

AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY.

THE STORY OF THE BORDEN MURDER AT FALL RIVER.

A Synopsis of a Remarkable Case Now Attracting the Attention of Newspaper Readers Everywhere.—The Suspected Daughter.—The Scene of the Murder.

On Thursday, the 4th day of August, Andrew J. Borden, a millionaire mill owner and his wife were murdered in their home at Fall River, Mass. The murder was discovered just before noon. Lizzie Borden, daughter of the murdered man, and step-daughter of the woman, is now in custody charged with the crime. The first accounts of the tragedy were given by her before she was under suspicion. The following is a summary of her story at the time:

At 11 o'clock Mr. Borden was lying on the lounge in his sitting room reading a newspaper. He was seen by his daughter, Lizzie, as she passed through the room on her way to the barn to get a piece of iron with which to mend a flower pot. The servant, Bridget Sullivan, passed through the room at the same time with a pail of water in her hand. She was on her way to the second floor to clean the windows. Mrs. Borden was in her room over the parlor, changing her dress, preparatory to making a visit to sick neighbors. Fifteen minutes later Miss Borden reentered the house, and when she stepped through the

There was music behind the weapon that sank into those victims, and if appearance indicate anything there was a cool nerve which could not be shaken by the sight of blood.

When the police reached the house they found the old man lying on the lounge in the sitting room, his head resting on a blood-soaked sofa pillow. His body was yet warm, and the blood was even then oozing from the wounds.

Up stairs they found Mrs. Borden lying at full length on the floor, her face in a pool of blood. Her body was also warm, but the blood was coagulated more than that of her husband. The wounds had been made by the same weapon, and it must have been dripping with blood after each murder. Yet there was not the tiniest drop of blood on the carpets or stairs between the two bodies. It follows, therefore, that the weapon must have been wiped off before being used on the second victim.

The first thing the police did was to hunt for the murderer and the weapon. In the cellar they found an axe and two hatchets. One of the hatchets was sharpened to a keen edge and might have made the wounds inflicted on the heads of the murdered couple, but there were no blood stains, and although the handle and steel were clean, they were perfectly dry. The police put them aside as having no bearing on the case. Later a policeman took up the sharp hatchet a second time and discovered a gray hair sticking to the handle where it protruded from the steel

man had no disposition to treat his own kin unfairly or too closely.

An important legal point which must be determined before the Borden estate is settled is which of the parents died first. The police at present are working on the theory that Mrs. Borden was killed first, and with that idea in mind the only motive which can now be assigned for the crime—that of gain.

Quite a tidy sum, about \$175,000, is the issue in the case. That amount on the basis that Mr. Borden was worth in the vicinity of \$500,000, represents the one-third of an estate called the widow's dower.

If the wife was killed first this would not be taken into consideration, but if the murder struck down the old man first the one-third share goes to the heirs of Mrs. Borden, even if she was a widow only five seconds.

Under the latter case, the Misses Borden, who are not the heirs of Mrs. Borden, would be entitled in the division of the property to only two-thirds of the estate, and the \$175,000 will go the nearest kin of Mrs. Borden.

If, however, it is decided the other way, that the wife died first, the entire estate would be distributed between the two daughters.

It is claimed by the police that Miss Lizzie was anxious to get her share of the property. If she waited until her father died a natural death she would get nearly \$175,000 anyway, but according to the police argument she didn't want her stepmother to have her share of the estate, and therefore conceived the idea of murdering her first, and then, when she had her hand in the business, she went down stairs, according to the police theory, and killed her father.

Before Lizzie Borden appeared at the inquest Prof. Wood, of Harvard, who has charge of the viscera taken from Mr. and Mrs. Borden, went up stairs and testified further in regard to the blood on the rags found under a bucket in the cellar the day after the murder. He told the district attorney that there was no doubt that the blood was human blood. He also stated, it is said, that from a partial examination of the stains found on the axe which was discovered in the cellar, he was convinced that they, too, were human blood.

Lizzie Borden was arrested on Aug. 11. She manifested no surprise. Her face expressed anger, but not fear. After a moment it resumed the expression of stolid reserve that it wore even in the presence of her murdered father. While her sister moaned and wrung her hands in anguish, she lay quietly on the couch without a sign to indicate that she was uncomfortable or in danger. When brought up for examination she pleaded not guilty in a determined voice.

