

AN INFAMOUS WRETCH.

Detectives are After the Villain Who Broke Into the Residence of Dr. Peebles.

A Thief Who Will Probably Pay Dear for His Crime if Ever Caught.

The Record of One of the Most Dastardly Outrages Ever Committed in Cleveland.

A scoundrel's double crime, the details of which appear either to have eluded the vigilance of the officers of the law or to have been passed unnoticed by them, was perpetrated by a burglar in this city last Monday morning before daylight. At the unseemly hour when all nature is popularly supposed to slumber soundest, a prowling villain silently raised the window of a dwelling on a pleasant residence street of the West Side, stealthily passed through the parlor and hall, and with noiseless footsteps ascended the stairway and entered the room of a young lady member of the household. A gas jet burning dimly cast a flickering light over the apartment and after surveying the room the burglar, being observed, prevented an outcry by placing his hand over the young lady's mouth. Not satisfied with robbery, the villainous ruffian, after securing her purse, originally assaulted his helpless victim, and then hastily fled from the scene of his crime. Dr. R. R. Peebles, one of the most widely known dentists in Cleveland, lives at No. 31. Courtland street, and his family consists of his wife, daughter, and a young lady who is his ward. Dr. Peebles has lived continuously in this city since 1836, and for the past twenty-five years his office has been located on Detroit street, near Pearl. Some years ago

THE DAUGHTER OF A CLOSE FRIEND was left parentless, and the little girl, who is related to pioneer residents of the city, accepted a home tendered her by Dr. and Mrs. Peebles. She has lived with them since, and is now grown to womanhood. She is considered a member of the family and assists the doctor in his office work at No. 209 Detroit street. Last Friday Dr. Peebles left the city for a few days and the three ladies were alone at home over Sunday. On Sunday evening they retired at the usual hour, expecting to meet the doctor at the breakfast table the following morning, as he was to return to the city on a night train. Mrs. Peebles and her daughter slept on the first floor and the young lady referred to occupied her room in the second story. Between 3 and 4 o'clock in the morning a burglar forced open a sash of the parlor window which looked upon the portico of the house. The catch of the window was not too strong, and the sash was raised with but little difficulty and without noise. The prowling thief stepped into the dark parlor with silent footsteps. He was evidently acquainted with the premises for he avoided coming into contact with the center table or furniture. Disturbing nothing in the parlor the burglar walked into the hall, but to all appearances paid no attention to the sleeping apartments or other rooms upon the first floor. Ascending the stairs he passed through the doorway into the chamber of Dr. Peebles' ward. The gas was burning, and the door being open, the robber was afforded a full view not only of the apartment in which he stood but also of two unoccupied chambers adjoining. Had he been

BENT UPON LARCENY ALONE, he would have found a valuable diamond pin, two massive chains, and an Odd Fellow's emblem in an unlocked drawer in the dressing case standing in one of the adjoining rooms. But robbery seemed to be only one of the villain's purposes. Upon the couch in the chamber into which he had found his way the young lady was reclining fast asleep. The presence of the intruder, silent as his footsteps were, disturbed her, and she suddenly opened her eyes. The burglar stood with his hand upon the stop cock of the gas fixture. He was short in stature but heavy set and smooth faced. This much the frightened young woman saw before the villain turned off the gas and rushed toward her. She had at first thought the man was Dr. Peebles returned home and before she could recover from the fright caused by the unexpected intrusion of the robber the villain's hand covered her mouth. "Keep quiet or I'll kill you!" hissed the brute in a hoarse whisper. "I want your money. Where is it?"

Whether she drew the purse from beneath her pillow, or whether the ruffianly robber found it there, she could not remember afterwards, but at all events the thief secured it. The villain did not release his hold upon the prostrate victim, but thrust his booty into his pocket and then assaulted the unfortunate and helpless young woman.

Mrs. Peebles, who was sleeping down stairs as has been stated, had been suffering for some days from a severe cold, and about this time was awakened from slumber by a violent fit of coughing. Whether the brute in the room above heard the coughing and became frightened, or whether he became alarmed at his dastardly conduct is not known, but the villain when he left the room ran at full speed and stumbled upon the stairs in his descent. He rushed through the hall into the parlor, and escaping through the open window fled up the street, examining the stolen purse as he ran and throwing away the tell-tale trinkets which might be used against him were he captured. The young woman, who is naturally of nervous temperament,

