

THE DEED OF A DEVIL.

Dr. Pope of Detroit Killed for His Insurance.

TWO CANADIANS UNDER ARREST

His Skull Shattered to Pieces With a Hatchet.

William Brusseau of Tilbury Centre, Nurse for Mrs. Pope, Wielded the Weapon—The Woman, Charged With Being an Accomplice, Formerly Lived in Ingersoll—Brusseau Claims That Pope Was Trying to Kill His Wife and He Acted in Self-Defence.

Detroit, Feb. 4.—One of the most atrocious, cold-blooded and deliberately-planned murders the police have ever had to deal with was committed Saturday morning in the square quarters occupied by Dr. Horace Eliot Pope and his family at 88 Michigan-avenue.

Dr. Pope was brutally killed with a hatchet in the hands of William Brusseau, a young man 22 years of age, who was presumably employed as a nurse to take care of Mrs. Pope.

The frightful deed is revolting in its details. It ends the career of a well-bred man, who was broken down with disappointment, and who was in despair over his unhappy married life.

While seated in a rocking chair at the bedside of his wife, forgetting for the time his many cares and tribulations, the murderer struck him the fatal blow on the head, which sent his soul into another world. Not a word was said over his lifeless body; none will be when it is sent to its last resting place.

The awful ending of the husband did not even cause a sigh or a tear from the wife, and Mrs. Pope's first thought was to protect herself against the strong arm of the law, which already had her in its grasp.

The murderer now occupies a cell in the police station, and Mrs. Pope is under police surveillance at Harper Hospital, where it was deemed advisable to send her.

The police are satisfied that Brusseau killed Pope in cold blood and that Mrs. Pope was his accomplice.

CRAZED BY HIS DEED. Brusseau Went Out to Hunt for a Police Officer.

The first alarm was given by the murderer himself about 5:45 o'clock yesterday morning, when he met Inspector Schick at the corner of Michigan and Washington-avenues.

As Schick enquired what the man wanted Brusseau looked sharply at him and said, "an officer?"

Before Schick could recover his surprise the man said excitedly, "He's dead; Dr. Pope. Come with me. I can't leave Mrs. Pope alone; she might die; come with me."

The officer tried to learn Brusseau's story, but his mutterings were so indistinct that he could not understand the cause of the trouble. Following him to the place indicated, and in the basement of the stairs in No. 88 to the first flat, which was occupied by the Pope family.

Mrs. Pope and her daughter were lying on some blankets on the floor, and they made no effort to disturb themselves. The room was one mass of disorder and filth. It was quite dark in the bedroom, but on examining his eyes the officer saw the form of a man seated on a rocking chair, which stood by the side of the bed and near the foot.

The body was that of Dr. Pope, and he had been murdered. The whole top of his skull was crushed in, and it was an indescribable mass of brains, blood and dark hair. The long, ugly cuts made by the hatchet could be plainly seen, and a stream of blood had poured onto the floor. The feet were stretched out just as though the man had been sleeping when attacked, and there was nothing to show that there had been any struggle. The body showed no signs of having been twisted or contorted, and every circumstantial point to a cold-blooded murder. The whole top and back of his skull had been broken into fragments and the wall was also spattered with the life fluid. Near the dead man's left foot was a cheap 32-calibre revolver, loaded and with one empty cartridge. Picking it up Schick asked Brusseau if he had shot the man, and he answered in a hesitating way that he had.

BRUSSEAU'S HORRIBLE STORY. He Killed Pope Because Pope Was Going to Shoot Him and Mrs. Pope.

The next moment the officer's eye caught sight of a bloody hatchet, which was lying near the bed, and on picking it up he found that it was covered with dark hair and particles of brain matter. It had been the instrument of death, and after examining it for a moment the officer turned to Brusseau and said: "What's this doing here? Did you kill him with it?"

Brusseau stared at the officer in a dazed sort of a way and nervously answered: "Yes, yes, I struck him. He was going to shoot me."

Schick then began to cross-question the young man in reference to the affair, asking him just what happened and what he did. Brusseau was very nervous and took care to keep close to Mrs. Pope. He declared that he did the deed in self-defence, in which Mrs. Pope answered: "Yes, he did right."

Brusseau then said that he was sleeping in the front room, and saw Mrs. Pope come in with a revolver. Brusseau jumped up, and then Pope walked over to his wife's bed, where he sat down and hid a cloth over her mouth. Brusseau thought that he was going to kill her and he got up.

