

PIERRE BOURDON'S JEALOUSY

Caused Him to Imprison His Pretty Bride.

Story of Love and Revenge Recently Brought to Light in Poulitney, Vt.—Fiendish Cruelty.

A few weeks ago some workmen in Poulitney, Vt., were pulling down an old stone building that had existed since long before the revolution.

The men pulled up a big, square, flat stone near one wall of the cellar. One of them nearly fell into a great hole which was revealed beneath the slab.

It was a pit about eight feet deep and seven feet square. A brick wall had been constructed on all four sides to keep the earth from falling in.

The men inspected the pit curiously and fearfully. In the center there was a strong iron post three feet high. To this was attached a heavy chain, which led to a human skeleton. Iron hand cuffs still fastened the hands of the skeleton to the chain.

The skeleton was fleshless. Years and the subterranean vermin had cleaned the bones.

Then the old and wise of the village put their heads together, to find a clue to the grewsome mystery. After much consideration and consultation of the oldest inhabitants and equally old documents they decided that the skeleton could be none other than that of Pierre Bourdon's bride.

Only the three oldest men in the village could remember the bride herself, but there are few who did not have some memory of the mysterious career of the man.

About 71 years ago, it appears, Pierre Bourdon, a French Canadian, came to this place from Quebec. He was engaged as a farmhand by Mr. Hamilton, the most prosperous farmer in the vicinity. He was an excellent farmhand, very industrious, received good wages and was highly esteemed by his employer. His name was generally Anglicized to Perry Borden.

He spoke occasionally of a girl in Canada to whom he was engaged to be married. He said he was just getting ready to bring her down to Poulitney and make a home for her.

Within two years he brought back his bride. Her name was Susette. She was very pretty, the best type of her race. Her eyes were black and sparkling, her cheeks ruddy, her face full of vivacity. It seemed plain that the plodding and silent Bourdon and his merry bride were unevenly matched.

Not a month passed before Susette became the object of universal social attentions. All the young men of the village showed their admiration for her more or less discreetly. She was intoxicated with admiration.

Bourdon was prompt to show his jealousy. He was, however, tied down to his work and could not watch his pretty wife all the time. He had taken the old stone house, then in a lonely situation, and he ordered her not to leave it. She repeatedly disobeyed him. He ordered her not to visit the houses of other people in the village. She went out as often as she could.

One dark, stormy night in November, 1831, he had been kept unusually late at the farm getting the cattle under shelter. He went home to find his wife out. He guessed that she had gone to an old inn; then the most popular place in the country for supper parties and outings. She had been there several times in spite of his violently expressed orders not to do so.

He hastened to this place. There he found his wife, together with a merry party of young men and women who were seeking to forget the cold and storm without. Among them was one young man with whom Susette, people said, had been having almost a flirtation.

Bourdon sternly ordered his wife to come with him. He refused to enter the room and join the party. Susette seemed more than ordinarily under her husband's influence, for she followed him without a word.

They went out into the darkness and the storm, and that was the last any of those people ever saw of Susette Bourdon.

A week or so after that, when people noticed the absence of Mrs. Bourdon, they asked him about it. He answered simply that they had had a disagreement and that she had gone to her relatives in Canada. The answer was a very reasonable one, and nobody had any ground to suspect foul play.

For a year Bourdon lived in this way, confiding in no one and admitting none to his house. Then he, too, disappeared.

Now it is believed that he spent that year in torturing his wife to death. Maddened with jealousy he determined to put his wife to death in the cruellest manner he could conceive and make her stone with infinite agony for the suffering she had caused him.

He first locked her in a room, for he had not yet prepared the place of torment. Then he dug a pit in the cellar and placed the post in it with the chain that was to hold his wife. He

was an excellent mechanic and could therefore do any work of this kind.

The next step was to drag his wife down to her tomb. She was far from help and physically powerless in the hands of this maddened man. Probably she was too much frightened even to scream.

Remorselessly he bound her to the post. Then he told her of the suffering she had caused him and the punishment he had designed for her. She fainted when he told her this. But he waited for her to recover and then went on with his sentence of death by slow torture.

It is probable that he bricked up the side of the pit while the woman was still living. Perhaps he gave her insufficient food so as to prolong her living death. The rats must have crawled over her and gnawed her as she lay there helpless.

How long this living death lasted no one can tell. At any rate Bourdon went away at the end of a year, and she must have been dead then. There was no longer any tie to attach him to the neighborhood.—R.

Towed by a Whale.

There recently appeared among his friends in New Bedford a man whom they had supposed had found a grave in the sea. Matthew Samuel, boat steerer of the whaling schooner Charles H. Hodgdon, with five companions, were given up as lost last December, when the whaler put into Cape Verde islands and reported that six of her crew had struck a whale and had been towed away by the animal.

Samuel describes their adventure and deliverance as follows:

"We struck the whale about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. He kept us running until about 5:30. The way he pulled us through the water was like going in a steamboat. All we could do was to sit and wipe away the water which flew into our faces.

"The whale died after he had towed us ten miles from the schooner. We headed for the schooner, with the whale in tow, but the sea became so rough we had to cut loose from the whale.

