

MURDERER BELEW CAGED.

Dixon's Poisoner Behind the Bars for Killing Brother and Sister.

He Told His Brother-in-Law He Would Commit the Murder and Afterward Confessed the Deed.

Constable Frank Newby and John W. Bird Hear the Human Monster Gloat Over His Crime.

SUISUN, Feb. 3.—Frank Belew is in prison, charged with the murder of his brother and sister.

He was arrested on a ranch eight miles beyond Elmira, at 10 o'clock, as a result of the vigilance of officers, aided by The Call, and was hurried here by carriage and placed in the County Jail an hour after midnight.

The affair was so quietly conducted that none suspected the plans of Sheriff Rush.

The suspected man had become careless and the climax was a terrible surprise to him. He is a strong man physically, but his hands shook within their circling bands of steel. His eyes filled with tears as he stood helpless in the presence of the officers of the law. His voice faltered, but faltering it still denied the charges.

"Gentlemen," he had said when the click of the manacles first made him realize the clutch of justice, "you have the wrong man."

This he repeated many times.

"I never did it," he added, but there was no confidence in the tones, and they did not impress as being sincere. He licked his lips with feverish persistency. He looked about him, as if in each shadow there might be something to fear.

The scene was a striking one. It took place under the open sky, the moon throwing a radiant light, which made all the land seem robed in white, and brought out with peculiar distinctness every detail.

For months Sheriff Rush has been working to discover the murderer of Susie and Louis Belew, and during all of this time he has suspected Frank. Others were content to let the matter settle itself into a mystery, to let the assassination go unavenged and the law be cheated again. Sheriff Rush has made no loud protestations of his intentions. He has simply been following clues, patching together scraps of information, until finally the clues led to Belew, and the scraps became an unbroken chain.

Then the Sheriff acted.

Yesterday afternoon a train from the city was met at Benicia by a representative of The Call. On board was the Sheriff. A conference followed, and results were sudden and decisive. The Sheriff did not get off as the train passed Suisun, his home town, but two deputies got on. These were Robinson and Fitzpatrick, two stalwart men, who would not dread a task because it may have danger in it. When the train pulled out of Suisun few noticed the deputies, who came in quietly, and few noticed that the Sheriff remained in his seat. Yet their conduct was part of a plan.

At Elmira the party, which included a representative of The Call, took carriages. There were whispered orders to the drivers, some curiosity manifest, some evasive answers necessary, and the vehicles rolled out of the little town. None but those carried by them knew the destination.

The horses in front were put to a smart pace. The horse in the rear could hardly keep up, and at times the larger rig was almost lost in the distance despite the clearness of the moon. Mile after mile was reeled off without pause. The Sheriff knew that he might be obliged to go as far as Dixon and loss of time could not be risked.

Suddenly the leading team was halted and there came from the carriage a sibilant signal for silence.

The place had been reached.

Leaving the horses by the outer fence, the visitors went through the gate, across a growth of dark verdure by a path well worn. A few rods from the gate stands a small house, a low whitewashed structure, that in the moonlight looked almost ghostly.

No ray shone from within. No response was made to gentle knocks, and it was only when the knocks became emphatic and voices had been raised to shouting pitch that any sound could be heard inside the walls.

Then there came a sleepy inquiry, "Who's there?"

There was no indication of haste to open the door. There was no welcome when the door was opened. But, with civil, yet scant apology, the deputies pushed in, the Sheriff and newspaper man remaining on guard, so as to cover all exits.

"Put on your clothes, Frank," said Fitzpatrick, and from the bed arose the man who is now in a prison cell.

He is not, at first glance, an evil-looking man. He is distinctly animal, however. All his features are heavy, his bones and muscles large, his chest deep. A dangerous enemy in physical contest had he but courage.

It was not until Frank had dressed completely and stepped out upon the lawn that he seemed to realize the seriousness of his predicament. He had made it appear that he thought the officers were in search of a woman. Such a woman had been spoken of. She was a fiction created for a purpose.

Completely clad to his overcoat, Frank is a big man. He had just finished pulling on his gloves when suddenly a weapon flashed in the hands of Fitzpatrick. "Put out your hands, Frank," he said quietly, "you are the man who killed your sister."

For a hardly perceptible instant Frank hesitated. He glanced at the circle of faces, the array of weapons.

Frank Belew's arrest for the fiendish murder of his brother and sister marks an epoch in one of the most celebrated crimes of the century.

Retributive justice has overtaken the brutal wretch with the suddenness of a stroke of lightning, at a moment when he felt most secure, and when the public had given up all hope that the poisoner would ever be brought to the gallows-tree.

