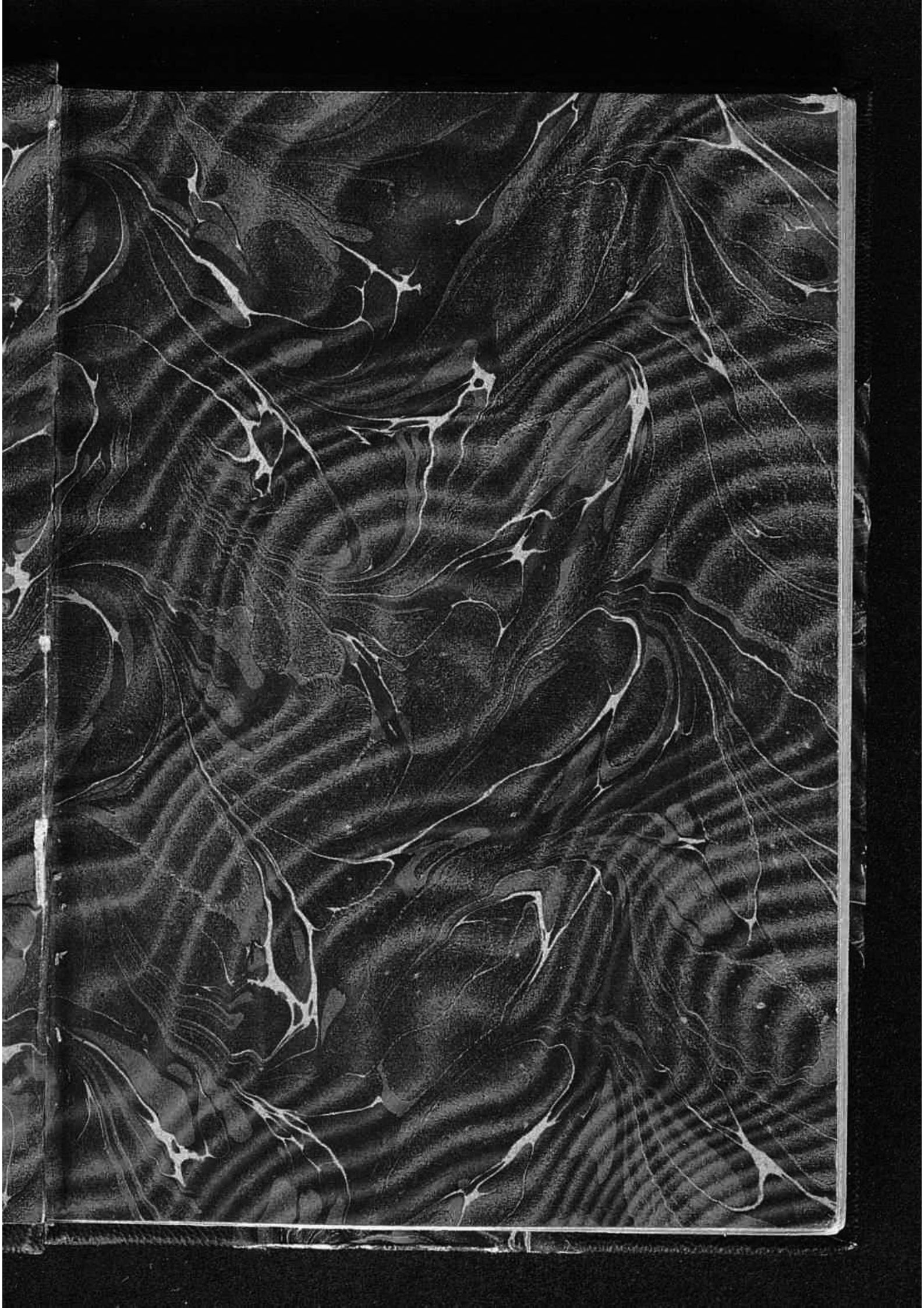


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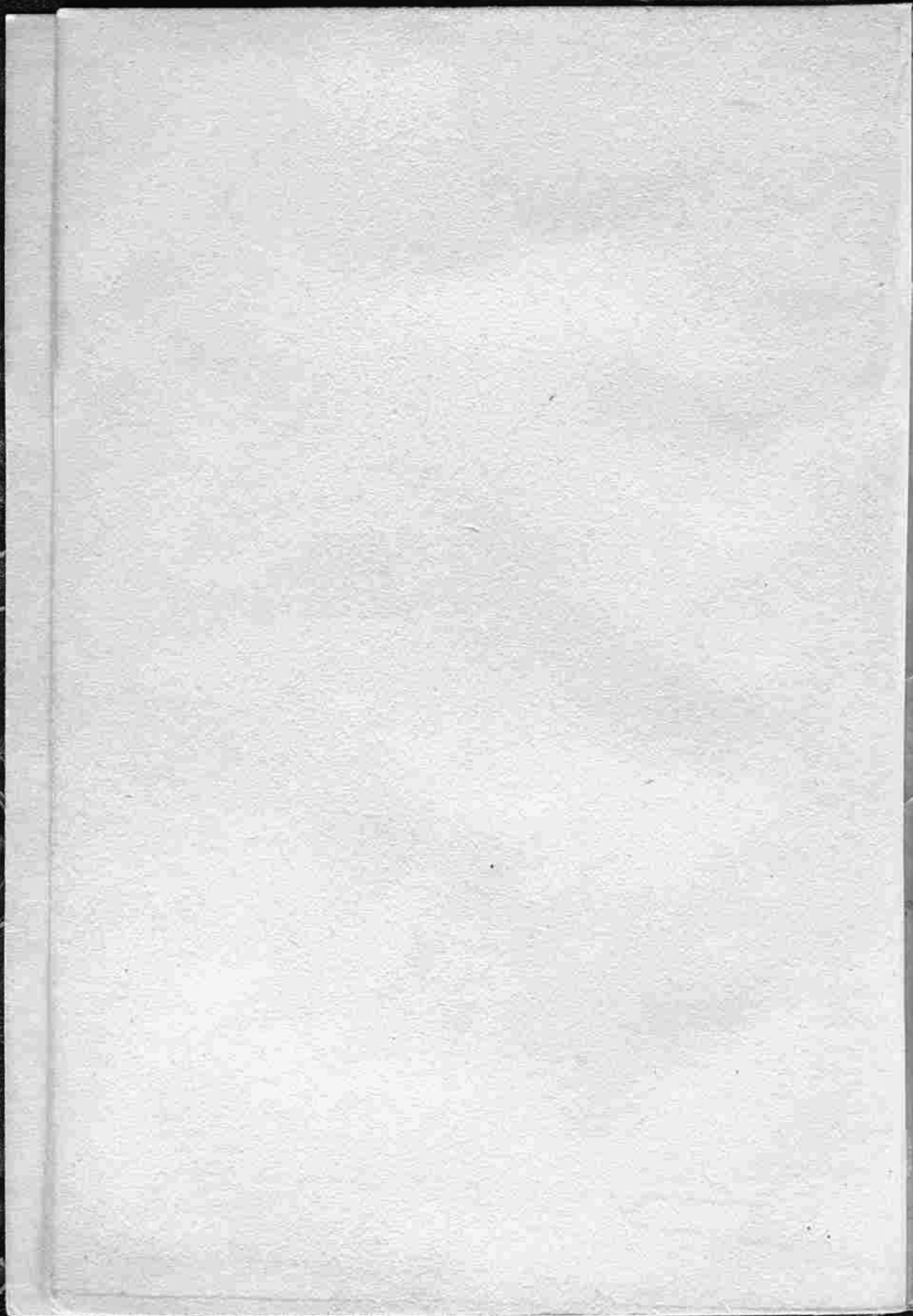
SAMUEL M. WILSON





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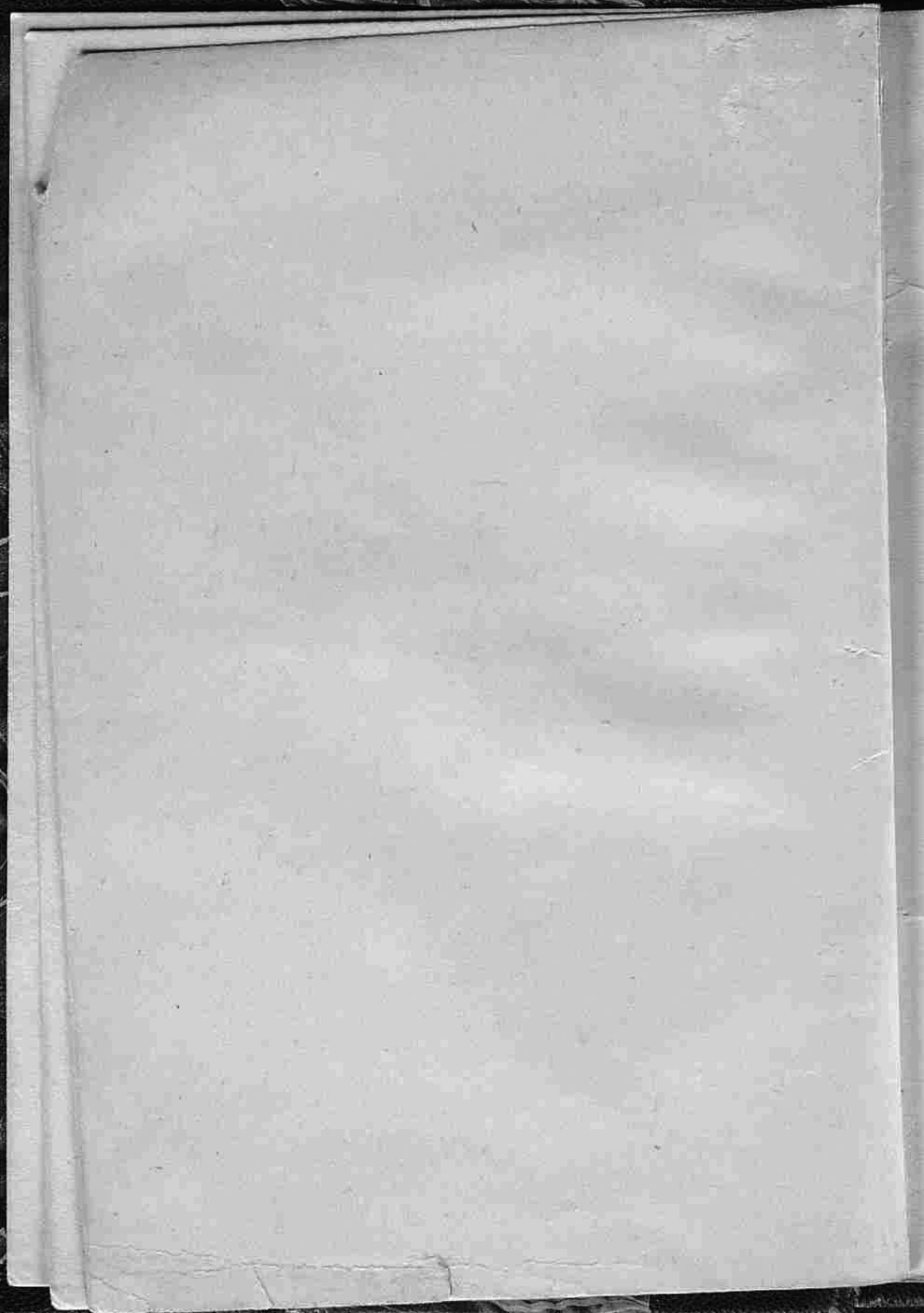
L.D. POOCK.

ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

J.N. BAKER.





“HEADLESS, YET IDENTIFIED;”

A STORY

OF THE SOLUTION OF THE

PEARL BRYAN,

OR

FORT THOMAS MYSTERY,

THROUGH THE SHOES.

By L. D. POOCK, The Shoe Man.

COLUMBUS, OHIO:
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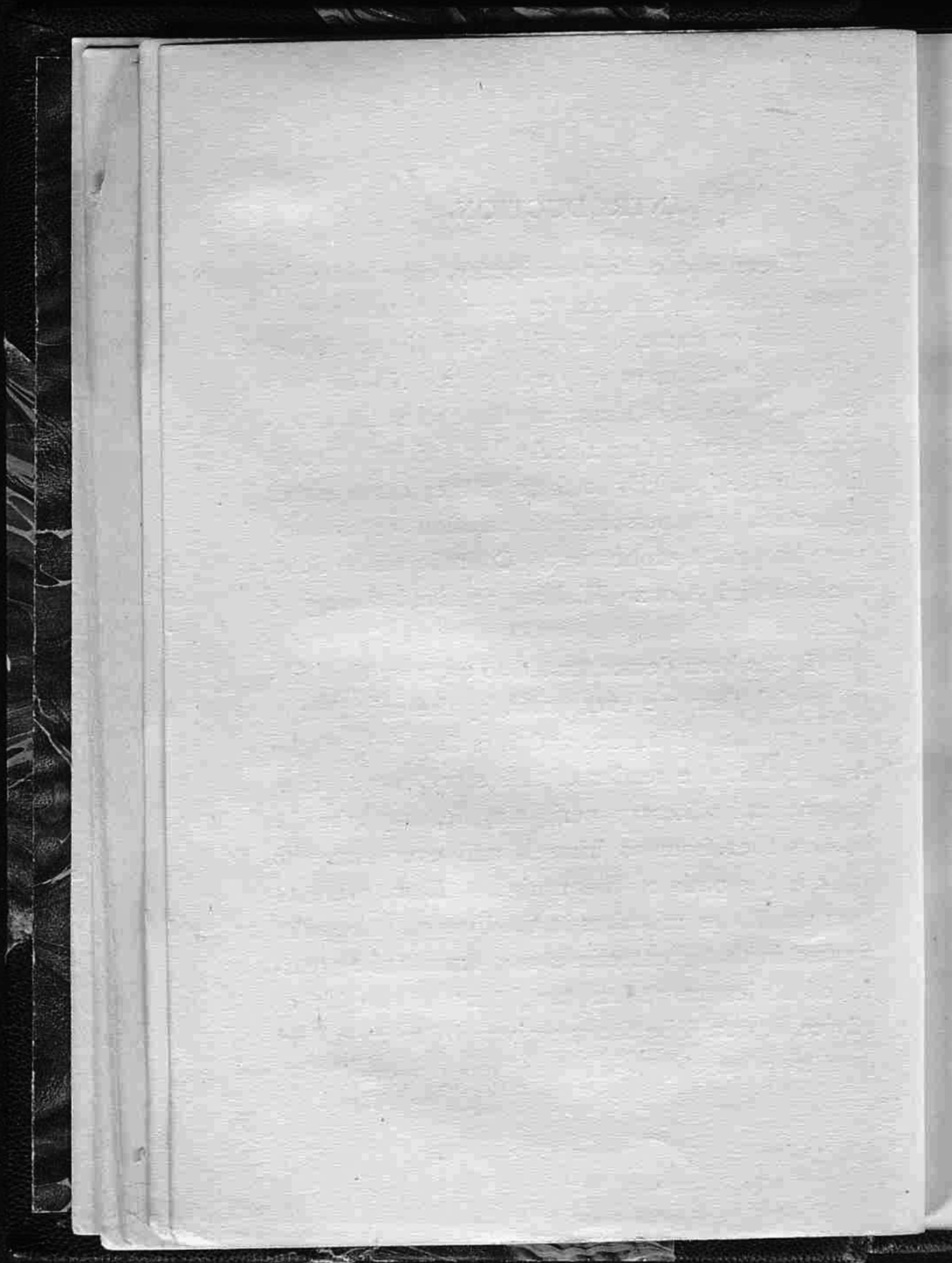
L. D. POOCK,

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INTRODUCTION.

There is a certain antipathy, entertained by most American readers, for stories teeming with the thrill of crime, or ringing with the praises of shrewd detectives or wily criminals. No one realizes the wisdom of shunning these so-called detective stories more than the Author and he has confined himself strictly to facts as they came either under his own personal observation or as they were brought to notice in the Court in which Scott Jackson and Alonzo Walling received their just deserts.

It has been demonstrated to us, from time immemorial, that we ever profit by the mistakes of ourselves and of others, and it is the hope of the Author that the reader of this story, however insignificant its literary merit may be, may take the lessons therefrom to himself and ever strive to walk in the path of the upright. If we were to sum up all the mistakes in the lives of those who figured in that great crime and extract the greatest of all lessons it has taught us in one bit of advice, it would be the one given by many a fond mother to her child, "shun evil companions."



CHAPTER I.

FORT THOMAS, ITS HISTORY AND LOCATION—SECRETARY LAMONT'S OBSERVATION—THE SURROUNDINGS OF THE FORT—THE COMMUNITY.

On a gentle elevation, several hundred feet above the bed of the Ohio River, at a distance of, perhaps, eight miles above the City of Cincinnati, Ohio, and on the Kentucky side of the river, is situated a United States Military Post, known as Fort Thomas. In the Anti-Bellum days, when "wars and rumors of wars" were liable at any time to disturb the usual peace of the citizens of Cincinnati and vicinity, the military authorities of the United States saw the necessity of military protection to that rich district and the valuable river traffic. A Military Post was consequently established directly opposite Cincinnati, namely, at Newport, Kentucky, but was removed to the above mentioned point, which was a much stronger, more beautiful and more commanding position.

Of all the United States Military Posts scattered over our land, there is none that is better or more beautifully situated than Fort Thomas; in fact, it is difficult to conceive of a more fitting location for a fort for the protection of the extensive interests surrounding the sister cities of Cincinnati, Covington and Newport.

When Secretary of War Lamont, was making an inspection tour of all the Military Posts of the United States, in his official capacity, he and his party were more than enraptured by the wonderful situation of the Post and the beautiful scenery surrounding it. Overlooking the highlands that lie between the fort and the river and stretching far away to the blue horizon, one's gaze is met by one of the most beautiful and sublime landscapes to be observed in any part of picturesque Kentucky, and as Secretary Lamont and his party were gazing upon these beautiful surroundings they voiced the sentiment of thousands of visitors in the terse observation: "Surely, this sight is worth coming miles to see.

Within a radius of ten miles from this point, more than a half million people toil from the first light of the early morning till the shades of evening cast their gloom over the surrounding landscape and the lowing of the distant herd or the shrieking of the

factory whistles tell them that the hour of rest has come. Almost every trade or every commercial enterprise known in business circles to be profitable or legitimate, are pursued with that diligence and application which has made that section of Central United States famous.

As one stands on the high bluff overhanging the Ohio River at this point, letting the eyes wander in an eastwardly direction, one's gaze is fixed upon the great river traffic, and as we turn and look northward we see the valley of the Little Miami with its fertile fields; then turning west, the spires of the three cities loom up before our gaze. Weary with the dull, monotonous cares of business life in the city, a half holiday or Sunday is spent in recreation at Fort Thomas. The parades, drills, inspiring music of the bands, the rest and quiet of the sequestered shades of the gardens, or with the field glass focused on Coney Island in the near vicinity, where thousands of pleasure seekers are enjoying themselves at that popular resort, the sight of the winding river with its shrieking, smoking crafts, plying here, there and everywhere, all go to make the day one of pleasure and profit and one never to be forgotten.

Elegant macadamized roads lead from Cincinnati, Covington and Newport to the Fort and form the

drives for many a pleasant ride to the country. The stranger to this vicinity generally pays this celebrated Fort and its beautiful surroundings a visit ere his return to his home. Trolley cars are constantly buzzing through the hollows and across the ravines to the Fort. During the long hours of the hot summer days, these cars carry thousands of visitors to Fort Thomas.

By virtue of the heavy traffic, luxurious cars have been fitted up that give one an ever enjoyable ride through the landscapes of Kentucky to the Fort. In close proximity to the Fort, the same number and class of amusement halls and refreshment stands which characterize a pleasure resort are, of course, found with their usual gayety and festivities.

The roads and trolley lines, from the cities to the Fort, are lined by the elegant cottages of the more wealthy people, and nearly all of the remaining portion of the country is divided into small tracts which are occupied by a thrifty class of business men, who spend all of the time that they can spare from their business in the city in enjoying the quiet life and the pure air of the country, entertaining friends, or living the easy, quiet life for which the inhabitants of Kentucky are noted.

CHAPTER II.

MR. JOHN LOCKE—DESCRIPTION OF HIS HOME—LOCATION OF THE LOCKE FARM—THE ROADS—A LANE IS CONSTRUCTED AND PRIVIT BUSHES PLANTED—A QUIET COMMUNITY.

Mr. John Locke is a typical Kentucky gentleman who owns and manages a large fruit farm in the immediate vicinity of Fort Thomas. In fact, the premises of Mr. Locke are just across a very pretty macadamized road and nearly opposite the Fort. The farm shows by its thrifty condition the good management and constant labor that has been bestowed upon it during the many years that Mr. Locke has had possession of it.

Of all the comfortable and beautiful homes within a distance of five miles or more from the Fort, the home of John Locke is one of the most desirable. His home is similar in construction and appointment to those beauti-

ful southern houses of which we read. The premises are adorned with drives and paths beautifully laid out, shrubbery, flower beds, fountains and all that makes the home beautiful.

