

PACKER'S FRIGHTFUL CRIME.

How He Killed His Five Companions and Substituted upon Their Flesh—A Noted Trial.

Owing to a technicality, due to the stupidity of the legislature, Albert Packer, the most noted criminal in Colorado, who has been under sentence of death for three or four years, is to escape the gallows, writes a Gunnison correspondent of *The New York Sun*. In 1869 Packer and his five companions, all of them prospectors and adventurers, left Utah for San Juan county, Colorado. The country was then a wilderness, and as the men were unfamiliar with their surroundings they lost their way. After weary wanderings, covering several weeks, their food gave out, and the entire party was reduced almost to the verge of starvation. For several days they subsisted on bark and roots, but as they grew weaker rapidly, and no game appearing, they finally came to the conclusion that death was inevitable, and it was agreed that they would meet it bravely should. This decision appears to have been arrived at in good faith by all except Packer. Going into camp for the night with a faint hope that the morning might bring relief, all were soon asleep save one.

Packer alone, animated by a devilish impulse, retained consciousness, and when he had reason to believe that his exhausted companions were wrapped in sound slumber he seized his weapon and crept stealthily about his camp, shooting each man in the head. So heavy was their sleep that those last murdered had no warning of their fate, and the five murders were accomplished as easily as one might have been. Once satisfied of the thoroughness of his work, Packer's hunger got the better of him, and without waiting for daylight he made a horrible meal off one of his victims, and fell asleep.

"I dreamed," he once said, "that relief had come, and that we were already sitting at a well-laden table. No meal that I ever ate was more real to me. My companions were all there, and my own satisfaction was heightened by seeing the enjoyment with which they devoured their food. I thought the town which we had reached had received us as heroes, and we were proud of what we had accomplished, but every few minutes a leaden feeling would come to my heart as if something that I had done was yet to destroy all my happiness. I awoke with a groan and glanced quickly about me. The sky over the mountains was streaked with light, showing that the morning was near, but in the valley it was almost dark. I sprang to my feet as nimbly as my stiffened and weakened limbs would permit, and then the whole truth flashed on me. I gave one glance at the bodies lying around me and shrieked in terror. My wolfish hunger of the night before had been appeased, and an awful revulsion seized upon me. I fancied that I could see their faces and their wounds, almost that I could hear them talk, and without turning again I ran as fast as my legs could carry me away from them. I neither knew nor cared in what direction. All the morning I pressed on, never stopping and never looking behind, until at length my strength would endure no more and I sank to the ground. The day was half gone and I already began to fear the night. I felt then as if I could not sleep again; that I could not even close my eyes in daylight. I stretched myself on the ground and looked up at the clouds and the sky and thought of everything that I could to keep my mind off the one horrible scene that I had left. In this way I saw the sun disappear behind the range and the twilight come on, and in a sort of stupor which I remember I at one time had consciousness enough to hope was death, I passed into a profound sleep, from which I did not awaken until late the next morning."

When Packer came to himself after this long slumber he was ravenously hungry again. The thought of his companions' bodies came to his mind now as a temptation rather than as a grim reproach, and it was with a decided effort that he dismissed the idea temporarily and sought long and painfully for game. Not finding any, and growing more and more ravenous as night came on, he endeavored to satisfy his cravings by chewing such shrubs and leaves as were within his reach. The darkness now did not frighten him. He saw no visions, and his imagination conjured up nothing to disturb him. In the blackness of the night he laid wide awake and with mind supernaturally active speculating on the position in which each of his victims had been left, and turning over and over in his brain how he would prepare his next unnatural meal. He could hardly wait for daybreak to begin his journey, and when he set out on his horrible errand, weak as he was, it was with a buoyancy which surprised himself.

After this he lost his terror, and the repugnance with which he regarded his crime passed away. He lingered near the scene of the murders for days, until finally, admonished that his revel could not last much longer, he began to make excursions in various directions in the hope of finding succor. On some of these trips he was absent several days, and at last, after having subsisted on the bodies of his companions for six weeks, he came upon a camp and

was directed to Lake City, where his crime was soon made known and where he was promptly arrested for murder. The jails in those days were primitive affairs, and not long after his incarceration Packer dug his way out, and was not seen or heard of until thirteen years had passed.