In spite of the cunning with which he planned the crime that swept his relatives away, and of the remarkable way he sat at his sister's bedside and watched her drink of the waters of death as he held her hand, he has been outdone in cunning. From his own lips have been heard the monstrous confessions that stamp him as one of the most infamous demons that the ages have produced.

Frank Belew's arrest and confession are strange proofs of the truth of the statement of the immortal Webster that "murder will out."

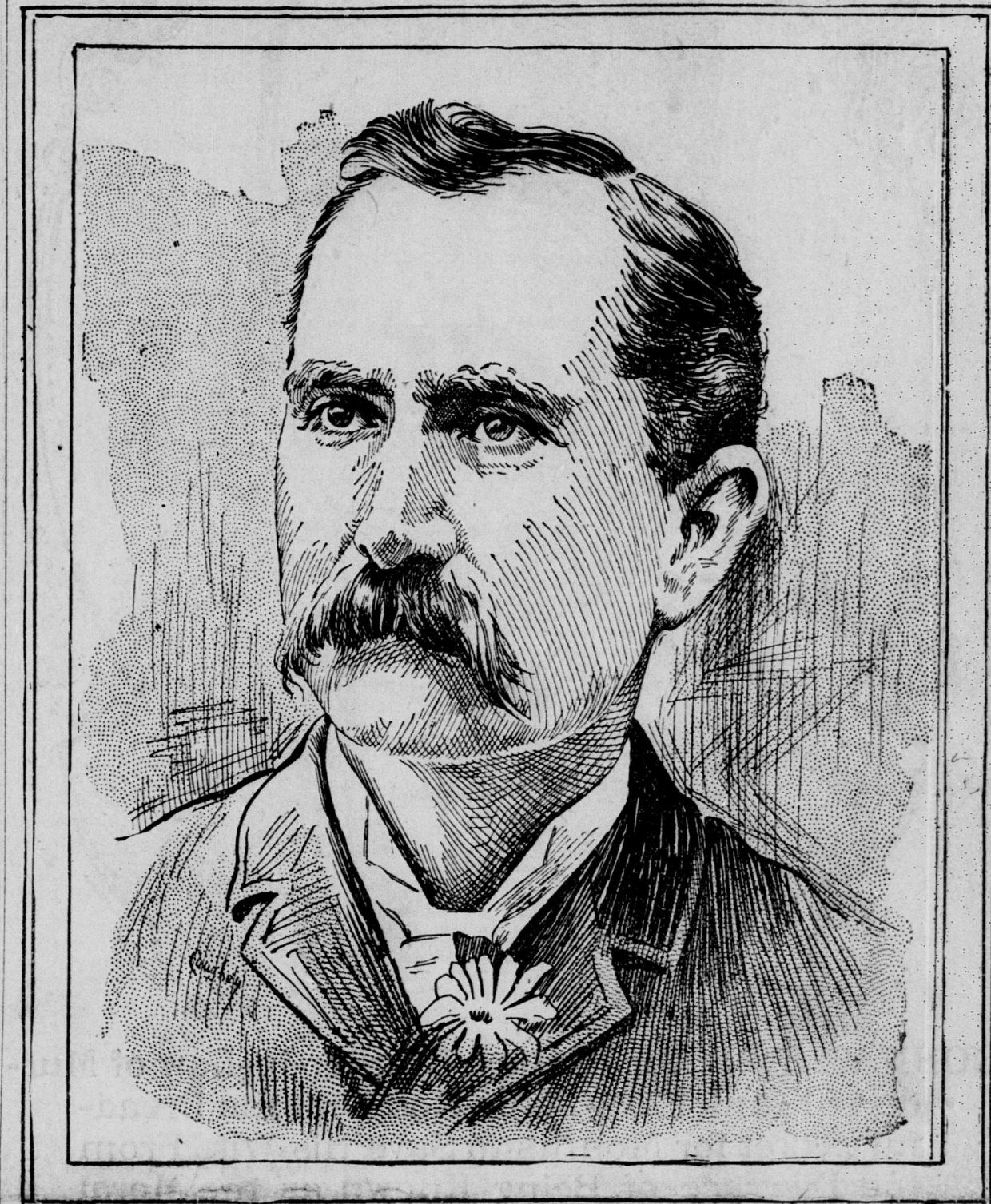
The moral monster who committed that dark crime is the one man in all the world toward whom the finger of suspicion was pointed by all who knew the circumstances; yet the evidence seemed forever lost until the murderer himself gave it to the expectant world.

