

## A MURDERER AND SUICIDE.

FARMER ANDREWS KILLS A WOMAN AND  
ENDS HIS OWN LIFE BY POISON.

NEW-HAVEN, Conn., March 29.—The little village of Oxford, four miles northwest of Seymour, was to-day the scene of one of the most horrible tragedies in the history of Connecticut. A prominent and well connected citizen of the town assaulted a defenseless woman with an axe, felling her to the ground, and then went home and soon afterward poisoned himself. The woman assaulted died after five hours' agony. James Andrews was the name of the murderer and suicide. He was about 50 years old, a farmer, and had hitherto held a very respectable position among his townsmen. At 9 o'clock this morning he went to the house of Orlando Osborne to get an axe he had left there to be ground. In the back room of the house sat Osborne and his wife. In the front room was Elsie Williams, a maiden lady 45 years old, who was employed as a dress-maker by Mrs. Osborne. Axe in hand, Andrews entered the house by the front door. He addressed a few words to Miss Williams, which were heard by Mr. and Mrs. Osborne. He asked Miss Williams's hand in marriage and was refused. The next instant a cry rent the air. Andrews, with an oath and the appearance of a madman, raised the newly sharpened weapon and cried: "By God, you shan't marry any one, then!" He let the weapon fall with terrific force on the helpless woman's head. She sank to the floor only to be again struck with the heavy axe. Blood oozed in streams from her wounds and lay in pools beneath her prostrate form. Mr. and Mrs. Osborne rushed to the unfortunate woman's aid, but she was unconscious and seemingly dead. In the meantime the murderer hastened to his house, went to his room, swallowed a dose of strychnine, took off his boots and stockings and went quietly out of the house. Two hours later his dead body was found by a Mr. Windish in the woods, a short distance west of Andrews's house, his hands clutching tightly some leaves. In one of his pockets was a seven-shooter, four chambers of which were loaded.

Sheriff Tucker, of Seymour, was summoned to Oxford and made an investigation. He decided that Andrews met his death by poison. Miss Williams was engaged to be married in a few days to Nathaniel Proctor, of Woodbury. She had known Andrews all her life, but no one supposed there was anything but feelings of ordinary friendship between them. Andrews was a son of Nehemiah Andrews, a respected citizen of Oxford, and two years ago was a member of the Connecticut Legislature.

**The New York Times**

Published: March 30, 1886

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