

# Jean Audley

## The Mysterious Peculiar Strange Woman

By Jerry Long



I have worked doing historical and genealogical research for forty-three years. During that time I have searched thousands of pages of the Hartford and Owensboro, Kentucky newspapers. The most unusual story I have read are several accounts on the sightings of a “Mysterious Woman” traversing Western Kentucky and Southern Indiana. She traveled on a pony with a pack of dogs and slept in the open. Consistently she was described as being strange and peculiar. The word “mysterious” was the most common description. There was even mystery as to her name – in the first local account her name was given as Jane Gilmore. In other articles her name was reported as Jean or Jane Audley, Audrey, Aubrey. The most consist name given was Jean Audley. It, however, she said was not her real name. Some accounts of her appeared under the alias of Eugenia Colby. The widespread testimonials given suggest that she was real and not a hoax.

Several accounts reported that Jean was well educated and articulate. Edwin Forbes, of Fordsville, KY, a local noted historian, who published several detailed articles on the history of the Fordsville community, described her as being fluent and as an artist of uncommon talents as evidenced by drawings she had made during her travels. Another account related that she was an accomplished musician. Where ever she traveled she attracted a lot of curiosity and apprehension. When locals asked why she chose such an unusual life she said it was her secret. In several articles she was quoted as saying that her younger sister, who she was traveling with, had been murdered and she was in search of the murderer. The personal details she gave seemed to vary from one account to another. Based on the clues cited in the various accounts I could find no reference to her in public records. As mysteriously as she had appeared she disappeared.

The first account found of Jean Audley in Kentucky was in the Louisville Courier-Journal. Articles about her appeared in many Kentucky newspapers between January 1906 and November 1910. Below are a sampling of the articles that appeared. Additional articles were also published in the Kentucky newspapers (including – Cloverport, Danville, Elizabethtown, Hartford, Hickman, Hopkinsville, Louisville, Owensboro and Paducah,). Articles about her were also carried in newspapers in Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Tennessee and other states.



**Courier-Journal, Louisville, KY, 12 August 1906, p.3B:**

### STRANGE STORY OF JEAN AUDLEY

—  
“Woman of Mystery” Tells of  
Her Adventures.  
—

**Sister Murdered In the Cum-  
berland Mountains.**

—  
**Riding From New York to  
Her Home In Texas.**

—  
**FATHER WEALTHY RANCHMAN.**  
—

Jean Audley, the remarkable woman of the pony, the dogs and the camp outfit, who puzzled parts of Kentucky and Southern Indiana for weeks, and who for two weeks was detained in the county poorhouse near Corydon, Ind., has told the story of her life, and has gone with her pony and dogs and camp outfit back toward her home on the Texas prairies. Questions as to who she is, where she came from and what prompted her to endure the hardships of the nomadic life she led sprang to the lips of all who came in contact with the mysterious woman, and have remained unanswered until now.

She tells of a happy girlhood on her father's ranch in Texas; of birth and breeding and development to womanhood among the cattlemen on the plains. She tells of long horseback rides, the last from Texas to New York, where her mother is buried, and of the return trip on which a younger sister was' foully murdered in the Cumberland mountains; of her return with her sister's body to New York and her resumption of the journey home. It was on that journey that she came into Kentucky, crossed into Indiana and was detained by authorities on their suspicion that she was insane.

She is of small stature, with brown hair and is blue-eyed. She would be fair, except for the bronze on her skin from the sun and weather. Her movements are quick and agile, and she mounts her pony with the dexterity of a boy. Intelligence is plainly stamped on her countenance and her gentle and courteous manner speak of refining influences. On her nomadic journeys she carries a few cooking utensils strapped to her saddle which serves as a pillow at night. For protection she depends on her many dogs. She had only a small amount of money when taken into the poorhouse, but declared that she was not a pauper and demanded her release from the asylum.

On Wednesday, the day before she resumed her journey, the reporter found her seated on a couch in her room at the poorhouse. She was examining with admiration a pair of new white slippers which she held in her hand.

Story Would "Fill a Book."

"The story of my life would fill a book of many pages," she said. "Much of the past has been obliterated from my memory, and many experiences recur to my mind indistinctly, as if all had been dreams. However, I will narrate a few facts and incidents.