Before the victims of the murder were buried The Call exclusively published the fact that Frank Belew was the murderer. His own shameful confession, at a moment when he little dreamed that hostile ears were listening, is more marvelous than the tales of Aladdin, more dark and damning than the blackest pages from Dante or Milton, and more cruel than the stories of tortures common with savage races and benighted tribes, in lands where human blood is held of no more value than water that runs in ditches.

Though there has been no doubt in the minds of those who know Frank Belew that he poisoned his relatives hope had been abandoned and the Dixon public believed the murderer would never be arrested.

Two weeks ago Frank Belew was met by a Call reporter in the Postoffice at Dixon. Discussing the murder of his brother and sister he said: "We would all contribute liberally to help hang the fiend who committed this dark crime. I don't think a worse murder was ever committed in the United States. It gave me lots of trouble, but I am glad they have let me alone now and are hunting elsewhere for the criminal. I do not believe there are many persons in this county who will believe that I could have poisoned my relatives and held my sister's hand while she was writhing in pain and slowly dying. Tommy will tell you that I did more for her and Lewis while they were suffering than anybody else did, and that it broke me all up."

In its essential details the story of



FRANK BELEW, the Monster Whose Confession Convicts Him of the Murder of His Brother and Sister.

combined force, seconded ably by Captain Curtin of this city, whose zeal has been unflagging, the full details of the monstrous crime are to-day given to the world, and the murderer is behind the bars confronted with an avalanche of testimony from his own lips that he killed those who were born of the mother that first taught him to lip the words of prayer at her knee, while those he murdered knelt by the same bedside.

Lewis and Susie Belew were two of

nurses to make gruel, using water from the tea kettle he had poisoned.

The monstrous murderer insisted on holding Susie Belew's hand while she writhed in pain and pleaded with those around her to give her relief from the pangs of dissolution. He was with her to the end.

At the funeral, which took place on November 10, Frank Belew was dressed in a suit of solemn black, apparently one of the most deeply affected mourners.

In the wild night of crime, however, his mind slipped a cog. So fierce was the storm of rage, so high leaped the flames of revenge, that he forgot a threat he had made the day before he poisoned his relatives for the purpose of a few thousand dollars—a threat that he would commit a crime that would startle the world.

The day before he poisoned his brother and sister the wretch who now stands confronted with his own confessions called upon his brother-in-law, John W. Bird, a Sacramento photographer. He complained to him bitterly, as he had done to others, that he had not received enough of the property of his parents, who overlooked him in their will.

"I've just been down to see Susie," he said. "She showed me her wedding clothes and said she and Charley Ehlman were going to Nevada on a tour."

The fiend then passed, gritting his teeth and regretting that his sister and brother were both about to marry, thereby introducing new people in the family to divide the hard earned wealth of his parents. In desperation he said:

"They have not treated me right in regard to the estate, but I'll have some of it yet. They'll not live to enjoy it."

There was a pause, some interruption causing a change of the subject. Then the spirit of murder again spoke, saying:

"Bird, I'm going to commit a terrible crime to-morrow. I'm going to commit a tragedy that will shock the whole community."

Bird, whose wife was Frank's sister, Ellen, said:

"Do not do anything foolish, old man. Think of the consequences of such a crime."

Belew said no more about his plans of murder, though he seemed dogged, morose, determined. The men then separated and did not meet again until after the funeral, where both had attended apparently as sincere mourners. Then there was a strange conversation.

"Well, you did what you said you would do," said Bird.

"Did what?" asked the murderer, apparently startled.

"Murdered Lewis and Susie."

"Did I tell you that?" he asked in great trepidation.

"Yes."

Then the sullen wretch studied for a moment and said: "Yes, I do remember that I made a threat, but I didn't tell you I had done it."

"Well, but I know you did it." This was the substance of the remarkable conversation between the murderer and the one man who best knew whose hand had caused the tragedy.

Since that time Bird and Frank Belew have often met at Sacramento and Dixon, discussing the murder in all its phases, part of the time when Constable Frank Newby of Dixon was sequestered so as to overhear the murderer admit without a tremor that he slew those whose death he pretended to mourn with bitter contrition.

Bird, the strange brother-in-law, who has kept the dreadful secret for months to save his wife from the disgrace of being known to all the world as the sister of an infamous moral monster, at last made his confession through fear.

Hints repeated with increasing frequency and persistency led him to believe that the brutal wretch intended to murder him so that no human being could confront him with more than suspicion.

