

GOODSPEED'S CONFESSION TO POLICE.

The Words in Which He Told That Doherty Was Killed By Higgins.

BOTH BOYS IN COURT.

Developments of Yesterday—Revolver Being Traced by the Officers—Another Shooting of Years Ago Which Doherty Murder Recalls—Much Similarity in the Cases.

Friday afternoon a Telegraph reporter made some enquiries at places where Higgins had been employed and from these quarters came the word that he was found a good boy. Higgins was in the employ of D. Magee for about a year as stable hand and errand boy and left the place as usual on Thursday afternoon, and from these quarters came the word that he was found a good boy.

As to the revolver which was fitted out on the creek on Thursday afternoon, and the one which Goodspeed says killed Willie Doherty, it has been given the police some trouble in learning just when and where it was purchased. It is thought, however, that the pistol was bought in a second-hand store on Mill street for an entry on the books showing that during July a revolver answered to the one found in the creek was purchased from this store.

The Prisoners in the Police Court.

There was quite a large number on hand at the police court Friday morning when it opened through the doors of the court to get a glimpse of the boys Higgins and Goodspeed, who between 11 and 12 o'clock were brought before Judge Ritchie. Goodspeed came first, in charge of Deputy Chief Jenkins, and looked rather pale, the close confinement having robbed him of some of his bright color. He looked cool and self-possessed, however, as he was marshaled to his place at the end of the bench near the reporters' table.

A moment or two later Higgins came up to the dock, and sat down opposite the magistrate. It was particularly noticed that he did not once glance at Goodspeed, though the latter threw a look at him as he passed. Higgins looked a trifle nervous and while sitting kept up an incessant swinging of his feet, thus in a measure betraying that he was ill at ease.

Several of those whose names have been mentioned as comrades of the two boys under arrest were present, but no sign of recognition was visible on the faces of the prisoners. Both boys wore knee trousers, and it seemed almost impossible to associate so horrible a crime with the two youths looking like boys who were the cronies of all eyes, and subjected to a scrutiny that to persons less indifferent would have been very trying.

When the order was given to sit up Higgins rose quickly and listened to the judge's words as he told the boys that they were remanded for three days. He announced that the hearing would begin at 10 o'clock on Tuesday.

The boys were then taken down stairs Higgins direct to his cell, and Goodspeed to the office of Deputy Jenkins, where he and the deputy remained for about five minutes. Then the prisoner and the deputy chief came out and went through the yard to the jail. A number of prisoners who had been at the morning had stopped for the noon hour and the boys prisoners were the object of much interest to them as they were taken back to their cells.

Mrs. Goodspeed came up to the jail in time to see her boy brought in, but did not have a chance for any conversation with him.

RECALLS CASE OF SOME YEARS AGO.

The Shooting of Young Hawkes in Lower Cove—Some Similar Points.

The fearful tragedy which resulted in the death of young Willie Doherty recalls a local case very similar to it, to which strangely enough no reference has yet been made, although the particulars must be fresh in the memories of very many citizens. It was about 3 p. m. on August 13th, 1889, that a young lad of 11 years of age named James Bennett of Clinton street, in this city, shot a companion named Willie Hawkes, aged 12, on the International railway wharf, which was known for years locally as the new pier.

It appeared from the statements of the boys that they had met Hawkes on the railway wharf and were playing together. Bennett, after firing several shots in the air, pointing the smoking revolver at Willie Hawkes and said: "I'll shoot you," and shot him in the right eye. The Hawkes boy fell to the ground, and Bennett and the other two boys seeing two men coming ran away. The revolver, which was of 32 calibre, was thrown away by the boys on Carleton street. The

THE STORY GOODSPEED TOLD.

The Telegraph this morning is able to give word for word the terrible story which Fred Goodspeed told the police on Saturday morning, August 9, a week and a day after the murder of Willie Doherty, and it is especially interesting in view of the comments made after his evidence at the inquest as to just what his first story to the officers after his arrest was.

Interviewing the boys of the ten yard crowd affixing their stories, hearing from Baird and Patterson of Doherty and two other boys being seen going towards and, later in the park on Friday, August 1, had led the officers to form a connection of who the parties were they wanted on suspicion of the awful crime, but it remained for Goodspeed after a night in loneliness behind the bars of a prison cell to furnish the first other than circumstantial evidence.

As the sergeant on duty near the boy's cell paced back and forth, he was called by the young fellow who told him he wanted to see Chief Clark. The chief was called and to him Goodspeed said he wanted to tell the whole story of the murder of Doherty. When advised that what he would say would be used against him he still said he wanted to talk and asked to be taken from the cell to the chief's room.

This was done and in the inner room of the chief's office the blood curdling tale was told—the only and true story of the murder of Willie Doherty. The chief said to the boy: "I warn you that you need not tell me anything and what you do tell me will be used in evidence against you, now you can talk if you want to."