"My name is Jean Audley, not Scotch, but named for a Scotch friend of the family. I was born thirty-five years ago at Simpkins, near El Paso, Tex., where my father, Henry Kelsy Audley, still lives and owns a ranch. He was born at Kent, England. My mother was Hope Woods, who was born and reared in Livingston county, New York. The marriage of my parents did not prove a happy one, and some time after the birth of the two children, myself and sister, Cairo, three years my junior, there was a separation and mother returned to her native home. Sister and I lived alternately with our parents, making frequent trips back and forth by rail. The principal part of our schooling was received in the Empire State. While we have the greatest adoration for our mother,

who was a Quakeress, and the most lovable woman that ever lived, we preferred to be on the Texas plains. There we had our ponies and dogs and spent much of our time in the saddle. We assisted the cowboys in herding cattle and driving stock to market, and it is needless for me to say that we became expert horse women. Father owns land near Ozark, Mo., and we made a number of trips to that place on our ponies.

#### Start on Long Journey.

"A year ago last June sister and I left our Texas home on a long horseback journey. Sister rode Satan, her favorite pony, and I rode Kentucky Belle, the dear little animal I have with me here. Father supplied us with plenty of money and designated certain points along our route where we were to stop and receive additional funds by mail. After reaching Ozark and attending to some business for father, we proceeded on our trip, crossing Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania, finally reaching our destination in New York after four months of travel. We avoided most of the cities and larger towns and did not camp out as I am doing at present. We stopped with farmers and at hotels in small towns and often could not induce our hosts to accept pay for our lodging. We touched a few cities, among them Canton, O., where we saw the McKinley home and tomb.

"Mother died four years ago, and we made our home with Aunt Faith. We remained with her during the winter, and in April made preparations to return to our home in Texas. We decided to take a different route in order that we might see more of the country, and, to carry a few cooking utensils that we might camp out when we took a fancy to do so. ,

#### Dogs Finely Bred.

"We also decided to take our dogs with us, and I will have you understand that they are finely-bred canines and not mongrels picked up along the way, as has been reported. Robuck, Wolf, Lynx, Monk, Fawn, Ferret, Panther, Pioneer, Pathway, Moose, Elk and Chipmunk were sent to us by express from Texas. You will notice that they obey my every beck and call, and have a great attachment for me. My love for them is only equaled by a mother's love for her offspring. As for Kentucky Belle, I would willingly lay down my life for her at any time. After expressing such affection for dumb animals, you may be surprised to know that I have never had a love affair in my life. I have always found the company of dogs more congenial than the company of men.