Pope saw him and with an oath said: "I thought you were asleep, but you won't tell anything anyway." With this he fired at Brusseau, but the bullet went wide and struck the casing on the

left side of the folding doors. Brusseau then advanced towards him, at the same time grabbing up a hatchet which was on the sewing machine and which he had used to split kindling wood with. With one hand he forced Pope into the chair, and then with the other he struck him with the hatchet. He kept swinging the hatchet until it no longer met with any resistance, but sank into the brain. Then he desisted and turned his attention to Mrs. Pope, who, he said, was unconscious and smothering.

He picked her up and dragged her into the front room, so that she would not see the sight, and for nearly three hours he worked over her. The prisoner looked pale, and had every appearance of being a morphia fiend, but this he denied. He gave his occupation as that of a barber and nurse, and his home at Tilbury, Ont. He measured 5 feet 7-1/4 inches in height, and weighed 155 pounds.

MRS. POPE WILL NOT TALK. She is at Harper Hospital Under Police Surveillance.

Detective Sadler was assigned to the case. He first paid a visit to the scene of the murder and found Mrs. Pope lying on an improvised cot in the front room. Her eyes gleamed in a savage way and she showed the hard lines in her face.

Mrs. Pope is a big woman and looks as strong as an ox, with her big frame and long-reaching arms. She has become addicted to the use of opium and other narcotics. She looks more than healthy, but insists that she is dying and for that reason has had Brusseau around to nurse her. It is claimed by her, that the reason she did not have a woman nurse is that her husband would not allow it, but this statement is disproved by friends of the family. When the detectives desired to question her Mrs. Pope refused to talk, saying that when she felt better she would tell what she knew about the affair.

Her daughter was taken to police headquarters yesterday morning, although the mother did not want her taken away. While in the house she remained close to her mother, who watched her like a cat.

Brusseau is the sharpest girl of her age that the police have had to deal with in a long time.

The murder of her father did not affect her in the least and she looked at his dead body, jumped over the streams of blood, and acted as though it was no concern of hers. She kept up a continual chatter whenever the officers were offered, but was always careful to avoid saying anything about the death of her father.

When asked what she first heard she said it was the explosion of a revolver, and then changed the statement, claiming that she heard her father swear and say, "I'll fix you." According to her story, she did not see the murder, as she ran out of the room.

It was decided to arrest Mrs. Pope and give her the choice of going to police headquarters or to Harper Hospital. Detective Sadler went to the home for that purpose yesterday afternoon, and Mrs. Pope said it would kill her. She ordered her daughter around like a sea captain does a deck-hand, and it took the woman three hours to get ready.

OBJECT OF THE MURDER. The Police Believe Insurance Money Was at the Bottom of It.

The police believe that Pope was murdered for his insurance money, as he had about \$14,000, as far as is known, which was being kept up by Mrs. Pope. He was insured in the Royal Prudential, \$3000; A.O.U.W., \$2000; Ancient Order of Foresters, \$3000; Maccabees, at least \$2000. He was a member of the National and Union, United Friends and other organizations.

The story told by Brusseau is far from being a good one, and it does not hold together all through. If Pope had entered the room with the intention of killing him, the police reason, he would have done so when Brusseau was in the room, when he would have had every opportunity to do so.

That there was no struggle was shown by the fact that the family who occupy the floor above the Poles were not awakened at all, and they knew nothing of the murder until late in the morning, when they were informed by the police.

The shot, which lodged in the basement, could have been fired better by Brusseau himself than by Pope, and the police believe that he fired the revolver himself.

The most probable theory advanced is that the murder was carefully planned, and that Brusseau quietly hid himself in the front room. Pope almost lived alone, as he was in the habit of calling on his wife, and she preferred Brusseau's company to that of her husband's. He slept in the dingy kitchen, staying out at night so as to be out of the way while Brusseau and his wife were together.

THE MURDERED MAN. He Had Been Kicked About a Good Deal By Lacking Fortune.

The dead man was about 45 years of age, and was a native of Canada. He graduated from the Boston Dental School, and in 1876 he took a medical degree at the University of California. He came to this city in 1885, but resided here through the stress of circumstances rather than because of anything else.