"Frank has been trying to get me to go out hunting in the tules for a long time," said Bird last night. "He has been persistent in this request, and has planned in every way to get me to go with him to some lonely spot. When I refused he seemed more determined than ever, and I read unmistakably that he wanted to murder me because he wanted me out of his way."

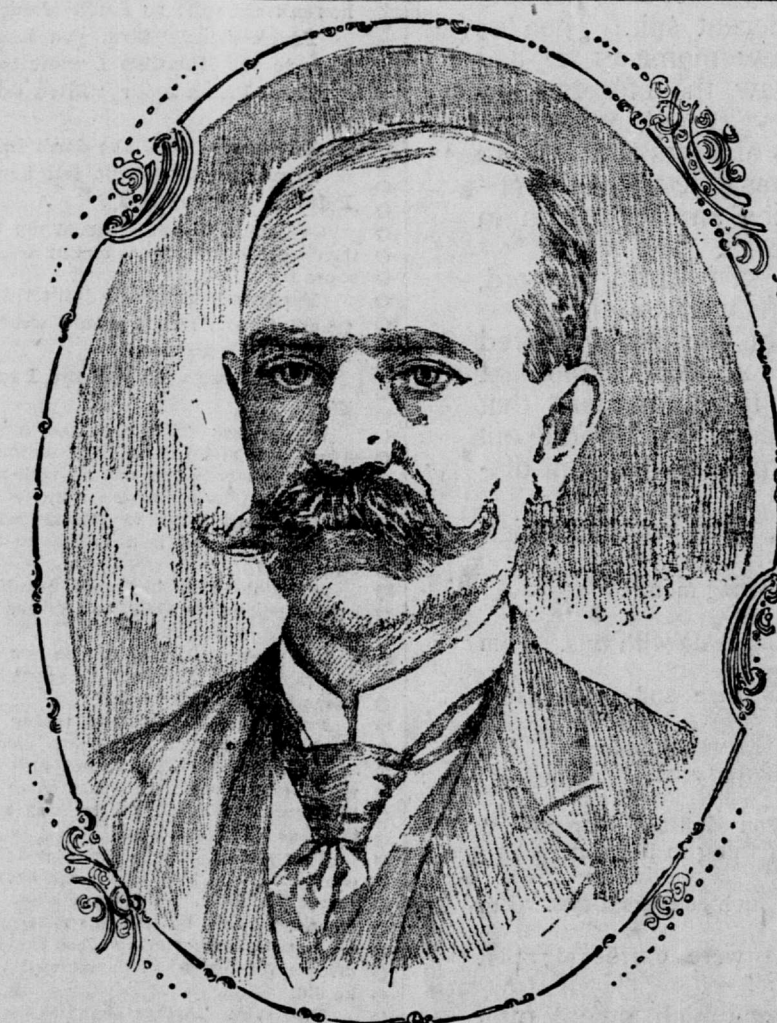
This suspicion was corroborated by the fact that Belew tried to shoot a farm hand he owed money some years ago, pretending that his gun was accidentally discharged. When this failed he placed poison in a biscuit. The hand made complaint at Dixon, whereupon Belew tried to make everybody believe that the hand, who was a stranger, was insane and had tried to commit suicide.

"Frank has always admitted the crime," runs Bird's narrative, much of which Constable Newby corroborates. "He has never expressed remorse for the murder, but has often laughed at the way he eluded the officers and perpetrated what he threatened. He said he did a good job and thought he was pretty smooth in getting away with the sluths."

When the idea of murdering Bird while the two men were out hunting failed to pan out owing to Bird's refusal to go to the tules Frank Belew began to urge his brother-in-law to accompany him to the Klondike country, Bird fearing, however, that the object was to murder him rather than to hunt gold.

Then dark days of fear and suspicion came to Bird. His secret grew heavy. It became a burden that bore him down, drove sleep from his eyelids and made him suspicious that every morsel he ate contained poison.

It was for these reasons that the secret of the dreadful murder finally came to the ears of the authorities.



B. F. RUSH, the Intrepid Sheriff of Solano County, Who Ran Poisoner Belew to Earth.

the murder and of Frank Belew's confession is as follows:

Satisfied that Frank Belew was the murderer of his brother and sister, The Call kept a reporter in the field for weeks after the other daily papers had abandoned the case. Lately it has maintained special commissioners and reporters in the field to aid Sheriff Rush and those who represent the State. Through the efforts of this

the most popular young people in Dixon. They lived together in a humble cottage on the outskirts of the quiet little town.

The night before they were poisoned, early last November, Frank Belew ate supper at the house. He was the one person who had access to the water and the food. When the victims took sick he was almost the first person to come to their home. He helped the