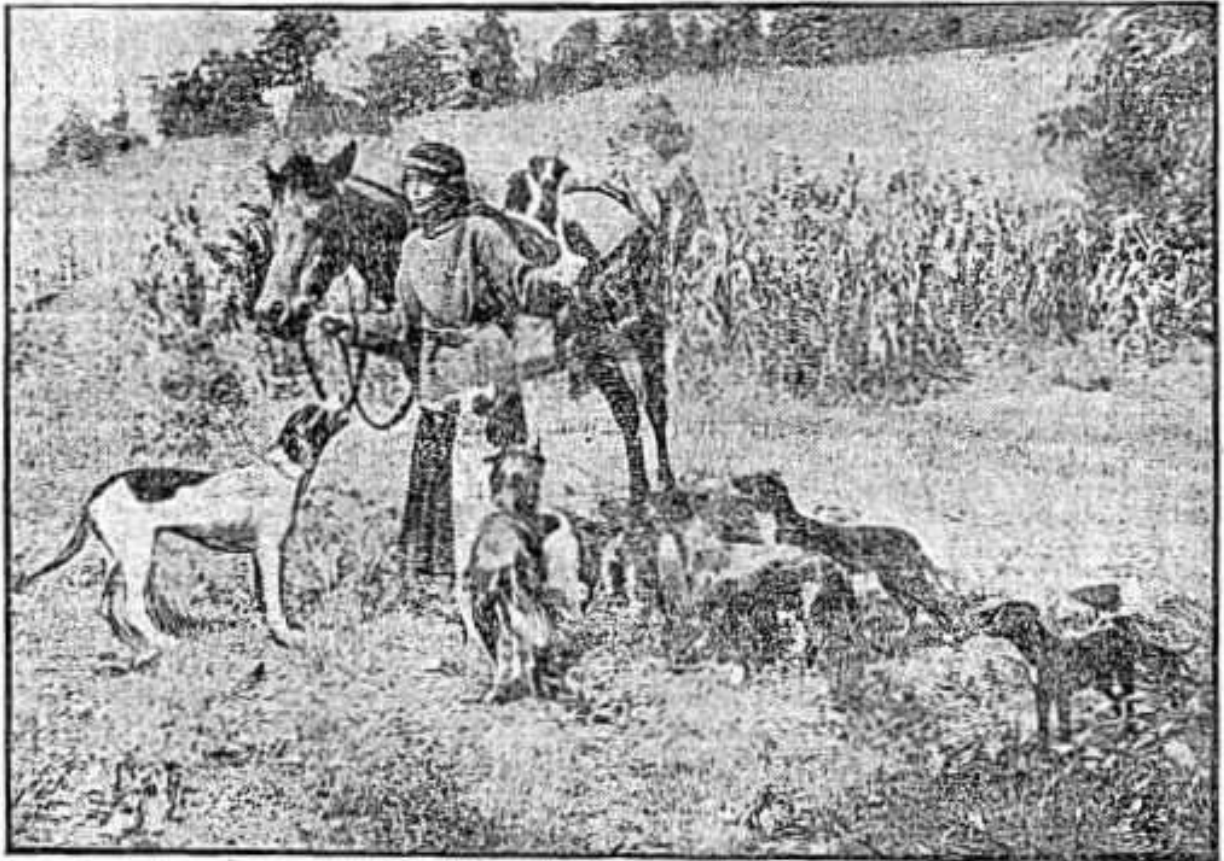
"But, to return to my story. We passed through the beautiful Shenandoah valley and swam the Potomac twice. We carved our names and the names of our ponies on a stone at the base of the Natural Bridge in Virginia. Reaching the Cumberland Mountains, we climbed a pinnacle near Cumberland Gap, and sister made a sketch of the scene, which she called the "Triangle of . States." It was here in these mountains that our troubles began.

#### Sister Murdered in Mountains.

"And now, sir, I will tell you of the saddest thing that ever came into my life. We had not traveled many days from Cumberland Gap when I became ill. Late in the afternoon we dismounted, as I could sit in the saddle no longer. A cold rain was falling, and there was no shelter near. Sister left me lying by the roadside and started to a point in the distance where she thought she saw smoke issuing from a cabin, in the hope that she could get someone to come to my relief. The long, dreary hours of the night passed away and she did not return. At daybreak I started in search of her, and came upon her lifeless body about a mile away. That dear little dog Fawn was lying beside her.

Her skull had been crushed with a beer bottle, and the perpetrator of the foul murder was never apprehended. All that was ever known was that some desperate characters had been seen in that neighborhood the day before. I had her body taken a considerable distance to a railroad station and accompanied it to New York. Sister Cairo sleeps beside dear mother, and their graves, marked by a modest monument, with a beautiful lilac bush growing on either side."

At this point she broke down and wept bitterly, and to all appearances gave vent to the most genuine emotions. In a few moments she continued:



SHE CALLS HER PONY "KENTUCKY BELLE" AND EACH DOG ANSWERS EVERY COMMAND SHE GIVES.

#### Resumed Journey Alone.

"Over the protests of Aunt Faith and other relatives I returned to the Cumberland mountains and started again on my journey alone. I had left the ponies and dogs in charge of Judge Trimble, and when I returned I sold Satan to a Miss Hall, who was suspected of being a Government agent. I was told that I was putting my life in jeopardy to travel as I was doing in that country, as I would be mistaken for a secret service agent and shot by the moonshiners. Many persons, even here, think I am a detective, but I will assure you that I could scarcely detect a bad odor unless confined within the walls of an Indiana poor asylum.

"Near Greensburg. In Green county, Kentucky, I went into camp one evening back of an old church and had been there but a short time when I was surrounded by a body of evil-looking men.

