

8  
**MRS. BRADLEY  
WINS SYMPATHY**  
Recital of Her Relations With  
Brown Affects Court, Jury  
And Spectators.  
**HER MEMORY IS VERY POOR.**

Doesn't Remember Whether She Shot  
Brown, But Didn't go to Wash-  
ington For That Purpose

Special to the "News."  
Washington, D. C., Nov. 20.—Strong  
men wiped their eyes, and women sniffed  
openly, even the countenance of  
Judge Stafford expressed strong sym-  
pathy today as Mrs. Bradley continued  
the recital of her relations with Arthur  
Brown. As for the jury, there was  
not a man in the box who did not  
evidence sympathy of some kind and sym-  
pathy for the woman who is today  
going through such an ordeal; in fact  
Mrs. Bradley has without doubt won  
the sympathy of every one in the  
courtroom—judge, jury, officers, spec-  
tators, attorneys and audience. The  
agony which she suffered and still suf-  
fers shows in every line of her face,  
and while her voice was stronger  
today than yesterday there were many  
calls upon the stenographer to repeat  
the answers which she murmured in  
response to the questions of Judge  
Powers. Scores of letters and tele-  
grams have passed between her  
and the dead man whom she is accused  
of slaying. It is said she has de-  
scribed all these letters to the jury, and  
will be no possible chance for the  
conclusion of the case this week; and  
furthermore it is intended for Judge  
Powers to bring many witnesses to  
corroborate the story which has been  
so dramatically told by the accused  
woman herself. It is said also that  
many documents executed by Brown  
are in existence and will be produced,  
which will go far towards substantiat-  
ing her story of the repeated promises  
to marry her which Brown made. The  
case is developing into the most inter-  
esting criminal trial in the District of  
Columbia since Galtreau was tried  
in the same courtroom for the as-  
sassination of President Garfield.

**DOESN'T REMEMBER  
SHOOTING ARTHUR BROWN.**

(By Associated Press.)

Washington, Nov. 20.—That Mrs.  
Bradley did not come to Washington  
with any intention of killing former  
Senator Arthur Brown of Utah and  
himself, she did not remember shoot-  
ing him, she told the jury in her trial  
today. The statement was not reached  
until the afternoon session of court,  
the first half of the day being given  
largely to the identification of letters  
from Mrs. Bradley to Mrs. Bradley and  
from her to him, very few of which  
were read.

The fact that upon the first going to  
Senator Brown's room at the Raleigh  
hotel Mrs. Bradley found there a let-  
ter from Mrs. Annie Adams, the actress,  
to the senator, was dwelt upon at some  
length by Judge Powers, making it evi-  
dent that it is his intention to attempt  
to show that the discovery of this let-  
ter was the immediate motive for  
the killing of Brown.

That letter was read at length by  
Mr. Wells, and was as follows:

**FAMOUS ANNIE ADAMS LETTER.**

"Philadelphia, Saturday p. m., Dec.  
1, 1906. My Dearie, My Dearie: The  
world seems to have taken on another  
hue, because, perchance, I have heard  
from you—from you, which means so  
much to me. I am so glad, so glad,  
and sorry it could not have been avoid-  
ed. I think your idea of living there  
must be given up. I wondered at gates  
being open as I passed—bolts and bars  
were seen, and the poor, poor, poor  
misguided soul, who can't see better  
results from a more dignified procedure  
and give what courage and strength it  
requires for continued onslaughts. I  
wondered what were over, I do hope  
you can arrange a change of date for  
case mentioned, but do not worry  
more than necessary. What is to be,  
and right must prevail to the end—  
so they tell us. I shall not be in the  
bill week after next 1908, and they  
say for four or five weeks, or until  
Boston, and may stay in New York  
or where I please. Will know defini-  
tely next week and write you at W.  
I do so wish you to have a pleasant  
time in New York and trust time shall  
be arranged. I fear this will hardly  
reach you before leaving S. L., and may  
say I to W. Instead, if address comes,  
and it should by Monday, did you  
say? I must have with your late  
love with your love. Love you,  
the late part I can pledge myself to  
but have never seemed a component  
part of my makeup, somehow.