His wife is about 40 years old, and formerly lived near Ingersoll, Ont. Her maiden name was Nellie Mitchell, and she was married about ten years ago.

The doctor was a member of Tent No. 112, K.O.T.M., and to so many organizations, and he was unable to keep up the payments, but he tried in every way to hang on, being urged to do so by his wife.

One of the principal facts which will figure in the case is the mysterious personage who is furnishing Mrs. Pope with money, and as yet the police have been unable to find that out. Mrs. Pope will not talk on the matter and Brusseau refuses to say who it is. Yesterday afternoon he stated that the money came to Mrs. Pope through a third party, owing to the fact that if it came directly to her the law might interfere. Just what he means by this is not known, but there seems to be a good deal in it.

The police are inclined to the belief that there were more than two in the plot to kill Pope; but if there was a third party he took no active part in the killing.

Some years ago Mrs. Pope got into litigation with Dr. Moses Elmer. Trip of Insult, she having obtained a deed to some property owned by him in Canada, claiming that her injured husband was going to begin a civil suit against him for damages. The deeds were signed, but the relatives got wind of the matter and fought the case, which they finally won. It is possible that in some way she is still getting some money from Canada.

HIS NEW MEERSCHAUM.

His Fond Little Wife Was Getting It Nicely Colored for Him.

"Where's my new meerschaum pipe?" asked Mr. Cumso, after dinner. "I thought I left it on the mantel, back of the clock, when I quit smoking last night."

"Didn't I hear you say that it would take you a long time to color that pipe, dear?" asked Mrs. Cumso. "It is quite likely you did. The operation can not be performed all at once. But where is the pipe?"

"You know how anxious I am to save you all the work I can, dear."

"Yes, just like the precious little woman you are, but what has that to do with the pipe?"

"Just this, love. I got to worrying over the long time it would take you to get it colored and I wondered if I could not help you a bit."

"What! You don't mean to say you have been smoking the pipe yourself?"

"Oh, no! But a poor tramp came to the house this morning. He was smoking the forlornest little bit of a pipe, and—"

"Go on!" commanded Mr. Cumso, in a constrained voice, trying to keep calm. "You made him a present of my new meerschaum, I suppose?"

"Oh, no! Your little wife isn't quite that foolish."

"Then what has the tramp to do with the pipe?"

"Don't be impatient, dear, and I'll tell you. I remember what you said about the long time it would take you to color it, and so I asked the man if he would smoke it all day for a dollar. He said no; that a dollar and a quarter was the lowest he could do for. So I told him I'd pay him that. He's out in the back yard now, hard at work, and he really seems to enjoy it. Yet some people say that tramps can't be induced to work. But where are you going, love? Not down town so early, are you? Now, I wonder what's made the man so cross?" she added, as her husband slammed the door.—Puck.

An Optical Illusion.

No, this is not the three headed lady, but Maud, Ethel and Cynthia, as they appear to our artist when he met them on their trip.

In the Air. Mrs. Sniffwell—Why, Bridget, you have been eating onions! Bridget—Sure, mum, you're a moind reader.—Syracuse Courier.

A Pusher. Brooks—Porker has a great eye for business. Snooks—Too great an I. If he weren't so egotistical he'd make more friends.

The Minister's Salary. People who think that a minister has an easy time to earn his salary forget the amount of criticism that he has to endure from the members of his congregation.—Sommerville Journal.

Belonged. She (significantly)—Why don't you go out and see a man? He—Thanks. There's a man out there waiting to see me, I owe him \$7.—Free Press.

Universally Known. Prof. Spouter—When shall we hear of a poet who has appealed not to a class, however cultured, but to the hearts of all? Voice—What's the matter with Mother Goose?

New to Him. Miss Scribble—The heroine of my next story is to be one of those modern, advanced girls, who has ideas of her own and doesn't want to get married. The Colonel (politely)—Ah, indeed, I don't think I ever met that type.—Life.

Something Had Struck. Uncle Allen Sparks picked himself up from the slippery sidewalk and rubbed the back of his head. "When one sees stars on a cloudy night," he soliloquized, "it may be considered as something striking."—Chicago Tribune.

An Aldermanic Menagerie. "Did you know that Alderman Rowdy was a great man to collect animals?" "No, is that so?" "Why, yes; last week he had two zebras, a sacred white elephant, three lizards and a whole cage of rats."