#### Captured by Moonshiners.

One of them said they suspected me of being a Government man in disguise and declared that they did not propose to take any chances on me. Leveling an ugly revolver at me he fired and one of his companions, standing near me, received the shot and fell dead. I have always thought that his object in firing was simply to frighten me. I was taken to the home of a Mr. Whitlock and held for some days. I learned that the man who was killed was George Mauck. This was my only experience with the moonshiners, and it was this circumstance that gave rise to the report that I had killed a man in Kentucky. As a matter of fact I never carried firearms in my life and have no use for them. This harmless little weapon I have here was given me by Mr. Harris, of Stithton, Ky., as a keepsake. I do not care to boast of my bravery. Nevertheless I have been in a pile of twists, as the cowboys say, and Texas grit has always carried me through without resorting to the use of shooting irons.

"From the mountains of Eastern Kentucky to Brandenburg, in Meade county, from which point I was ferried across the Ohio river to this county, the only annoyance I experienced came from high dignataries in office who wanted to hold me as a lunatic or vagrant.

"Because I love nature and delight in crossing rivers, camping in valleys and climbing mountains, some persons say I am crazy. My opinion of these people is less complimentary. I consider them stupid.

"I am anxious to go on to my home in Texas and hope soon to be on the road again."



**Hartford Republican, Hartford, KY, 26 April 1907, p.2:**



Hawesville, Ky., April 20 – From the State of Texas to New York City and return is a long trip to take on horseback and would be considered a big undertaking even for a hardy cowboy of the west but it is learned that one Jean Gilmore, a woman, has not only made the trip to that great city, but is now on her way back, it can be considered nothing short of the marvelous. A few days ago, the people of this city were surprised to see a young lady riding astride and wearing a brace of revolvers in her belt, gallop into town on a black pony. With her she had a number of dogs. She halted only a few minutes to inquire for a doctor, and riding up to his office dismounted and went in, leaving the pony and dogs standing in the street A few minutes later she came out mounted her pony and rode off again. It was learned, however, that she only went a few miles from the city and camped for the night .Since that time she has been camping and taking her meals at the farm houses

near by. She would not give the newspaper correspondents an interview, but to a farmer at whose house she had been taking her meals she told the I following story:

“I was born in New York City,” she said, “my mother having died when I was a mere child. My father could not bear to remain in the city after my mother’s death and we moved to Texas, where my father owned a large tract of land and started a ranch. I had one sister a few years older than myself, we being the only two children. Being raised up on the plains, we naturally became expert horsewomen and used to the outdoor life, and a year ago, we concluded to ride to New York horseback and visit our mother’s grave.

“We made the trip to New York without any accident and after buying a rose bush, (which was my mother’s favorite flower) had it planted by the head of her grave. We then started back home and decided to go through Kentucky by the way of Cumberland Gap. While passing through the mountains near Cumberland Gap, my sister was accidental shot by unknown parties and died. I here sold one of the ponies, had my sister’s remains taken back to New York City and buried beside my dear old mother. Returning to Cumberland Gap, I started on my trip back home. All I have with me is my pony and my dogs, which I prize very highly as they have stayed by me through all of my perilous trip. I am only stopping here for a few days on account of ill health. As soon as I am better, I will continue my journey homeward.”

Jean Gilmore, while showing the marks of having been out in the weather is still refined, and of a type of beauty rarely seen. She is small in stature, has dark hair which she wears flowing down her back, and her eyes are of violet hue with long black lashes that denotes a kind disposition. Her smile displays a row of pearly teeth, she is graceful in action and has a form that would make a chorus girl turn green with envy. She is very modest and very assuming in her manners and her speech denotes refinement and education.

Whether or not Jean Gilmore’s story is true, can only be taken as it is told by her.



**Hartford Herald, Hartford, KY, 1 May 1907, p.1:**



The Elizabethtown News says:

After a silence of several months, the mysterious “woman with the dogs’ is again galloping over Kentucky A few days ago the citizens of Hawesville in Hancock county were surprised to see a young lady riding astride and wearing a brace of revolver In her belt, gallop into town on a black pony. With her she had a number of dogs. She halted only a few minutes to inquire for a doctor

and riding up to his office, dismounted I and went in, leaving the pony and dogs standing in the street. A few minutes later she came out, mounted her pony and rode off again. It was learned, however, that she went a few miles from the city and camped for the night. Since that time she has been camping and taking her meals at the farm houses near by.

