

HORRIBLE AND MYSTERIOUS MURDER.

Miss Sallie E. Dean, a School Girl, Meets
Death at a Fiend's Hand.

The newspapers, which so frequently in late years record the horrors of murder and brutal crime of the country, rarely ever contain accounts of such ferocious and terrible brutality as that which was detailed to a JOURNAL reporter, who visited the scene of the death of pretty little Sallie Dean, who was killed last Tuesday morning, near Harmony. Not in the past three decades has such shocking atrocity occurred within our borders. Strong men wept at the spectacle which was presented as the lifeless body of the child, maimed and bloody, lay beneath the brush by the roadside.

Shortly after eight o'clock Sallie went to school, as her parents thought. Not until after the hour for the closing of the school had they any uneasiness or thought of the disaster which awaited them. The mother, meeting one of the other children of the school late in the afternoon, was asked why Sallie had not been in attendance as usual. Alarmed at the question, Mrs. Dean hastened home and informed her husband, Mr. Jacob Dean, and an immediate alarm was given. It was learned that she had passed Mr. Corkran's house, which is about half-way between Mr. Dean's residence and the village, about half-past eight o'clock. Fifteen minutes after she had passed a son of Mr. Corkran followed on his way to school, and shortly before other children had gone that way also. Mr. and Mrs. Dean and a daughter, who had been at home, began the search. Crossing the branch, where on both sides of the road there is a dense woods; they looked for the child's tracks, and finally found indications of a scuffle near the top of the hill, toward the little town. Here the thicket on the right side was thin and the wheat field beyond was in plain view. Walking up among the little pines, Mr. Dean found a napkin, which he recognized as that belonging in the dinner bucket of his missing daughter. Alarmed, he went on and in a little while saw the bucket, robbed of its contents, and a few feet away the father saw his child cold in death, lying beneath a dead cedar, which had been thrown over her body, within a few feet of the wheat field of a colored man named Friend. Her clothing was disarranged, her bonnet untied, but still on her head. A hideous, gaping wound in the throat had saturated the apron of her bonnet and the ground beneath with a profuse flow of blood. Near her temple was the mark of a terrible blow. It was about six o'clock. Mr. Dean waited there while the grief-stricken mother and daughter went to summon neighbors. Mr. Thomas H. Todd and others responded promptly.

The scene of the murder was within two or three hundred yards of three dwellings, along the public road leading to Denton, and in sight of the little town of Harmony. Were it not for the fact that there is a small bank by the roadside the murdered girl could have been seen by anyone passing. On this spot one standing could scarcely have kept hidden from a passer-by.

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Before leaving the ground the party discovered traces of a struggle and indications that the child had been dragged to the place where they found her. Her books were found near, buried in pine shats, which nearly covered the ground. The body was conveyed to the home, in which she was an idol. The whole community was unspeakably shocked, for the victim was a general favorite. In the evening neighbors gathered, and a physician, Dr. DuHadway, made examination of the remains. It was found that she had not been subjected to the crime which was the evident purpose of the fiend, although there had been a struggle. A chloroform bottle, bearing the label of a local drug store, found near where Miss Dean's body had lain, supports the theory that an outrage more terrible than death was in the mind of the brute. Her underclothing were cut as with a razor or sharp knife. Probably the noise of a passing vehicle frightened him into avoiding the risk of discovery, and then it was that the poor girl received the terrible stroke which went clear across the throat, severing a jugular and the wind-pipe. When measured the wound was found to be six inches in length, and was made, the physician said, with one stroke of a very sharp instrument. Death had followed quickly. The bruise on the head was, no doubt, the first she received and was, as was indicated, hard enough to knock her senseless. It had been delivered with a stick evidently.

'Squire Manlius P. Hutchinson summoned a jury of inquest, who were sworn in as follows: William H. Deen, foreman; F. S. Todd, C. Wright, R. Pepper, W. F. Leonard, George Bishop, Thomas H. Todd, W. Penn Willis, William Poole, U. S. Corkran, Marshall Price, and Dr. John DuHadway. The hearing of testimony was postponed until Wednesday morning, when the coroner's jury met in Mr. T. H. Todd's store. The State's Attorney and several other officers were present, and quite a large crowd of people from the country around. Mr. Dean, father of the dead girl, Mr. Todd, Dr. DuHadway, and a colored boy, testified to the facts, which are substantially stated above. Awaiting further evidence the jury adjourned to meet this morning at 10 o'clock.

There are many theories concerning the death of the child—so many that it would be useless to attempt

to speak of them separately. Mystery dark and deep shrouds the awful deed. That a murder could have been committed on this road, where help was almost within hearing and where many carriages and pedestrians go by--where violence and rapine are almost unheard of--even in sight of a village of considerable size, seems almost incredible. The clues obtained seemed vague and vanished on investigation. So fathomless, indeed, was the whole affair that the people were temporarily unable to make a search of the neighborhood for the red-handed brute. There was no organized posse. Portentious, but restrained, anger filled the breasts of the multitude.

The remains of the murdered girl were buried from Harmony Methodist Episcopal Church on Thursday afternoon last, and never has the village known a more largely attended funeral. The sad services greatly intensified the feeling of deep sorrow for the bereaved family, and aroused afresh the spirit of vengeance among many. Interment took place at Grove cemetery.

At this writing no clue of importance has been found. Some suspicion rests upon a tramp who was seen in the neighborhood on the morning of the tragedy by Mr. Clarence E. Deen and his wife and Miss Rena Tribbett. He was going toward American Corner, and probably was on his way to Delaware. He was described as below medium height, had a sandy mustache and wore dark clothes. His trousers were stuffed in his boot tops. He had a bundle and a cane in his hands. He has not been seen since. A mulatto boy was suspicioned also. He was a stranger and acted in a strange manner. He was in Federalsburg Wednesday morning, and, it is said, had apparently been out all night, and was making his breakfast on cheese and crackers bought in a store in that town. The opinion is general, however, that the crime was committed by a man who lives in the vicinity--one whom the child had recognized and whose identity would have been divulged had she been left alive.

A young colored man, a mulatto, about 18 years of age, giving his name as Jeremiah Bishop, was arrested at George Spicer's, near Seaford, on Thursday evening last by Sussex officers, and brought to Denton jail by Mr. Levin W. Williams early yesterday morning. It was thought that he had been seen in the vicinity of the murder shortly before the tragedy. He was in Federalsburg on Wednesday and made his way from there to Seaford in the afternoon. He said he had been employed at Dr. Phelps', near Cambridge.

A white man was arrested at Cordova Thursday on suspicion and committed to Easton jail to await developments.

LATER.

Charles Ross, a colored man and a sailor on the schooner Hackett, was arrested in Baltimore yesterday (Friday) afternoon. It is claimed that Ross was seen in the neighborhood on the morning of the murder and that he was tracked through thickets and secluded places to the river, where he appeared nervous and anxious to get on board the vessel. He was arrested on the arrival of the schooner in Baltimore.