

each Elder gave a brief report of his labors for the past six months. The authorities of the Church and mission were thus presented and unanimously sustained. Elder Kelsch gave the Elders some instructions, also some very encouraging words, and the meeting closed by singing, and benediction by Elder Ballard.

On Wednesday the several Elders left in good spirits for their fields of labor. Elders Empey and Buchanan returned to their homes after filling honorable missions.

C. E. DINWOODY,
Clerk of Conference.

J. H. HAMILTON MURDERED.

Domestic infelicity in the family of John H. Hamilton Monday cost him his life, he being shot dead at 229 west First South street on the lawn in front of the residence of Thomas P. Seddon, his brother-in-law. The tragedy occurred about 9:30 o'clock. Six shots were fired.

Hamilton had gone to his brother-in-law's to see his wife and talk over matters prior to beginning divorce proceedings which were to be instituted today. W. C. Pavey, the well known merchant, long known for his handsome form and feminine gallantry, was named as a co-respondent. In fact, Mrs. Hamilton had appended her signature to a written statement acknowledging their guilt. This she denied to a News man today but when the document was produced with other evidence in the possession of the officers last night she admitted that it was true; that she had visited Mr. Pavey at his rooms from time to time and had been criminally intimate with him.

Mr. Hamilton had satisfied himself on this score several weeks ago and a separation followed. Mrs. Hamilton first going to her mother's to remain for a time and then to her sister's where the dreadful tragedy occurred.

James W. Fox and George H. Taylor were in a house at the rear of the premises at the time and with several other people heard the shooting. After the first shot was fired there was a brief spell of silence, then four shots in rapid succession, followed by another period of quiet, and the last shot. The first was muffled somewhat, while the remaining five were sharp and clear. On this the testimony of witnesses is quite uniform. Several citizens saw men in the neighborhood. They were more or less excited and can give no definite information as to who did the shooting. This statement of Mr. Seddon is credited by many as giving the key to the affair: "Lou and John had some trouble on the outside. She claims that he struck her—who did the shooting, I don't know." This, Detectives Sheets and Raleigh, who have worked continuously on the case since the shooting, say, tells the story of the trouble. They believe that Mrs. Hamilton did the shooting. The dead man's relatives say they are certain of the same thing alleging that she has frequently threatened his life of late. Several weeks ago she secured possession of her husband's revolver and apparently kept it until last night when it was returned—that is if it was returned at all.

Monday afternoon he called upon his attorney and asked for advice

as to its recovery. Later he went down to Mr. Seddon's and met his wife, where, according to a statement made by him last evening to D. G. Calder, a friend, Mr. Hamilton informed him that she was about to write him a note, telling him to call and get the revolver, whereupon he said: "Lou, why not give it to me now?" "Because," was the reply, "it is down to father's." The truthfulness of the reply is strongly questioned and the allegation made that the weapon was in her possession all the time.

The body was taken to the undertaking parlors of Joseph William Taylor within a very short period after the shooting. An examination disclosed the fact that a bullet had entered the body obliquely to the left of the heart. Suicide was suggested by the wife and her friends but declared by others to be ridiculous and impossible. It is argued that no person would maim his body five times out of six in an attempt at self-destruction. A .32 caliber bullet was found in the casing of a front window today by Officer Armstrong and by a News man found to fit exactly the revolver picked from the ground where his dead body lay.

The Hamiltons are young people having been married but a little more than two years. They have no children. Mrs. Hamilton was a Miss Friday before marriage and is a native of England. Her husband was born in Scotland 26 years ago. His mother and sisters are prostrated with the death of their son and brother who seems to have been respected by everyone who knew him. His friends scout the suicide theory in all its forms, and the investigation, so far as it has proceeded, supports their conclusions in every particular. After his wife's confession his mental agony was very great and only yesterday exclaimed that he was glad he would soon be free through the medium of divorce. He said he loved his wife dearly but could not so far sacrifice his manhood as to take her back to his home after her confession to him.

Mrs. Hamilton was interviewed by a News man in Chief Paul's office Tuesday where she passed the night. When the interviewer entered she was in the personal custody of Captain Eelinger and at first declined to answer any questions but immediately began to talk. She said:

"I last saw Mr. Hamilton about half past nine o'clock last night. He came down to my sister's to see me. We were together quite a while—I don't remember how long. We talked over our troubles but were friendly about it. Once or twice Mr. Hamilton said he would do something we would both regret. I told him it was foolish for him to talk that way but he said he meant it all the same. My sister, Mr. Seddon, and her husband retired while we were in an adjoining room. When Mr. Hamilton got ready to go we walked into the hallway together. We stood there talking for some time and he put his arms around me and kissed, while I did the same in return. Then we went to the door and he passed out. I followed to the steps and he went down and when he was just a few feet away, I turned, with my

hand on the door to close it when I heard a pistol shot."

"What did you do then?" asked the News man.

"I went into the house and my sister and brother-in-law sprang out of bed and met me in the hallway. Mr. Seddon said: 'My God, Lou, what has happened?' I said I didn't know and went to my room."

"Didn't you go outside to see what the matter was?" was the next query propounded to her.

"I did not," was the response.

"Were you frightened?"

"No; I didn't realize what was the matter. I didn't know that Mr. Hamilton was killed until I was told and didn't see anyone on the outside when he left the house."

"What is your theory, Mrs. Hamilton, as to who killed your husband?"

"O, I think from what he said—that he would do something we would both regret—that he killed himself."

"Did he ever talk of committing suicide, so far as you know?"

"Not that I am aware of, but he had a terrible temper and of late has been very determined. He always insisted on having his own way."

"How about your temper, Mrs. Hamilton; as a matter of fact weren't you rather quick to anger yourself?"

"Yes, I was," came the response promptly supplemented by the confession, "I could row with him one minute and make up with and love him the next. But we didn't have much trouble. Of course we had our little ups and downs but that is all there is of it. We thought a good deal of each other. It is not true that he wanted a divorce. Neither did I."

"You say you heard but one shot, Mrs. Hamilton, don't you know that there were six fired?"

"No, I don't. The one I heard made me kind of deaf in one ear, and I can't hear with it yet."

"How long have you known Mr. Pavey, Mrs. Hamilton?"

"Since I was a little girl. We were children together, but were never intimate. I often met him as a friend but not was all—we were always friendly."

"What about your written confession that you had been criminally intimate with him?"

"I never made any. I signed a paper for my husband some time ago when we had some trouble over Mr. Pavey and myself, but don't remember what it contained. Our trouble had been serious and I had fainted two or three times and it was while I was in that condition that I signed it."

"What was the last thing your husband said to you last night on leaving you at the door?"

"After kissing me, he said he would meet me today. We were to talk over matters again about our divorce. But I didn't want it. Mr. Hamilton was always good to me and provided everything I needed until seven weeks ago when I went to my mother's. After that he gave me nothing at all."

"Mrs. Hamilton, a great deal has been said about Mr. Hamilton's revolver. When did you return it to him?"

"Five days ago—five days before yesterday."