She would give the newspaper correspondents no interview, but to a farmer at whose house she had been taking her meals she told the same plaintive story of her life that was published in The News when she was frequenting Hardin county last summer. She told the story of her mother's death in the great city or New York, and her father moving to Texas, where he became a large ranchman. A year ago, she said, she and her sister, being accustomed to open air life on the ranch, concluded to ride through to New York to visit their mother's grave. She told of their planting a rose bush, her mother's favorite flower, on the grave, of their return to Cumberland Gap, where her sister was shot and killed and made incoherent statements about her subsequent wanderings.

The young woman is no doubt deranged, and her life is pitiable. Much interest was taken in her when she passed through this city, and county a number of times last summer on her wild and apparently aimless rambles.

The Hawesville correspondent describes her as she now appears:

“While showing the marks of having been out in the weather she is still refined and of a type of beauty rarely seen. She is small in stature, has dark hair which she wears flowing down her back, and her eyes are of violet hue with long black lashes that denote a kind disposition. Her smile displays a row of pearly teeth, she is graceful in action and has a form that would make a chorus girl turn green with envy She is very modest and unassuming in her manners, and her speech denotes refinement and education.”



**Hartford Herald, Hartford, KY, 11 September 1907, p.1:**

Herbert.

Sept. 7 – The strange woman with her pony and dogs, who has created such a sensation in Kentucky for the past eight months is here at Herbert now. Some think she is a detective in disguise, and others think she is simply crazy. She is about 4 feet in stature and will weigh about 80 pounds, has short black hair and wears a cap day and night. She says she has not slept inside of a house for eleven years. She is certainly a pitiful object.



**Hartford Republican, Hartford, KY, 20 September 1907, p.8:**

Herbert.

Sept. 16 – The woman with her poney and dogs, who has been in this place for the past week has moved on to Haynesville. For almost two years she has been in the section of country between here and Hawesville. No one knows anything about her.



**Hartford Republican, Hartford, KY, 27 September 1907, p.1:**



## MYSTERIOUS WOMAN APPEARS NEAR NARROWS

Travels on Horse. Followed by Numerous Dogs.

A vagabond woman, mounted on a nondescript pony and followed by a number of mongrel dogs, is attracting attention in the northern part of the county. The woman is described as very small, rather young, meanly clad and of good intelligence. She travels little, stops occasionally at a farm house and begs something to eat, and sleeps in any out of the way place that comes handy. She was arrested on a charge of lunacy by Fordsville police officials but failing to prove the charge she was released. The strange woman tells a story of her sisters being murdered two years ago and that she is searching the face of the earth for their murderer whom she claims she would know were she to meet him. While her story indicates a diseased mind she is said to be a woman far above the average intelligence and it is believed she tells it for the purpose of exciting the sympathy of the people of whom she gets the scanty living for her unhappy self and luckless animals. No alarm need be felt of the appearance of this strange creature in a neighborhood as she is just a plain harmless female tramp, with no other motive than to get a living after the manner of vagabonds. She claims to have been arrested ninety-three times, and she has been for sometime a familiar figure in Hancock and Breckenridge counties.

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**Owensboro Messenger, Owensboro, KY, 31 January 1908, p.5:**



Jane Audley, who visited Owensboro and other parts of Daviess county several months ago, has been arrested at Rockport, Ind., on the charge of harboring dogs, being a public nuisance and using profane language. The woman, since leaving here, has been roaming about the lower part of Spencer county. She was arrested by Deputy Sheriff Lloyd Phillips and taken to Rockport on her pony, followed by her pack of dogs, and sent to jail.

The woman refused to give her name and says she did not object to being arrested, as it was her 127th time that she had been sent to jail. She wept when the jailer refused to allow her dogs to enter the jail, but the officers consented to allow them to remain at the stable with her pony.

The woman is well remembered here. She was arrested at Whitesville and brought to Owensboro and placed in jail. She was released on the condition that she would cross the river and not return to Daviess county.

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Owensboro Messenger, Owensboro, KY, 18 February 1908, p.6:



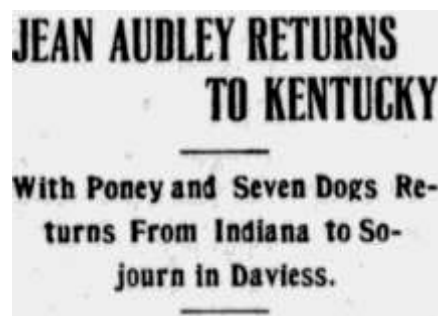
The mysterious woman who "" gives her name as Jean Audley, admitting at the same time that it is not her real name, is again; in Daviess county, after having sojourned for several months' in Spencer and other counties in Southern Indiana, where she was sent last fall from this county. She is now in the Maceo neighborhood and for several days past has been about the farm of "Preacher" Poole, eating some times at his table, but sleeping every night out of doors.

