

# LIVED AS A MAN.

## Death Reveals Strange Secret of Murray Hall.

### For 35 Years She Was Known as a Man.

### SHE HAD TWO WIVES.

### Both Died and Her Secret Was Safe.

### Had an Adopted Daughter Who is Her Heir.

New York, Jan. 28.—The discovery that Murray Hall, the eccentric pawnbroker, who died last week, for thirty-five years masqueraded successfully as a man, is still an interesting topic.

The wildest imaginings of fiction writers are as mere commonplaces beside the real life story of Murray Hall, the wizened little old woman, who for more than a generation masqueraded as a man, undetected by the sharp eyes of the thousands of New Yorkers with whom she came in contact. Only when she lay on her deathbed, protesting against the intrusion of the physician who had been summoned by her adopted daughter, Minnie, was her life secret divulged—torn from her cancered breast.

So complete a subjugation of womanly personality were impossible of belief were it not known that for years she played her assumed role in every particular. She wore men's clothes, she participated actively in politics, she frequented bars, drank heavily and swore roundly. Yes, and she had taken unto herself wives.

#### HER EARLY LIFE.

New York was not the only scene of her masquerading.

Murray Hall was most secretive about her early life. Only when liquor loosened her tongue would she talk about her young days. It was while in one of these moods that she once told Mrs. Porter, an astrologist, living at 143 Sixth avenue, that she had come to this country from Scotland, the land of her birth, when she was seventeen.

Then she (of course Mrs. Porter thought it was a man talking) went on to tell how she was one of the "Fortyniners" and of the trials and hardships she had undergone in order to reach California. Of her actual life there she would tell but little, even when most talkative, but she did say that she had suffered while searching for gold, and that finally she had returned to New York.

Her first work after getting back here was in a drug store. "But that," she said to Mrs. Porter, "didn't pay me enough, and was too much like woman's work, so I branched out for myself and opened an employment agency in Sixth avenue."

That is all that could be learned yesterday of the early life of Murray Hall.

Her late home, at 145 Sixth avenue, was besieged by numerous callers, but the only person admitted was Dr. Hamilton Williams, of the coroner's office. After examining the body he made out



MURRAY HALL.

The Woman Who Lived as a Man.

his death certificate, which stated that Murray Hall was a woman, single, and had died of cancer of the breast. On the back of the certificate Dr. Williams made a note stating that for many years Murray Hall had successfully passed as a man, and was supposed to have been a husband.

#### HOW MINNIE WAS ADOPTED.

Just how Minnie Hall came to be adopted by Murray Hall was told by Mrs. Porter, who got the story from an old servant of the Hall family.

A little girl walked into the Hall agency about ten or twelve years ago, and putting down 50 cents said she wanted a job. She sat around all day without getting a call for her services, and when night came she left the place crying. Several hours later the servant found her sitting on the steps, took her into the house and induced Murray Hall and Mrs. Hall to give her a night's shelter. The two old people became fond of the child, legally adopted her, and ever since she has been known as Minnie Hall and the heir to their wealth.

Murray Hall shaved regularly. Just where her barber shop was could not be ascertained at first, but as Coroner Hart was on his way home he was stopped by a barber, who told him that for years he had shaved Murray Hall twice a week, had taken many a drink with her, and never suspected that she was a woman.

Of the first of the two women who have passed as the wives of Murray Hall very little is known. She left Hall because of ill treatment, so she said, but several times after returned for money, which she failed to get.

The second Mrs. Hall, who died on July 7, 1898, was, according to the death certificate signed by Dr. J. R. Latham, of 213 West Eleventh street, the daughter of William Low, of Shawmut, Me.

#### EXTREMELY JEALOUS.

Jealousy was a strongly developed trait in this otherwise extraordinary personality. "He" was jealous of his adopted daughter, jealous of his business and its clients, jealous of his dog, and especially jealous of his handsome "wife."

If Minnie Hall, the adopted daughter, showed special partiality for any young man, or for that matter, for any young woman, she was fiercely accused of forgetting her "father" and her home. Servants out of work who applied to Hall's agency for employment were courteously treated just as long as they bestowed their exclusive patronage upon

the Hall establishment, but if any one placed her name also upon the books of a rival agency it aroused the jealous wrath of Murray Hall.

"If you can't be content with me you can just get out," Murray Hall would cry in "his" high, thin voice. "I won't have any divided allegiance."

It was pretty much the same with his black-and-tan dog, Nick. To do the animal justice, it is only fair to say that it seldom roused the jealousy of Murray Hall, but more than once the neighbors were aroused by the yelps of the animal, which was being punished for having followed or shown partiality toward some other person than its owner.

"And the next time you lick that boy's hand you'll stay out in the yard all night," said the four-foot proprietor of the intelligence office to the cringing dog as he let the animal into the house after a stinging lecture, to which all the neighbors had listened.