On the south side of the farm, and perhaps a distance of half a mile from the main entrance of Fort Thomas, years ago Mr. Locke had made for him a narrow lane connecting the road leading along the government property at the east end with the road leading directly to the three cities, Cincinnati, Covington and Newport, at the west end. In the construction of the lane it was necessary to leave an embankment along the north side several feet in height and extending the entire length of the lane. A short time after the lane was completed, Mr. Locke planted along the embankment a number of privet bushes which added very much to the beauty of the lane and the place in general. The object in building this lane was to avoid the necessity of driving through several hundred yards of very muddy road to reach the driveway to his premises from the Fort Thomas road.

A few years previous to the time at which the following story occurred, all the roads of that part of Campbell County, Kentucky, had been so improved that the land in question was no longer needed. The

Location of the Locke Farm.

II

privet bushes, which had at one time made the lane a beautiful drive, had been left to grow up wild and had spread in such a manner as to give the place the appearance of an entangled wilderness.

In all this busy, thronging community nothing had ever occurred to mar the usual quiet of the Locke neighborhood until early Saturday morning, February 1st, 1896.

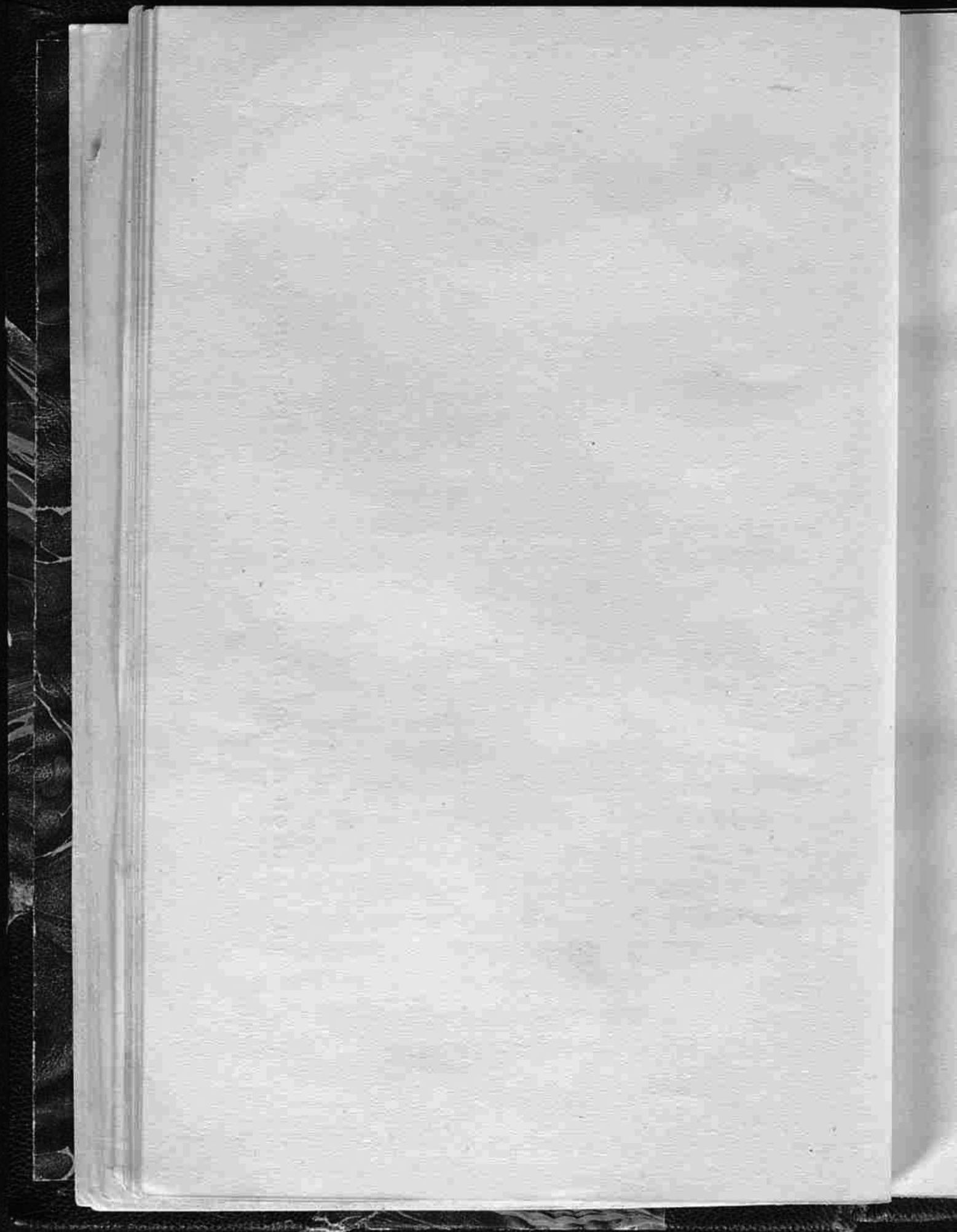
CHAPTER III.

TREE PRUNING—JOHNNIE HEWETT—A STARTLING
DISCOVERY AND A THOROUGHLY FRIGHTENED BOY
—MR. LOCKE APPRISED—THE SHERIFF NOTIFIED
—AN EXCITED COMMUNITY—DETECTIVES ON THE
SPOT—THE BODY AND CLOTHING OF THE VICTIM
MINUTELY DESCRIBED—THE SURROUNDINGS.

About this season of the year, Mr. Locke usually set some of his men to work trimming the fruit trees upon the farm. Johnnie Hewitt, a boy about fourteen years of age, who was in the employ of Mr. Locke, but who lived with his parents, perhaps a mile farther back in the country, left his home early that Saturday morning to go to his employer's to finish trimming some trees. His path led across the lane described above. Threading his way through the briars and brambles, he stumbled over an object; instinctively turning to see what had so nearly caused his fall, he was nearly frightened out of his senses



THE LANE ON THE JOHN LOCKE FARM, NEAR FORT THOMAS.



when he saw prostrate before him the headless form of a human being. Horror stricken, he ran with all possible speed to his employer and breathlessly related what he had seen and what had caused his fright.

Mr. Locke hastened with the boy to the spot where the horrible discovery had been made, and there, in its awful ghastliness, lay the form of a woman, headless, and lying in the pools of her own life's blood. Mr. Locke, being a man of wide experience and of remarkable presence of mind, gave orders at once for one of his men to hasten to the headquarters at Fort Thomas and have them notify the authorities at Newport by telephone and also notify the police authorities of the three cities. The Sheriff of Campbell County, Kentucky, Jule Plummer, whose headquarters are at Newport, upon the receipt of the message from the Fort, immediately appeared upon the scene of the discovery in company with the Coroner, Dr. Tingley.

Not many minutes after the horrible discovery the whole vicinity about the Fort and the soldiers at the Fort all had heard of it and it became an almost impossibility for Mr. Locke and his men to keep the thousands from gathering about the immediate spot. Appealing to some of the soldiers who had come,

they soon formed a circle and kept the inquisitive ones from the place so that when the officers arrived they would be able to find the body and, in fact, everything within twenty or twenty-five feet of the body just as it was when the boy discovered it. Within a few minutes after the arrival of the Sheriff and Coroner from Newport, two detectives, who had been sent out from Cincinnati by the police department, arrived. They were Detectives Crim and McDermott. These officers were among the best and brightest of the able force of Cincinnati.

A misty rain had fallen during the previous night which rendered the red Kentucky clay a deep mortar-like mud. The officers at once began a thorough inspection of the body and its surroundings. The body, which was that of a woman, lay across the embankment on its stomach, with its shoulders and feet slanting with the general trend of the embankment. Two very large pools of blood were found; the largest of which was where the feet of the woman were found. The other pool was where the neck lay. The ground surrounding the body showed, beyond a doubt that a great struggle had ensued. Upon the under and the top sides of the leaves of the privet bushes, to the height of over seven feet, drops of blood were found which sparkled in the morning sun like drops

of dew. Numerous tracks in the soft soil were noticed bearing the resemblance to a woman's shoe, and larger tracks were seen which might have been left by a man or men of ordinary size stepping around on the soil.

Digging into the earth at the larger pool of blood, it was noticed that to a depth of eight inches the blood had soaked. Also near where this large pool of blood was found, the detectives noticed a small depression in the soft earth which led them to think had been made by the head of the victim when held down during the process of decapitation. After decapitation the body had been placed in the position in which it was found and the large pool of blood had evidently been formed before the body had been turned.

Her clothes were somewhat disarranged and were thoroughly soaked with her life's blood and her undervest was a complete clot of blood. The wrapper, in which she was dressed, was soaked in the front and back, while the corset, which had been taken off by the murderer or murderers, and laid beside the body, bore imprints of bloody fingers. The underclothing consisted of a union suit, drawers and shirt combined, and a blue flannel skirt. These and a wrapper, black stockings and a pair of black, cloth-

topped button shoes constituted all of the clothing that was found on the body.

The Coroner, with the help of one of the detectives, gently turned the body over and then was discovered that which proved beyond a doubt that there had been a struggle. Across the three little fingers of the left hand was seen a deep cut, which had evidently been made in the attempt of the victim to defend herself against the knife of the felonious murderer. A closer inspection of the immediate grounds resulted in the discovery of a lady's kid glove for the left hand, showing a cut through the three fingers tallying exactly with the cuts mentioned. The murderer evidently had taken off the gloves and dropped this one; some black beads and a pair of garters were also found. About six inches from where the largest pool of blood was found, a cut in the ground showed that the knife or scalpel, which had been used to cut the throat and decapitate the body, had been pushed into the ground, thereby removing the blood from the cruel blade. The officers made a close inspection of this cut, and digging the soil away from it carefully, found clots of blood with locks of hair sticking to them. There could be no question but that here a horrible murder had been committed and great cunning displayed by the murderer or murderers in seem-

ingly removing everything, even the head, and taking off the corset the better to satisfy themselves that no tell-tale marks were upon it, as well as the gloves and garters, which might contain a mark or maker's name upon them that might reveal the identity or lead to their arrest.

The detectives made careful note of all these conditions and facts and took some of the leaves which hung highest on the privet bushes. After this was done, the Coroner had the body removed to the Newport, Kentucky, morgue.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIRST GENERAL NEWS—ITS EFFECT—CURIOSITY
SEEKERS—THE RESERVOIRS—DETECTIVES CRIMM
AND McDERMOTT ENGAGED—CANINE DETECTIVES
—INCREASED EXCITEMENT—AN OLD WELL—MIS-
LEADING TRAILS.

In the afternoon of Saturday, February 1st, the civilized world read in the afternoon papers the first account of the afterward celebrated Pearl Bryan or Fort Thomas murder mystery. It became necessary for Mr. Locke to have special men stationed about his place to keep off the great numbers of visitors and relic hunters. As it was, with all this precaution, they literally carried away the privet bushes and tore up the place shamefully.

Within a half mile from where the body was found flows the Ohio River. Within a quarter of a mile of the northwest corner of Mr. Locke's farm are two large reservoirs that furnish the water supply for the

city of Covington; and about a mile directly north of the Locke farm two other large reservoirs are situated that supply the city of Newport with water.

The Sheriff of Campbell County realized the necessity of having the aid of able detectives in working out the solution of this awful mystery. The general supposition was that the victim of the crime and the murderers were more than likely citizens of one of the three cities, Cincinnati, Covington or Newport. Detectives Crim and McDermott, having been sent over into the boundaries of Kentucky, Sheriff Plummer at once applied to them for assistance. Covington, Newport and Cincinnati, being situated with nothing but the river between them, the police departments of the three cities are in constant touch and render each other help whenever help is needed, and so the detectives readily agreed to do all in their power.

After the body of the murdered woman had been taken to the city and placed in the morgue, the sheriff and detectives held a consultation to determine, if possible, the best course to pursue in order to ascertain, first, who the murdered woman was and, second, who had been the means of bringing her to such a sad end.

Inasmuch as the body had been found in the

County of Campbell, and every appearance discovered so far showed that the crime had been committed at the place where the body was found, and being in the territory in which Sheriff Plummer was the highest peace authority, he assumed general supervision over all of the movements of the officers. From all indications, and the judgment of the medical men, it was settled that the body when found had not lain there or been dead longer than from six to twelve hours. The officials soon agreed, in a hurried consultation, to send at once to Seymour, Indiana, for a pack of blood hounds, believing that if they could be gotten very soon the murderer or murderers might be tracked. The telegraph was here brought into efficient use and early in the afternoon the hounds arrived.

It became noised about in the cities that the officials had sent for blood hounds and that they would arrive in the afternoon. On account of all business enterprises, factories, etc., closing earlier on Saturdays, thousands upon thousands in conveyances of one sort or another were directing themselves toward Fort Thomas that afternoon, anxious to see the spot where this headless body had been found and to view the working of the hounds.

No time was lost by the officials on the arrival of

the dogs, but they were taken at once to the Locke farm near Fort Thomas, and were set to work at the spot where the body of the murdered woman had been found that morning. It seemed that no human power could keep the people from crowding in and about the grounds. Every car coming from the cities brought all the passengers that could be accommodated with seats or even standing room, while a continuous line of carriages extended along the roads leading to Fort Thomas. Everybody seemed to be anxious to see the very spot where the most atrocious crime of the age had been committed.

When the officers arrived on the scene with the canine detectives, they found it difficult themselves to reach the spot where the tracks had been found. Even when it was finally reached, they found that the tracks which were to play such a prominent part in the operation with the keen-scented hounds, had been nearly obliterated by the tramping around of the curious crowd. Under these unfavorable conditions it was a very difficult matter for the dogs to get the true trail. Some ten minutes after they had been taken to the spot, one of them started in a north-westwardly direction from the exact place where the body had lain, and the other two, which were supposed to have been the best dogs, followed in quick

succession. The officers and many others at once took up the pursuit and found the trail led to the reservoir which supplied Covington with water and there stopped.

A representative of one of the newspapers of Cincinnati, who had followed the officials while in pursuit, came across an abandoned well, the covering being a few old planks and a large stone rolled on the center of the planks the better to guard against anything falling into this well. He, happening to stop at this point, saw what he supposed to be blood spots on the heavy stone. This of itself raised great excitement for the time being, and it was decided to search the well for the missing head, which was done, but nothing found. It was ascertained, however, that one of Uncle Sam's soldier boys, while strolling about the place a few days prior, had an attack of nosebleed, which accounted for the blood upon the stone where he had sat down.

The dogs that had led the officers down to the reservoir were brought back to the place of beginning for a second trial, but they seemed to be entirely nonplused. However, after they had scented the ground for a few minutes again the dog which had taken the lead before started in the direction of the point where the road leaves the boundary of Locke's farm towards the Ohio River and there stopped.

CHAPTER V.

RESULT OF THE EXPERIMENT WITH THE HOUNDS—THE RESERVOIRS SEARCHED—A PLAUSIBLE THEORY—THE ALL IMPORTANT QUESTION—A CLOUD OF SUSPICION RESTED ON THE FORT—A HASTY INSPECTION.

The work of the hounds was just satisfactory enough to lead the sheriff and detectives to the conclusion that the murderer, after committing the crime, took the northwestward course across the farm to the reservoir above mentioned, and waded out into the water several feet to destroy the possibility of being tracked by hounds. This was, as has been said, the reservoir that supplied the city of Covington, Kentucky.

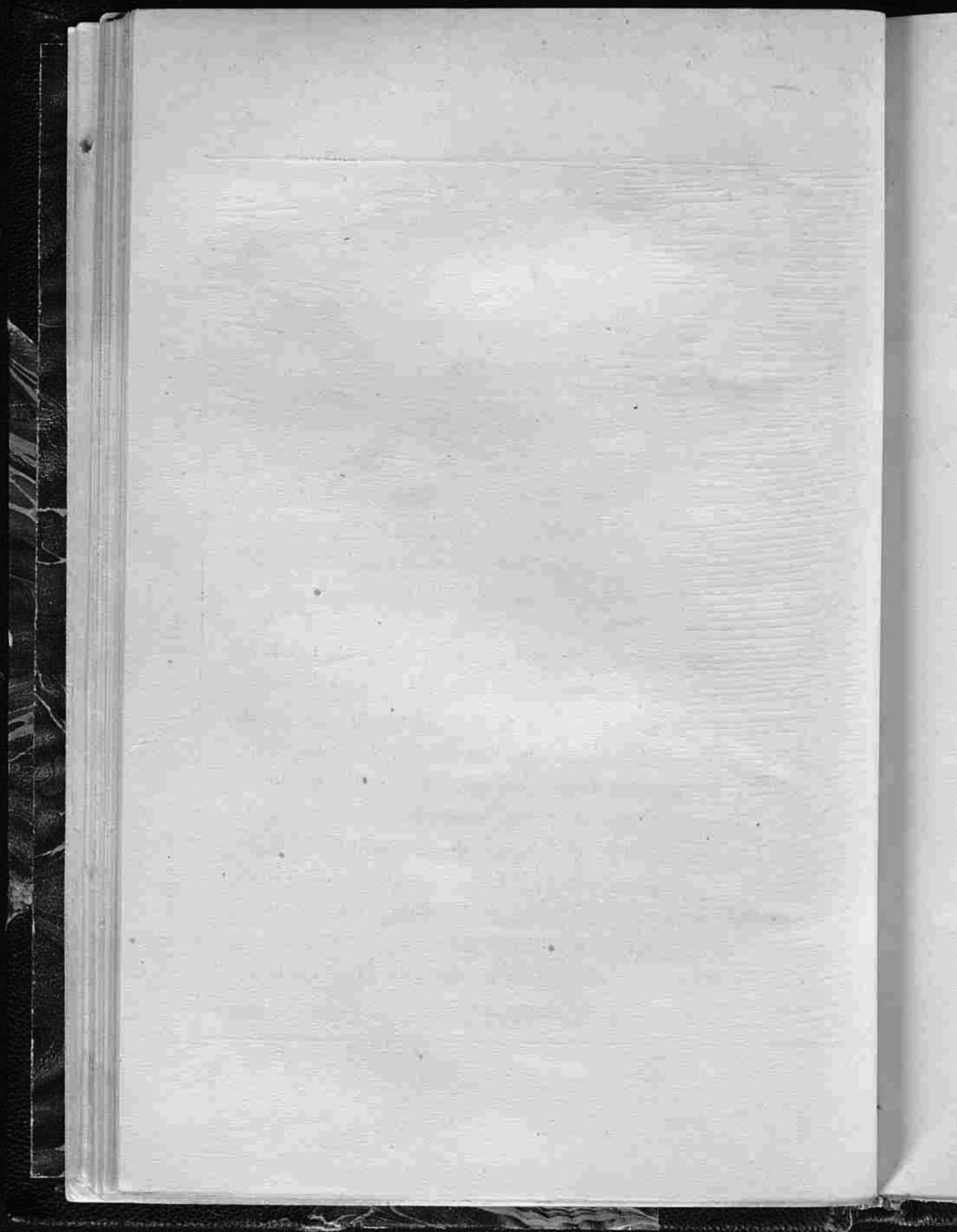
Sheriff Plummer went at once to the Water Works Commissioner of that city, and related to him the circumstances, and stated that it was the opinion of himself and of those who were helping him that

the head of the murdered woman had been thrown into one of the reservoirs. The Commissioner at once gave orders to have this particular reservoir drained immediately, it being the one that supplied that city with drinking water. Operations were begun late that Saturday afternoon. If the surmises as to the place of concealment of the head were correct, it would not be possible under these conditions to have it before, or at least until Sunday evening, as it usually required from twenty-four to thirty hours to let out all of the water. When once in possession of this important factor of the case, it would be a comparatively easy matter to then establish the identity of the murdered woman. This known, the murderer would have been run down by means suggested by the wonderful genius of the successful detectives.

Sunday morning it seemed as though every citizen of the three cities and all the inhabitants of the country around were speculating and commenting upon this awful mystery. Each hour brought more excitement to the now thoroughly excited populace. There were almost as many theories and speculations advanced as there were people to advance them. Several theories, however, seemed the most plausible and soon became the most common. Perhaps the most



SEARCHING FOR PEARL BRYAN'S HEAD IN COVINGTON RESERVOIR.



popular idea that was heard expressed was the supposition that one of Uncle Sam's soldier boys at the Fort had contrived to get himself involved in a delicate difficulty and had resorted to the murderer's knife to extricate himself. These suppositions began to formulate a few hours after the finding of the body on Saturday morning, and as each hour passed there was a subdued consciousness among the majority of the most interested ones that if "the murder would out" it would be shown to be one of Uncle Sam's enlisted men. As this supposition grew stronger and stronger the Commandant at Fort Thomas, realizing the condition in which the men and officers of his command were placed, late that afternoon issued orders that a thorough investigation be at once instituted at the Fort. In obedience to the order, every building, every man, in fact, everything that might have led or helped to have led to the finding of the guilty party, if any there were at the Fort, was thoroughly inspected with no better success than that with which all the previous efforts so far had been rewarded. This left matters as before; nothing tangible appearing so that it would be necessary to look at a different point to find the murderer.