"What became of them?" "Oh, he took some bromide and they went away."—Chicago Record.

Assisted. Scene—A cosy parlor, the lights turned low. Bashful bachelor, nervous and fidgety, trying to remember a speech he had been rehearsing for an hour previously. Helpful maid, anxious and expectant. B.B.—Dearest, I—have long wished to tell you that I am full—I mean my heart is full—my palpitating heart—I mean your smiles, dearest, would shed—would shed—

H.M.—Perhaps, dear, we could live in a flat at first, and then we should not be so finally won. It is possible that in some way she is still getting some money from Canada. [The date was fixed within five minutes.]—Truth.

A Grand Feature

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla is that while it purifies the blood and sends coursing through the veins full of richness and health it also imparts new life and vigor to every function of the body. Hence the expression so often heard: "Hood's Sarsaparilla made a new person of me." It overcomes that tired feeling so common now.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, always reliable and beneficial.

On the 28th Mr. Noah Leach was brought from Aylmer and buried in our cemetery.

Mrs. Sharpe, a widow, residing in New England, was interred in the Elm cemetery on the 30th.

The Rev. Mr. Brown, pastor of the Baptist church, is holding special services here, in which we wish him success.

On Wednesday morning at six o'clock the thermometer registered 10 below zero.

Ask for Milard's and take no other.



DALL'S CURE. THE MOST SUCCESSFUL FOR MAN OR BEAST. Certain in its effects and safe in its application.

KENDALL'S SPAIN CURE. Dr. R. J. KENDALL CO. Beware of cheap imitations. I have used a great deal of your Kendall's Spain Cure and I can say it is a wonderful medicine. I once had a mare that had a breast abscess and the bottle cured her. I keep a bottle on hand all the time.

KENDALL'S SPAIN CURE. Dr. R. J. KENDALL CO. Beware of cheap imitations. I have used several bottles of your Kendall's Spain Cure and I can say it is a wonderful medicine. I once had a mare that had a breast abscess and the bottle cured her. I keep a bottle on hand all the time.

For Sale by all Druggists, or address Dr. R. J. KENDALL COMPANY, ENOSBURGH FALLS, VT.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

A recent discovery by an old physician. Successfully used monthly by thousands of Ladies. Is the only perfectly safe and reliable medicine discovered.

Beware of unprincipled druggists who offer inferior medicines in place of this. Ask for Cook's Cotton Root Compound, take no substitute or imitate. It is placed in postage in letter and we will send, sealed, by return mail. Full sized particulars in plain envelope, to ladies only, 2 stamps. Address THE COOK COMPANY, Windsor, Ont., Canada.

For sale by J. E. Richards, druggist.



STARK'S K'S POWDERS. Cure SICK HEADACHE and Neuralgia in 20 MINUTES, also Colic, Tension, Dizziness, Biliousness, Indigestion, Constipation, Torpid Liver, Bad Breath, to stay cured also regulate the bowels. VERY PURE TO TAKE. PRICE 25 CENTS AT DRUG STORES.

If you must draw the line at lard—

and have, like thousands of other people, to avoid all food prepared with it, this is to remind you that there is a clean, delicate and healthful vegetable shortening, which can be used in its place. If you will

USE COTTOLENE

instead of lard, you can eat pie, pastry and the other "good things" which other folks enjoy, without fear of dyspeptic consequences. Delicacy from lard has come.

Buy a pail, try it in your own kitchen, and be convinced.

Cottolene is sold in 3 and 5 pound pails, by all grocers. Made only by

The N. K. Fairbank Company, Wellington and Ann Sts., MONTREAL.

Fine's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best. Resist to Use, and Cheapest. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. No. 27, Hamilton, Warren, Pa.

Special Lines For January

Cross-Cut Saws, Axes, Scales, Table Cutlery, Carves, Will open out about the 20th a fine line of Steel China Ware.

AT Wright & Allen's, Aylmer.

ANSLEY & CO.

BRICK BLOCK, SPRINGFIELD. Our Stock for January Trade

Is full and complete in every particular. In New Fruits, Peels, Canned Goods, Spices, Extracts, Nuts, Candies and General Groceries we are showing new fresh goods at very close prices, and in 25c Japan Tea we have a special line just in, of prime quality, good strength and flavor.