Goodspeed then made the following statement: "Frank Higgins asked me one day to help kill Willie Doherty. I said 'I won't.' William Doherty came up to the graveyard Friday afternoon, week ago yesterday. Frank Higgins asked William Doherty to go out to the park and pick berries. I was with William Doherty picking berries, when I heard four revolver shots go off. I turned around and heard Willie holler, 'My God, Higgle you have shot me.' Willie said 'Go get the doctor, Higgle, and I will say it is an accident.' Frank Higgins then said to me, 'If you don't help me I'll kill you out here.' I helped Frank Higgins get some wood to bury him over. This was about 3 p. m. on Friday, August 1. We came in by the Park entrance and Higgle threw the revolver in the creek, nearly opposite Hanover street. Then I went up the track home, and left him at foot of Clarence street. Yesterday he came to me on Waterloo street and said the cops are after me and that we had better get out. When he was burying him up he (Higgle) threw the rocks on to his head; this is what cut his head; and told me if I did not help him and have a hand in it he would shoot me right here. When Doherty fell Higgins ran up the hill with revolver and went to strike Doherty on the head. When Doherty caught the revolver out of his hand, then fell and groaned afterwards. Higgins then took the revolver and struck Doherty about five times on head. Higgins kicked the body and it rolled into the hole where it was found.

"FREDERICK GOODSPEED."

St. John, N. B., August 9th, 1902. "I had not M. Jules Verne's address when I arrived at America Station, but I soon found that it was quite unnecessary, for everybody knew 'M. Jules,' as his fellow-townsman call the veteran author. I found him at his club, and it will interest English admirers of the man to know that in appearance he is exactly what the author of his books should be.

"But the romance writer of the future? You're quite right, the question is an interesting one, and I'm inclined to think my answer to it will astonish you. Where do I think will be the novelist of the future? The public and the environment for his novels?"

Jules Verne leaned forward and drummed gently on the table. "I do not think you're wrong in your opinion, or romance, at all events in volume form, in 50 or 100 years from now," he said. "And the old gentleman laughed at my surprise. 'You're not wrong in your opinion,' he said. 'The novel, the descriptive story, the story historic, and the story psychological.'"

"They will all disappear," said M. Verne. "They are not necessary, and even the best of them are declining. As historic records, and even the best of them are declining. As historic records, and even the best of them are declining. As historic records, and even the best of them are declining."

"The newspaper," he said. "The newspaper, which has already taken a grip of the lives of the progressive nations, and is inclined to think my answer to it will astonish you. Where do I think will be the novelist of the future? The public and the environment for his novels?"

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JULES VERNE'S PROPHECIES.

ALL LITERATURE WILL BE COMPRISED IN NEWSPAPER.

Veteran Writer Looks Forward to the Time, Fifty to One Hundred Years Hence, When There Will Be No Novels—Working on His Hundredth Book.

I had not M. Jules Verne's address when I arrived at America Station, but I soon found that it was quite unnecessary, for everybody knew 'M. Jules,' as his fellow-townsman call the veteran author. I found him at his club, and it will interest English admirers of the man to know that in appearance he is exactly what the author of his books should be.

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TENDERING ALONE FOR THE FAST LINE.

TRAGIC DEATH OF NEW BRUNSWICK EX-M. P.

Ottawa, Aug. 15.—(Special).—A gruesome story comes from the wilds of the Gaieneau region, where an old man named Samuel Napier, was found dead in a shanty with his body partly eaten by a dog. It appears that Napier, who by the way was formerly a member of the provincial parliament of New Brunswick, had been sent to one of Gilmore and Hughson's shanties about 100 miles from Deseret to look after the supply of grain and other provisions that were stored there.

He was sent in about the first of May and was literally alone with the exception of a dog as his companion. During the month of June he was visited by some of the firm's employees, who found everything all right. Napier was living his solitary life in comfort and happiness.

Since that time no one has been to see him until last week when men were sent to inspect the premises. As they approached the shanty they saw the dog on top of a shed in the rear of the building. This extraordinary sight aroused their suspicions and they lost no time in entering the shanty. Their fear increasing upon finding no living creature within, the men immediately instituted a search for the old man. They groped about in the dark for some time when to their horror they found his dead and badly decomposed body in a sitting position beside the table.

The most sickening feature was that a large portion of the body had been eaten by the dog, which doubtless had jumped through a window to the top of the shed where they had been.

The body was brought to Deseret and interred there this week. Mr. Napier was a married man whose aged wife lives in Bathurst (N. B.), and from whom there were three letters awaiting him at the nearest post office. How long he had been dead will never be known but from the position in which he was found it is evident that the call must have come suddenly.

There is considerable indignation in the vicinity over the fact that he had been left alone for so long a period in such a wilderness.

[Samuel Napier was a native of Bathurst and represented Gloucester county in the provincial parliament for a period extending from about 1872 to 1880. He was about 70 years of age, and was at one time a prominent lumberman on the North Shore. He leaves a widow and two sons. Mr. Napier left this province twenty odd years ago.]