CHAPTER VI.

SCENE AT THE NEWPORT MORGUE—MISTAKEN IDENTITY—A BIT OF PERSONAL HISTORY—AN EXAMPLE—THE INCISION—THE CLOTHING—IMPRESSIONS MADE BY THE SHOES—THEIR SIZE—MEASUREMENTS—A DAINTY FOOT.

At the morgue at Newport, thousands upon thousands of men, women and children were congregating out of mere curiosity and begging the privilege of viewing the corpse of the headless body. Not every one, however, received this privilege, for if they had, the morgue would necessarily have been turned into a veritable museum and the efforts of the officers greatly retarded, if not completely defeated.

As is usual, parents who had daughters missing were among the early callers that day at the morgue, thinking, perhaps, that their child might have met such a fate. These were among the privileged classes to obtain admission to the morgue. Quite a number

of this class, as they gazed with tearful eyes on the sad sight before them, answered the inquiry as to whether or not it was their child, in the affirmative. As soon as a parent expressed the opinion that the headless body was that of their own child, they were required to give an accurate description of the missing daughter and able police officers were immediately furnished with a description and sent out in search of the missing child. Invariably the officers returned with the intelligence that the supposedly lost person was alive and well. These circumstances show how easy it is to be mistaken in the identity of a body, the features and head of which are entirely gone. It is almost an impossibility to positively distinguish the trunk of one person from that of another of the same size and proportion unless there are some unnatural marks upon the body or limbs.

Coroner Tingley gave out the report that the body would be kept some ten days, in the hopes that in the meantime the identity would be established so that the relatives might claim it to give it a decent burial. He also stated that on the following Monday a post-mortem examination would be held.

Quite a number of persons congregated out at the large reservoir which was being drained, staying up that whole Saturday night, so anxious were they that

the missing head would be brought to sight and that they might be there to be among the first to witness the ghastly object.

Throughout the whole Sunday the Sheriff, in company with the detectives and what help they found necessary, was busily engaged with hooks and nets in diligently searching the bottom of the reservoir, while the crowds momentarily expected to see the ghastly, bloated head, which would answer the question heard on every side, "Who is she?"

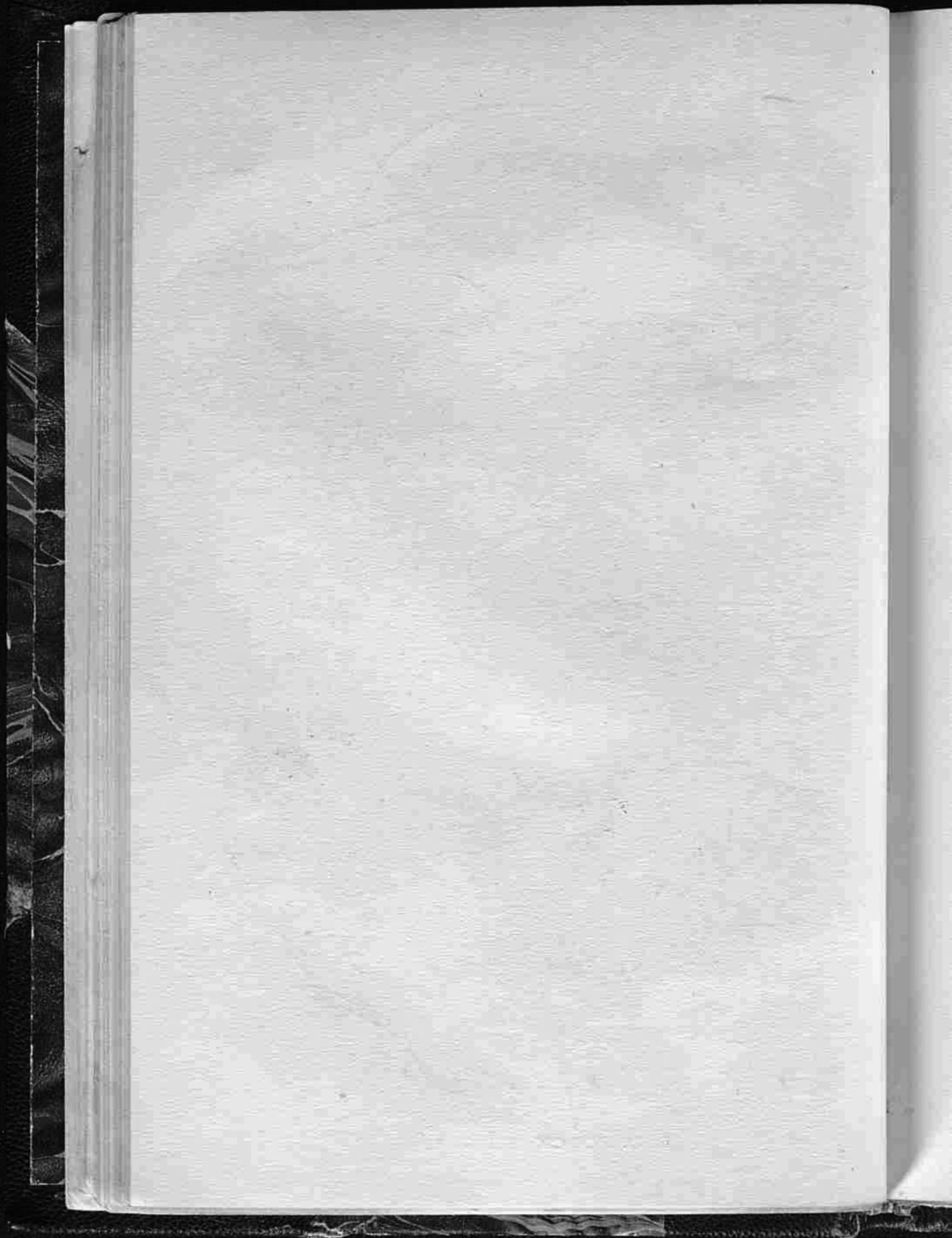
I was then located in the city of Newport, Kentucky. I had had a thorough education in the shoe business, having been actively engaged as a traveling salesman for an extensive boot and shoe company in Ohio for over a period of sixteen years. In 1893 I started a retail business of my own in Newport.

A nephew of John Locke, upon whose premises the murdered woman had been found, gave me the first information I received early that Saturday morning. The requirements of my business kept me busily engaged all day Saturday, so that I had no opportunity either of going to the spot where the body was found or of visiting the morgue, which was within a square of where my store was located.

The thing most talked about that day by the parties coming into my store for purchases was,



L. D. POOCK, SHOE MAN.



of course, the murder. The Sunday morning papers devoted most of their space to the murder, and each one took it upon himself to furnish the proper theory and solution. Having perused the columns of several of the papers, I concluded to leave the house, which I did, and wended my way through the crowded thoroughfare of the city in the direction of the morgue. Being on comparatively intimate terms with the officers there, I was one of the privileged few who were permitted to view the body.

It so happened that when I went into the room where the body, which had been embalmed, was lying, but few persons were present. Among them was an old, gray headed man, claiming to have a daughter missing, and fearful that the one lying so cold in death might be his dear one. Gathering together his strength, he fortified himself for the ordeal. Those in charge uncovered the body, but he, as others who had come on a similar mission, could give no satisfactory reason whereby it would be positively certain that the dead one before him was his child. The body had hardly been re-covered when an officer appeared, speaking the glad tidings to this old man that his daughter was alive and well, and telling him

where he (the officer) had left her presence less than an hour ago.

After taking just a passing glance at the body, I stepped up to where the neck was covered up, and there my attention was attracted to the way in which the body had been decapitated. There being a splendid light, I noticed that the head had been severed from the body by a remarkably smooth incision. Not a jag had been left that would have caused an expert surgeon to blush.

Adjoining the room in which the body lay was a much smaller one, into which I went. In this room a line was stretched, upon which hung the articles of wearing apparel that had been found with the body and which have been described before. I examined them very carefully and found the dress or wrapper, and underclothing, were completely soaked with blood. I picked up the corset, wondering if the name of the maker was upon it, but a careful examination showed that there were no marks of any kind, not even a size mark. Upon the sill of one of the windows of the smaller room were the shoes that had been found upon the feet of the victim. Picking them up, I noticed that they were very short and extremely narrow, and that they were shoes of a quality that were considered very good. They were

what shoe dealers call a "western made" shoe. By this term is meant that the shoes were made west of the Allegheny mountains, and had the appearance of having been made by some manufacturer in Cincinnati, Ohio, or that vicinity. I next examined the inside of the shoes. Here I noticed that on the lining of them were some very peculiar marks. Sitting along beside the shoes were a pair of rubber over-shoes. I noticed immediately that they were evidently purchased to be fitted over a different shoe from that which the murdered woman had been wearing last. They were also of a make, the brand of which was not sold in this vicinity.

I remembered very well that the concern for which I had traveled were compelled to carry rubber over-shoes of this brand for their Indiana trade.

By this time the gentlemen who had been in the room at the time I entered had left, and others had taken their places. One of these gentlemen was a shoemaker, whose shop adjoined the building in which the morgue was located. I requested him to go to his shop and bring in his measuring stick. He immediately left the room, and came back in a few minutes with it. My reason for doing this was that when I had looked at the body the question arose in my mind as to what or about what the weight of the

body was. The person evidently was not tall, but was finely proportioned, and, giving the matter only a passing thought, I conjectured that the weight was about 125 or 130 pounds.

I thought it remarkable that a woman in life of her size and weight, could wear a shoe so short and narrow as these were, and I wanted to measure the foot to satisfy myself that she really could wear such small and narrow shoes. We went together into the room where the body was, and removing the cloth from one of the feet, we measured it, and found that the foot measured thirteen. That made it possible for her to have worn a shoe, size two.

From a key, that will be explained later, we found that the shoes we had just examined were size three on a "B" last. Her feet were petite, webbed between the toes, without a corn or a bunion. A very dainty foot, indeed. After making this examination, I returned to my home, it being the noon hour, and gave myself up to deep reverie.

CHAPTER VII.

COLLECTION OF IMPRESSIONS WHICH RESULT IN A THEORY—SOME FACTS CONCERNING THE RETAIL SHOE BUSINESS — THE FRENCH SYSTEM EXPLAINED—THE THEORY GROWS INTO A CONCLUSION —THE SHERIFF SOUGHT—THE SHERIFF INTERVIEWED—THE PLAN LAID DOWN—THE ENGAGEMENT.

After several hours of reflection, I theorized that the murderer certainly must have understood something of the science of practical surgery because, as has been stated, the body had been decapitated without leaving even a portion of the skin with a ragged edge. The articulation of the vertebrae was separated to an exact nicety, a feat which, to perform, would have required the skill of an expert surgeon. I doubt that the deadly guillotine would have performed its work of death in a better, neater way.

Next, I reasoned that the object of the murderer

to sever and conceal the head was to destroy every possible means of identification, and, that being the case, they would take unusual care to remove and conceal the head so that it would never be found. The fact that nothing was found in or about the clothes, and the fact that the corset had been removed from the body, was sufficient to convince me that the object in so doing was for the murderer to satisfy himself that they contained no marks that might lead to the identification of his victim or the detection of himself.

Having been for so many years in the shoe business, I soon became thoroughly convinced that if I could learn the name of the firm that had made the lot of shoes, of which those found on the murdered woman were a pair, and from them learn the name of the dealer to whom they had been sold, that dealer could, most likely, tell me to whom he had sold them, for several reasons. First, it is a fact that if a thousand women, each weighing from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and thirty pounds, were to come into a store to be fitted with shoes, it is barely probable that not more than three of them could wear a shoe as short and narrow as these were. Again, they were cloth-topped, button shoes. The sale of cloth-top, button shoes is very limited. Once more, a lady,

with feet as dainty as hers were, invariably requires a great deal of attention before the choice of shoes is made and the bargain closed. These reasons show that but few shoes of this size and width, or style, are sold, and this being the case, the dealer or his clerk, generally remembers those of his trade that he supplies.

These reflections made me believe stronger and stronger that if I could learn the name of the manufacturer, from him, I could learn for what dealer he had made them, and by going to that dealer the chances would be favorable that I could learn to what person he had sold them. If this could be done, then we would know who she was, and when the identity was established the murderer would surely be found out.

While examining the shoes, I noticed three sets of figures on the lining, which were as follows: "22, 11, 62458." Only those having a key, or being familiar with the French system or marking the sizes and lasts, would be able to tell the actual size and last of the shoe. In explanation, I will say that after coming into possession of the key, it was found that the figure "22" meant size "3," that the figure "11" represented last "B," and the other figures, "62458," represented the stock number given by the manu-

facturer of the lot of which these shoes were a pair. (The reason for marking shoes under the French system, is to better satisfy the trade with a nice fit, and they not knowing the size of the shoe they are really getting. In years gone by, they did not need any deception in the shoe business, but are doing some of it now.)

The reason for marking shoes by means of the French system, is to enable dealers to supply their patrons with perfectly fitting shoes to a much better advantage to all concerned, and to facilitate sales, especially with ladies, inasmuch as they do not know what size they are really purchasing. There was a time when no deception was necessary, but as the march of civilization and fashion goes on, it becomes necessary to adopt a system of this kind.

I felt an assurance that in this manner it could be established who she was in life, and once in possession of this knowledge, it would be a comparatively easy matter to ascertain who, if any one, might have had a motive to murder her.

These impressions having become so firmly rooted in my mind, I resolved to go at once to the sheriff and gain, if possible, an interview with him. Leaving the house, I was soon in the vicinity of the morgue once more, where I was informed that the sheriff at

that time was out at the reservoir searching for the head. Some superhuman power influenced me to go at once to the scene of operations at the reservoir, instead of waiting for his return to the city.

I yielded to these impulses, although the afternoon was half gone. Boarding a trolley car, I was soon on my way to Fort Thomas, near which point the reservoir was located. Car after car, filled to overflowing, was taking thousands upon thousands all day to the Locke farm. When I reached the reservoir, which was surrounded by a great multitude, it was some time before I was informed that the sheriff, for whom I was looking, had returned to the city.

Nearly all of the water had been drained out of the reservoir, making it possible for those who were engaged in the work of searching for the head to have been able to bring the head to the surface if it had been thrown in.

I was told that the sheriff and the detectives had given up the search for the head for that day, and that they had decided to continue the search tomorrow. I hastened back to the city of Newport, and soon met Sheriff Plummer on the street, near the morgue. I addressed the officer and he very kindly recognized me. Walking along beside him through the crowds for a short distance, I took the

first opportunity that presented itself to whisper a request to him that he accompany me back to the morgue, and to that little room in which the shoes and clothing were, telling him that I very much desired an interview with him, and that I had been trying to find him for several hours. He readily assented, and we directed our steps toward the morgue. He ordered the crowd back from the entrance, and we at once entered the small room. Having once arrived there, I felt a timidity in prying into the official affairs of an officer of the law, and I hardly knew how to commence. However, summoning all the courage I could for the effort, I began in this manner: "Sheriff Plummer, I do not want you to think that I am impertinent or that I want to 'nose' into your affair, but realizing that this is a great crime and a deep mystery, I feel that I can furnish you with material through which you can get the first clue that will establish the identity of this body. Now, unless you have a very good clue, I feel that I can do this." He answered me by saying: "To tell the truth; it is now thirty-six hours since I first got to the spot where the body was found, but I haven't got anything like a clue yet. Myself and the detectives who are helping me, have theorized on the case and we are all of the opinion that we

will find the head in the Covington reservoir. When we find it, we can then get hold of the identity through the head. As soon as we can find it, pictures of it will be taken and the papers will publish cuts therefrom, and that will bring to light, without a doubt, who she was in life."

I answered him by telling him that while I hoped they might be able to find the head, I was of the opinion that it would never be found, and added, that there being no marks on the clothing of any kind, the only way left open, in my judgment, that might lead to the capture of the murderous villains, was the clue to be obtained through the shoe. I picked up one of the shoes, and called his attention to the peculiar markings on the lining of the shoe, explaining to him that the shoes were marked under what is known as the French system of marking the size and last over which the shoe has been made. I also told him of its peculiar size and width and the reasonableness of my theory that a shoe dealer ought to at least remember his customer who wore shoes that were so peculiarly small and narrow.

Then picking up the rubber over-shoe, I told him that that particular brand of rubbers was not sold in this vicinity, and that the chances were altogether that this murdered woman had been brought from

some distance and cruelly murdered far from her home.

The Sheriff listened attentively, and seemed very much impressed with what I had said. At length he replied: "I am still of the opinion that we will be able to find the head, but I must acknowledge that your explanation is clear and reasonable and I am so impressed with it that I wish you would do this particular kindness for me, because of your fitness and understanding in this particular branch of trade, and go ahead with it according to your theory and keep me posted from time to time of your progress." He also said that I had better commence immediately.

I told him that as I would have to begin my work in the case with shoe manufacturers, I could do nothing that evening, but that I would commence early in the morning. It would also be necessary for me to have in my possession one of the shoes, and that it would be well for me to take one of the rubbers. He wrapped up one of the shoes and rubbers for me, it not being necessary for me to take the pair, and in case of the one shoe or rubber being lost or taken from me, the mates of them would still be left.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONTINUED EXCITEMENT — “WHO IS IT ?” — THE WORK OF SOLVING THE PROBLEM BEGUN—DISCOURAGING INFORMATION—A TRAVELING SALESMAN DROPS A BIT OF VALUABLE INFORMATION—MR. HUME RECOGNIZES HIS FACTORY’S MARKS—AN IMPORTANT INTERVIEW—ITS RESULT.

It is difficult for me to describe the excitement which prevailed in and around the cities of Cincinnati, Covington, and Newport. People thronged police headquarters, newspaper offices and telegraph stations, with the hope of obtaining intelligence of the developments of the case in advance of issues of the newspapers. Small crowds of citizens were standing on the street corners, in the hotel lobbies, around the railway stations, in the shops, everywhere discussing this theory and that one. Nor was the great excitement confined to Cincinnati and vicinity; wherever the newspapers reached the public, ac-

counts of the finding of the body were read with exciting interest. All the large circulating dailies sent special correspondents upon the scene and extra editions were being issued continually, so eager were the populace for any news bearing upon the crime.

On every side were heard the questions: "Who is she?" "Have they found the head?"

Early Monday morning, I began the execution of my plan to lift the shadow of mystery that covered the great secret of the identity of the murdered woman. A very few minutes after I left my home with the shoe in my possession, I was in the office of one of Cincinnati's largest shoe manufacturing concerns, to try to gain the first link—to learn the name of the manufacturer of this particular one.

The superintendent of the factory, looking into the shoe, answered my question as to whether or not he could tell me if they, or any other Cincinnati firm had made the shoe, by saying that the shoe was not made by any of the Cincinnati factories, because of the style of the inseaming. He stated that none of the Cincinnati factories put the inseam in their product, as was done in this particular shoe.

Leaving that concern somewhat discouraged, because I had thought that more than likely out of the twenty shoe factories in Cincinnati, I would find

the manufacturer of it in that city, I next went to another large factory, but there the superintendent gave me the same discouraging information that I had received before, saying that the shoe had not been made in Cincinnati because of the inseam. Both superintendents, however, gave it as their opinion that the shoes had been made in the west.

It might be well enough to explain that the working men in shoe factories, as well as other lines of trade in one vicinity, will get accustomed to make up work very similar. Hence it was an easy matter for the head of these concerns to positively make the assertions that it was not the product of any of the shoe factories of Cincinnati.

As I was on the point of walking out of the office of this last concern, I met a gentleman whom I recognized as a traveling salesman for a Pennsylvania manufacturer of children's shoes and who had frequently called on me on business. Each of us wondered why the other happened to be at that place, so in replying to his question, I unwrapped the shoe once more and handed it to him, telling him of the circumstances of its being in my possession, and also telling him for what purpose I had it. He made a thorough examination of the shoe and then said: "I wish that I could tell you the maker, but there is one

thing that I can tell you. Several years ago when I was traveling for Drew, Selby & Co., of Portsmouth, Ohio, manufacture of ladies' shoes, they always used the style of top-face stitching similar to that in this shoe."

Thanking him for this information, I went away from that place with a hope swelling within me because of this slight, yet important information.

I wended my way toward the Palace Hotel building in Cincinnati, where I knew that a Mr. Hume had a permanent sample room and that he was a resident salesman for Drew, Selby & Co., for Cincinnati and surroundings. I found Mr. Hume at his desk in the sample room, which he left when I entered to attend to my wants. As we had a slight acquaintance, and as he knew me as a shoe merchant, he naturally supposed that I had come to look at his samples and possibly to buy. But my mission was of quite a different nature that morning. Holding out the shoe, I said: "Mr. Hume, this is one of the shoes that were found on the feet of the headless body found at Fort Thomas Saturday morning. I am trying to establish her identity through them, and the object of my coming to you this morning is to try to learn who the makers of these shoes are."

