and circumstantial evidence pointed with the force of positive conviction to the case as one of murder and not suicide. The Hadleys by day and Blanche Douglas were promptly arrested and committed for trial on the charge of murdering Jennie Cramer, yet despite the district attorney's zeal and oft repeated declaration that he "would try all three together, convict all three together and hang all three together," the whole party were eventually acquitted. Blanche Douglas died in New York some four or five years afterward. Jas. Hadley, to whom suspicion and circumstantial evidence pointed as the instigator of the crime, removed to Scranton, Pa., where he was elected mayor a few years later. Edward Hadley still resides in New Haven.

The case of Jennie Cramer is very similar to the equally celebrated case of Mary Rogers, who, like Jennie, was an orphan girl in a cigar store, and who was murdered in New York under very the circumstances of very back in the early forties. Like Jennie, too, her assassins was never discovered, yet were the motives of her untimely taking off and the chief master of its accomplishment ever positively determined.

Connected as a link seems peculiarly unfortunate to this notice of unavenged murders of perhaps women, next to that of Jennie Cramer is that remarkable case of this kind where the murder of Mary Hannard, for whose destruction by poison a prominent clergyman—in whose house she had been employed as a domestic—was tried and acquitted in the face of very strong circumstantial evidence against him. Then there was Rose Ambler, a beautiful country girl, whose dead body was found near the roadside one morning, and in whose murder and the children also was ever unknown, though the crime was committed away back in September, 1841.

New Jersey, also, has been the scene of many murders. A few years ago a bad odor was noticed proceeding from a merchant trunk that had been sent from Paterson to New York. On being opened it was found to contain the lifeless remains—beautiful even in death—of Alice Dowling, a young woman employed in a silk factory at Paterson, and noted for her handsome face and form. No trace of her murderer or murderers was ever discovered, but a young man of Paterson, known to have been on terms of close friendship with her, committed suicide on learning of the discovery of her body.

One of the most mysterious of all such murders was that of Zula Burns, a remarkably handsome young woman of nineteen years, near Lincoln, Ill., some five or six years ago. She had long employed for some time as a domestic in the family of one Carpenter, a very wealthy and prominent citizen of Lincoln, and had left her situation shortly before her murder, and had returned to her home in the country near by, to prepare for her approaching marriage to an estimable young man to whom she had long been engaged. On the day of her death—only a few days before her appointed wedding day—she went to Lincoln and called on Carpenter at his place of business. She had previously told some of her friends that she intended to make Carpenter furnish the money with which to purchase her wedding outfit. During the long interview which ensued between them in his private office, she was overheard to ask him for money. After a considerable time she left his office to return to her home. That was the last time she was seen alive. She was found the next morning murdered by the roadside a short distance out of town. Carpenter was arrested and tried for her murder, and was acquitted. Public opinion and feeling were so strong against him, however, that a committee of citizens waited upon and forced him to remove from the town with his wife and money.

Of men being murdered and their assassins never discovered, I also give many instances. One of the latter was a lawyer named Marlin, who was found dead in his office on Fifth street below Walnut, in Philadelphia, shortly after noon one day in the summer of 1874, with a bullet in his heart. He had seen several clients during the morning, but no suspicion attached to any of them. No weapon was found in the room, and the police could not find the slightest clue to work upon. The absence of a weapon effectually disposed of the theory of suicide and proved the case one of murder. The family of the dead man were anxious to track the murderer up and to clear their fair name, and, when, as I thought, I was over him I looked back over my shoulder, but could not see him anywhere, and not until I heard his body thudding about and heard him groaning could I locate him.

I found that in some difficult way he had succeeded in getting between the rows of direct spokes, and by crawling as the wheel rolled he managed to keep his position.

I was not particularly pleased to have a close combat with such a reptile; neither was I willing to be run over by such a rattling concern, but I conquered my prejudice and determined to give it possession.

Jumping off the top wheel full, and stopping such a few feet found that the snake had sunk his fangs into the rubber tire, and after his much repeated attempts to free himself I concluded that he was quite spent.

I got a stick which I found near by and mangled his head. He was so badly tangled between the spokes that I had considerable trouble in pulling him out. His exact measure was 6 feet and 11 inches, and he was the largest I ever encountered. I never took another ride over that road, for it makes me quiver every time I think of it.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Birds and Parasites.

Many years ago Gilbert White described the barn owl beating the fields like a setter dog, ever and again dropping into the grass or corn when a rat, mouse, vole or shrew was caught sight of, though, as this species, unless disturbed, will seldom leave its retreat until after sunset, its necklaces are not generally observed. The snowy owl (Nyctea scandiaca) in America may be observed sitting for hours on the summit of a tree, swooping down every now and again on a mouse, the base of the stump being after a few days of this sport littered with the little pellets and bones of its quarry.

Waterton was also indignant at the farmers blaming the barn owl for destroying the eggs of pigeons, the rats, to which it is an enemy, being the real offenders.

Hawks are, however, not blameless as regards pigeons and birds even more sacred. But some of the species of scriptures, the kested among others, had more upon mice than upon birds.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Danger Cries of Animals.

The approach of danger is expressed by a universally intelligible cry. The lamb has a peculiar sound, "ma," so indicative of fear and terror that when heard the wood is alive in an instant. It is said that the often utters it from pure love of mischief.

"Every bird," says Buchanan, "has received from nature the power of uttering a song or certain sound by which it can communicate its desires to other birds. The chaffinch's call varies with its feelings; when on the wing it is 'Pink! Pink!' Its expression of joy is 'Fink! Fink!' Its angry note is the same with more quickly, and 'Tink! Tink!' is a sign of tenderness or melancholy. The sparrow calls out 'Chink! Chink!' slowly or rapidly, as its emotions change."—Troy Times.

He Knew a Thing or Two.

Anaxagoras, the Athenian philosopher, who flourished in the Fifth century before Christ, taught his scholars that wind was air set in motion by rarefaction; that thunder owed her rolling to conflicting properties in the sun; that the rainbow was the resulting phenomena of reflection; that comets were wandering stars, and that the fixed stars were at an immeasurable distance beyond the sun, besides giving them many other ideas thought to belong to more modern times.—St. Louis Republic.

When It Rained Toads.

There are several instances on record of the fall of live insects, serpents and animals from the clouds; in short, instances where it has literally "rained" such creatures. At Lyons, France, in 1856, it rained for a goodly spell toads of the big sort of a man's hand, and the shock from them some days later was intolerable." At Limerick, Ireland, in 1852, Wyatt records a shower of small, live toads." As late as June 1880, there was such a "shower" at Wickford, R. I., when thousands of lively little toads tumbled down during the prevalence of a thunder storm.—St. Louis Republic.

A Woman Soldier.

My mother can remember Betty Finch, a very masculine sort of woman, being the "bobber" at Holy Trinity church in the year 1810. She walked very majestically along the aisles during divine service, armed with a great long stick like a fishing rod, which had a bob fastened to the end of it, and when she caught any sleeping or talking they got a "nudge."—Notes and Queries.

The chief cause of the decline of population in France is the vast standing army, it being impracticable for the soldiers to marry.

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