MANAGED TO SPRING FROM BED and drag herself down stairs to Mrs. Peebles' room, where she quickly related the terrible ordeal through which she had passed. Mrs. Peebles is a plucky lady, and arising, found a good stout club and made a thorough search of the house, hoping to find the brute. She discovered the open window, which told the story of the intruder's flight as well as the manner of his entrance. Dr. Peebles arrived in the city about 3:30 o'clock and reached his home a half hour later. He found his wife, daughter, and ward in the sitting-room, and from them heard the story of the assault and burglary. The victim was suffering from nervous prostration, but she managed to tell her friends the details of the visit of the robber. When asked why she did not make an outcry she said she was so frustrated that she could not have raised an alarm even if she had not been gagged by the ruffian's hand. Dr. Peebles, after caring for the unfortunate girl, started out to investigate and on the walk he found a bangle, an office key, and other trinkets which had been thrown from the purse by the fugitive in his flight. The thief retained purse and money. All attempts to obtain clues which might lead to the detection of the burglar were futile. Dr. Peebles learned that the house of Mrs. Biddlecom, on Birch street near Franklin avenue, had been entered by burglars the same morning, and going there was given a description of that intruder. Mrs. Biddlecom has a few boarders in her house and arose about 3:30 o'clock to look after the fires. A few moments after returning to her room she heard a rustling sound as if some one was trying to find

THE POCKET OF HER DRESS which was upon a chair in the room. Thinking the intruder was her son Mrs. Biddlecom called out, "What are you doing there?" A light was burning low in the hall and at the sound of her voice a man stepped into the dim light of the doorway, and placing his hand upon his hip pocket as if to draw a revolver, said: "I want money."

"My money is up stairs," replied Mrs. Biddlecom. "Go up and get it."

"You go and get it and bring it to me," replied the burglar.

Mrs. Biddlecom, as she arose from the bed, slipped her hand beneath the pillow and grasped her pocket-book, which contained all the money she had in the house. Clasp the purse in one hand she threw her arm across her breast so that the pocketbook was hidden under the arm pit on the opposite side. She then laid the other arm over the one holding the purse and allopped to the floor. Her arms were held across her breast as if they were very much frightened when she ran past the burglar, but as soon as she reached the hall she screamed for help and dashed swiftly up stairs. The discomfited intruder beat a retreat at the alarm, and footprints were found outside the house which showed that two men had been in the room. Mrs. Biddlecom's visitor was a

tail man and his face was hidden by a black mask. He wore no overcoat and his head was covered by a Derby hat. The description satisfied Dr. Peebles that the burglar was not the one who had called at his home, and nothing has been learned that will bring to justice the infamous scoundrel. Dr. Peebles' ward has somewhat recovered from the effects of her fright and assault and she was at the office of the dentist yesterday. She is a pretty young lady with dark hair and eyes. Dr. Peebles says that she is not very strong and that she is very easily frightened.

DIED IN AN EXPLOSION.

A Woman Wants \$10,000 for the Life of Her Husband—News of the Courts.

Messrs. M. B. Clark & Son, the owners of the National Flouring Mill on Merwin street, which was burned on September 15, 1838, are the defendants in a \$10,000 damage case which was commenced in the Common Pleas Court Thursday. Peter Geiermann, an employe in the mill at the time the conflagration occurred, lost his life, and his widow, Catharine Geiermann, now seeks to recover the sum named. Geiermann was on an upper floor of the mill, filling a car with bran, when the explosion took place, and his remains were found some days later in the debris on the ground floor.

Ellen Nash has sued George J. Johnson for \$3,004.50, for alleged injuries received while cleaning a house at No. 78 St. Clair street. Ellen says she was standing on a stepladder, when she was overcome by sewer gas, and fell. Among her injuries was a fractured collar bone.

J. T. Matthews claims that N. S. Waite has slandered him, and he began a suit Thursday for \$5,000 damages.

Anna Maria Monschein has sued J. M. Monschein and others to recover \$1,500 on a promissory note, executed June 16, 1887.

Judge White, Sheriff Sawyer, and County Clerk Mencham drew a jury Thursday morning for the Probate Court.

The Circuit Court yesterday listened to arguments in a number of appeal cases. Charles Eilert, a saloonkeeper, who was convicted in the Police Court some time since of violating the Sunday liquor law, was dissatisfied with the decision and he carried the case up. Oliver Woodward was convicted of the same offense in the Probate Court and his case was also reviewed in the Circuit Court. James Gibbons was convicted of selling prairie chickens contrary to the provisions of the game laws and his case was reviewed and taken under advisement. Mrs. Eliza Ehrbar secured a judgment of \$2,500 against the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati & Indianapolis Railroad Company for personal injuries. The case was tried in the Common Pleas Court, and it was taken to the Circuit Court by the railroad company on error. This was also heard yesterday and submitted.

In the Probate Court there was an unusual rush of business, but little of it was of interest to the public. Mrs. Kate Sullivan, whose home is on Walnut street, was the plaintiff in a suit, which was tried recently before Judge White, in which she sought to obtain an increased allowance from her late husband's estate. Since the case was heard Mrs. Sullivan has become mildly insane and yesterday she was committed to the asylum. Assignee Smith, of the defunct Excelsior Refining Company, was ordered to sell a number of claims at private or public sale as he shall deem best, after giving ten days' notice.