I handed him the shoe and he noticed the marks

in it. He recognized them as the French system of marking that was used in the factory that he represented, and after looking at the shoe a moment he exclaimed: "Why this shoe was made by the factory which I represent here." When I regained my breath, I said: "How are you going to prove this to me, Mr. Hume?"

He replied: "You being a shoe man, Mr. Poock, I will give you a card on which is printed the key of the French system of marking sizes as it is used by our factory." Going to his desk, he presently returned and presented me with the card referred to. I asked him if he remembered of making a sale to any dealer in Cincinnati or vicinity of shoes similar in style to that of this shoe. He replied that he had not. I again asked him whether he had ever received any sample from his factory to close out a lot of shoes similar to these, that might have been made on the wrong last, or that might have been sent back from some dealer to the factory, to which he replied that he had not. This convinced me that the shoe had not been sold by any dealer in that vicinity and strengthened my theory in regard to the rubber over-shoes that I knew must have been sold at some other point than Cincinnati or surroundings.

An examination soon convinced me that the out-

come of the reveries to which I had given myself up the day before and the theories that I had advanced to Sheriff Plummer late in that day, were now beginning to materialize very rapidly.

Words cannot express the satisfaction that flowed within me as I hastened back to Newport to inform the Sheriff of my successful two hours' work that morning.

CHAPTER IX.

FURTHER PLANS—POSSIBILITIES—THE SHERIFF GONE
—DEPUTIES OBSTINATE—HE IS LOCATED—INTER-
VIEW WITH COUNTY JUDGE BENNETT—THE JUDGE
HEARTILY CONCURS IN THE PLAN—ARRIVAL AT
PORTSMOUTH.

I knew it would be necessary for some one to go to Portsmouth, Ohio, to learn from the register of Drew, Selby & Co. for what dealer the lot of shoes marked "62458" had been made.

On my way over from Cincinnati, I stopped at the office of a long-distance telephone company, thinking that I might be able to get the desired information by telephoning to Drew, Selby & Co., but it seemed that at that time the company had no communication with Portsmouth, which fact made it doubly necessary for some one to go to Portsmouth. Upon inquiry, I learned that a train would leave Cin-

cinnati for Portsmouth at noon. I realized also that after all it would be best to go to this factory.

Very often while a lot of shoes are in the process of manufacture, one or more of the shoes in the lot are damaged while going through the various hands throughout the works. While most of the work in the manufacture of shoes is performed by male labor, certain parts, however, are performed by female labor, and when a pair of ladies' shoes is damaged in the process of manufacture it is usually sold to some female employe.

I was impressed with the thought that possibly this shoe might have suffered a slight damage in the factory and had been disposed of to some one of the feminine employes of Drew, Selby & Co. Further than this, there was a possibility that some one was missing at Portsmouth, and I realized that a trip to that city was absolutely necessary to the completion of my plans.

Arriving at Newport, I went immediately to the office of the Sheriff, but he was not in at that time and his deputies would not tell me where he had gone. A little reflection on my part caused me to go to the chief deputy and ask again the whereabouts of the Sheriff, telling him at the same time that perhaps he had not been informed that I was engaged

on special work with regard to the murder by his superior officer, Sheriff Plummer. He replied that he had not been so informed, but that that being the case, he would tell me that the Sheriff, in company with Detectives Crim and McDermott, had gone to Ludlow, Kentucky, a suburb of Covington, to work out a clue at that place pertaining to the murder. He continued by saying that if I had anything of vital importance, I should at once consult with County Judge Bennett, as he and the Sheriff, being the chief officers of the county, were consulting and working together.

Going to Judge Bennett's office, which adjoined that of the Sheriff's, I explained to him that on the Sunday evening before, Sheriff Plummer had given me one of the shoes, upon my soliciting it, and that I had been making great headway that morning with the ultimate promise of great developments, and that it would require some one to go immediately to Portsmouth, Ohio.

Having related to the Judge all of the circumstances of the matter up to this hour, he saw the importance of the matter, and requested me to make the trip to Portsmouth, Ohio, at once. I informed him, in my conversation, that I should arrive at Portsmouth not later than 3 o'clock that afternoon,

and that not later than 5 o'clock I would be able to telegraph full details and to what dealer the shoes had been sent.

He said that most likely the Sheriff and detectives would be out somewhere at work, and that I had better telegraph directly to him, as he and the Sheriff were in constant touch. He would then inform the Sheriff, upon the receipt of my message, the result of my investigation at Portsmouth.

Taking the train at noon, I arrived at my destination a little later than 3 o'clock, and went directly to the shoe factory of Drew, Selby and Co. I at once made the object of my visit known at the office, and they immediately set to work to give me the information that I so much desired.

CHAPTER X.

THE FACTORY OF DREW, SELBY & CO.—WHAT WAS
LEARNED AT PORTSMOUTH—WHERE THE SHOES
WENT—AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE—THE SECRET
OUT—THE OFFICERS GO TO GREENCASTLE—THEIR
ARRIVAL, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 4.

The wonderfully systematic manner in which they run their factory, every minor detail being so systematically arranged, I soon had all the information I needed. I was shown the original order which their traveling man had taken; a copy of the original invoice to the dealer to whom they were consigned, and the original factory tag, which accompanied these shoes through all the different processes of their manufacture. This tag showed me the name, initial or number of each work-man or work-girl that had done his or her work in the making of the shoes. This tag also designated that none of the shoes in the process of manufacture had been in any wise damaged,

in which event, as was said before, some factory girl might have been the owner.

In April, 1895, Drew, Selby & Co.'s traveling man received from Louis & Hayes, of Green Castle, Indiana, an order for ten dozen pairs of ladies' shoes of different styles and lasts. This order was to be made for fall, and to be shipped about September 1st, 1895. In this order Louis & Hayes had ordered to be made twelve pairs of ladies' cloth-top, button shoes of the following sizes: one $2\frac{1}{2}$, one 3, two $3\frac{1}{2}$, two 4, two $4\frac{1}{2}$, two 5, one $5\frac{1}{2}$ and one 6, all to be made on the "B" last, but instead of marking the shoes in plain English, they were to be marked under the factory's French system of marking sizes and lasts.

They were invoiced to Louis & Hayes at \$1.85 per pair, making them a retail price of \$2.50. When this dozen pairs of shoes were made, they were given the factory stock number for this particular lot; namely, number "62458," which was stamped on each shoe on the lining. The reason that factories stamp the stock number is that the dealer, in case of repeating the order, need not give any other description for duplicate orders. All he needs to do is to mention the correct stock number. The factory then refers to their regular register whereon are de-

tailed the particular styles that have been made up before.

These numbers are never used again; so the assertion can be made and not denied that there was but one pair of ladies' coth-top, button shoes in the world numbered "22, 11, 62458."

On September 3rd, 1895, the whole order as taken was shipped to Louis & Hayes, Greencastle, Indiana. Not having returned any of the shoes to the factory, it was proved conclusively that the shoes found on the feet of the murdered woman found in Kentucky, had come out of Louis & Hayes' store.

The factory of Drew, Selby & Co. is equipped with all modern conveniences, one of them being a telegraph office in their own building, to which I repaired at once and telegraphed Judge Bennett the result of my investigation in the following message:

Portsmouth, Ohio, Feb., 3, 1896.

Judge N. L. Bennett,
Newport, Ky.

Absolutely the shoes sold at Green Castle, Indiana. Louis & Hayes, of that place, got bill for them Sept. 3rd last. They got but one pair size 3, of that particular style and that pair was on her feet.

L. D. POOCK.

As I left the factory I felt an assurance that now it would be perhaps a question of a few hours only until the identity of the headless body would be known. That, of course, would lead to bringing to light the name of that one who had any motive to murder her.

Having ever since that morning been striking "pay dirt," I would liked to have gone directly back to Newport, and from there to Green Castle, Indiana, believing that if I could be there, I could naturally be of great service to those shoe dealers or their clerks in helping them to call to their minds the person to whom they had sold those shoes. Going to the hotel in Portsmouth, the hopes that I had formed for the trip to Green Castle were shattered, inasmuch as I was informed there that there were no trains leaving for Cincinnati or Newport before 3 o'clock the next morning.

Fearing that the message that I had sent to Judge Bennett a half hour before might not have been delivered from some cause or other, I followed it with a message in the same language to Sheriff Plummer. I learned later, however, that both had received their messages about 5 o'clock Monday evening, February 3rd.

Being worn out from the continual strain of work

all that day, I retired early and arose in time to make the 3 o'clock train Tuesday, February 4th, arriving at Newport about 7 o'clock.

It had been agreed between Sheriff Plummer and myself Sunday evening when I had an interview with him, that whatever I did in the case should be kept quiet. What was my astonishment upon my arrival at Newport that morning to see that the morning papers contained an account of my having gone to Portsmouth working on the shoes! From the information that I afterward received I learned that the officers themselves divulged matters. Up to the time of the receipt of my message by the Judge and Sheriff on the evening before, the officers were busy trying to run down this clue and that one, in hopes of finding some link that would lead to the discovery of the missing head.

Not a great deal of credence had been accorded by them to the work that I had undertaken, but on the receipt of those messages operations were shifted, for the time being, from in and about Fort Thomas, Cincinnati, Covington, and Newport, and they decided to start for Green Castle.

The train they took that Monday night for Green Castle was due at that point at 2 a. m., Tuesday, February 4th, but owing to a wreck on the road they

were delayed so that they did not reach Green Castle until nearly day break on the morning of February 4th. As they were much fatigued by the incessant labor in which they had been engaged from early Saturday morning, they retired for the rest that their bodies absolutely needed, so that they did not resume their operations Tuesday until a late hour.

CHAPTER XI.

LOUIS & HAYES—A THOUGHTFUL BUSINESS PLAN—A
HARD AFTERNOON'S LABOR WITH NO SUCCESS—
THE LINK AT LAST—THE SHOE CLERK'S STATE-
MENT—THE OFFICERS VISIT THE BRYAN'S—A COM-
FORTABLE HOME.

Louis & Hayes, the shoe dealers, enjoyed quite an extensive trade among the students in attendance at DePauw University of that city, and had adopted the plan of entering the names of all their customers on their daily sales book, so that if students sent to them from their homes an order for shoes or anything in their line, they had their sales book to refer to, which especially in shoes proved of great service, enabling them to always know what last was required. This proved to be of great help in this case, for when the officers made known their business at the store they were promptly referred to the sales book.

Sheriff Plummer, Detectives Crim and McDermott and one of the members of the firm spent several hours that afternoon trying to secure the information in the matter, but gave up the task for the time being. Late that night Sheriff Plummer concluded to examine the sales book once more. Leaving his helpers, the detectives, at the hotel he, in company with one of the clerks, went once more to the shoe store for the purpose of examining carefully the sales book.

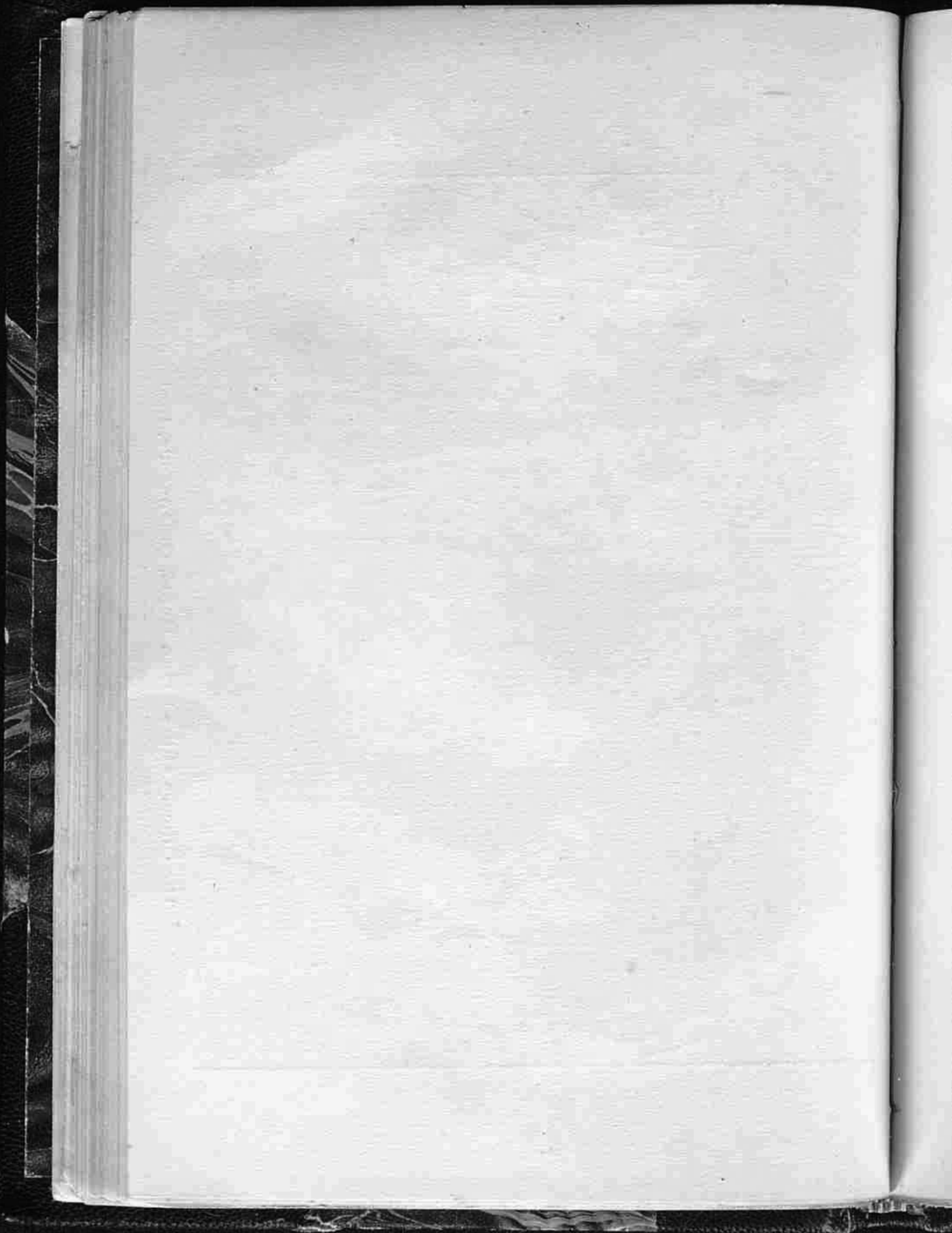
After overlooking several times the very item which they had been hoping to find, and as they were on the point of giving it up, the clerk found an item written out thus:

“Nov. 18, 1895. Pearl Bryan, ladies' cloth-top, button, size 3, 'B' last. Cost \$1.85 for \$2.50.”

Here was the link. The dealers had no other cloth-top, button shoes in all their stock. They had no other made on the “B” last. According to the factory tag of Drew, Selby & Co., of which mention has been made before, these dealers had only received one pair of size 3 in that order, so beyond any doubt it was Pearl Bryan who had purchased them. As is usual in such cases, after the matter had been brought to light, the clerk remembered very well the time when he had sold her the shoes and also that she was accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Mary Stanley.



The Officers at the Bryan Home, Greencastle, Indiana.



The clerk said that it could not be possible that Miss Pearl Bryan was the person missing, that there could be nothing wrong with her, and that she was a member of one of the most influential and prominent families in the county. The Sheriff did not share this opinion with the clerk because, according to the facts in black and white with regard to the shoes, the chances were that it was Pearl Bryan or some one to whom she had given the shoes, at least.

A few moments after the important discovery, the Sheriff returned to the hotel where the party had taken lodgings and reported to the detectives the important discovery and the details that he had received from the shoe clerk. After consulting with them for a few moments, it was decided, late as it was, to go at once to the Bryan homestead which joined the southern corporate limits.

Having taken with them the mate to the shoe which I had in my possession and all of the clothing found on the body of the murdered woman, they were soon on their way to the Bryan home. When they arrived at the home of the Bryans, they had a duty to perform which would hardly be envied by the most stout-hearted. They aroused the family and inquired whether or not they had a daughter named Pearl. They told the officers that they had, but that

at that time she was not at home, having left the week before for Indianapolis to visit a friend of the family.

As gently as they could under the circumstances, they broke the object of their visit to them, and told the family that they had every reason in the world to believe that their daughter had met death at the hands of a murderer. They next informed them that they had brought with them the wearing apparel found on the body of the one whom they believed to be their daughter. They then commenced the unpleasant task of unwrapping the package that contained the clothing and the shoes.

The family at home consisted of the old father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Bryan, Mrs. Stanley, a widowed daughter, and Fred and Frank Bryan, their sons. Here, in the delightful quiet of the country, this family lived and toiled from day to day. The house in which they lived was large and comfortable, a two-story frame, furnished in nice, but quiet style. Mr. Bryan was not what would be called a wealthy man, yet he was in very comfortable circumstances. The farm which he and his sons cultivated was a large, fertile tract, lying just at the edge of Green Castle. It had all the modern buildings and conveniences and was stocked with the latest improved implements of

the modern farm. There was a fine orchard, small fruits and, in fact, a choice farm property, the products of which brought ready sale at the adjacent city. The profits being usually well invested, the family lived in comfort and ease.



CHAPTER XII.

A QUIET AND MUCH THOUGHT OF FAMILY—A SAD SCENE—THE IDENTIFICATION SATISFACTORY—WHY THE CORSET BORE NO MARKS—CONCLUSIONS—FURTHER PLANS—THE FIRST LINK FOUND.

Something over forty years ago Mr. and Mrs. Bryan had emigrated from Kentucky and here they raised their family, giving to both boys and girls the advantage of a much better education than is usually enjoyed by the majority of farmers' children. They were connected with the best families in that country and no family stood in higher estimation than the Bryan family.

The reader may imagine, if he can, the consternation into which this family circle was thrown that Tuesday midnight, February 4th, when they were aroused by officers from Kentucky who asserted that the flower and pet of the family, in their estimation, had been murdered.

The mother said that she would readily recognize the clothes if they were those of her daughter Pearl. Picking up the blood-stained wrapper and handing the garment, which the poor old mother had made with her own hands, to her, the officers beheld a scene, which they had perhaps anticipated, yet one which they will never forget.

After the first heartbreaks were over and the clothing had all been positively identified as those belonging to Pearl Bryan, Mrs. Stanley said that the corset was one from a number of samples, taken from the stock at her own ladies' furnishing store, which she was then operating at Green Castle, and remarked that sample corsets generally bore no marks. She also stated that she distinctly remembered the time and place of purchasing the shoes which Pearl had purchased from Louis & Hayes.

One cannot even imagine the awfulness of the scene that transpired in the Bryan home that night. They had been reading in the newspapers of the finding of a headless body near Fort Thomas, Kentucky, had talked about it among themselves, but had never dreamed that it might be their own darling child.

So through those apparently insignificant numbers stamped on the lining of a pair of shoes found on the feet of a murdered woman in Kentucky, the

identity of the body was positively established 150 miles away.

The next point to gain would be to get information as to whom, if any one, might have had a motive to murder her; to learn in whose company she had been; to collect theories and facts as to the circumstances of her going away. The first information was given by the family. They told the officers that a young man named Scott Jackson had been her admirer.



CHAPTER XIII.

SCOTT JACKSON—HIS HOME—A MUCH TRAVELED
YOUNG MAN—WANDERINGS OF THE FAMILY—
FASHIONABLE RESORTS HIS HAUNTS—A SERIOUS
IMPLICATION — STUDIES DENTISTRY — WILLIAM
WOOD—JACKSON GOES TO COLLEGE—COLLEGE
SPORTS—ARRESTED—HE MEETS PEARL BRYAN—
A FREQUENT CALLER—HE GOES TO CINCINNATI.

The home of Scott Jackson was in Green Castle, but at that time he was in Cincinnati, Ohio, pursuing a course in dentistry. He made his home with his mother who lived comfortably near DePauw University. Next to Mrs. Jackson resided the family of Rev. Wood. Mrs. Jackson had been married twice. The fruits of her first marriage was one daughter, who was now the wife of Prof. Post of DePauw University. The fruit of her second marriage was one son, Scott, who was born in Maine.

His father was commander of a merchant vessel which plied the Atlantic between the United States and English ports.

After Scott Jackson had reached the age of fourteen, he often accompanied his father on his trans-Atlantic voyages and Scott is said to have crossed the ocean 14 times. It will be seen from this that even in tender years the boy became acquainted with the ways of the world, not only on the ocean, but on two sides of it. He would naturally leave the vessel upon arrival at its destination and spend the time allotted to him until his father's vessel would be ready once more to ship back to America.