#### PROUD OF THE DOG.

"That dog knows more than some people I know," said Murray Hall, scornfully, to his neighbor, Joseph Silk, a bookseller, who had complained of the dog howling at night. "He howls because he sees things. Other people howl without seeing things."

Diplomatic relations between the bookseller and the owner of "Nick" ended at that point.

Because of "Nick's" predilections for wandering, it was Murray Hall's custom to lead the animal by a string when he went to market. During the life of the second "Mrs. Murray Hall," she used to carry the market basket while her "husband" steered the dog. Every day the dog would get Murray Hall wound up in the string. Then he would fall down and drop his basket. The dog always ran away at that point and Murray Hall would run after it, dragging the basket behind him.

"How it was 'he' was not killed a dozen times, I don't know. 'He' would run right in front of the cars while chasing that dog, and twice since the electric cars have been running 'he' has been picked up by the fender and carried a block.

"I saw Murray Hall daily for a great many years, and in all that time I never suspected the true sex of my tenant. It is true that I thought 'him' a queer and very effeminate man, but I had no sort of idea that this hard-drinking, hard-swearing little scrap of humanity was a woman.

"'He' wore the worst fitting clothes I ever saw on a human being. 'Murray,' I said to him one day, 'Where on earth did you get those trousers? Who makes them for you and why did you let them do it?'"

#### HOT TEMPERED.

"I don't know that it's any business of yours," said Murray Hall, his anger rising suddenly. "I pay for them, anyhow, even if I do buy them ready-made."

"Ready-made is right enough," says I "but they are cut wrong at the ankles. They make you look like a sailor. Now, what you want to do is to take out some of that cloth —" and I was stooping to Murray Hall's ankle when he just fairly screamed, "Leave my ankle alone, will you? Mind your own business?" Oh, but he was mad. He got as red as a poppy with anger."

Fugacity and pluck were also part of this creature's make-up. It is a matter of record that this being, who weighed 115 pounds and could walk under the out-stretched arm of most men, once punched a big policeman and did it so effectively that the bluecoat had to call for help. Murray Hall was given to drinking whisky of the kind sold around the Jefferson Market police court.

Once, having been found apparently incapable on the street, Murray Hall

was taken to the Jefferson Market police station and locked up. Three hours later, sober and repentant, Murray Hall sought and found a bondsman. "He" was told to go home, but "he" wouldn't. With all of "his" 60 inches prepared for battle, Murray Hall sought the base policeman who had stolen upon his slumbers. Having found "his" enemy—six feet high, weight 230 pounds—this wolf in sheep's clothing; this amazon garbed as a thin little man—fell upon that policeman and thrashed him. The policeman fought back, but he was no match for the little old woman and he had to call for help.

#### HAD TO GET HELP.

Help came in the shape of another big policeman. He joined in the fray and had his hands full. They conquered the valiant five-footer at last, but it took all the strength of both these policemen to land the valiant prisoner in a cell.

Murray Hall was good as a "scraper" and was never in the least backward in jumping into a fight. Feminine "he" might be, but pusillanimous he was not. One day a big, husky grain merchant, who was waiting for a friend, saw the friend

## IN PUBLIC FAVOR.

### A Remedy For the Cure of Piles Which Has Met With Remarkable Success.

There are many popular medicines that are known in every household in America.

There are blood purifiers, nerve tonics, headache powders, dyspepsia cures and cough cures which are sold in every drug store.

But all of these must divide popularity with many rivals, no one remedy has the field to itself, with the single exception of pile cures for it is a singular fact, that among the host of remedies, there is but one pile cure that can be considered as having a national reputation, without a rival and the remedy referred to is the Pyramid Pile Cure, which for seven years has steadily worked into public favor, by reason of its extraordinary merit and a method and a record of remarkable cures, until it is known from Maine to California and from Manitoba to the Gulf of Mexico.

It is true there are many pile remedies having a small local reputation for a year or two but the Pyramid Pile Cure has rapidly supplanted them all and really has the field to itself when anything like national popularity is considered.

The explanation is simple. It is because piles is in no sense an imaginary trouble, that a simple salve or ointment will cure, but an obstinate, painful and often dangerous trouble and a remedy to give satisfaction must possess positive and very apparent merit. A person suffering from piles will not experiment for months with a remedy; it must give relief and a cure in short order or it is condemned.

The worst cases of piles are relieved on the first application, and being in suppository form is convenient to use and cures without interfering with daily occupation.

Medical men use it in preference to surgical operations because it is so safe and painless, and the cost, compared to benefit given is a mere trifle as all druggists sell it at 50 cents.

If suffering from any form of piles, bleeding, itching or protruding a trial of the Pyramid Pile Cure, will cure you and add another to its thousands of friends.