"Perhaps, dear, you can discover it  
somewhere and then we can devise the  
best use for it. If a necessity arises,  
but love ever seems the best, and I  
hope ever will, for I am overweighing  
with that sweetest and dearest of hu-  
man thought and feeling for you, and  
you are all, so you see, there is no room  
for night else. That is my religion,  
and you and I are to become true be-  
lievers in the divine command—Love  
ye one another. Believe that this I  
answer you, verily. I spent my  
Thanksgiving day sitting there for  
you and my very happy state of feel-  
ing, which one year ago I never dreamed  
could be possible, it seems too sweet  
to be real. I am not going to send

**RHEUMATISM  
BLOOD FILLED WITH URIC ACID**

Rheumatism comes from an excess of uric acid in the blood. This acid circulating through the system acts as an irritant to the different muscles, nerves, bones and tissues of the body, and produces the inflammation and swelling of the joints and the sharp, cutting pains characteristic of the disease. When the blood is overburdened with uric acid it continually grows weaker and more acid, and poorer in nourishing qualities. Then Rheumatism becomes chronic, and not only a painful, but a formidable and dangerous disease. Sometimes the heart is attacked, the general health is affected, and the oils and fluids which lubricate the muscles and joints are destroyed by the acid matter which the blood is constantly depositing in them; the muscles shrink and lose their elasticity, the coating of the joints becomes hard and thick, and often the sufferer is left a helpless cripple. S. S. S. attacks the disease at its head, goes down into the circulation, and by neutralizing and removing the uric acid from the circulation and building up the thin, acid blood, cures Rheumatism permanently. S. S. S. changes the sour, acid-burdened blood to a rich, healthy stream which quiets the excited nerves, eases the throbbing, painful muscles and joints, and filters out of the system the irritating matter which is causing the pain and inflammation. Begin the use of S. S. S. now and get the cause out of your blood so that the cold and dampness of Winter will not keep you in constant pain and misery. Book on Rheumatism and any medical advice free.

**S. S. S.**  
PURELY VEGETABLE  
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

**A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.**  
**DR. T. Felix Gouard's Oriental**  
Cream or Magical Beautifier.  
Removes Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Blemishes, and all skin troubles. It is a beauty cream of the highest quality, and is used by the most beautiful women in the world. It is sold in all drug stores, and is the only cream that will give you a skin of beauty.  
Felix Gouard, Prop., 37 Great Street, New York.

this until I get address, so possess my  
soul in patience.  
"Fritz—So surprised to learn you  
are in route, and so glad. Have been  
recital of many things. I will write  
you tomorrow at length of my life.  
I think you leave here early  
on Sunday, the 9th, or Monday, for  
N. J. My cousin too has written me  
she is coming to N. J. from Canada.  
However, will arrange and be with  
fully. How soon must you get back?  
Let me know either here or Elmira  
Theater, New York. Must get to work.  
Love, dear heart, Annie.  
(Signature) ANNE.

**MRS. BRADLEY'S LETTERS.**

The only other letters read during  
the day were three from Mrs. Bradley  
to Brown, and one from Mrs. Bradley  
to Brown as a part of his cross-ex-  
amination. The first of these was writ-  
ten from the Brown farm and was un-  
dated. It read:

"I can do nothing but think—and  
yet there is no thought in it. There  
is a sensation of a vibrating incessant-  
ly—and the dip of it all is maddening.  
To formulate a plan of action  
seems entirely beyond me. I never  
could philosophize—and now I ever in  
my life—I ought to reason from cause  
to effect. I am hopeless—one idea com-  
ing and being followed in mad haste  
by one entirely different. Perhaps out  
of the chaos may come a semblance  
of truth, but am powerless to bring it  
about.