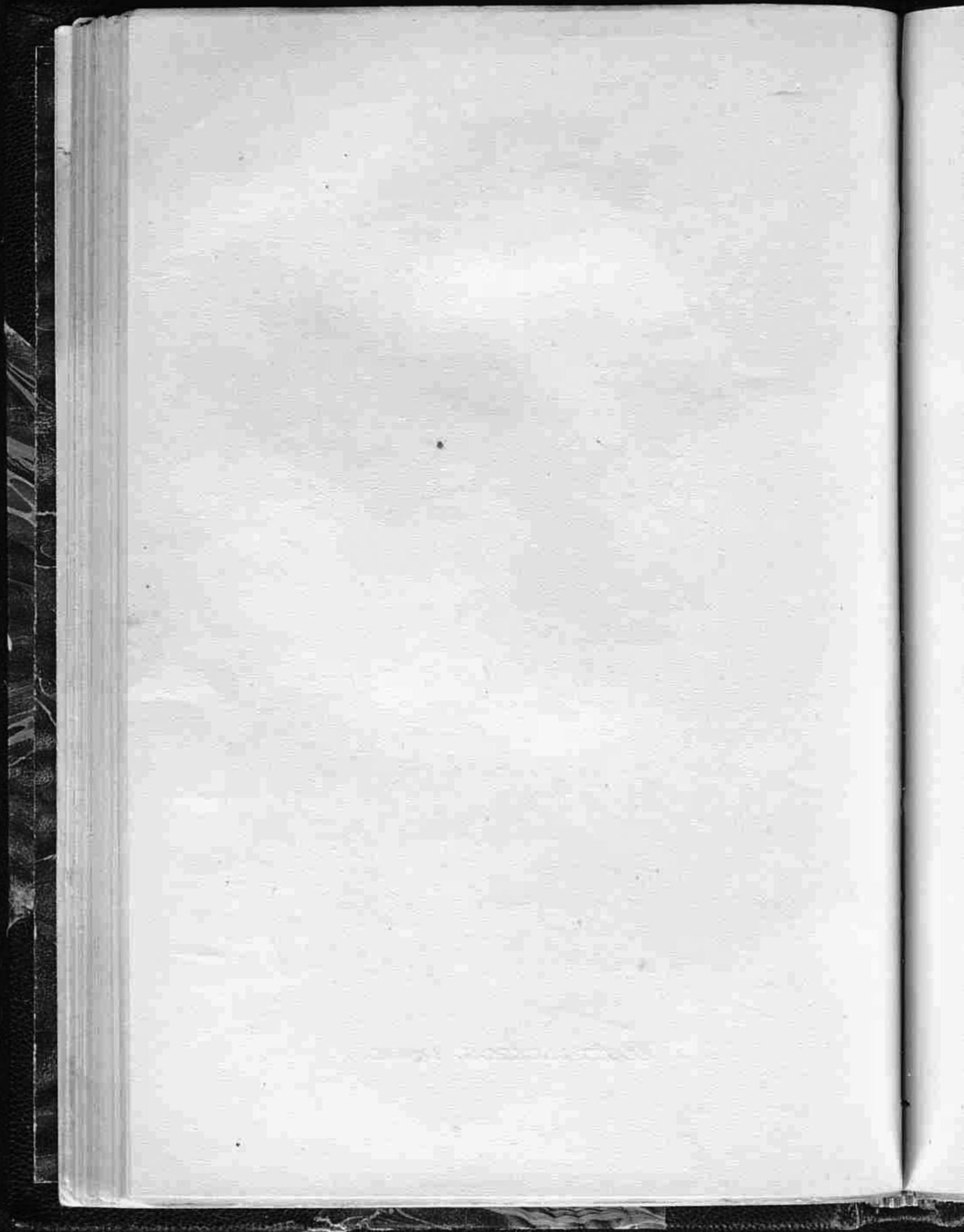
The family made their home in Maine until the death of the father, when the widow and her son removed to Newark, New Jersey, and from there to Green Castle, Indiana, several years afterward, because of the fact that Scott's half sister and her husband resided at that place and they would all be together.

By virtue of college affiliations they moved in the best circles of society at Green Castle and were known and respected by every one in the city.

It was during their residence in New Jersey that Scott had reached the age of manhood. While his mother had a steady income which easily supported



SCOTT JACKSON. Age 26.



her and Scott comfortably, he realized that he should be doing something. He made application to the Pennsylvania railroad company at that point for employment and was given a clerical position in the office at Newark. Information from that place and from numerous watering places in the vicinity, shows that Scott Jackson spent a great deal of his spare time in the enjoyment of life and its pleasures at those points. It has also been learned that young Jackson was connected with some questionable transactions while in the employ of the railroad company, and that after he and the one with whom he worked had been arrested, he turned state's evidence and secured his liberty, while the other, who was also an employee of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, was sent to the penitentiary for a term of years. These matters were not known to any of the Green Castle community, where, as has been said before, by virtue of his family and the high esteem in which they were held, he figured in the best social circles.

After their removal from Newark to Green Castle, we find Scott Jackson making his home with his mother. Being thoroughly conversant with the manners and customs of the east, at the watering places, etc., having, as before stated, traveled a great

deal, and being naturally of pleasing address, he was, very soon after his arrival in the Indiana town, recognized in the best circles of society.

Not long after his arrival in Green Castle, he expressed a desire to study dentistry, and entered the office of a prominent dentist in Green Castle to study the elementary principles of his favorite profession. Here he met the son of his mother's next door neighbor, William Wood, who at that time was a mere boy some seventeen years of age, or seven years the junior of Scott Jackson.

The Wood family and the Bryans were so related that Will Wood and Miss Pearl Bryan were second cousins, but she was four years Will's senior. The two families were also members of the same church. By virtue of the relation between the two families, Will Wood was often at the home of the Bryans, and was always accorded the same privileges and courtesies as members of the family.

Six months after Scott Jackson first entered the dental office at Green Castle, he went to Indianapolis to continue his studies in dentistry at the Dental College there. During his college term he formed the acquaintance of a fellow student from Greenfield, Indiana, whose name was Alonzo Walling. It has been said that during this college term at In-

dianapolis, Scott Jackson, with other students, was continually indulging in escapades of one sort or another and that during the hilarity of one nocturnal outing, he, and the others that were with him, were arrested, and the next morning fined in the police court of that city.

After the term had closed at Indianapolis, Scott Jackson returned to Green Castle and re-entered the office of his dental friend and spent most of his time in research and as much practice work as he was able to perform.

Will Wood had also taken a fancy to dentistry, and was at the same dental office when Scott Jackson returned from his college studies at Indianapolis. One day during this time Miss Pearl Bryan came into the office to have some dental work done. Scott Jackson and Will Wood were both there, and Will Wood very naturally presented Jackson to his cousin.

It was some time after this meeting that Scott Jackson and Will Wood were strolling one afternoon south of Green Castle, and they stopped in at the Bryan farm and Pearl Bryan and Scott Jackson met for a second time. Very soon at receptions and social gatherings of young people, Scott Jackson quite frequently met Pearl Bryan, and it was soon

noticed that Scott Jackson became a caller at the Bryan home.

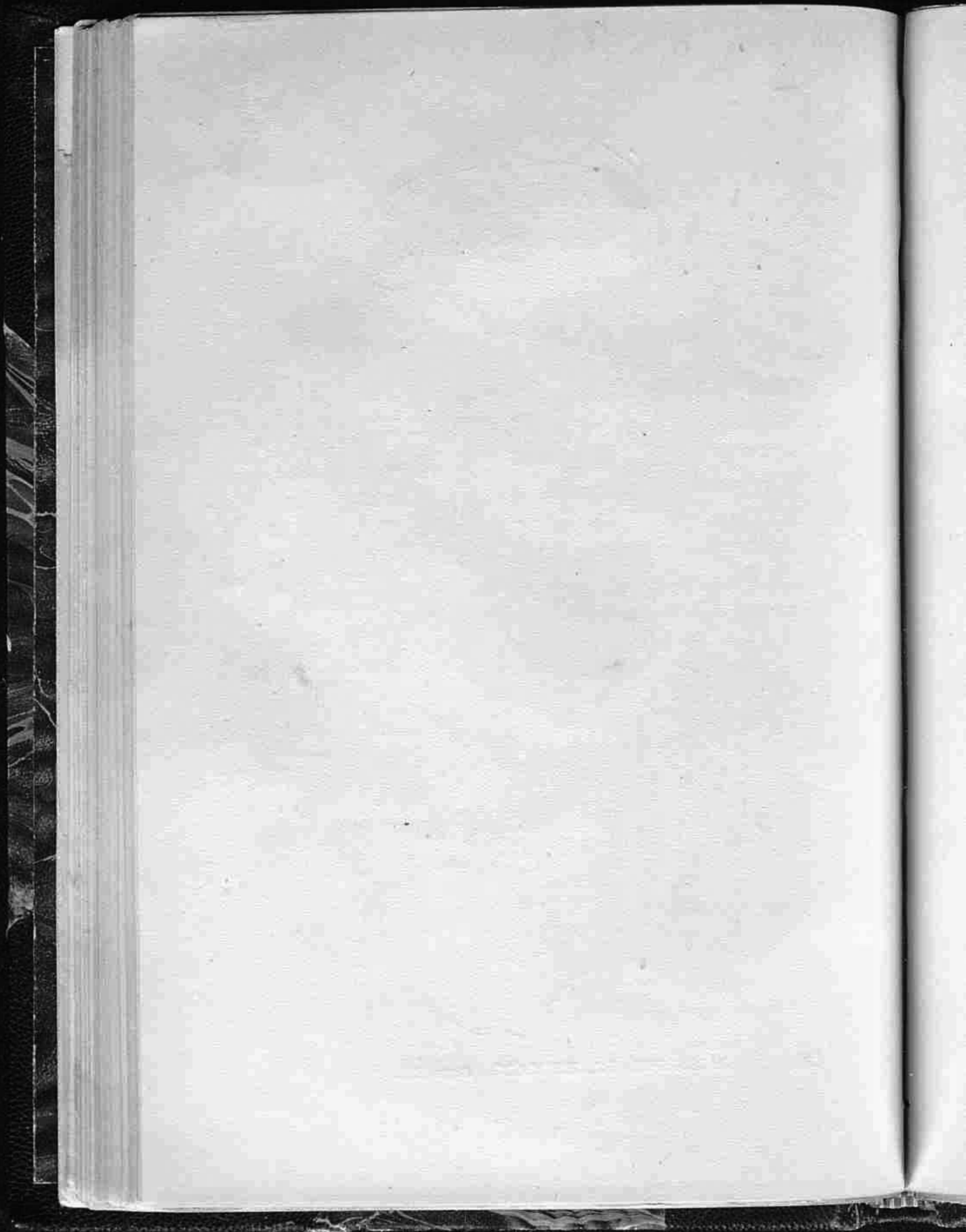
In June, 1895, Father and Mother Bryan took their eldest married daughter through the west and south in the hopes of prolonging her life. She was a sufferer from that most dreadful of all diseases, consumption. The parents remained in New Mexico for some months with the afflicted daughter.

Mrs. Stanley, now a widow, who had resided at Topeka, Kansas, until the death of her husband, had removed to Green Castle and established a ladies' furnishing store there, spending only the nights at home, her time being wholly occupied during the day at her business in the city. Under these conditions, with the absence of the father and mother with their sick daughter in New Mexico, Mrs. Stanley home only at night, and the boys, Frank and Fred, busily engaged in superintending the work on the farm, Pearl was practically alone, having charge of the house and the household duties.

During these months, Scott Jackson was a frequent caller at the Bryan home, and when the father and mother returned, after the death of their daughter in New Mexico, they met Scott Jackson, and noticed the frequency of his calls. As he was of pleasing address and of good family connections



MISS PEARL BRYAN. Age 28.



and, as they supposed, of good moral character, they made no objection to his calling on their daughter.

Whether from the fact that Indianapolis was too near his home where his escapades might come within the hearing of his family, or whether from other causes, Scott Jackson began the fall term of 1895 in the pursuance of his studies at the Dental College at Cincinnati, Ohio, instead of resuming his work at Indianapolis. He came home only at the mid-winter vacation, after which he returned to Cincinnati, continuing there until February 5, 1896, when he was arrested on the charge of murder.



CHAPTER XIV.

ALL DOUBTS REMOVED—PEARL BRYAN'S ACTIONS—
CINCINNATI POLICE NOTIFIED—A LOVE AFFAIR—
JACKSON'S DESIGNS—HIS HOLIDAY VISIT—WHY
JACKSON DECEIVED HIS VICTIM.

No doubt was now left in the minds of the Bryan family but that their daughter had been foully murdered. Circumstances that had not been noticed before were now carefully brought back to memory, which pointed to an irregularity of a very dangerous nature.

Pearl, who had been of a very lively disposition, had, for the past months, been noticed to be at times despondent, not enough, however, to call for any explanation. They remembered also that she showed no desire for the social gatherings and the company of young people in general, that she had heretofore enjoyed.

The Sheriff, in company with the two detectives,

then returned to Green Castle, and were again in consultation as to the next step to be taken. Having learned that it was all through Will Wood that Pearl Bryan had met Scott Jackson, the officers desired to hunt him up to see if he knew anything. A few inquiries, and they were in possession of the information that Will Wood had been at the depot when Pearl Bryan had left, ostensibly for a visit to Indianapolis, and also that he had taken a train some few hours later for a point unknown at that time, but which was found later to be South Bend, Indiana.

The officers reasoned that inasmuch as he had been to the train when Pearl Bryan left Green Castle he must have known something as to where she was going and for what purpose. Also, that he was, perhaps, acquainted with all plans laid for the crime, and that he was an accessory, either directly or indirectly.

Now that it had become a plain fact that the mystery, as far as identification, had been solved, it would require renewed activity on their part to apprehend and cause the arrest of whatever parties may have been suspicioned, either as principals or accessories to the horrible crime.

At the close of their long consultation, they had

decided upon two points. First, they would telegraph to Cincinnati for the arrest of Scott Jackson. Second, they would hunt up Will Wood and arrest him also. Police headquarters at Cincinnati were telegraphed to and a request made for the arrest of Jackson. The request was accompanied by a minute description of the man, so that there could be no mistake.

This done, they proceeded to South Bend, Indiana, for Will Wood, having learned that he was stopping with a relative in that city.

These vital matters all transpired during the midnight and early morning hours following Wednesday, February 5, so that when Chief Deitsch, superintendent of the Cincinnati police department, arrived at his desk that morning for the duties of the day, the important dispatch from Plummer, Crim and McDermott, asking for the arrest of Scott Jackson on the charge of murder, laid before him.

It has been said by many that close observation and inquiry never revealed a more shrewd libertine than Scott Jackson. Those in position to know whereof they speak, who were observers of some of the traits of Scott Jackson at the various places where he had lived or where he went to school, aver that

he held the virtue of women in contempt and boasted of his conquests.

Pearl Bryan, who had become infatuated with him, had fallen a victim to his designs, and not until after Scott Jackson commenced his term at Cincinnati did she realize her condition. No doubt she was pleading with him in her letters to save her from her shame in an honorable way.

We pass by the interim up to the holidays of 1895. From promises in a vague manner, which he no doubt sent to her in his correspondence, she was pacified as much as possible and persuaded to wait his return during the holiday vacation. He had sent to her, some weeks before his return, a prescription which he requested her to have compounded, to which she paid no attention. She, being informed by him what day he would come, anxiously awaited his return. But what was her consternation when he reproached her for not having the prescription filled.

Now that it was no question but that he had deceived her and proposed continuing to deceive her, she realized, as she had never before, that all his love for her was but a pretense for wicked designs. All her pleadings with him proved to be in vain, and while he may have held out some hope to her of amend-

ing, he never proposed in his heart to carry out his promises to her.

After his return to his studies from the holiday vacation, he began to lay his plans to rid himself of the trouble which was in sight and inevitable. No doubt, had Pearl Bryan been a resident of any other community than that of Green Castle, he would not have bothered himself much about it. The only family connections and relatives he had in the world, however, resided there, and he could afford to have no scandal, knowing that it would mean shame upon himself, to be borne in conjunction with him by his mother and sister, who, as has been said before, was the wife of one of the professors at the university.

CHAPTER XV.

WARM FRIENDS—A CONFIDANT—JACKSON'S SELF-RELIANCE—A DIABOLICAL SCHEME—DESCRIPTIONS—WHAT HAPPENED FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 1—THE LODGING HOUSE.

Scott Jackson and Alonzo Walling were often in their room (they were room-mates), relating to each other their experiences, etc., as is usually the case between chums. It was upon one of these occasions that Scott Jackson told to his bosom companion that he had trouble on his hands with a girl out at his home; that he had thought the matter over carefully, and that he proposed to have her come to Cincinnati, on the pretext of doing the honorable thing by her, but that he proposed to have her go to some hotel, where he would poison her, and then cut her body up in small parts and destroy the same; that he believed he was fully capable to carry out such a work, and in a manner and way that would

throw no suspicion on him or ever leave any clue whereby she might eventually be traced. In fact, he proposed murder, and placed enough reliance in himself to accomplish the matter without ever being found out.

No doubt his companion tried to dissuade him from the perpetration of such a deed, or disagreed with him in the manner and mode of his contemplated destruction of the girl he had so basely betrayed. He suggested that, perhaps, it would be a great deal better to have her come and submit to an operation than to take the risk of the plan that Jackson suggested.

For several weeks after this these two close friends planned and re-planned a prospective event, the outcome of which was altogether under different circumstances from which either one thought of in the first place.

Usually, after studies they were to be seen together, strolling over the country in the vicinity of Cincinnati. On one of the days of the last week in January, 1896, they were wending their way around and about the vicinity of Fort Thomas. Most all of their spare time from their studies the last days of January, they were constantly together, laying plans

which proved to be far the most horrible and atrocious murder of the age.

It may be well to explain to the reader some of the characteristics of these two young men. In Scott Jackson, we find a man of medium height, slight, yet wiry frame, elastic step, light hair, flashing, bluish, gray eyes, a good dresser, and one that any one would pick out to be a man of the world.

Alonzo Walling was of a taller and stronger frame, dark hair and mustache and dark eyes. Scott Jackson, while quicker in his movements than Walling, who was of a more deliberate and cool make-up, nevertheless, was of shrewder calibre than Walling.

Walling was some seven years Jackson's junior, but had drunk of the pleasures of sensational life pretty freely, and in their estimation of the virtue of women, which both held of no value, one was about the equal of the other.

On Saturday afternoon, February 1, 1896, we find Scott Jackson in the writing room of the Palace Hotel, in Cincinnati, writing a letter to his friend, Will Wood, of which more will be said later. Leaving the hotel, he meets his chum, Walling, at a designated place, for a stroll on the streets. They have an engagement that night with a fellow-student to attend a play at the Walnut Street Theater. They

pass away the time until evening, when, in company with their friend, they attended the performance. The performance over, the three take light refreshments at one of the up-town bars, and bidding each other good-night, they part, their friend going to his lodging house, and Jackson and Walling to their rooms, farther down the street.

The house where these two men roomed was a modern, three-story building, so arranged that the lower floor was reserved for two widowed sisters, who had charge of the building, and all the rooms on the upper floors were let out to students and other male lodgers. At this time all of these rooms were occupied. Each lodger had possession of a night key, and was at liberty to enter or leave his room at any time of the day or night he chose.

This house was situated almost within the shadow of the city hall of Cincinnati, and the street on which it was located was within easy reach of the great business thoroughfares down in the city.

CHAPTER XVI.

FRED ALBION—HOW SPARE TIME WAS SPENT—
“THREE OF A KIND” THE FIRST NEWS—“DAMN
THE SHOES”—A HURRIED RIDDING UP—CON-
SIGNED TO THE MUDDY RIVER—WHAT WAS IN
THAT VALISE?—THE PANTALOONS DISPOSED OF.

Scott Jackson and Alonzo Walling, though college chums, were room-mates. They occupied one of the larger rooms on the second floor. They were on good terms with most all of the other lodgers, and were on very intimate terms with a young man named Fred Albion, who occupied a room directly over theirs on the third floor. Albion was a barber by trade, and was often in company with these dental students. In fact, in the later hours of the evening, night after night, the three were together in places of amusement, on excursions of all kinds, and were, to use a slang expression, “three of a kind.”

After the regular study hours of the day were

over, Jackson and Walling could usually be found whiling away the time at some saloon, or at some questionable resort, and during the later hours of the evening they were almost invariably joined by Fred Albion.

On Sunday, February 2, Walling and Jackson arose about their usual hour, and instead of whiling away the afternoon visiting the bars, we find that they attended the Young Men's Christian Association meeting. On Monday they attend to their studies at the Dental College, and that night they spend the evening in their rooms.

Tuesday, February 4, just after the noon hour, we find Jackson entering a restaurant, where he was in the habit of going for his meals. As he entered, a newsboy thrust a copy of the first edition of the evening papers toward him, crying, "More news about the murder." He explained to Jackson that startling developments were coming in of the ever-exciting Fort Thomas murder.

Jackson bought a paper, and then entering, took a seat at one of the tables and gave a hurried order. He unfolded the paper, and bold, scare heads, announcing the late developments in the murder case, met his eye, and he read for the first time that a Newport, Kentucky, shoe man had been to Ports-

mouth with one of the shoes, and that it was at that time being traced at Green Castle, Indiana, and that no doubt the important links would be completed in a short time.