In 1882 something impelled him to venture back to the scene of his crime, and he was again arrested and put on trial for his life. His conviction followed, and in the spring of 1883 he was sentenced to death. Friends of the man, believing that his crimes were committed when he was insane from hunger and being advised by good lawyers that the conviction was illegal, carried the case to the supreme court, where a supersedeas was granted, and on a change of venue the case was brought here. In behalf of Packer the brief submitted to the supreme court held that the law under which he had been condemned to death was not in existence at the time of his crime. The murder law then in force had been repealed and a new one substituted. The court decided in accordance with this view, that the man could not be tried under a law which had been repealed, and certainly not under one which had not been passed until ten or twelve years after the alleged offense. When this ruling was received here Packer's attorneys moved for his dismissal, but the presiding judge denied the motion, holding that the laws bearing on manslaughter had not been changed, and directing that an information alleging that crime be filed against him. For that offense, if convicted, he can be sent to the penitentiary for ten years, but he never will be hanged.

Packer has been in jail here for nearly three years, and has attracted much attention from tourists. He has let his hair and whiskers grow until they are of wonderful length, and from them he has made many little articles, which he has sold to curiosity-hunters. He is highly elated over his prospects of escaping with his life.

"The Relation of Insanity to Sin."

It would have been more accurate to specify crime instead of speaking vaguely of sin. The *Saturday Review*, in an article on this topic, restates and professes to find approximate satisfaction in the familiar legal questions about insanity: "Did he know that what he was doing was wrong? If he did, could he help doing it?" We are unfortunately compelled by the facts of the case to join issue, and contend that a man may know he is doing wrong and do it without obligation or impulse of any sort, and yet be insane. There is unquestionably such a thing as "moral insanity"—that is, insanity of the conscience of morality; and this particular form of mental disease—for such it is—can not unhappily be very readily or certainly distinguished from that depravity of the moral sense which characterizes alike low developments and what Herbert Spencer has designated, and Hughlings-Jackson has demonstrated in pathology, as "dissolution." There will be no substantial progress in the study of mental disease until this branch of science is rescued from the toils of the lawyers. The judges, by their formulation of imperfect views of facts in medicine—and therefore beyond the province of non-medical observers, however able and acute—have done grievous violence to truth and principle, and they have placed a great stumbling-block in the way of the doctors. For the present we must stand on the defensive, and may in all truthfulness be described as lost in amazement at the wondrous and inexplicable folly of those who, while attempting to recognize a disease and to discriminate between it and health, should set themselves against the study of the only methods by which diagnosis, in a medical sense, can be safely or successfully performed.—*The Lancet*.

When She Spoke.

She was a sweet-faced, blue-eyed young girl with great waves of golden hair brushed carelessly back from a noble-looking, snow white brow. Her ruby lips were full and sweet. Innocence itself was in her great blue eyes. Fair and sweet as she in all the purity and guilelessness of her fresh young womanhood.

Two young men have long been watching her with eager interest. Her glorious beauty has enthralled them. "What a superb girl!" said one. Never was lily fairer! How I would love to hear her speak. No "sweet bells jangled" could be like words she must utter with lips like those and a face like that."

She spoke. A friend came down the aisle, and said carelessly:

"A cold day, Miss D—."

The full red lips parted slowly, the beautiful head turned with superb grace, a smile of seraphic sweetness illuminated the noble features, soft and sweet and low was her artless answer:

"Well, I should smirk to twitter! Cold ain't no name for it.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Would Be a Mean Trick.

"Dinny, did you be r'adin' in the noospapers that Jay Gould's income is cints ivry toime the clock ticks?"

"Troth, an' Oi did. Wouldn't it be a name thrick now if some blaggyard was to snake in an' sthup 'is clock fur 'im?"—*Merchant Traveler*.

The Rival Grocers.

Not long ago a young Boston grocer went out into a northern Massachusetts city to establish a grocery on a large and liberal scale. He rented a big store, filled it up with electric lights, put an immense glittering coffee mill in the front window, filled up his store with new goods, stacked up ingeniously constructed pyramids and the like, and invited patronage with double-column advertisements in the daily papers. The trade started in briskly enough, but he soon discovered that his patrons were somewhat interested in the prices that he sold his goods at, as well as the imposing surroundings of his business. There was a rival establishment very much like his own, with electric lights, big coffee mill, glittering pyramids of baking powder, boxes, etc., farther down the street, and purchasers were continually comparing his prices with the rates in this rival store.