We want also to call attention to our stock Men's, Boys' and Youths Suits, Overcoats and Ulsters. These Goods are of good quality, well made, and we can give you very low prices. We have some job lines in these goods that you can positively buy at 50c on the dollar of wholesale cost. Also a large lot of Men's and Boys' Caps to clear at 25c. each.

Wool Blankets, Wool Shirts, Cardigans, Knit Wool Goods, Ladies' and Gents' Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves, Etc., in great variety.

Full lines in Boots, Shoes, Rubbers and Over-shoes. McPherson & Co's goods as low in price as many dealers ask for inferior French Canadian trash.

We handle all kinds of Marketable Produce, and will give a special discount off to all spot cash buyers.

ANSLEY & CO., SPRINGFIELD, ONT.

JOHN E. BLACK, Manager.

Have You Heard?

Is the Cheapest place in town to buy your

Clutton's

Woolens and Gent's Furnishings? WELL, THEY ARE Look at These Prices

Fine All-wool Pants, for \$1. These Pants are well made, and guaranteed to fit. Heavy Overalls for 50 cents. These are sold everywhere else from 60 to 75c. Heavy all-wool Underwear, 38c. Heavy Union Underwear, 25 cents. These are prices never known in town before. Bed Blankets at your own price. Cardigan Jackets for 75 cents. Ladies' Vests for 20 cents. Heavy Tweeds in Good Patterns at 25 cents. Heavy all-wool Flannel at 15 cents. Don't forget that we are the only firm in town that has the real reliable home-made full cloth for 50 cents. THESE ARE ONLY A FEW BARGAINS.

When you are in town, it would do you good to go into CLUTTON'S STORE and inspect these goods. They can sell cheaper than any other store in town Because They are Manufacturers. Dried Apples, Eggs Tell You Produce taken.

S. S. CLUTTON & SONS.

CLUTTON'S STORE

CLUTTON'S STORE

PRACTICAL

Preventing Air But Pipes

I had considerable trouble with a water pipe, as I was paying a plumber, I wrote a correspondent.

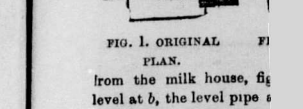


FIG. 1. ORIGINAL PLAN.

from the milk house, 6 1/2 level at 4, the level pipe is ing under ground. A bu collect in the pipe at a an would not run, compelli plunger or suction pump a bubble, when the water another bubble collected. I dug up the milk house see fig 2, and snuk a la there shown, inserting in the pipe leading to the making the union water really be seen, no air ca pipe, and I have no more

They Will Stay on After your boys are thro or if they are not, give them land and let them have wh from it. Don't make slave time. If you can't lay up working them to death, b any.

When they go into the c moderately warm sleepi bathroom and all modern They come home, go to bed room, can't take a bath unles or some warm living room. I that a young man would t the city for \$1.00 or \$1.25 work at home for \$20.00 a m When he wants to go to to do not say the horses h hard.

Do fathers realize how c arrange barn, house and out they may be warm and comi ing looked upon as drud pleasure. Farmer after farm day after day laying up every Who gets it? The boys an say, "Father has worked h to earn what money he h thought we would take life e Father takes more pleasu children. Don't think that must be spent on the farm. the science of farming not Keep them posted in politic matters. Teach them the fa for them unless their talents purposes, then help them to Don't make dairymen of t like poultry better. The o they want once in a while, then think they don't know you lose a little by their m will profit by it more than y Look out more for the weli children and a little less for y there will be less abandoned young men to go to the cit for the winter, and the brai children to look after the w country in the years to come.

Fond for Live Sto Few people analyze carefu casually the object in view i domestic animals with a bra combination which "on the su to be economical. Just her digression to protest agains ti use of the word economy as a r narrow-minded people who hav a correct idea economy, but their lives scarcely practised a financial affairs money may be and the investment prove to be right of economy, which a reason of anything but a true economy in feeding can i best by those who have a goo food or by those who have any buy judiciously. Yet the brai mine what to use and what v proportions to combine are of gr quence.

It is economy, for instance, if for the owner of but one or two he has an abundance of corn or food to exchange some of it for a correct idea economy, but their lives scarcely practised a financial affairs money may be and the investment prove to be right of economy, which a reason of anything but a true economy in feeding can i best by those who have a goo food or by those who have any buy judiciously. Yet the brai mine what to use and what v proportions to combine are of gr quence.

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