His meal had hardly been served, when another young man, apparently in a great hurry, entered the restaurant. It was Alonzo Walling. He carried in his hand a copy of the same paper that Jackson had just been reading. Mutual glances were exchanged, but nothing was said until Jackson gave vent to his feelings in the expression, "Damn the shoes."

They stayed a short time only, but while they were in the restaurant, they passed the time in a most agitated conversation.

They left the place immediately and went directly to their rooms, where sundry articles of lady's wearing apparel were wrapped into bundles. Each of them took a few bundles and immediately started for the suspension bridge over the Ohio River. While crossing this magnificent structure, they found opportunity to throw into the river the bundles that they had brought from their room. They returned to their room and began the work of wrapping up bundles again. When they again emerged from the house, Scott Jackson carried a

valise in his hand. In a short time they were again on the suspension bridge, and the other bundles, as before, were consigned to the muddy waters of the river. The valise, which Jackson had brought to the river, was taken back again by him. Whether it was the original intention to throw it over also, or whether it had contained some articles of clothing, or more than likely it had contained part of a human body, which was cast into the river by him, no one will ever know. As the evening came on they once more emerged from their lodging house with other bundles. In a few blocks they had an opportunity to dispose of these bundles by throwing them into the catch basin of the sewer.

Once more the same evening they came forth from their room, Jackson carrying the same valise he had failed to throw into the river that afternoon, and Walling, his companion, carrying a valise somewhat larger.

Parting at a nearby corner, Walling took a southwardly direction, and stopped at the barber shop where Albion, their chum, was employed, and handed the valise to him. Albion took the valise and placed it in a locker in the rear of the barber shop.

Jackson, who had parted from Walling at the corner, took a westwardly direction, and stopped at a

corner saloon, directly opposite the west entrance of the city hall. Jackson was well known here, and handing the valise to the bar keeper, he requested him to keep it and not give it to any one, stating that he would call for it in the course of a few days.

Late that Tuesday night, when everything was dark and asleep about the lodging house, Scott Jackson and Alonzo Walling, who had both been extraordinarily busy since the edition of the afternoon paper, were engaged in an earnest conversation, no doubt laying plans.

Wednesday morning, February 5, Scott Jackson left the room somewhat earlier than usual. In fact, his room-mate was still in a deep sleep at this hour. We see Scott Jackson this morning carrying a bundle under his arm. Arriving at the Dental College, he went to the locker used by Walling and unlocked the door of the locker, then, unwrapping the bundle, he took from it a pair of pantaloons, which bore a number of blood stains and were mud-bedaubed, and placed them in the locker. Closing it, he went out on the street for a stroll.

After a short walk, he returned to the college and met Walling, who, in the meantime, had come to enter into the day's work at the college.

CHAPTER XVII.

WEARY VIGIL OF A SHADOW DETECTIVE—THE REWARD, THE ARREST OF SCOTT JACKSON—SCENE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS—ARRIVAL OF JACKSON—DAMAGING EXCLAMATIONS—GIST OF THE PRELIMINARY—WALLING ACCUSED—THE OMNI-PRESENT NEWSPAPER MAN—WALLING ARRESTED—HIS STATEMENTS—JACKSON REAPPEARS TO RETALLIATE.

About noon that day, had any one been personally acquainted with the individuals who were constantly passing up and down the street in the vicinity of the lodging house, which has before been described, he would have known that shrewd detectives were waiting and watching for some one who was evidently expected to come that way.

The officers were in citizen's clothing, and they kept a careful watch of the front door of that lodging house throughout the whole day and evening.

Returning to the Dental College, we find that all day long the students are kept busy with their college work, and, with the exception of a short interval at noon, there was little, if any, passing in and out of the building. Finally, the college session is over, and the students leave for their respective boarding places.

Scott Jackson, instead of accompanying Walling to his room, as was his custom, went into the up-town district to take a lunch alone. After lunch, he wandered about the streets for some time, and then concluded to go to his room that evening earlier than usual.

He had been under great mental strain since the day before, for he well knew, after reading the account of certain tracing going on out at Green Castle, that those proceedings were of very much importance to him. Somehow or other, he hadn't the usual tranquility of mind and spirit, and he seemed to be disturbed. As he turned the corner of the street on which the lodging house was located, a man standing on the opposite corner called out, "Hello Dusty."

This was a nickname by which Jackson was often addressed by his most intimate friends. Jackson stopped and turned.

"Yes, what is it?" he said, not knowing who had called him.

The other said: "You are Scott Jackson, are you not?"

Jackson answered tremblingly: "Yes sir; that is my name."

"Then you are my prisoner," was the reply of him who had called to him, who was one of the officers in the secret service of the Cincinnati police force, who had been patrolling that district throughout the whole afternoon and evening, until he was finally rewarded by this arrest.

After the telegram from the officers at Green Castle had been received in Cincinnati, the officers at police headquarters were kept in a state of suppressed excitement all that day, anxiously watching and waiting for the apprehension of the individual they were requested to arrest. To be sure, representatives of the daily newspapers were among those to be most interested, and throughout that whole day and evening they were constantly at hand awaiting the appearance of the individual upon whom suspicions had been fastened out at Green Castle, for the murder of that poor girl, so that when we find the officer entering police headquarters with Scott Jackson as prisoner, the superintendent of police, the

Mayor, a number of police officers and detectives, besides all of the various representatives of the press, were congregated at police headquarters.

It is but a few moments after his arrest that we again find Scott Jackson, this time being ushered into Chief Deitsch's office. Having been taken unawares, and almost under the shadow of the city hall, in which the various police offices are situated, and having had no time in which to collect his thoughts, he entered the office greatly flushed and trembling like an aspen leaf.

In this state of mental excitement, the very first words to which he gave utterance were sufficient to cause all who heard those fatal words, to think that the suspicions against him were well founded. He was invited to take a seat, and in the act of sitting down he made a fatal remark, viz.:

"I suppose I am wanted in regard to that Green Castle affair."

This had been said before any one had spoken since his entering. So Mayor Caldwell asked:

"Why what about Green Castle?"

Jackson readily realized that he had made a fatal mistake, but in the attempt to rectify it, he made matters still worse by asking whether or not Walling had been arrested.

"Who is Walling?" asked Chief Deitsch.

"Walling," said Jackson, "is my room-mate and college chum. He is the one who committed the crime. I didn't do it."

This was the first intimation they had that there were others likely connected with him in the execution of the crime, and Jackson was the one to give the first information of this fact.

Mayor Caldwell became spokesman at this conference with the prisoner, and, as has been stated before, Jackson being taken unawares, was thrown off of his guard for the time being, and in his excited condition, having the consciousness of the crime ever before him, became frustrated, and made damaging admissions, the substance of which was this:

He claimed that he had a young friend out at Green Castle by the name of Will Wood, who had gotten himself involved in a delicate matter, and that this young friend had appealed to him some months ago for help; that in talking the matter over with his room-mate, Alonzo Walling, Walling had said that it would be an easy matter, without much cost, to rid the girl of her trouble, and that he (Walling) understood enough about such matters that he would not be afraid to undertake such a performance. Jackson also said that he had left matters entirely

with Walling; that this girl, Pearl Bryan, had come to Cincinnati the week before, and that Walling had met her at the hotel, and that when he (Jackson) had inquired the results, Walling tried to evade the question. In fact, if Pearl Bryan was dead, Alonzo Walling ought to know all about it.

After saying these things, it was noticed that Jackson's demeanor changed. He had recovered his composure and would say no more. When Scott Jackson made the remark that Walling must have committed the crime, the Chief, pressing an electric button, soon had a messenger at his side. Writing a few lines on a piece of paper, he handed it to the messenger, who immediately disappeared.

The message which the Chief had sent was an order for an officer to go at once to the lodging house and arrest Alonzo M. Walling.

As has been stated before, many representatives of the various newspapers were present, and one of them, a gentleman by the name of Ed. Anthony, surmised that an officer would be dispatched for the arrest of Walling. He quietly slipped out with the intention of gaining an interview with Walling upon some pretext or other, before that individual would be arrested.

Mr. Anthony found Walling in his room and told him that he was an officer, and that Walling should

consider himself under arrest. It was but a few moments later that Walling was ushered into the very same presence which Scott Jackson entered one hour previous.

The officer who had received the order for the arrest of Walling went to carry out the Chief's order, but learned from the landlady that Walling had already been placed under arrest.

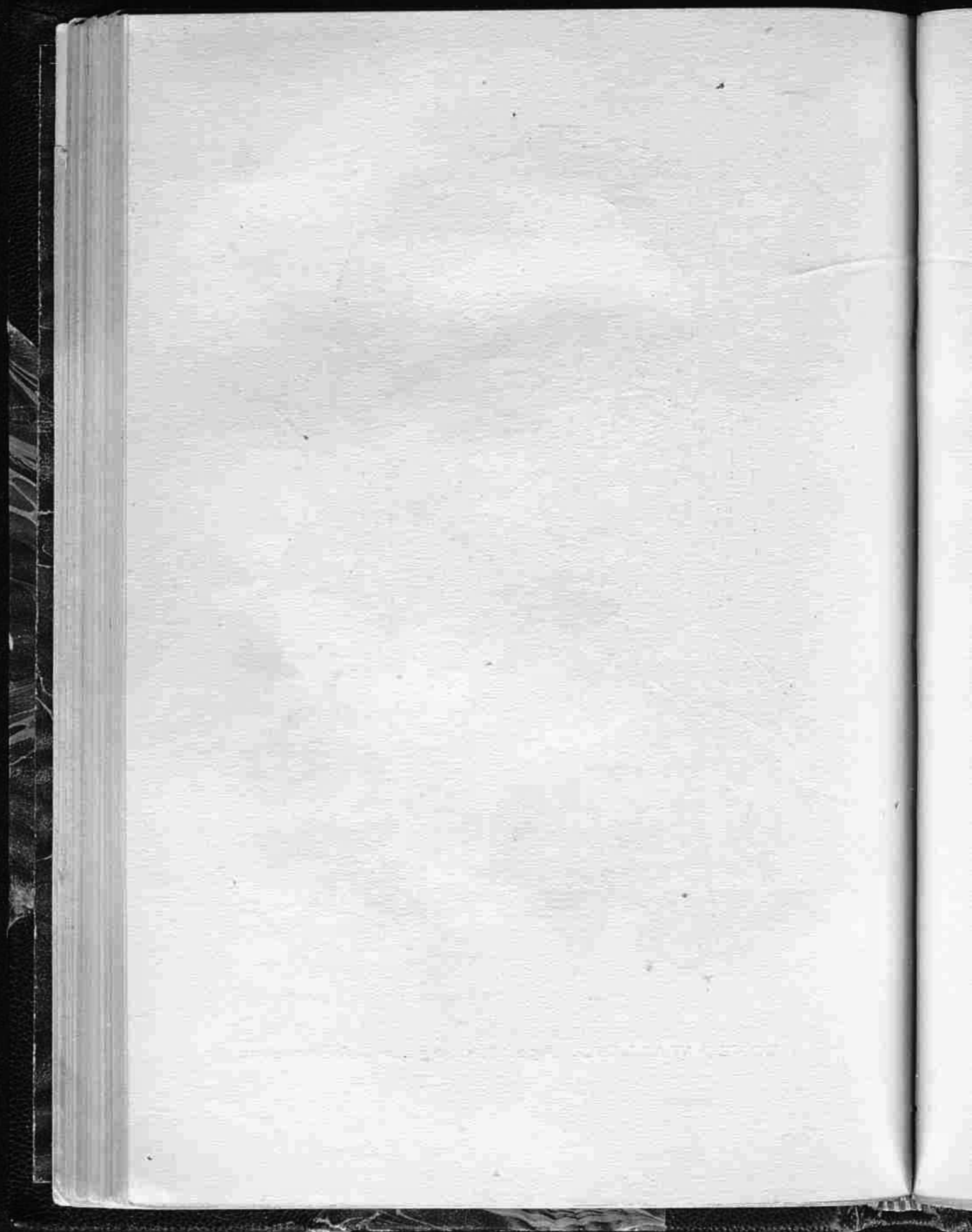
Jackson having been placed in a cell to himself, the same conditions existed at the office as before the arrest of Jackson. Every one was anxiously awaiting the appearance of Walling. Up to this time Walling did not know that his friend, Jackson, had been arrested and by this time was languishing behind the bars.

We see in this young man one with the "I don't care" sort of air about him. When asked if he was Alonzo Walling, he said he was, and added that he presumed he was arrested on account of the Fort Thomas business.

They told him that he was accused of the murder, and that it was Scott Jackson who had accused him. This declaration seemed to "rattle" Walling. He then retaliated his friend's accusation by declaring that it was Jackson himself who had committed



ALONZO WALLING. Age 19, one year before arrest.



the crime, and all that he had done was to help Jackson remove some of the effects.

After making this declaration, Walling conceived the idea to maintain a stubborn reticence, in which he was successful for a short time only. After he had refused to talk he was taken to another part of the building from where Jackson was incarcerated and placed in a cell alone.

After having been in solitary confinement for a short time, he sent word to the officers that he wanted to tell something; that he was perfectly willing to tell the officials, as well as the newspaper men, all that he knew. He made some admissions, the most important of which was that he had helped Jackson to throw bundles of Pearl Bryan's clothing into the Ohio River. Later in the night he said to a newspaper man that he had taken a valise that belonged to Pearl Bryan to a barber shop, where a friend of theirs named Albion was employed. He had been requested to do this by Jackson, and that at the same time he was doing this errand, Jackson also had a valise, but he did not know what he did with it. He also stated to the same reporter that he and Jackson had thrown some of Jackson's wearing apparel into a certain sewer.

He claimed that when Jackson had come back

after the holiday vacation he had told him that he had betrayed a girl out at Green Castle, and that she had been pleading with him to amend the wrong he had done her by marriage, but that he had laughed at the idea, saying that he would never do that; also, that he would use strategy to get her to come to Cincinnati, poison her, cut up her body and destroy it so that there would be no vestige of it left; and if that plan was not feasible, he would accomplish some plan, however, wherein to get rid of her in such a way that no suspicion would ever be against him; that he would be able to return to Green Castle and hold up his head as high as any one. Walling claimed that Jackson wanted his help in the murder, and that he had absolutely refused. He admitted, however, that he knew the date of her coming to Cincinnati, and that the next morning after her arrival Jackson received a note from her, but being occupied on some work that required his attention at college, he induced Walling to carry back an answer to Miss Bryan at the Indiana House, at which place she was stopping. He said that the following afternoon he had met her on the street and had only held a casual conversation with her.

He claimed that Jackson was more reticent than usual after the arrival of Pearl Bryan at Cincin-

nati. In fact, Jackson seemed to have something occupying his spare time so that Walling was not in the company of Jackson as much as usual. He had noticed no particular change in Jackson's demeanor until he had met him in the restaurant last Tuesday afternoon, where he found Jackson agitated and excited with regard to something pertaining to the Fort Thomas murder which was connected with the circumstance of the shoes being traced out at Green Castle. At this particular time Jackson had applied to him for help, only remarking that things had gone wrong, whereupon they immediately went to their rooms for the purpose of tying up bundles of clothing belonging to Pearl Bryan, which he (Walling) claimed not to have noticed in the wardrobe in their room.

He was asked to tell where the head was, but he claimed not to know, stating again that he was not a party to the crime. He said he knew nothing of it, but that he believed that Jackson had thrown it into the river also.

Jackson had received the information in some manner that Walling had been arrested and occupied a cell in the same building in which he was locked up; also, that Walling was telling some damaging things against him, which gave Jackson another nervous

shock, and he threw out the intimation that he was ready to tell the officers and newspaper men some other things.

The most vital statement that he made was that perhaps if Walling's locker at the college were searched something might be found there.



CHAPTER XVIII.

WILL WOOD ARRESTED—DAMAGING LETTER—AN
EXCITED SALOONIST—THE VALISE—JACKSON RE-
EXAMINED—"I GUESS IT WAS, BUT I DON'T
KNOW THAT IT WAS"—WALLING BEFORE THE
CHIEF—WILL WOOD GETS HIS TURN.

We left Sheriff Plummer and the detectives on their way to South Bend, Indiana. They arrive at that place in due time, and soon find the youngster for whom they were searching and place Mr. Willie Wood under arrest. A letter was found in his possession, which was from Scott Jackson, and was in itself among the clearest evidences of the guilt of Scott Jackson that was at that time produced against him. He had written February 1 to Will Wood. It was written on the note paper of the Palace Hotel Company, Cincinnati, and was in substance what is given below:

Cincinnati, Feb. 1, 1896.

My Dear Chum, Will:

Everything has gone wrong. For my sake, write a letter to her folks, as though it had been written by herself, saying that she had been offered a nice place in Chicago; that she was tired of home, and that they would hear from her before long. Sign her name to it. You know how she writes. Have it mailed at Lafayette or Indianapolis. Don't delay.

Your old chum,

DOC.

Early Thursday morning, February 6, the populace, whose interest had grown stronger every day, received through the press the first news of the arrest of Jackson and Walling. Great excitement prevailed throughout the three cities and surroundings.

That morning the Mayor and superintendent of police, of Cincinnati, went early to their offices. These men knew full well the excited condition of the people and they realized the danger of an outbreak among them.

It was my good fortune to be invited by the chief of police in his private office, where it was decided that Jackson and Walling should be given another opportunity to talk, if they chose to do so. It was also decided that they would be called in separately,

so that neither would know what the other had said.

Perhaps, of all the interested readers of the morning papers, no one read the sensational story of the developments of the case with more interest than that saloonkeeper, with whom Scott Jackson had left a certain valise. Among the first callers at the Chief's office that morning was this saloonkeeper, carrying a valise, and earnestly requesting an audience with the Chief. He was at once admitted, and told the story of the bringing of the valise to his place, and of his being requested not to give it up to any one but the one who had given it to him, who was Scott Jackson.

He said that Scott Jackson was a regular customer, and that he had thought nothing of the circumstance of Jackson's bringing the valise and requesting him to hold it until he had called for it, but having read that morning of Jackson's arrest, he had thought it his duty to bring over the valise, as it might have some bearings on the case.

The valise was empty, but the sides and bottom were besmeared with blood, and locks of hair were sticking to the bloody side and bottom. A moment's reflection on the part of the Chief, satisfied him that no doubt the head had been in that valise. He set the valise to one side where it could not be seen, yet

was in easy reach from his desk, and then gave orders to the turnkey to bring in Scott Jackson.

Besides the Mayor, members of the police force, detectives and myself, various reporters and artists of the different daily papers assembled. Scott Jackson came into this office in the presence of this assembly, presenting the appearance of having passed a dreadful night, yet self-possessed and cool. He was motioned to a seat near the Chief, who told Jackson that he proposed to ask him some questions, which he might answer or not, at his own pleasure. Jackson replied that he had no objection whatever to answering any question.

With that, and before Jackson realized what had happened, the Chief reached to his side and placed on Jackson's knee the valise which the saloonkeeper had brought over a few minutes before.

Jackson flushed, and then changed color, and seemed ill at ease, but by some wonderful power which he seemed to possess, he soon partially recovered his self-possession, but through the trying ordeal, to which he was soon after subjected, he was agitated, cool and excited alternately.

"Do you know that valise?" asked the Chief.

"I do," said Jackson, "it is Pearl Bryan's; she brought it with her."

"Open it," commanded the Chief.

Jackson did as he was ordered.

"Look into it; put your hand into it," said the Chief.

Again Jackson did as he was ordered, and thrust his hand into the bloody valise.

"What is in it?" asked the Chief.

"I don't know," said the prisoner.

"Look right closely and see if you can't tell what it is," was the next command.

Jackson appeared to examine it more closely, and then said:

"It looks like blood, but I can't say that it is blood."

"Aren't you sure that it is blood?" asked the Chief.

"Yes; I believe that it is blood," answered Jackson.

"How did that blood get there?" asked the Chief.

"I don't know," was the answer.

Then the Chief thundered in the ears of the startled prisoner: "Is it not a fact that Pearl Bryan's head was in that valise?"

As soon as he had recovered his self-possession, Jackson answered in faltering tones: "I guess it was, but I don't know that it was."

The Chief propounded several more questions of the same import as the last, but each time came the answer: "I guess it was, but I don't know that it was."

"What did you do with the head?" asked Chief Deitsch.

"I don't know what became of it, but I suppose that Walling threw it overboard."

"What has become of the clothes that were in it when she came from Green Castle?" was next asked.

"Walling threw them into the river from the suspension bridge."

Jackson was then taken back to his cell and Walling brought out.

He was confronted by the valise that had been taken to the barber shop. He identified it as the one that had contained the clothing that Jackson had requested him to get rid of. He was next shown a pair of pantaloons that had been found in his locker at the Dental College. He said that they were not his pants, but that they were those of Scott Jackson, and that he had no idea that they were in his locker. He believed that Scott Jackson had committed the crime, or knew who did it; that he had no knowledge of it whatever; that all he knew was that Scott Jackson had come to him in a troubled and excited manner, and told him that something had gone wrong, and that he wanted him to help get rid of some things, which he did. After his examination he was taken back to his cell.

