

A Triple Tragedy

Monday the Hotel here was closed all day, and it was supposed that Mr. Wiygle and his family were away visiting. Tuesday morning it was discovered that no one had attended to his stock, and further investigation by Mr.

dead body of Purdy lying on the floor.

Mr. Galther then took Sheriff Gregory and broke into the house through the locked doors. They found Purdy Wiygle dead on the floor in a pool of his own blood, one side of his head shot off. In an adjoining room, open door between them, Mr. Tranny Wiygle was lying on his back on the floor dead, a cut on each side of his throat, a bloody, open knife near his left foot, a double-barrelled shot gun containing two empty shells near him. Mrs. Jennie Wiygul, his wife, was lying on the bed as though asleep with the top of her head shot off. It looked like she had not moved after she was shot.

A summons was issued and executed by the Sheriff and the following named gentlemen investigated under oath the bodies, rooms, etc: Bon Stovall, B. G. Moore, J. G. Nancy, Sam Moore, Tobe Morrow and Jack Wheeler. They spent an hour or longer investigating assisted by Doctors Orr, Copeland and Senter, and reported that Mrs. Jennie Wiygul and Purdy Wiygul came to their deaths by gunshot fired by Tranny Wiygle and that he died from knife wounds inflicted by his own hand.

All doors to the rooms were thumbbolted on the inside except one, which was locked from the inside with the key left in the lock. The windows were in such condition as to convince those who investigated them that no one had entered or passed through either one. A box of knives was found in Mr. Wiygul's store like the bloody one on the floor. The rooms, except the beds occupied by the unfortunate victims, had not been disturbed. Three pocket books containing over \$20 were found in a trunk which was locked, but the key was found.

OLD LANDMARK BEING TORN DOWN COULD TELL LOTS OF STORIES—HERE IS ONE OF THEM . . . We are reproducing below a clipping from an old issue of the Itawamba News published January 2, 1913. This took place in the old hotel on the corner of Clifton and Wiygul Streets which is being torn down this week. The tragedy took the lives of three people and was the talk of the area for years and years. Demolishing the old building will aid considerably in the beautification of the business section of Fulton.

Mr. Wiygle was cut on the side of his head, and on one side it was claimed, would likely not have killed him for some time, if at all, and it is thought that the light cut was the first of the tragedy. There was a great deal of blood on his side of the bed and on the floor leading therefrom. It is thought that he got up, got his gun, shot Mrs. Wiygul, then Purdy, who was in an adjoining room with the door ajar, then finished himself. Purdy was shot standing by the bed or sitting on the edge of it apparently. A lamp had been broken in Mr. Wiygle's room on the hearth, and the match box was bloody.

Mr. Tranny Wiygle was a man that had many friends. He had always resided in this county and had been a good, law-abiding citizen. He drank some, but was very moderate in drinking. We have never known or heard of his being down or to any alarming extent under the influence of whiskey. He was about 70 years of age, a Confederate soldier and admired by many friends. His financial affairs were flourishing, and it seems that there was no cause for his being discontented. If it were another who did the killing, their tracks were well covered up.

Mrs. Wiygle was a most excellent lady. She was a Miss Turner before her first marriage to a Mr. Haughton, who has been dead many years. Mr. Wiygle was her second husband. They appeared always to live happily as man and wife should. She was a devoted member of the Methodist church.

Purdy, their adopted son, so far as we have ever been able to discern, was treated as well as if he had been their child. He was a young man 18 or 19 years of age, always kind and jovial.

We regret very much that such a calamity occurred, and extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved relatives, and especially the aged mother of Mrs. Wiygle, and her daughter, Mrs. Shumpert, a bride of only a few weeks.

They were buried in the Fulton cemetery Tuesday afternoon in the presence of a large crowd of relatives and friends, funeral services conducted by Prof. J. E. Sandlin.



A LANDMARK FOR MORE THAN 50 YEARS COMES DOWN

Workers are demolishing the "old Wiygul Hotel" this week and leveling a landmark which has stood for far more than 50 years. In another section of this paper an account of a murder and suicide which happened in the building in 1912 is reproduced. It is appropriate that the structure be demolished during "Clean-Up, Fix-Up, Paint-Up onth."

—The Times photo