

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

REMORSE DRIVES A MURDERER TO CONFESSION.

A Young Irishman Voluntarily Delivers Himself Up as the Murderer of His Wife—Killed Her in a Drunken Frenzy—The Murden of His Secret.

CHICAGO, July 6.—William Harrison, a young man who recently arrived in this country from Belfast, is held as a prisoner at the Desplaines Street police station on his own confession that he murdered his wife at Orleans, N. Y., three months ago. Harrison voluntarily delivered himself to Lieut. Penzen yesterday. This is the story he told:

"I was born in Belfast, Ireland, and am now twenty-seven years of age. Seven months ago I emigrated with my wife to this country in the steamship City of Nebraska. We landed at pier 38 in New York City. Remaining there five or six weeks, we removed to Orleans, in the northern part of the State, where I obtained employment at my trade as a machinist. One Saturday night, about three months ago, when I had received my week's wages, I drank a good deal and was in an intoxicated condition when I reached home. My wife began to scold and abuse me in the presence of James Dolan, a fellow-workman. She said Dolan was the cause of my drinking and ordered him out of the house. Dolan went, and then my wife continued the quarrel with me. Becoming excited, she suddenly picked up a wash basin and hurled it at my head. In my drunken frenzy I then pulled out my revolver and shot her dead upon the spot.

"Realizing my awful deed, I hastily fled from the house and the town. For weeks I traveled from one State to another, filled with remorse, and finally arrived here on June 20. My remorse of conscience here became more than I could bear. Captain Wiley, Chief of Police at Orleans, has been looking for me, and I want you to notify him that I have given myself up."

After the adjournment of Justice Scully's court at Displaines street, yesterday, Harrison was led into the dock. He said to the Justice: "I am a murderer. I shot and killed my wife in New York State and I want to be arrested." Harrison was led back down stairs and locked up pending inquiries.