

Wichita Daily Eagle

WHY WAS IT DONE?

A Query Constantly Following the Commission of Crime.

THE STRANGE CASE OF MRS. GOULD

A Woman Who Sings, Smokes Cigarettes and Writes Poetry After Killing Her Husband—A Diamond Robber Loses His Nerve—Frightened by a Ghost.

Why? That is the query which must always supplement any story of crime. Looked at from the dispassionate standpoint of disinterestedness there seems to be a strange unconsciousness in the perpetration of a wrong which would naturally suggest that the evil deed is so lacking in mental fiber as to warrant the presumption of insanity. Indeed it is a common saying, even of hardened and habitual lawbreakers, that "a man who has been in jail once is a fool if he ever does anything to warrant his being locked up a second time."

Granting insanity to be a prime factor of the lawbreaker's makeup it must be both charitable and desirable to assume that Mrs. Lillian S. Gould, who killed her husband the other day at Murphy, N. C., was a mad woman. At any rate the story of her crime is one of the most sensational that has recently come to light, but it is Mrs. LILLIAN S. GOULD, probably that the actual facts will never become known. It has been established, however, that Mrs. Gould resided in New York from England in October, 1888.

Her passage had been paid by the London owners of the poor, and upon her arrival in Gotham, she went to a boarding house in Christie street. Within thirty days she became insane from the excessive use of stimulants and was removed to Bellevue hospital. After her recovery the authorities furnished her with transportation to Marietta, Ga., where it had been ascertained that Charles Gould, the man she alleged was her husband then resided.

With her departure from New York the case of Mrs. Gould passed out of the jurisdiction of the authorities until the other day when the details given above were extracted from the official records by those interested in securing the true story of the woman's career. How she passed the time from the hour of her arrival at Marietta until the fatal moment when she stabbed Gould at Murphy is not known, save as credence may be given to her own narrative. She asserts that on joining her husband she found him living opulently and drinking heavily. They removed to Jellico Plains, in Tennessee, where they remained for rather more than a year.

Some weeks since they visited Atlanta, Ga., and Mr. Gould, by common report, there became notorious for getting drunk on champagne and for beating his wife. The latter, by the way, who is a handsome little woman of 30 or thereabouts, dressed elegantly and wore many costly ornaments among others a jeweled dagger, which adorned her belt. After the pleasures of Atlanta had begun to pall the couple removed to Murphy, an isolated little hamlet in western North Carolina, where Gould after a few days of absence began a course of the most lurid sort. In one of his drunken frenzies he chased his wife through the halls of the village tavern, striking her with his riding crop.

He was taken to his room by the servants, and Mrs. Gould soon followed him. There the assault was renewed and during a fit of her life, as she asserted in the inquest, the wife stabbed her husband twice with the toy dagger. He fell on the bed mortally wounded, and while he lay there Mrs. Gould diverted herself at the piano by singing the softest songs she knew. The wounded man, lying for three days, tried to drink and sing, and finally, after his death Mrs. Gould was arrested and committed to jail for two justices of the peace. Since then she has passed the time in alternating paroxysms of grief and hilarity, but whether sorrowing or rejoicing she found comfort in cigarettes, which she smokes incessantly.

It is Mrs. Gould's tale as to be believed she has been married sixteen years, and at the time of her wedding her husband was a wealthy coffee planter in Ceylon. Their life seems to have been a wandering one, and some years ago Mr. Gould visited America, leaving his wife in charge of his affairs. How she chanced to exchange a comfortable home for the harsh charity of the attempted diamond robbery.

A London correspondent is not known. Indeed the only fact fully established are those connected with Mrs. Gould's stay in New York and with the tragedy at Murphy.

One of the many queer incidents connected with the affair occurred on the day of the funeral. Mrs. Gould did not attend the obsequies, but sat in her room and wrote poetry. Here is her production:

TO GOD FOR MY GRAND'S SPIRIT: My God, I linger yet on earth, With reverent prayer to thee, Fearless and the awful death, That thou hast sent to me, In holy regions far above, A spirit yet may linger, Awailing from the hands of love Some sign of the blessed finger.

That hand now darts on earth to write, New chords I wish to play, Entouring, oh the holy light, To show her husband where He yet may meet his weeping wife, Who (prophesied) shall outlive me, To lead her to eternal life, And be, with Charles, saved, The "whys" in this Gould case are nu-

merous. Why did the man beat his wife? Why, if he was a brute, did she leave England to join him? Why did she make a New York robbery as a drinker? And why did the ill assorted but seemingly wealthy pair go to the obscure hamlet of Murphy to live?

