

uncertain, as if in the company of persons he was not accustomed to associate with. He could have passed for a Frenchman or Spaniard. In February of the year following my cousin's unfortunate marriage a child was born, who is now a lovely little girl and bears my former name. She has superb black eyes and is the miniature, as it were, of the father's portrait. I can send her photo, taken with my own, and anyone will instantly recognize the resemblance. I distinctly remember a scar Mr. C. had upon his cheek. My cousin has also received the letter you addressed her, and bids me answer for her, she being sick, but will promptly respond to any and every communication you may address to her. She is now the wife of ———, and her postoffice address is Gurley, Madison county, Ala. I cannot divine your motive in writing, but trust in God. Mr. Copon may have left, if dead, some little money or property for his penniless little girl. Please do me the kindness to send me a line to Morehead City, North Carolina, whether I go in a day or two. I am so anxious about the matter. The picture you enclose seems to me to be cut from a book, and my heart faints with fear that the man may have perished on the gallows for crime of a deeper dye than bigamy. I have written as you asked me, freely and fully, trusting to your honor to be as reticent as we are about the matter. The dear little girl has known no other father or papa but the portrait of my noble deceased husband.

It was seven years after the desertion that Mr. Copon got a divorce. She married three years ago.

The information given is certainly damaging to Mr. Franks. What the result will be is difficult to state at this juncture of the proceedings. Altogether it is one of the greatest local sensations that has occurred for some time. Interesting developments and disclosures can be expected in a few days. As a detective Mr. Franks' ability is well known. His intimacy with the opposite sex, while arresting violators and alleged violators of the Edmunds law, is, during the past few years, also a matter of general information.

#### FRANK'S STORY.

Mr. Frank was waited upon by a News reporter today. In justice to him his version of the unfavorable affair is given.

In reply to the question by the news-gatherer, "I suppose, Mr. Franks, it is not difficult for you to divine the object of this call under existing circumstances?"

"No, sir," replied the detective setting himself in a chair and assuming a diffident air.

"What have you to say in vindication of your character?" further queried the reporter.

"Only this," said Mr. Franks, smiling, "that it is a case of mistaken identity, or else the woman is hopelessly insane."

"How long does your acquaintance with your accuser date back?" was asked of Mr. Franks.

"Oh," (hesitatingly) "about six or eight weeks," replied the gentleman.

"You never met her then until she called at your office in this city on June 30th?"

"Never; no, sir; never."

"How then do you account for her actions?"

"In this way only, that she is a brazen adventuress or a bribe procurer." Pouting, Mr. Franks said, "she came here on the 30th of June,

as I have before stated, and said that her husband had deserted her in Colorado, taking with him their only child, a little girl of tender years, and she had traced him to Eureka and subsequently to this city, and that she then wanted the assistance of my agency in locating his whereabouts. She was in destitute circumstances but her wants were supplied through the intercession of Captain Greenman, to whom she represented that her father was a G. A. R. soldier. For three weeks she found lodging with a Mrs. Payne in the eastern part of the city. Her bills were settled by the G. A. R. Relief Corps, at least I am so told. She made herself generally obnoxious and was compelled to leave her quarters. Where she has been stopping lately I do not know nor care.

"My friends told me a few days ago that I had better do something for her. I replied that she was nothing to me, but that if she came around my office again I would kick her 'into the street.'"

"The path of virtue is the path of peace," but "the trail that leads to infamy is a beaten road," are trite but true sayings and worthy of serious consideration.

The announcement in all the local dailies yesterday, except the *Tribune*, that ex-Deputy United States Marshal Franks, the shrewd and scheming—and if reports are true—unscrupulous crime-hardened detective, whose unenviable record in this Territory is a matter of public history, was not only leading a dual life, but was guilty of the most condemning practices in the calendar of crime, produced a sensation in judicial and social circles that has not often been experienced in this city.

The statement in this morning's *Tribune* that it contained the only correct version of the scandalous affair was undignified and untruthful. The accounts given by the *News* and the *Herald* were authentic.

#### A SECOND INTERVIEW.

A News representative held a second interview with Mrs. Hamilton, Franks' alleged deserted wife, last night. She had read the account in the *News* and pronounced it true in every particular. She, however, related additional details last night. She said: My name is Lillie Martin; I was the only daughter of a hotel keeper in Van Buren, Arkansas. A salesman, giving the name of J. S. Copaghn, registered at my father's hotel, early in the year 1881. He remained there for some time; he said he came from Massachusetts. After a while I became pretty well acquainted with him, and as he was affable and courteous he made an agreeable companion. In the course of time he began paying his addresses to me; he made an offer of marriage and was accepted, and we were married on August 15, 1881.

Here the unfortunate woman broke down in a fit of violent weeping.

"To me," she continued sobbingly, "that has ever been a

#### DARK AND DREADFUL DAY.

A day which I thought meant eternal bliss and happiness, but one that has held out nothing but misery and fragments of shattered hopes."

Resuming the thread of the broken narrative, she said: "A little more than a month after our nuptial vows at the sacred altar of marriage, an old family friend named Coborn, who had come from Tusculumbia, Alabama, recognized my husband as a man whom he had known at that place by the

#### NAME OF COPON.

Mr. Coborn produced conclusive evidence that Copaghn and Copon were one and the same man. He also showed positively by documentary and other uncontrovertible evidence that he had been married to Miss Fannie Weatherford, a cousin of the wife of Hon. Clements C. Clay, an ex-United States Senator, and a man of influence and ability, but that he tired of her and deserted her. The Clay family began a vigorous investigation of the career of Mr. Copon. They learned that he had been married in Georgia, not only twice, as you have heretofore been informed, but three times; that he had deserted the woman he swore to love, honor and protect, and had served four years in the

#### STATE'S PRISON

for bigamy.

"You are sure this part of your story is correct, are you, Mrs. Hamilton?" interrupted the reporter.

"I swear it," was the reply. "The letters containing this information are in the possession of my mother today."

When Mr. Copon, Copaghn or Franks had served his sentence he made his way to Tusculumbia, Alabama, where he married Miss Weatherford and afterwards deserted her, as I have before related. Knowing that his dark deeds

#### WERE DISCOVERED,

he likewise deserted me and went to Texas, from where he wrote me to join him. Of course, I refused to become his mistress and I never beheld his face again until I went in his office in this city under the circumstances detailed in your paper this evening."

#### COPON'S LETTER.

Mrs. Hamilton—"If you wish more conclusive evidence you can read this letter which was written by Mr. Copon to Miss Weatherford as his wife, under the dates named which she sent me a few days ago:"

DECATUR, Ala., Oct. 10, 1880.

My Darling Wife—I telegraph Mr. Pegram last night. Received answer this morning. This morning got a pass and a place. Will leave this morning at 12. Hav'n't time to write more.

J. S. Copon.

Will let you hear from me soon.

Comparison with letters purported to be written by Mr. Franks since his arrival in Utah, failed to reveal the slightest difference in the chirography.

The following letter to a detective in this city, who was once associated with Franks, is now in possession of Mrs. Hamilton. It was written by the deserted Tusculumbia wife who has since married:

GREELEY, Ala., July 31, 1891.

Your letter of 27th received and noted. Will say in reply your information is correct. I was the legal wife of Joseph S. Copon, and had one child by the marriage, which is now 11 years old. About seven years after he left, as I never heard from him, I got a divorce, and about two and one half years ago married L. D.