"Behold, how great a matter a little  
fire kindleth.  
"Lo has just been here for mama  
to go and see Madame. Mama refused  
to go and said Madame would think  
they were lying. It would be too bad  
if Madame should learn the truth, so  
Lo thinks.

"Mama agreed to go in the morning,  
but Madame may come here. I will  
write fully and send my messenger if  
so. She telephoned Lo that she must  
see me without fail today. I think  
I shall have very little to say—the less  
the better, isn't it? I still think the  
best way is for you to talk the matter  
over in a plain, firm manner and stop  
her talking to mama or anybody else.  
You are the only one that can do any-  
thing. She has triumphed absolutely  
on all occasions—and she will ruin  
me at once if I do not follow her di-  
rection—which I will not do—come  
what may. If you do this I will not  
cause a life-long sacrifice—and cer-  
tainly to make this public will not fail  
upon the reef and neither indifference  
nor neglect will put it on the  
ground, peaceful sea again. I feel our  
calling in the future will be confined  
to the shoals—but the pilot must be on  
guard all the time.  
"Do I tonight—protestation will  
mean a change of pace now and here-  
after. Do this for the love of me and  
I will do more for the love of you.  
"As ever, yours sincerely, devotedly,  
Constantly affectionate,"  
GIVES BROWN DETAILS.

The second letter from Mrs. Bradley  
was dated at Bellevue, Ida, Sept.  
7.  
"Dearest Love: Am real tired. I  
have sewed since 8:30 a. m. today until  
I came down town at 4. Finished  
tucking my skirt, and it will be ready  
to wear Monday. I went to the post-  
office and got a nice letter. Got my  
sewerhand book, some trimming for a  
little vest, and am now ready to go  
home, after having gone to the post-  
office with mine. I have to go  
again in the morning at 9:30. My face  
is getting better. Arthur still misses  
his cradle when he goes to sleep in the  
bedtime and at night. I write you all  
these details so that you will know  
just how everything is with me. I am  
still in good spirits and high courage.  
Have heard nothing from the bond.  
Ought to have today.  
"I have a plan. Let me come to  
Ogden and we can stay there a day.  
May 17. We are both in good humor  
for a little visit, and next week you  
will be gone all week, so let me em-  
brace this opportunity. I will leave  
here on the 7 a. m. train Tuesday  
morning, if I may.  
"I am loving fondly and tenderly  
and miss you so. There does  
not seem to be a possibility of a de-  
sire in my life, dear, that you could  
not fulfill. I do not know what greater  
contentment any one could know, and  
when you are contentment they have  
all of joy in life.  
"This is just a little letter, but is  
not because I am loving you less, but  
I will write a longer one tomor-  
row, which you will get at the same  
time you do this.  
"Warmest love and kisses to you, be-  
loved, and all the tenderest expressions  
of fond love I send. Good-bye.  
"Yours ever fondly, "L. M. J."

**SHE SEEN MRS. BROWN.**

"P. S.—I opened this in order to  
tell you the latest news and I was  
walking up State street to see about  
my hat and Margie said: 'Oh, look at  
that Indian chief coming down the  
street with all his war paint and feath-  
ers on,' and on closer view it proved  
to be Madame with a velvet skirt  
trimmed in wide white fringe that  
looked like feathers, and on her head  
that white hat with the plume stand-  
ing out at the back that gives her such  
a dumpy-the-creek appearance, and I  
thought of the war note of the Lochiel,  
she was evidently on her way to the  
Knightsford."  
"Margie," Mrs. Bradley said, was a  
personal friend, whose name she did  
not wish to give.