One day a male customer, with an open, confiding face, came in and remarked:

"What do you sell the best Haxall flour for?"

"Five dollars and a half a barrel."

"But the other store down the street sells it for \$5."

"Best Haxall, is it?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well," said the new grocer, "they don't sell this kind of flour for \$5. Did you notice how many X's there were on the barrels down at the other store?"

"There were three, sir."

"Well, I sell you this flour for \$5, and it has four X's on the barrel! Do you see? They can't begin to do that for you!"

The open-faced man went out and traveled right over to the other store. "That man in the new store," said he, "offers to sell me the best Haxall flour, with four X's on the barrel, for \$5, and your flour hasn't but three X's."

The grocer scratched his head. "Did you notice the size of the X's on his barrels?" he finally asked.

"Yes," said the customer. "They were about three inches long."

"Ah, that makes the difference; don't you see? The X's on my barrels are six inches long. Just look at them!"

The customer was convinced, and ordered a barrel delivered at once.

The grocer from Boston is beginning to get an idea of the sort of competition he has to fight, and thinks that when he gets the population well learned he will manage to make a living.—*Boston Record*.

John Brown's Fame.

A Detroitier who recently paid a visit to Harper's Ferry accosted a citizen with:

"I suppose you know all about old John Brown?"

"John Brown—old John Brown? Did he live here?"

"Why, I mean John Brown, who tried to free the slaves."

"Wanted to free the slaves, eh? Did he have any middle name?"

"I am speaking of John Brown, who got up the insurrection."

"Yes, I suppose you are. Got up an insurrection, did he? He shouldn't have done it. When did he leave here?"

"Is it possible you have never heard of John Brown?"

"Seems to me I have heard his name mentioned here. What did the insurrection amount to, and who insurrected?"

"He captured the engine-house down there. Haven't you ever read the sign on the building?"

"Lots of times, but I didn't suppose it amounted to anything. John Brown? John Brown? How old a man was he?"

"Never mind," replied the Detroitier, "I'll probably find someone here who can tell me what I want to know."

"Let's go out together, then. You've got my curiosity excited, and I'd really like to know who he was and what reasons he had for leaving the place. Say we go and ask the bridge-tender. He's a great hand to remember picnics and insurrections."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Bobby's Article on Cats.

A cat is a curious animal. It has fore feet and also fore legs. Its head is at one end of its body and its tail at the other. When it walks its head goes before and its tail follows along behind. Its front feet walk before and its hind feet walk along behind. If a cat is tired to a cat's tale it will not track when it walks. It is not good for a cat to ti a bunch of firecrackers to its tale either. It is apt to walk too fast and get heated. A cat's tale is a good handle to pike the cat up by, but it is hard on the cat. Cats can climb trees. Dogs kant. That is lucky for cats. When a dog gets after them they kan climb a tree wher they kan sass back without giting hurt. You kant hit a cat. Wunet I thru a bute at one and i hit a nold ruster. The ole ruster he'dide, but the cat didn't.

"Was Sue Fitzpercy at the social last night?" asked the high school girl's mother. "Yes," replied Mildred, "and she took the initiative on leaving."

"That's just like that girl; she'll take everything she can get her hands on."

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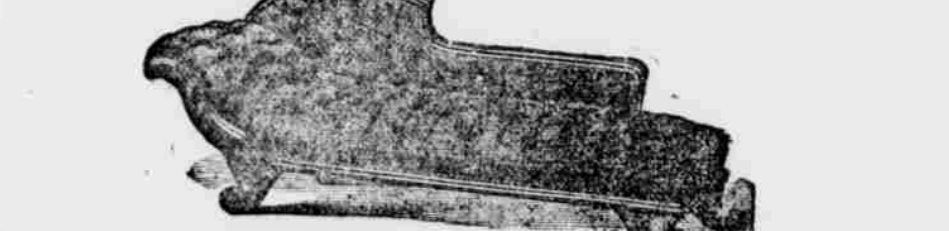
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