REVIEW AT PORTSMOUTH

A BRILLIANT SPECTACLE.

Hundreds of Vessels Splendidly Illuminated on Signal from Royal Yacht.

Portsmouth, Aug. 16.—The beach and piers were crowded with sight-seers, and the harbor filled with pleasure boats of all kinds hours before the illuminations were to begin.

The signal for the hundreds of other ships was given at 8 o'clock. The brilliant lights of the merchant ships and pleasure craft added to the splendor of the maritime display. The brilliant lights of the public and private buildings ashore were illuminated while an imposing display of fireworks varied in color and form gave fresh interest to the carnival.

OWE MANY FARMERS

Six Thousand Are Creditors of Creamery Company Which Fails.

Chicago, Aug. 16.—The Elgin Creamery Company which operates 135 creameries throughout Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin, failed today. The creditors are estimated to number nearly 10,000, more than 6,000 being farmers. The assets of the company are claimed to be \$800,000, while the liabilities are estimated at \$250,000.

The Elgin Creamery Company is the largest concern of its kind in the United States and was organized by the consolidation of scores of independent plants throughout the country.

EXAMINATION OF MRS. MARSTEN, ACCUSED OF MURDER, IS BEGUN.

(Continued from page 1) This left her face pale at rare intervals. She never ready with a smile.

Even when her husband's death agony was being graphically described by an eye-witness, Mrs. Marsten leaned forward with her ever ready smile. Occasionally her lips twitched and her fingers laced in and out, but as a general thing the smile remained, and once or twice when Crown Prosecutor Murphy, in eliciting some facts regarding the woman's relations with Peter Marsten, or of the home life of the family, made a dry remark with a touch of grim humor about it, the accused joined in the laugh which followed.

Suicide the Defense.

J. Chipman Hartley is looking after Mrs. Marsten's interests, and it is pretty generally understood that suicide on the part of George Marsten will be the defense.

He entered objections to several questions of Mr. Murphy, but the rulings in most cases were in favor of the latter.

Tilted the Counsel.

Crown Prosecutor Murphy has a method all his own in conducting the case, and there is enough originality to make the proceedings interesting. He is dignified, personified, but will not brook dictation, and treats his witnesses as equals or two little tilts between him and Mr. Hartley.

The crown prosecutor is an elderly man of distinguished appearance, kindly manner, and a touch of quaint humor.

Mrs. Marsten's Remarks Recalled.

The witnesses of the morning were David Ois, Abram Marsten and Mr. Higgins. In the afternoon several witnesses gave testimony, one of whom, Arthur Higgins, said he had heard Annie Marsten tell his mother not long ago that she had found strychnine over the door. This Mrs. Marsten denied when on the stand last week. A cousin of the deceased also swore Mrs. Marsten had remarked once

Denied C. P. R. Has Joined Forces With Allans, Elder-Dempster and Furness.

Split, it is Thought, Will Secure Acceptance of C. P. R. Proposal—Mr. Blair for 20 Knot Mail Service to Sydney in Summer and Halifax in Winter.

ALLANS MAKE OFFER.

Montreal, Aug. 15.—(Special).—The London correspondent of the Star cables: "I have the highest authority for denying the statement published here today that the Canadian Pacific Company has joined forces with the Allans, Elder-Dempster and Furness lines for the fast mail service between Montreal and Liverpool."

"The Canadian ministers left London while the matter was still in statu quo, leaving the final decision open until their return to London or even Ottawa."

"It is quite true that the Allans have submitted an independent tender for an 18-knot service to Quebec in the summer, and Halifax in the winter for a subsidy of £225,000, of which Canada pays £120,000 and Great Britain £75,000. The Allans are very keen to secure the contracts and this separate tender indicates a split among the combined tenderers."

"This split will probably result in success for the Canadian Pacific company's offer."

"Hon. Mr. Blair, when interviewed today on the subject, favored a 20-knot mail service from Queenstown to Sydney in the summer and Halifax in winter, the same service proceeding to Montreal in the summer, with their passengers at a slower speed after the delivery of the mails. The mail delivery would then equal that via New York."

"Shipping experts do not expect a higher rate speed than 20 knots for the reason of tremendous expense. Official estimates show that it costs £600,000 to build a 20-knot boat, while it would cost £200,000 to construct a 23-knot boat."

"Regarding the new service between Canada and South Africa, there is some criticism here of the British government subsidizing what is really a Canadian freight service in opposition to British services and designed to help the Canadian manufacturers beat the British market."

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Consumption Can be Cured.

Marvelous Discovery by the Famous Dr. VonKerman of Kalamazoo, Mich.—State Officials and Great Medical Men Pronounce it the Only Cure for Consumption and All Throat and Lung Troubles.

Consumption Given Up to Die and Sent Back from California Helpless and Helpless. Was Now Alive. Went Through This Wonderful Cure for Consumption.

A Free Package Containing Sufficient to Convince the Most Skeptical Sent Duty Free to All Who Write.

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