**PLANS TO ROMANCE.**

The next letter ran:  
"Brown's Farm, July 23, 1902.  
"7:30 p. m., Wednesday—My dear  
Arthur: I suppose you will write you  
I go down to the mine. The irrigating  
water is still running in the lot—the  
man forgot to turn it off and it is  
now, but, all things considered, the  
flood does the most good, and I keep  
my temper and wade through it. The  
boys are not back from Haley yet.  
Perhaps they will eat water there.  
Your affectionate letter has put me in  
high spirits; I can hardly contain my-  
self. The impulse, I can scarcely re-  
sist to come and kiss away from you  
in your tender, loving mood, because  
in one hour of love and passion you  
make up for a week's bitter weeping.  
I will go to Ketchikan if you will come  
and spend a week with me. We will  
look at the castle, explore all the beau-  
tiful spots and anyone and incidentally  
everything we fancy; but our coming  
shall be love-love, pure and simple.  
When can you come? Don't you want  
to? I have a little scheme. I will have  
Mrs. Mitchell in Bellevue take care of  
the children at 49 a week. We will  
take the horse and buggy of the sur-  
vey and a pair and spend a week driv-  
ing around from one place to another.  
Stay where you please, go where you  
when we please—and you must not tell  
any one where you can be reached by  
telegram. I want to ask you not to  
tell Madame that Max is back. It will  
be just like her to come as soon as  
she knows Max is here. What will  
you do if she comes here? Go take  
possession of the R street house, take  
all the furniture out of it and re-  
turn it to her. Wouldn't that be a good  
way to repay her? Send what furniture  
and pictures are hers to a storage house  
and store yours in a different place. I won't  
be all surprised to see her come after  
she knows that Max is here.

"I saw in yesterday's Tribune an in-  
terview with Mrs. Arthur Brown enter-  
taining and interesting as it was. I  
am aroused every feeling of resentment  
in me when she is called Mrs. Arthur  
Brown that I can't control my bitter-  
ness. To think that she goes by the  
name of Mrs. Arthur Brown, and I am  
all right, honor and decency ought to  
have, makes me a whirlwind of fury. It  
will be different some time soon, won't  
it? Arthur! Am I not the one who  
want to hear your name and represent  
you as your wife—well, beloved, I know  
you will do what you can and I am con-  
tent. I must take the babies home now  
so good night. Let me hear from you  
at length about everything. How is  
Jenny Deed doing? Could you not have  
said as well as not last week? How  
long before Max will go? I know I  
will be very lonely to stay a  
whole month at Ketchikan when I want  
to be somewhere else.  
"Good-night. Sweet dreams of me.  
I am loving you and longing to put my  
head on your arm every night.  
"Is she dear tonight?"

**KILLING OF BROWN.**

The climax of the Bradley trial was  
reached today when Mrs. Bradley, tes-  
tified in her own behalf, related with  
particularity her first interview with  
former Senator Brown in the Raleigh  
hotel in this city last December and  
gave all details she could remember of  
the shooting which followed. She was  
first asked to identify a number of  
letters written her at different times  
by Senator Brown, and did so.

Examination of the letters brought  
out a code used by the pair. It was  
"Aluminum," written in one of Mrs.  
Bradley's letters, and she said it meant  
"I love you." Transparent cloth was  
passed over the writing of many of the  
letters.

Resuming her story, Mrs. Bradley  
said she had gone to the Brown's home  
on the night of Nov. 19 last and re-  
mained five days. She told Brown she  
had come to return a one of his calls.  
"He seemed sort of paralyzed," said  
the witness, "and said I must not stay  
there. I said: 'I didn't say that to  
you.'"  
"I urged him to keep his promises.  
He said: 'Go away and he would tell  
me later what he would do,' said.  
"If you don't intend to keep your  
promises, tell me, and I will go away."  
She related many interviews during  
the five days, saying Brown did not  
stay there with her, but that she  
that she went to his office and un-  
derstood him as a deceiver.