The same query, directed along a different line, has to do with a recent event in South Africa, and takes form like this: Why did the ill assorted but seemingly wealthy pair go to the obscure hamlet of Murphy to live? Here is the story: A mail train from Kimberley to Cape Town carried a valuable consignment of diamonds. On reaching Piquetteberg road an attachment was noticed under the postal car.

No special importance, however, was given to it, as it was imagined it was an arrangement to accommodate the passengers' luggage, or that, as one of the officials put it, some one was stealing a ride. But when the train arrived at Cape Town it was found that a cut in the shape of an ellipse, and about 2 feet by 1 foot, had been made in the bottom of the compartment. The staff on investigating saw that this aperture had been made immediately below the safe in which was the diamond output from Kimberley. They at once came to the conclusion that the diamonds had been stolen, and one of the officials said, "You might have knocked me down with a feather." Fortunately, however, the gems were safe. The would be thief evidently had taken alarm, and fled at the instant when he had almost accomplished his purpose.

The safe is about 1 foot 9 inches by 1 foot 2 inches, and always occupies one spot in the van, being fastened to two uprights; it is further secured by clamps. The thief had made a hole in two places, and seven cuts in all. Below the carriage he had rigged up a seat, which was 2 feet 3 inches long, consisting of a plank with rope attached to the connections of the brake. The seat swung only 2 feet 3 inches below the level of the van, and the daring fellow must have sat on this risky bench, and with feet against some projection have pierced flooring and safe. The latter was about three-quarters of an inch from the floor, and contained some \$20,000 worth of diamonds. It is a remarkable fact that the deprecator knew the exact spot of the safe; but it is not so remarkable that the post office officials who traveled did not hear his operations on the night of the train.

He thought he saw a ghost. That is why John Williams confessed himself a murderer, "gave away" his pal and cleared up the mystery surrounding the recent burglary of Mr. Decker's house at Morris, Ill., which involved the killing of Decker passenger to look upon a group of them were staring intently, and the color blooded, yawning passenger was indicating by signs to the others that the "farewell-vain-world" man had not gone hence, but was still in New York state.

Finally he came sneaking back into the car with a combined look of sadness and madness on his careworn face, which grew gloomier when nobody rushed forward to ask the cause of his dejection. Nobody passed the hat for his relief, nobody begged him to confide in them; no purse was made up; nothing turned out as he had thought it would.

Slipping himself into the seat he had vacated the man bided out to the wretch in front of him, who was swaying to and fro with rule and ill concealed laughter. "Laugh, now, darn ye! Oh, laugh, why don't ye? If ye had a single drop of the milk of human kindness in your breast ye wouldn't see anything funny in the suicide of a fellow being. You'd bid him pause and—"

"Tickets! tickets!" cried the conductor, appearing suddenly, and a minute later he was saying to the man who had saved himself from the death of a suicide, "I see here, my friend, this is the third time within a month that I have caught you trying to deadhead it over this route. The last time you were trying to work the boat ticket and pocket book and drying work racket on the passengers, and I know from your disappointed look that you've been up to something now that ain't panned out so well, so let ye go!"

A jerk of the bell, a sudden stopping of the train, a quick appearance of a brassy brakeman, a slight scuffle near the door, and the gloomy passenger had indeed gone flying from the platform, and the train had gone on, leaving him alone in this cold and vain, cruel world.—New York Weekly.

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Nobody seemed to care whether he went hence or to some other place, and a look of bitter disappointment came into the brassy face of the man entering a backskin suit. She could raise a hand that ever looked and never heard of the word "fear." After Gen. Custer was killed she went to the Black Hills and was the first white woman to enter Deadwood. When "Wild Bill" was dying she tenderly nursed him. When the Indians and cowboys were driven away from the Black Hills she drifted from place to place and finally located at Rock Springs.—Chicago Tribune.

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EVERY ONE FINDS A NEW USE.

Calamity Jane's Adventures. "Bustles of chills and fever literature have been written about 'Calamity Jane,'" said Cassius Reynolds, a Wyoming ranch owner, in the Palmer house, "but a true story of her has never been given to the world. These stories reflected upon her character, when, as a matter of fact, she was a good and brave woman. I saw her at Rock Springs, Wyo., where she is now living. Her name is Jane Steers. She was the best known person in the west in the '70's. She carried military messages for Custer in the Big Horn country, where the savages were so thick that a white man dared not enter the basin. She dressed like a man, and was wearing a backskin suit. She could ride a horse that had never bucked and never heard of the word 'fear.' After Gen. Custer was killed she went to the Black Hills and was the first white woman to enter Deadwood. When 'Wild Bill' was dying she tenderly nursed him. When the Indians and cowboys were driven away from the Black Hills she drifted from place to place and finally located at Rock Springs.—Chicago Tribune.

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