"Finally it got so dark we lost sight of the schooner. We had set up our sail, and we searched for the schooner all that night and all the next day, but in vain.

"The morning of the seventh day, about 2 o'clock, we were the happiest mortals alive, for we had succeeded in hailing a Portuguese steamer. The captain bore down upon us and stopped within a few yards of our boat. We could plainly hear the people aboard talking. All hands seemed to be on deck.

"Instead of helping us the captain put out his lights and steamed away. That was the worst thing that was ever done at sea.

"Later on that day we sighted a school of blackfish. I struck one and cut all the meat off, slicing it in small pieces. We put these into a bucket and let the sun dry the oil out. We drank the oil as a substitute for water. The meat we ate raw.

"There was not a drop of rain. The sun was fiercely hot, but the nights were cold. We did not get any sleep. Our despair was turned to unspeakable joy when we had been out 11 1/2 days. We sighted the French bark Adolph and stuck up a blue flag. Our distress signal was seen, and we were overjoyed to see the bark bear down upon us."—R.

Scores Modern Church.

During the absence of her husband from his pulpit recently, Mrs. Mary E. Frey, wife of the Rev. P. I. Frey, pastor of the East End Baptist church of Williamsport, Pa., took his place in the pulpit, and not only delivered an eloquent sermon, but created an enormous sensation by her arraignment of the modern church. She declared that "men tumble over the church into hell," and "the world is farther away from God today than ever in its history."

"Friends what the church of Jesus Christ needs today is another Pentecost," said Mrs. Frey. "Souls are perishing, men and women are rushing onward into perdition, and the church is not able to stem the awful tide of iniquity, for the church, which should be a mighty life-saving station, has lost its power to a large extent and is drifting into worldliness and formality."

"Some people declare the world is getting better, and many fine sermons and essays have been written in an attempt to prove this. But it is not so. The old world is a wreck and men are a failure."

"The world by degrees has crept into the church until it is difficult to tell a church member from a non-professor. Many church members run into theaters, operas, play cards, dance, drink wine, follow the fashion of the world, cheat and lie. Another reason for the church's lack of power is that it caters to the world in efforts to raise money for God's cause. Fairs, festivals, bazaars, private theatricals, anything, anyway, nowadays is get money, imagine Paul saying to Peter: 'Peter, we had better get up an ice cream festival to pay the expenses of the church in Corinth.'"

"No, thank God, they owed no man anything. They had no elegant churches, with costly stained glass

iwindows and steeples piercing the heavens and a \$12,000 mortgage on it.

"Again, another cause for lack of power is the whole word of God is not preached from the pulpit. When pastors step aside from it to preach politics or on the leading topic of the day there will be a lack of power in their lives and sinners will not be saved."

The Cost of War.

There appears to be great excitement in certain circles over the fact that the war in South Africa has already cost Great Britain more than \$732,000,000. Compared with the cost of some of the great wars of the last century, however, this sum is hardly a drop in the bucket.

The most costly war of all time was the civil war of 1861-65 in the United States. That war cost the Northern states a total of \$6,200,000,000 while the South spent more than \$2,000,000,000 in addition. And this does not consider the enormous expense of the pensions which have been paid for the last 35 years.

Next in cost to the war of the rebellion was the Franco-Prussian war of 1870. It cost, in round numbers, \$2,500,000,000. The Crimean war stands third on the list of comparatively recent wars, with a total cost of \$1,700,000,000.

The little affair in South Africa has cost the British, up to date, less than one-tenth of what the United States spent in the four years of its great civil conflict, and less than a third as much as France and Germany poured out in their short struggle.

The present aggregate war debts of all the nations in the world are so great as to entirely pass comprehension. They sum up more than \$30,000,000,000. As there are nearly 1,500,000,000 of people in the world it will be seen that if equally divided among them the world's war debt would give an average of \$18 apiece for every man, woman and child in the world to carry.

Even more startling are the figures which show what war has cost in the destruction of human life. In this line also the United States civil war stands in first place, with a total of more than 800,000 men killed in battle and died of wounds and disease. Close to this terrible record is that of the Crimean war, in which 750,000 men lost their lives, while in the Franco-Prussian conflict the losses were 225,000. In these three wars alone enough people were killed to more than entirely wipe out the population of the province of Quebec, and leave it a lonely and uninhabited desert.—R.

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Between
ERNEST LEVIN, Plaintiff,
And
FRED TRUMP, PATRICK MARTIN and ANNIE MARTIN, Defendants.
To the Above Named Defendant, Fred Trump:

Take notice, that this action was on the 13th day of June, 1901, commenced against you, and that the plaintiff by his writ of summons claims: An accounting of all partnership business; partition or sale of said partnership business; such other and further relief as the nature of the case may require; costs of this action.

And take notice that the court has by order dated the 13th day of June, 1901, authorized service of the said writ of summons on you by the insertion of this notice for three weeks after the date of said order in the Nugget newspaper.

And further take notice that you are required within 40 days after the last insertion of this advertisement inclusive of the day of such insertion, to cause an appearance to be entered for you in the office of the clerk of this court, and that in default of your so doing the plaintiff may proceed with this action and judgment may be given against you in your absence.

W. L. PHELPS,
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