**CONTEMPLATED SUICIDE.**

"Did you at any time think of end-  
ing your life?" asked Mr. Powers.  
The reply was in the affirmative, but  
was indistinct. She said she had  
thought of despair, she said, and added  
she had determined to go away, and  
that even then she was discouraged.  
"Did you then leave him?" asked Mr.  
Powers.  
"Yes."

Witness said that even as late as  
Nov. 27, 12 days before the tragedy,  
she had seen Mrs. Brown in the house  
at Salt Lake and take a house call.  
At other times he would say he could  
do nothing for her, and again he would  
renew his promise of marriage, "when  
we could go to Goldfield, Nev. to live."

As late as Thanksgiving day, 1906,  
they dined together. "He was very  
kind, very sad, very dejected at that  
time," she said, and did not want to  
talk, while she had become very nerv-  
ous.

She contradicted the testimony of  
Witness Kelley concerning visits to  
Brown's house, saying she had never  
walked around the house and thrown  
pebbles at it nor carried a pistol there.

**SHE FOLLOWED BROWN.**

Brown, she said, had told her of his  
intention to come to this city, but she  
did not know the date. She became ill  
the day after learning of his departure,  
but she did not care whether she lived  
or died. She could not sleep and had  
no appetite. Mr. Livingston had told  
her of Brown's departure and had given  
her money which she used to travel  
in buying a ticket to go anywhere  
except to Goldfield. She decided to go  
to Los Angeles and had bought a ticket  
and started for Ogden, but was disap-  
pointed that if Arthur Brown was away  
from the local influence he would not  
keep his promises, the impulse seized  
her to follow him to Washington, and  
she changed her ticket for one to that  
city. She had lost so much blood in  
her illness, however, that only will  
power kept her up.

She was very ill on the train. "I  
would get so tired that I could hardly  
do anything," she said. "I slept very  
little and ate next to nothing on the  
train. She could not remember what  
train she took out of Chicago.

Resuming this afternoon, Mrs. Brad-  
ley said she arrived Saturday morn-  
ing, Dec. 1, after a night in which she  
had had little sleep and several days  
of almost complete fasting.

**HAD FORMED NO PURPOSE.**

"I had none—had formed none,"  
she said. "I had no idea of going to  
the Raleigh hotel for Senator Brown's room,  
and engaged one for herself. She changed  
her clothes and then went to the sena-  
tor's apartment, and the maid  
when the senator would return and sit  
down to wash she saw a letter on  
the table and read it. This was Mrs.  
Adams' letter to Mrs. Brown concern-  
ing which so much has been said. Mrs.  
Bradley went conspicuously as she told  
it.

She said she was attracted and did  
not know what to do, and went out and  
walked all the forenoon. She had  
formed no purpose regarding the sena-  
tor's room.

The Adams letter was then shown to  
Mrs. Bradley. She said:

"Yes, I guess that's the one; it had  
something to do with the matter."  
She went back to the hotel several  
times and once her attention was at-  
tracted by hearing the senator's foot-  
steps.

"I knocked and went in. He turned  
and asked: 'What are you doing here?'"  
"I said: 'I came to ask if you won't  
carry out your promises to me.'"  
"What did he say?" asked the law-  
yer.

"I don't know; he just rushed to me."  
"What did you do next?"  
"I didn't know anything until I heard  
a shuffling which seemed to arouse me."

CAN'T REMEMBER SHOOTING.  
"Did you shoot him?"  
"I don't know, indeed. Did you  
want to hear your name and represent  
you as your wife—well, beloved, I know  
you will do what you can and I am con-  
tent. I must take the babies home now  
so good night. Let me hear from you  
at length about everything. How is  
Jenny Deed doing? Could you not have  
said as well as not last week? How  
long before Max will go? I know I  
will be very lonely to stay a  
whole month at Ketchikan when I want  
to be somewhere else.  
"Good-night. Sweet dreams of me.  
I am loving you and longing to put my  
head on your arm every night.  
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