That Thursday night Sheriff Plummer and Detectives Crim and McDermott returned from their Indiana trip with Will Wood, who had decided to come on without requisition papers. Wood, of course, had his turn at interview. He claimed not to have had any connection, directly, with anything that pertained to the crime. He was informed that Jackson had told the story that a friend of his, Will Wood, had betrayed a girl out at Green Castle, a cousin of his, and upon his solicitation for help, Jackson agreed to help out his chum, Willie Wood, in having the girl to come to Cincinnati to undergo an operation.

When Wood heard this he became very much nettled, and told the whole story of Scott Jackson's course with his cousin, Pearl Bryan. Wood said that he was innocent of any liberties as regarded his cousin, saying that he was much younger than she; telling of the time that he introduced Jackson to her and how they soon met each other often, and that Scott Jackson, at least from her side, was considered her suitor. He also asserted that Scott Jackson, when at home for his holiday vacation, confided to him that he had betrayed Pearl, and that something must be done, but after Scott had returned to his studies he kept up a regular correspondence with

him and that Jackson had written, some weeks ago, that Pearl would have to come to Cincinnati, and requested Will's help to induce her to make the trip. He had supposed now that matters were in a condition that it would be best for her to come, and he, upon request of Jackson, had encouraged her to take the journey; that he was at the depot when Pearl Bryan left Green Castle, ostensibly for a visit to friends at Indianapolis, but in reality to go to Cincinnati, but that he had no intimation whatever that the girl was to meet her death at the hands of a murderer. Even when he had received the letter, of which mention has been made before, he could not believe anything else but that in submitting to the operation it had proved fatal. Whereas, the facts were that upon post mortem examination of her body, no indication whatever, external or internal, showed that even an attempt had been made for a criminal operation.

CHAPTER XIX.

MOVEMENTS OF PEARL BRYAN—JACKSON MISSES HER—SHE GOES TO THE INDIANA HOUSE—ADVICE OF A SPIRITUALIST—WITH WALLING AT THE DEPOT.

The movements of Miss Pearl Bryan may be best understood if we confine ourselves to the most important facts, as they were brought out at the trial of Jackson and Walling.

Evidently, Scott Jackson expected her to come to Cincinnati Tuesday evening, January 28, 1896. Not knowing the road, however, over which she was to come, he went to the Grand Central depot and Alonzo Walling to the C., H. & D. depot. It is a fact that she arrived at the C. H. & D. depot that evening, but did not find Scott Jackson, and, perhaps, not knowing Walling, missed him. She hired a cab, and on the advice of the driver, made up her mind to go to a second rate, but good hotel, the

Indiana House, where she registered not as Pearl Bryan, but as Mary Stanley. It will be remembered that she had a widowed sister by that name.

Wednesday morning she sent a note to Jackson at the Dental College by messenger, who delivered it to Jackson and brought a reply from him. Some time during that morning Walling called on her at the Indiana House, at the request of Scott Jackson, who sent word by him that he would call as soon as he could after the noon hour.

Jackson called on her that afternoon. On Thursday, January 30, she strolled about the streets, stopping at a ladies' hair-dressing establishment and at a piano store. As she was walking in the vicinity of the government building, she met a boy with whose family she was acquainted, as they had been at one time residents of Green Castle.

Early that afternoon she was with Scott Jackson and Alonzo Walling, strolling about Bellevue and Dayton, Kentucky, which are opposite Cincinnati. Later that afternoon she and Jackson visited a trance medium.

During the trial this trance medium testified that Jackson and a young lady giving her name as Pearl Bryan, wanted a sitting together, but that she informed them that this could not be done. Where-

upon Jackson decided to be left by himself in one of her rooms while his lady friend would be given a sitting.

The medium said that the girl seemed to be troubled and she took it upon herself to ask her about her troubled condition. The girl replied that she had come from her home in Indiana, believing that by pleading with him he would carry out his promise of marriage, but that so far he had not acceded to her proposition. When pressed a little farther by the medium she admitted that she had been betrayed, and said that she did not know what to do any more and commenced weeping, whereupon the medium told her that if she did not succeed in winning him over to a marriage by the following day, she would advise her to return home immediately and confide to her own mother how matters were. After the girl had promised her to take heed to this advice they went to the room where Scott Jackson had been waiting the close of the sitting and they left.

On Friday, January 31, she was seen with Alonzo Walling on a side street in the city of Cincinnati in earnest conversation. On that afternoon she was again seen in the waiting room of the Grand Central depot, Cincinnati. Here she was noticed very particularly by some of the attaches at that depot. She

was heard to plead with Walling for her clothes and money, and was afterward seen leaving the depot in company with Walling. Those who had noticed her distressed condition and agitated manner, were impressed that she must have had some assurance from Walling, her escort, which induced her to accompany him away from that place instead of taking the train for her home.



CHAPTER XX.

A MISERABLE NIGHT—SCENE AT A QUESTIONABLE RESORT—A COLORED WAITER'S IMPRESSIONS—A FATAL GLASS—THEY LEAVE IN A CAB—PLAUSIBLE THEORIES.

On this same Friday, early in the evening, a misty rain had begun to fall. Those who were out on the streets were hurrying to their destination, and mechanics, professional men and all who were engaged from their homes were going from their work.

Let us stop for a moment at a saloon in the tenderloin district in Cincinnati, not a great distance from Jackson and Walling's lodging house, which, like all places of its kind, is divided off by a partition, separating the bar from a number of small rooms curtained off in the rear. This place was frequented a great deal by the demi-monde, who invariably entered at the side door.

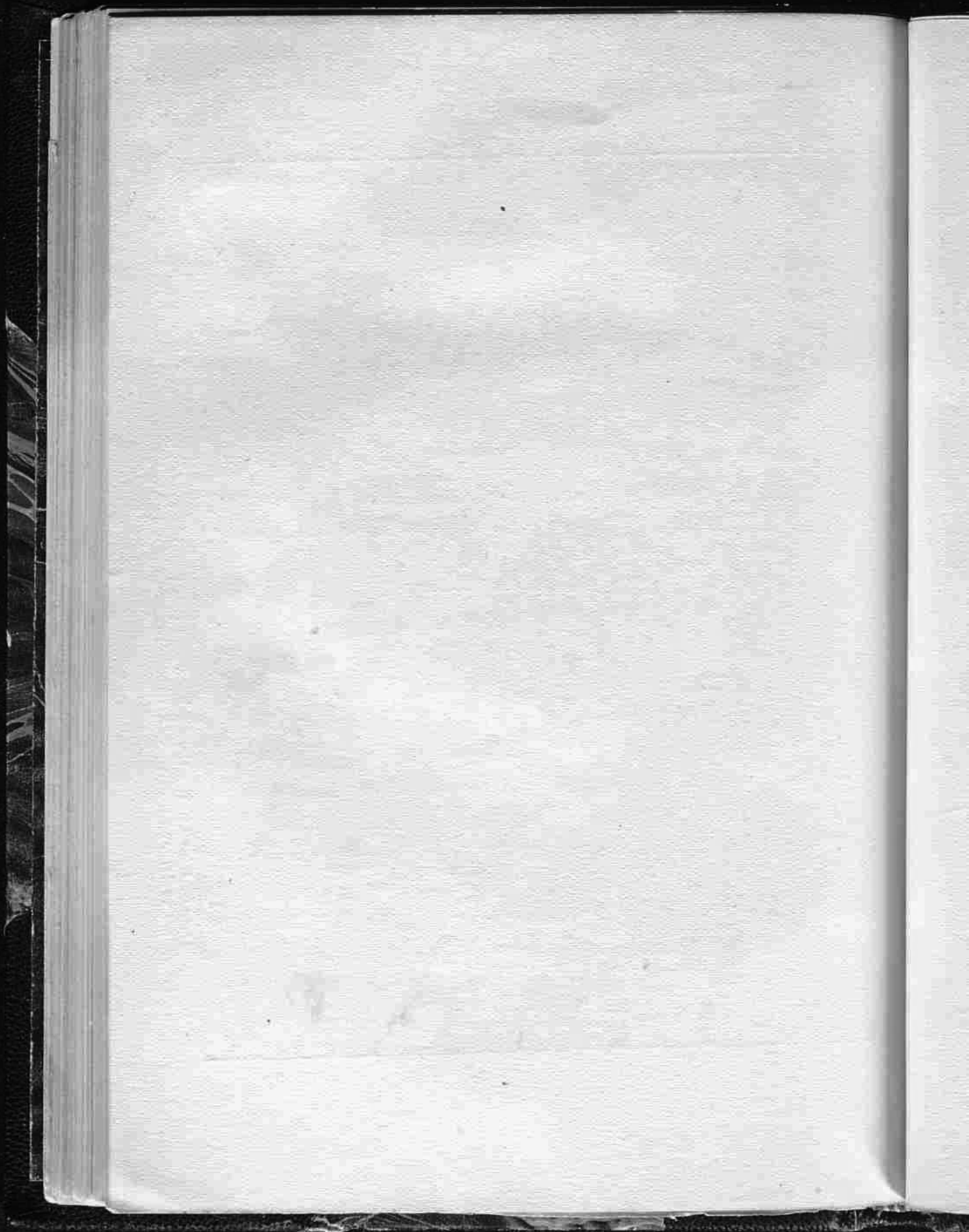
Between six and seven that evening, a time when

such places, if ever, are vacated, we find in one of the small rooms a young lady, evidently out of the sphere in which she has always moved. The young lady is Pearl Bryan, whom we left in company with Alonzo Walling leaving the Central depot that afternoon, but who is now with him whom she loved best, Scott Jackson. What their conversation was in that room no one but her heartless betrayer, and He who hears all our words, knows.

Scott Jackson left her alone for a moment to go to the front part of the room to the bar. During his absence a colored waiter walked to the waiting room and noticed the girl. A mere glance at her was sufficient to convince him that the lady was not of the character that usually frequented that place. At the bar Jackson ordered a glass of whiskey and drank it there. After drinking the liquor, he asked whether or not Walling had been there. He was told that Walling had not been in. "I am expecting him any moment," said Jackson. He then said to the barkeeper: "My lady friend back there don't feel very well, and I believe you had better fix me up a glass of Sarsaparilla." The barkeeper did so, and passing it out on the counter, asked if he should have a waiter to take it back to her. Jackson answered: "No; I want to put a headache powder in it; I will



Pearl Bryan, last seen alive on evening of Friday, January 31st, in company with Jackson, Walling and Geo. H. Jackson, Coachman.



take it back myself." He took a paper from his pocket, which appeared to contain a large powder, and emptied it into the glass and took the mixture back to the room where Pearl Bryan was, and where he induced her to drink it. While Jackson was on this errand, the front door of the room opened and Alonzo Walling entered. He seemed to be in a great hurry and was dripping wet. Asking for Jackson, the bartender pointed his finger so that Walling understood that he was in one of the rooms with a lady friend. Walling walked back to the room where they were and very soon came back through the bar-room and left by the front door, where he had entered. At exactly the same moment Walling made his exit, Scott Jackson and Pearl Bryan left the room by the side door.

The colored waiter, whose curiosity had been aroused by the appearance of the girl, her dress, manners, etc., which told him that she was not of the kind of girls that congregate at such places, walked to the back door to watch the proceedings on the outside. He saw a closed carriage, with Alonzo Walling on the seat. Scott Jackson was seen assisting the lady into the carriage, after which he also entered and they drove away.

No one knows what occurred from the time they

left the saloon until a late hour that night. Nothing that happened from that time until some hours later was brought out at their trials, yet many theories and conjectures were offered. The most popular and perhaps the most reasonable was that Pearl Bryan, realizing the seriousness of her condition, did leave her home at Green Castle, intending to submit to an operation, which, though criminal, would conceal her downfall. But after her arrival in Cincinnati and the critical moment had come, her higher sense of morality prevailed, and she absolutely refused to undergo the trying ordeal. It was brought out in the trial, however, that she did refuse to take some medicine which Jackson had taken home with him at the Christmas vacation, and which would at the time have produced the desired effect, but he could not induce her to take it.

It is evident that she relied to a certain extent upon her affections and pleadings to overcome his wishes in that respect, believing that she could prevail upon him to marry her. Scott Jackson, however, as has been shown, was of a firm resolution never to do this. Indeed, his threats and pleadings had assumed quite a serious aspect, which is shown by the circumstances at the Grand Central depot, where the poor girl tearfully declared that she would not

run the awful risk to which those who should have been her protectors were trying to induce her to undergo. Where, with weeping and pleading, she begged that they would torment her no longer, but let her go home and confide the whole matter to her dear mother and look to her and her God for consolation and advice.

Does it not seem probable, that seeing her so determined in her efforts to arrange matters honorably, that they induced her to return to their room, promising that they would engage a cab, drive over the river into Kentucky, and then consent to her wishes and adjust matters by ending all in marriage?

Whatever it was that induced her to return to the city after having gone to the depot, no doubt with the intention of returning home, no one knows positively. The most general belief is that they promised that evening to do as so many young people have done; that is, to cross over to the Kentucky side and there be married.

CHAPTER XXI.

A COLORED MAN STRIKES A JOB—SICK STORY OF A SICK WOMAN—THE FATAL RIDE BEGUN—A THOROUGHLY FRIGHTENED DARKEY—THEY ARRIVE AT THE LANE—THE DARKEY ESCAPES.

Some time after 11 o'clock the same night, a colored man was approached by a white man in the vicinity of the saloon mentioned before, who wanted the service of some one to drive himself and another gentleman, with a sick lady, several miles back of Newport, in the country, to the home of a friend. He stated that owing to the lateness of the hour, the bad condition of the weather, and the fact that the woman was very sick, he had not the time to spare to go for the services of any particular one. He was willing to pay several dollars if the colored man would be willing to undertake the job.

Glad to earn a couple of dollars so easily, the negro replied that he was ready for the job. He was told to wait and they would be back with the conveyance

in a very few moments. In a short time the vehicle approached the place where the colored man was waiting, and being driven to the curb, he mounted.

The one who had engaged him was seated by his side, his friend and the sick lady inside the carriage. The colored man was instructed as to the route and direction that were to be taken. The same led toward the Ohio River. They came to the new central bridge which spans the Ohio River between Cincinnati and Newport, Kentucky. It seems that the inclemency of the weather and the dreariness of things in general had driven every one off the streets and bridges, and they were not even stopped on the bridge for toll to be collected.

Once over the bridge and into the city, their course led to the southwestern part of Newport, and soon they leave the city behind them and are fairly out on the highlands of Kentucky.

If there were any conversation, murmurings or moanings of any kind going on inside of the carriage, the rumbling of the vehicle over the paved streets of the cities completely drowned them out. But now they were out on the country roads, which, before the rain that had set in, were somewhat dusty, but were now covered with a thin coat of soft mud, so that the carriage made very little noise in going at

a rapid rate across the country. Weird moans were now distinctly heard coming from the inside of the carriage. It seemed, too, as though the breaking of glass was heard. These sounds, and the dreariness of things in general unnerved the colored man, and he began to wish that he had inquired more particularly into the nature of the job. He tried his best to brace himself up and become reconciled, as it were, to his fate, but his courage still waned and he could stand it no longer. Turning to the man who was sitting by his side and who had engaged him, he said: "Boss, I don't like dem groans back dere; I don't want no money. I guess I'll thro up dis job." Imagine the darkey's fright and astonishment, however, when his resignation was answered by the man drawing a loaded revolver from his pocket and pointing it at the dumfounded Ethiopian said: "You go ahead on this job and do as I bid you, or there'll be a dead nigger." More dead than alive, the negro proceeded several miles more and a turn to the left was made and the noise became more distinctly heard by the driver, who began to think what a foolish fellow he had been for taking a position from some one whom he did not know, and whose name he could not learn.

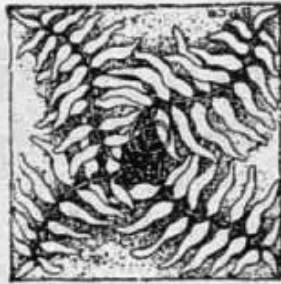
Soon they reached another macadamized road and

then made another complete turn to the left. They reached a gentle hill and descended it for a distance of half its length, when the negro was ordered to drive in toward the fence. He obeyed, and in a moment later received a second command to stop. As he obeyed the order he noticed that they stopped at a large gate at the end of a lane. He was told to wait there, and not dare to leave until they had taken the sick woman out to help her to what the negro supposed to be the house, that could be slightly distinguished some distance away.

The men found the gate apparently nailed shut, but this did not daunt them in the least, and they got her out of the carriage. She was apparently in great misery and could proceed only by being supported on either side by the two men. They lifted her over the gate and supporting her, one on either side, they slowly proceeded up the lane.

The negro could hear them going up still further, and not having had an opportunity before to get away from the performance of his foolhardy contract, he realized that now was the chance to make good his escape. As he began to creep slowly away, he noticed that the horse was acting restless and that every time he made a move the horse was trying to follow him. He remembered having noticed while on

the seat an iron weight which he returned to get and then tied the horse. This done, he took a westwardly direction and away he went as fast as his legs would carry him. He cut across roads and fields, and in a short time came to an elevation where his eyes were attracted by the glare of the lights in the three cities, which guided him back to Cincinnati, where he was employed as coachman for a retired capitalist, and reached the stables of his employer in time to go to work as usual early that Saturday morning, February 1.



CHAPTER XXII.

THE DRIVER IN A QUANDRY — GEORGE JACKSON — A TRUE STORY — PERJURY — JACKSON A MURDERER, WALLING HIS ACCOMPLICE — VERDICT OF THE JURY — FACTS CONCERNING THE TRIALS — CLOSING REFLECTIONS.

The negro was a regular subscriber to one of the Cincinnati evening papers and on the receipt of his paper Saturday evening he read of the finding of a headless body near Fort Thomas. The paper stated that there was no doubt but that she had been murdered and the crime was causing intense excitement. The negro remembered very well that he had driven a party to that neighborhood late that Friday night, and from all the circumstances connected with the case and especially his own exciting experience, there was no doubt left in the negro's mind but that the woman who had been found was one of the party which he had driven to Fort Thomas that awful night.

He thought that it would not do for him to report it because he knew none of them. He would not have been able even to recognize the man who had employed him in the darkness of the Friday night before. All that he might recognize would be the voice of him who had hired him and the voice of the other man, who had done some talking while they were getting the woman out of the carriage.

He reasoned with himself that if he were to report the matter and not be able to give any explanation, the now thoroughly excited populace would more than likely regard him as the murderer or as an accessory to the crime, which would place him, an innocent man, in a very critical condition indeed.

He was confident that he would remember the horse and the carriage, as dark as it was, for it is a well-known fact that coachmen will remember the peculiarities of a horse which they have driven with as much accuracy, if not more, than most people remember human faces. Besides this he remembered that one of the lanterns on the side of the carriage was bent as though it had at some time been struck with some object. He also noticed that the door catch on the right side was wrapped with wire, showing that it had been broken, and from the sounds which he had heard escaping from the rear while on their journey, it was

more than likely that the back pane of glass had been cracked some way.

Day after day the negro could hardly wait for his evening paper. He read of the shift of the proceedings from Fort Thomas and vicinity to Green Castle, Ind.; then of the arrest of Jackson and Walling, then of their admissions, and when link after link of the long chain of damaging evidence was forged about them and there did not exist a doubt but that they were the guilty parties, the negro, whose name was George Jackson, made known to the officers of Cincinnati the trip he had taken through impenetrable darkness on that fatal Friday night.

He stated that he did not think he would be able to identify the men unless he could do so by hearing their voices, and especially if they were to use the same language that was used in his hearing and to him on the occasion of the nocturnal trip to Fort Thomas.

The negro and his cab story were the cause of another exciting chapter in the history of the great crime. Many doubted the story, however, thinking that the negro was trying to secure notoriety or to gain the reward that had been offered by one of the papers of Cincinnati, because it had become the opinion of the public that a conveyance of some kind had been

used to take the unfortunate girl to the place where she was murdered.

At the trials of Jackson and Walling it was the general report that the negro's cab story would prove to be a fiction, but his story remained unshaken, and parties who went on the witness stand in the interest of the defense for the purpose of defeating the effects of the George Jackson cab story have since been indicted for perjury and subordination of perjury. One of the parties has since confessed that he knew nothing whatever of the matter, but for a money consideration he had perjured himself. So in the face of all the bitter opposition to it, the negro's story remains substantial to the present day.

Many complications arose before Jackson and Walling were finally landed in Kentucky, where both had in the meantime been indicted for murder.

To show a point, it will be seen that here were people of Indiana, sojourning temporarily in Ohio, committing a crime in Kentucky. After fighting extradition through the lower, higher and circuit courts of Ohio, they are finally landed in Newport, Ky., and the day is soon set for the trial of Scott Jackson, to be followed by the trial of Walling.