In the Criminal Court, Judge Stone had little to do yesterday. John Williams, alias Samuel White, was arraigned on an indictment charging him with burglary and larceny and he pleaded guilty. The crime consists of entering the dwelling of Frank Hanns on December 30, 1888, and stealing a gold watch valued at \$60. Charles Kelly pleaded not guilty to the charge of horse stealing. He will be tried on Monday, January 14.

JIM WANTS A PICNIC.

Ex-Councilman Herron Says He Will Soon Own a Horn of the Bullock Won by City Clerk Salen if That Young Man Doesn't Lead the Animal Over the Viaduct.

A LEADER reporter encountered the Honorable James Buchanan Herron, the eloquent Democratic statesman of the Thirtieth ward, on the Viaduct yesterday afternoon, and accosting him inquired as to the financial success of the New Year's raffle of his famous Jersey bullock, which was won by a throw of the dice by City Clerk Salen.

"I'll be truthful with you," said Mr. Herron. "Let me see. I got about forty dollars for the bull an' it cost me about \$8."

"I see Mr. Salen is anxious to sell the frisky animal," suggested the reporter.

"He is, an' if he don't get to work an' take the bull away I'll go to work an' raffle him over again. Charlie wants \$65 for the bull, an' Jake Perkins says it's worth \$350. I told Charlie I'd keep the bull a wake for him. It's goin' on two now, an' the bull ain't bin takin' away. I'm feedin' him bran an' oats three times a day, an' I'll soon own a horn of him. Then Charlie can knock off the other horn, an' I'll raffle off the bull. Charley has got to go to work on a lead the bull away himself, for I'll give it to no one else. I'll give ten dollars to see Charlie Salen lead the bull over the Viaduct an' up to the City Hall."

"But, if all accounts are true, the bullock would kill Salen before he traveled far."

"I know that," replied the Honorable Jim. "I know the bull will go to work and kill Charley. But the bull wants a picnic, an' I'm goin' to work an' see that he gets a picnic. If you see Charlie, tell him he's got to lead the bull over the Viaduct, or I won't give him up."

A MEMORIAL HALL.

The Members of Brooklyn Post Will Soon Own a Grand Army Building.

There are encouraging prospects that Brooklyn Post, G. A. R., will be the first Grand Army Post of the county to own a headquarters, and Brooklyn village will thereby gain an excellent public hall. The post comprises nearly seventy earnest and active members. The project has been long discussed, and at a recent meeting the enterprise was placed upon a business basis. All the preliminary arrangements are in the charge of an executive committee of five members. It has been decided to rear the structure on Pearl opposite Garden street. The cost will be met by subscriptions and the issuing of loan shares of \$10 each. It is believed that the need of a good public hall in the village will lead the citizens to give the plan their hearty support. At a recent meeting held to consider the project nearly \$700 was subscribed. It is proposed to rent the hall for public assemblages and to give entertainments, the proceeds of which will be applied to the cost of the structure. In that way the more hopeful of the veterans believe that it can be paid for within two years. The plans of the building are still under consideration. While the members are a unit in favoring the structure they have not agreed upon the sort of a building that would best suit their purposes. Some of them favor an auditorium on the first floor and lodge rooms above while others advocate store rooms on the ground floor with the auditorium in the second story. It may be decided to make the building three stories in height. The trustees are busily at work on the financial feature of the enterprise and the outcome of the plan will depend upon the degree of their success. They are confident that the post will receive sufficient support to erect a very creditable structure.

Crobaugh Not Heard From.

A LEADER reporter called at the office of Hopkinson & Parsons yesterday, to learn if any news had been received concerning Harry Y. Crobaugh, their defaulting accountant. There was nothing new in the case. The whereabouts of the financial clerk is as much a mystery as ever, and no new discoveries have developed in the examination of the books. The family of the absent man profess to know nothing of his whereabouts, and Mrs. Crobaugh says she has made no definite plans for the future.

Lamp and Brass Men Dance.

The annual ball of the employes of the lamp and brass works of W. J. Gordon was held at Hattnorth's Hall, last night. The following officers were in charge: committee of arrangements, John Keeran, John Sintzenich, John Valentine; floor director, R. N. Bird; floor managers, Fred Hall, P. P. Rosenfelder, A. W. Fuerstman; reception committee, John Gavin, Max Meyersheim, P. H. McHugh, Joseph Frazier, John Kenney, Joseph Drda, Morgan Curry, William Frick, John Cowan, P. Campbell.

The Police Pension Law.

The members of the police force held another meeting yesterday to consider the pension bill. They assembled in the Police Court room, and the proceedings were conducted with Patrolman Barnes in the chair. The discussion was over plans to increase the pension fund revenue and the question of increasing the pension. They failed to complete the proposed amendments to the present law, and adjourned to meet at the call of the chairman.