The woman still has her pony and seven dogs, the same dogs that roamed all over Kentucky with her. Mr. Poole says that he has no objection to feeding the woman or even her pony, but that the dogs are a tax, not only on him, but on the entire neighborhood.

No formal complaint has been lodged against the woman and she will probably be allowed to remain in the county. She was arrested in the Whitesville neighborhood several months ago on a vagrancy warrant, brought to Owensboro and placed in jail. The warrant was dismissed on condition that she agree to cross the river into Indiana. She did this and was not heard of again in this county until a few days ago.



Hartford Republican, Hartford, KY, 21 February 1908, p.1:



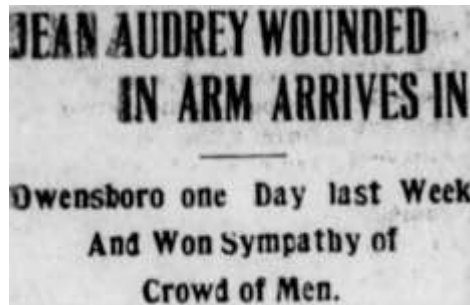
Poetic Jean Audley is again back in Daviess county, with her pony and seven dogs. She was recently driven out of Spencer county Ind., at Rockport and has since been on or near the farm of a Mr. Pool at Maceo. Mr. Poole has been hospitable towards her and she has visited his home and delighted the family with her artistic piano-playing. She has been invited to remain in the house at night but declined even during the most inclement weather, preferring an out-of-doors bed. Mr. Poole has not complained of what he gives to Jean to eat, but he says feeding her dogs and pony is a tax on any household. He has visited Judge Owen to see what could be done in the

way of getting rid of the imposition, but he does not believe the woman is insane. He thinks she is too brilliant and cultivated to be insane. Judge Owen will probably be prepared to deal with the case as he was last fall, when it comes before him. She went from Owensboro.

– Owensboro Messenger



**Hartford Republican, Hartford, KY, 27 November 1908, p.1:**



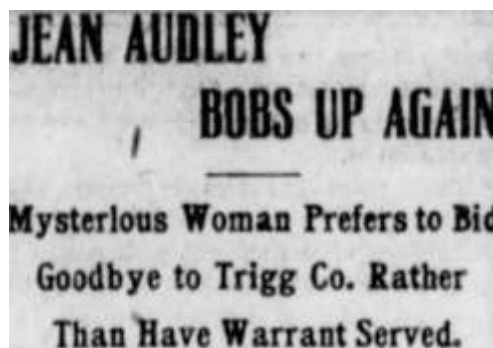
The Owensboro Messenger says – Jean Audrey, tired and worn but appearing to still be able to ride her Texas pony arrived in Owensboro one day last week from parts unknown. Her first resting place in the city was at the corner of Triplet and Third streets, where she dismounted from here pony and soon had a large crowd of men collected. The woman won the sympathy of the crowd on yesterday. The results were that she got a new bridle some small change and lodging for herself and feed for her broncho for last night.

Jean is not a stranger in Owensboro or any of the surrounding counties as she has traveled over many miles. One thing unusual about her is that she is traveling without her many dogs that she had on former visit here.

The woman stated she was shot by some unknown person a few weeks ago while coming across Ohio county. The gun she said was loaded with buck shot and several took effect in her left arm and some where inbeded in the pony's neck The animal was only slightly injured by the shot, but Jean did not fair so well, as she has not yet gotten the use of her arm but little since that time.