Lizzie Borden as a child was of a very sensitive nature and inclined to be non-communicative. This peculiarity of her youth developed into the cold, hard conversation of her womanhood. As a pupil, she was not brilliant, but was slow, plodding, and tenacious. Her hard work kept her near the front rank. When she was 16 years old she entered the high school. She left it soon after. She had begun to take piano lessons. She had taught the high school was not a congenial place for a musician. She refused to go to school anywhere else. After a short time she refused longer to take music lessons. She insisted that, because she could not become a great musician, she would not be an ordinary one. She thought and often said that people were not favorably disposed toward her, and that between her and the world there was a great gulf.

Five years ago, it is said, there was a great change in Miss Borden. From her former reserve she began to go out frequently among church people. She had a class of mill hands to teach in the Sunday school. She gave them up, saying she would rather teach girls. When the Woman's Temperance Society was organized as a branch of the W. C. T. U. in Fall River, she joined it and became a prominent member. She usually took charge of all church decorating. In May, 1890, she made a three months tour of England. She visited London, Scotland, Paris, and spent some time in Rome. Lizzie brought home a large collection of photographs of buildings and copies of works of the great masters. She gave up her Sunday school class when she went to Europe and did not again take it up. She continued, however, to attend the Congregational church. But as time passed she became more morose. She seemed to loathe men. She was fond of women who bowed to her will and did her bidding. She was a wide reader and had a large library. She dislikes society and is strongly opposed to dancing. Card playing is to her a great crime. But with all her coldness and conversation she is a keen, bright woman.

As Progress stated last week, it is claimed that if Lizzie Borden committed the murder, she did so while temporarily insane.

THE FATE OF A LEARNED PIG.

A Little Learning Proved to be a Dangerous Thing to This Porker.

About eleven years ago a famous hog of almost superlative intelligence was attached to the Imperial Circus at St. Petersburg, where it basked in the sunshine of fashionable favor throughout two gay winter seasons. This sagacious creature, at once a ready reckoner, fortune teller, and deft executioner of card tricks, was the property of one Tanti, a famous Italian clown, who had brought it up from infancy and taught it all its accomplishments.

One night he and his pig were hidden to a gathering of young officers of the Russian Guard, supping together after the performance, and were called upon to repeat the programme of the evening—of course, on payment of a handsome fee. At the conclusion of the show one of the officers offered Tanti 1,000 rubles for his pig. The clown declined to sell, pointing out that the docile and clever animal constituted his chief source of income, and that, moreover, he was far too fond of it to part from it. Upon this the officers proceeded to tempt him by outbidding one another until they ran the price up to 6,000 rubles.

This sum, the equivalent of over £700, and the reflection that he could probably train another pig to replace the one thus exorbitantly valued, finally induced Tanti to accept the offer, little thinking to what a dismal fate he thereby consigned his pet. Next day the luckless animal was slaughtered by order of its purchaser and sent to the clown's lodging with the message that

"no doubt Sig. Tanti would like to taste a porker which had been so profitable to him in life and death alike."

The whole grim story, equally discreditable to all concerned in it, got wind in St. Petersburg and made a painful impression upon Russian society. A severe reprimand was administered to the officer whose cruel freak had caused the death of a public favorite, and Tanti's popularity weeks later he was fired at while cutting capers in the ring by an eccentric Polish nobleman, whose bullet just missed the clown, burying itself in the sawdust at his feet, and causing him such fright that he fled from the circus as to the motive of his extraordinary conduct, the Sarmatian magnate—a well-known sportsman and patron of the circus—calmly replied that "having been much diverted by the clown's feats, he had felt himself bound to fire a salute in Tanti's honor." Shortly afterward the recipient of this strange compliment quitted Russia.—London Telegraph.

A Man Evicted in His Coffin.

