

WAS AFRAID OF HOLMES.

Jonathan Belknap Thinks His Watchfulness Saved His Life.

OLEAN, N. Y., July 28.—Jonathan Belknap, Postmaster at Weston Mills, is a granduncle of one of H. H. Holmes's wives. He has had several real estate transactions with Holmes, and relates the following story of his experience in Chicago:

"I knew he was a scoundrel, and I had been warned not to be alone with him. I did not want to stay in his house over night, but he urged it, and I could not well get out of it. During the day, Holmes showed me the house, and tried to get me to go up on the roof with him, but I would not. He went away that night, and when I went to bed I carefully locked the door.

"I did not sleep well, and late in the night I was awakened by cautious footsteps in the hall, and heard some one try to open the door. I lay quiet, and presently there came a rap. I asked what was up, and Pat Quinlan answered that he wanted to come in and sleep with me, but I refused to admit him. I have no doubt if I had gone on the roof with Holmes or had let Quinlan into my room I would not be here now. I know the whole gang, and have no doubt the stories told of them are true. I was the first to give the detectives a clue to Holmes, and have furnished them with letters and papers showing his rascality, Quinlan was Holmes's right-hand man, and there were several other rascals in with them. A lawyer was one of them. I have sent all the letters and papers in my possession to the Chicago detectives, and I am ready at any time to go there and tell them all I know."

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