Perhaps no trials in all the history of the criminal courts of the United States ever attracted as much at-

tention as did the trials of Jackson and Walling. Every prominent newspaper in the United States and papers of London, Paris and Berlin were represented by special staff correspondents.

After a trial lasting over a month, the case of Scott Jackson was given to the jury, who found him guilty of murder in the first degree and fixed his punishment, according to the laws of Kentucky, at death. The trial of Alonzo Walling did not require as much time as that of Jackson, and at the end of two weeks was concluded with the same result.

The defense admitted the identity of Pearl Bryan. Ordinarily, they would have questioned it, but the fact of the history of the shoes was so plain that the question of identity was never raised. They tried to prove that Pearl Bryan was dead in Ohio, and that if the defendants were guilty of any crime at all, it was that of defacing a corpse. But the fact that the blood was found to the height of several feet on the privet bushes showed to the satisfaction of all, that while most likely she was under the influence of an opiate, still she must have been alive, for the heart being the pump, the blood would not have squirted when her throat was cut, but would simply have flowed out.

Thus ended the most startling, most atrocious, and

most heartrending murder case that has ever come before the minds of the peace-loving people of the United States. It is a comparatively common occurrence, yes, too common, to hear of a foul murder, but almost invariably there is some cause, either directly or indirectly, for the crime. In this case there was no occasion for the raising of a hand against this unoffending, innocent girl, who had already been wronged and was only pleading to him in whom she had reposed that confidence which only women can repose in any human being.

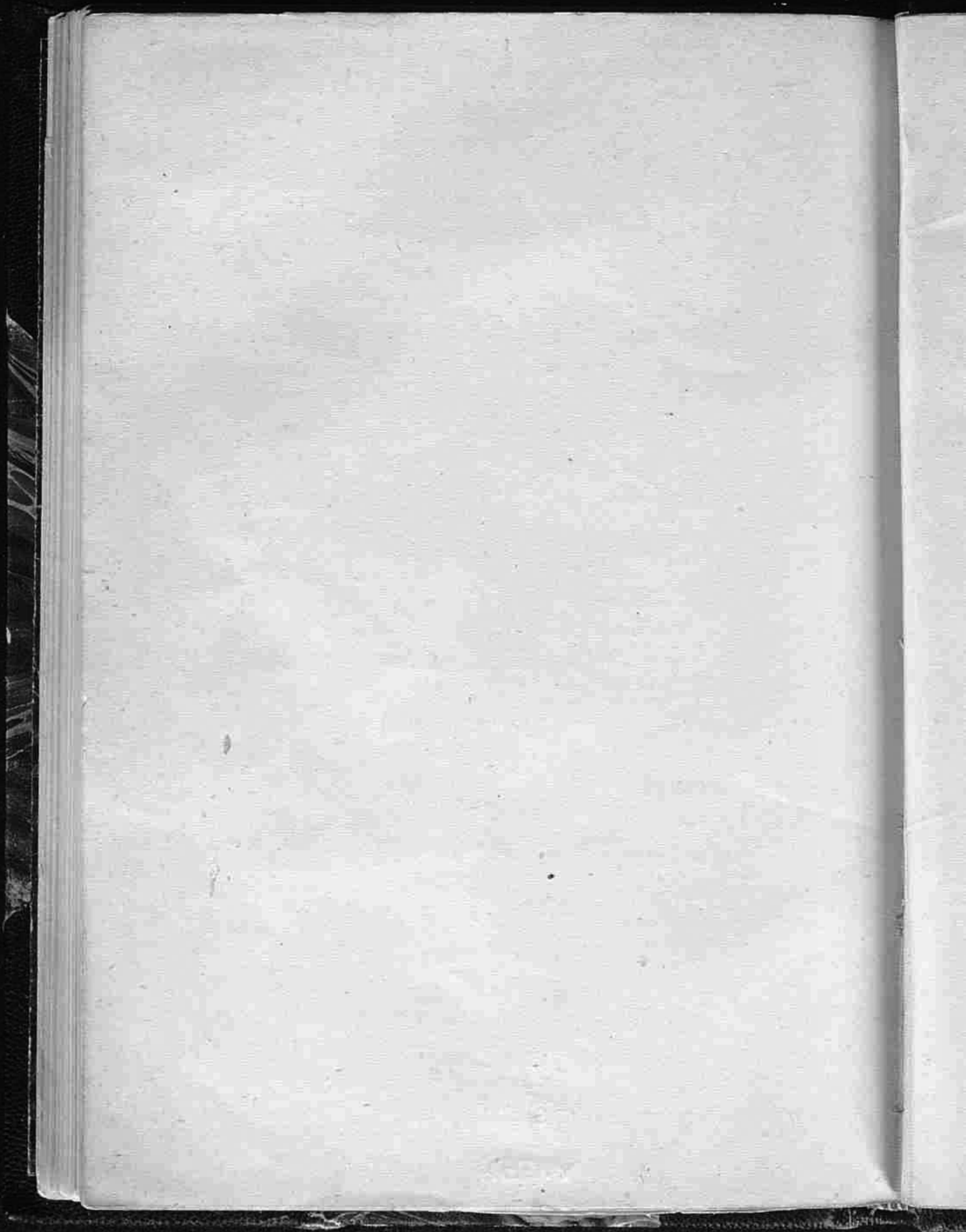
The cruel decapitation, the cruel concealment of the head, and the diabolical attempt to deceive the loving family, and even to cast a shade on the moral character of the one they had already made their victim, goes to make this crime one that will ever be remembered by the American people.

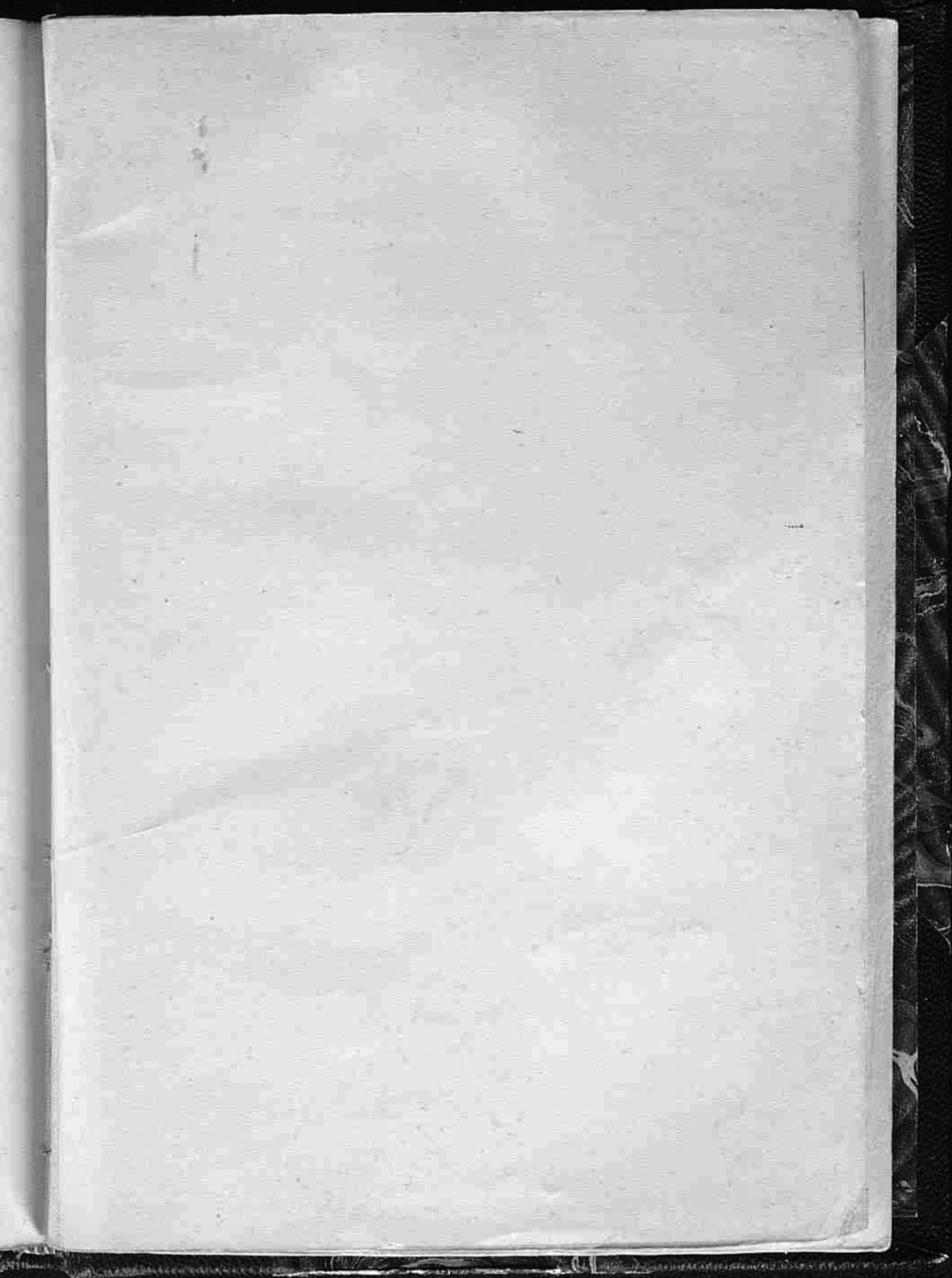
Out in the church yard at Green Castle was laid away the headless remains of Pearl Bryan. Not far from that sacred spot the old father and mother are passing their days in indescribable grief. Over in the city of Green Castle, Jackson's poor mother is pining away. Fifty miles north of Cincinnati is another mother whose grief must be unspeakable.

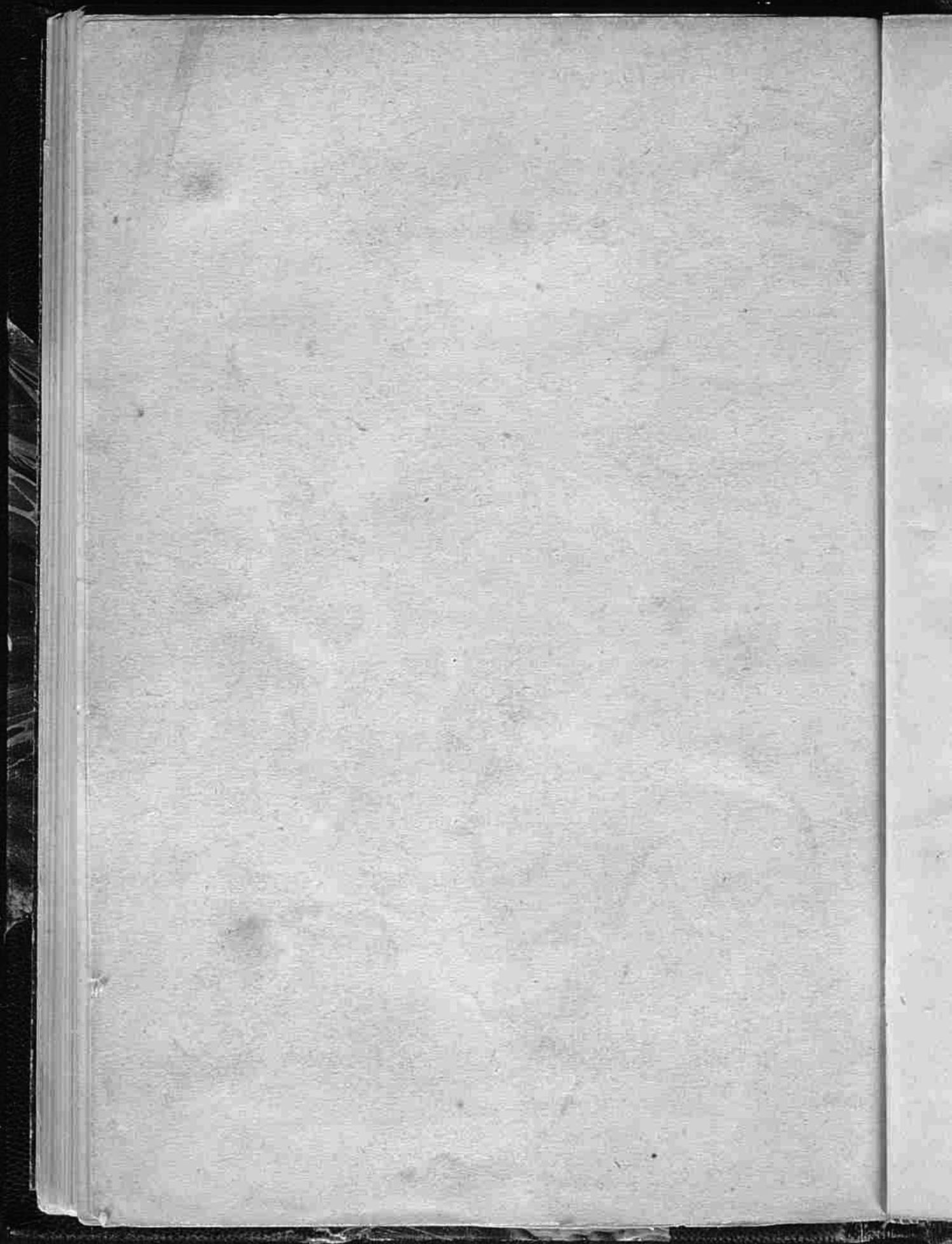
All these heartbreaks and griefs are the result of false steps, bad company and bad habits.

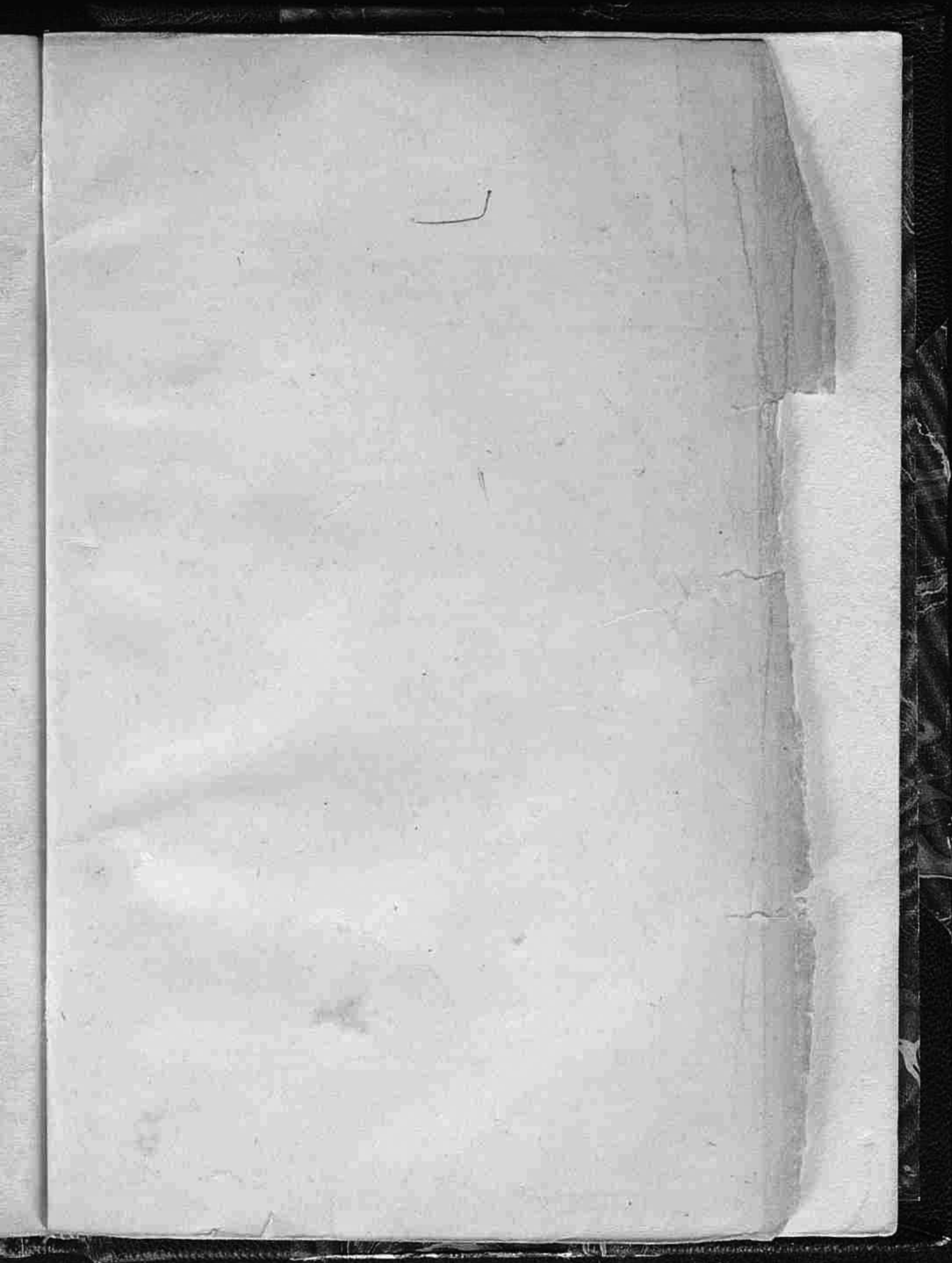
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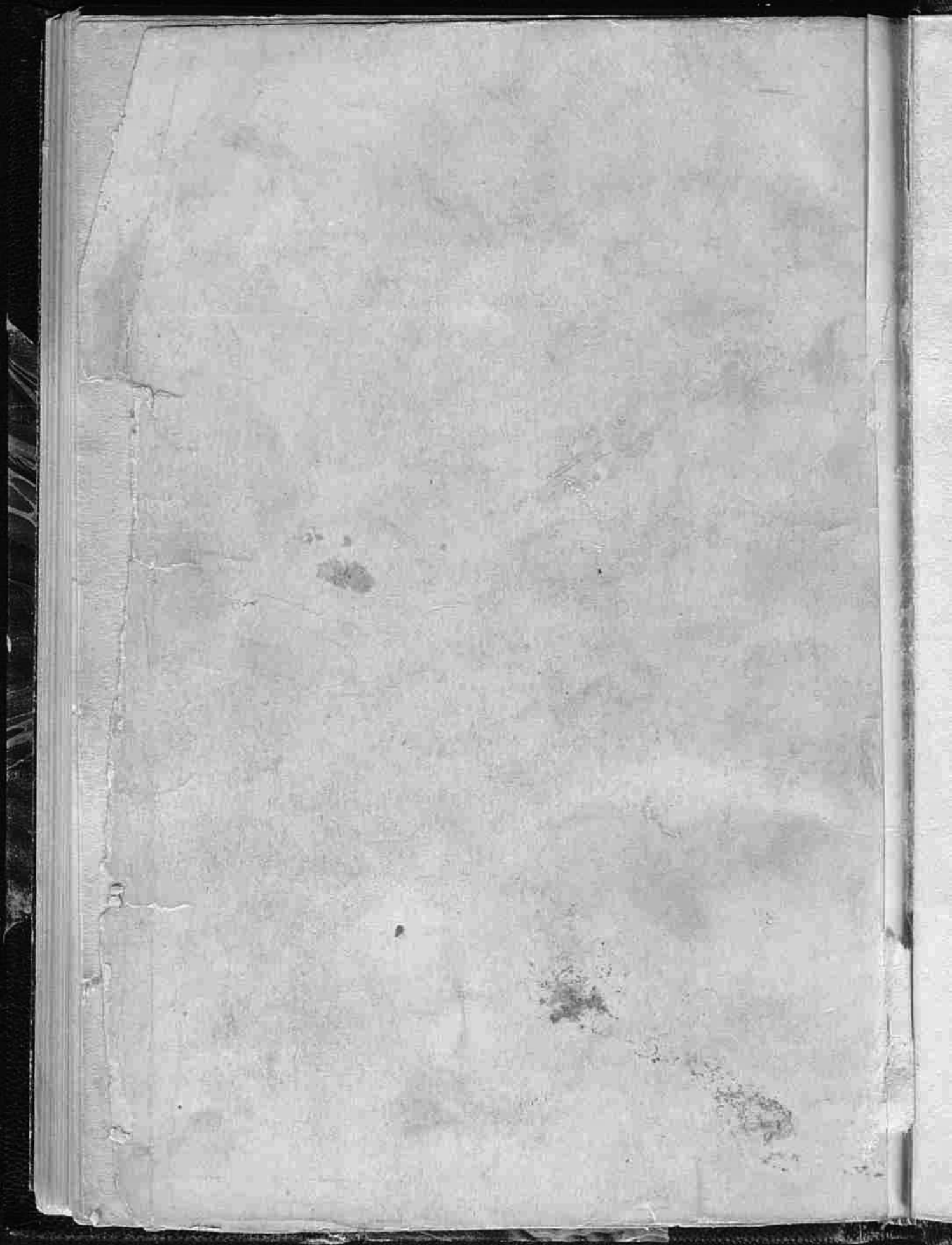
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