An extraordinary eviction is reported from Cashel, county Tipperary. A tenant named Frank Dwyer refused to give up possession of his house to the representatives of his late landlord, contending that the latter had left him the house, together with a coffin, which he kept beside his bed in his room. Dwyer barricaded his house against eviction, and the only means of egress was a ladder to the roof. On the evictors appearing outside Dwyer shouted that they could not evict him out of his coffin; that he would go into the coffin, and they must put him out, coffin and all. After some further parley, Dwyer agreed to give up possession, but only on condition that he should be evicted whilst in the coffin. The key of the door was thrown from the roof, and the bailiff and police entered. They found Dwyer in the coffin, a rough, unpainted one, lying on his back and wearing a tall silk hat around which was twined an old white veil. Owing to the stairs being too narrow, the party had to lower the coffin with its living inmate through one of the windows. As the coffin descended Dwyer loudly protested against his illegal eviction, the large crowd being convulsed with laughter. As soon as the coffin reached terra firma the boys raised it up, and Dwyer, sitting upright, was coiffed round the town, the crowd cheering lustily.

Be Charitable in All Things.

Charity of speech is as divine a thing as charity of action. The tongue that speaketh no evil is as lovely as the hand which giveth alms. To judge no one harshly, to misconceive no man's motives, to believe things are what they seem to be until they are proved otherwise, to temper judgment with mercy, surely is quite as good as to build churches, establish asylums, and to found colleges.

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Are you in it? To be "in the swim" is the ambition of most people nowadays. The term is applied in many ways, but one of the most popular ideas of it is to do as go-ahead people do; move with the world; so to speak; follow the example of people who have thrown aside all the troubles of a bye-gone age, with its steamed up houses, cold dinners and the hundred and one little annoyances that everyone who has weekly or semi-weekly wash days at home, knows about. Why not send your laundry to Ungar's and avoid all this. He has help and advantages that the housewife knows nothing of, and a perfect system of delivery makes it an easy matter to get your laundry on time. Send this week. You'll never know the difference till you try.

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EDWARD S. CARTER.



doorway into the sitting room she saw her father's body, horribly mutilated and lying in a pool of blood by the side of the lounge. She was overwhelmed at the sight. Then she screamed for help. Bridget Sullivan was washing a window in a rear room, but she lost no time in running to Miss Borden's aid.

Mrs. Churchill, a neighbor, also heard the scream, and she hastened to the house. She entered the house by the front way, and the servant commanded all approaches to the house from the rear, but neither saw any one leaving the house. Miss Borden then called for her mother, but received no response. She ran up stairs to her mother's room and fainting when she opened the door.

Her mother had been murdered in the same brutal manner, her skull being crushed in by some heavy instrument, apparently an axe. Mr. Borden had been brained by the back of the axe, and, in addition, had been hacked with the sharp edges until his head was chopped to pieces. Both rooms in which the murder had been committed were besmattered with blood, but showed no signs of a struggle.

No attempt at robbery had been made. The police arrested three persons on suspicion, but the only suspicious circumstance about them was the fact that they were seen in the neighborhood about the hour of the murder.

Mr. Borden was a very large owner of real estate in Fall River. He made regular deposits in the Union bank and never paid any account except by check.

He left home as usual about 9 o'clock that morning to take his deposit to the bank, and called at the Union Savings bank, at the same time. At about half-past 10 his deposit was received at the Union bank and he went from there to his home, arriving about twenty minutes of 11 o'clock, and going into the sitting room to recline upon the lounge and read the newspaper.

Mr. John N. Morse, his brother-in-law, went out about the same time Mr. Borden did, and Mrs. Borden said as he passed out: "Good morning. We shall expect you back to dinner."

Mrs. Borden went up stairs to make the bed in which Mr. Morse slept, in the bedroom in the front of the house.

The house faces the west. On the north side is the arbor and in the south is an entry, with stairs leading to the chamber in the second story. Back of the parlor is the sitting room where Mr. Borden was reading.

The lounge upon which he lay was against the partition separating the dining room from the kitchen. A back entry leads from the kitchen to the yard. In this back entry are the back stairs. The pantry is directly under these back stairs and the door leading to the cellar.

It is believed that the murderer had a deeper object than common robbery. The house was within pistol shot of police headquarters. Just before the noon hour, there is a good deal of traffic on Second street.

There are houses within thirty feet on either side of the Borden house. In the house, at the time the murder must have been committed, was at least one person besides the murderer and his two victims.

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