**Hartford Republican, Hartford, KY, 3 September 1909, p.7:**



Cadiz, Ky., Aug 31 – A warrant has been issued by County Judge Bingham against Jean Audley, the misterious woman who has been staying in the neighborhood of Cerulean Springs

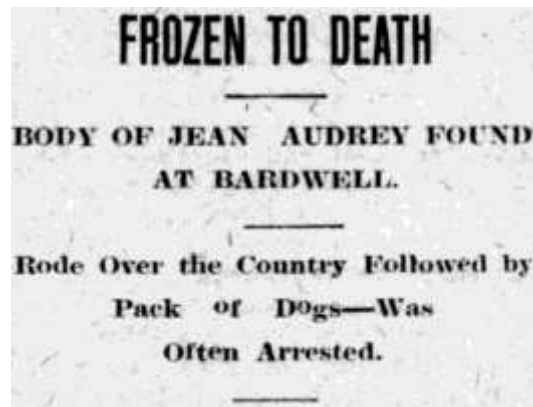
since early last spring, but when Deputy Sheriff Lea Davis went out to arrest her she agreed to leave the county at once if he would allow her, which he consented to, and she at once left in the direction of Caldwell county.

Jean, as she is familiarly called made her appearance in this section of the State last winter, shortly after Christmas, in the northern part of Christian county and remained there for some time, when she came to the Cerulean neighborhood, where she has been since. She appears to be about 40 years of age and weighs only about ninety pounds. She rides a small shabby-looking pony and has four dogs with her and has two or three pistols, one of which, at least, she generally has close at hand all the time. She seems to be well educated and is a good conversationalist, and has told several different tales as to her object in living in this way.

She sleeps outdoors, except in rainy, bad weather, when she goes into someone's barn or outhouse. She generally uses her pony or one of her dogs for a pillow, and when the weather was cold she would sleep between her pony and her dogs and covered with a blanket She begs something to eat from the citizens around where she is, and likewise feeds her pony from the corn fields or pastures of the citizens. She talks very freely to most everyone until they would begin asking her something about herself and her object for living in this way, when she would give them to understand that that was her business and her secret. She claimed to be from Texas.



**Owensboro Messenger, Owensboro, KY, 14 January 1910, p.1;  
and Hartford Herald, Hartford, KY, 19 January 1910, p.4;**



Jean Audrey, known throughout Kentucky and Southern Indiana as the woman who rode a pony and was followed by a pack of dogs, and who has been a visitor upon several occasions in Owensboro, is dead, having frozen to death at Bardwell, Ky., a short time ago.

The little woman, probably one of the most peculiar that ever lived, had been seen by many people in Daviess county. She traveled from town to town on her pony, followed by a large pack of dogs. She slept in the open, refusing shelter offered at times to her.

She usually secured the sympathy of people wherever she went and money and provisions were furnished her. She was arrested several times and had many narrow escapes from death. She told many stories of her life when crowds would gather about her.



**Hartford Herald, Hartford, KY, 9 February 1910, p.2:**

**STRANGE CAREER  
OF JEAN AUDREY**  
—  
Kentucky's Noted Female  
Nomad.  
—  
**WAS A HOMELESS WANDERER**  
—  
Would Not Sleep Indoors—  
Always in Company of  
Dogs and Pony.

Editor Herald: – Under the heading of “Jean Audrey Frozen to Death,” The Herald of January 19, gave an account of her death at Bardwell, Ky., and a short sketch of the life of this fanatical woman. During the years that she was in this part of the State her history was but little known and she was considered by many as being but little better than a wild woman. She was arrested several times as such, but was always acquitted on the ground that she had in no way committed an unlawful offence in the fall of 1908 she was at Fordsville and was arrested for camping in a meadow without permission and terrifying the citizens, who mistook her for a wild or crazy woman, but was released at the examining trial as she had not violated any law or trespassed upon any one. After she was acquitted she applied to Dr. Matthews for surgical treatment, telling him that in arresting her the constable and his posse fired upon her and her dogs and she was wounded in the right shoulder. Dr. Matthews removed three shot from her shoulder and after he had dressed the wounds, she gave him an account of her life, travels and adventures which was better material for a dime novel than an authentic history of life on the western plains. She also showed him a collection of drawings she had made which showed she was an artist of considerable ability. These drawings represented her former homes, landscapes and such other scenery that had attracted her attention during her wanderings. It is very evident that Jean Audrey’s account of her life was not all romance. Her general and fluent conversations showed that she was of a good class of people and had received good city education and her drawings showed that she was an artist of uncommon talents. Dr. Matthews says Jean was but little over four feet high and appeared to be about 35 years old and besides being a fine artist, he was told she was the best musician that was ever in this part of the State. The doctor very much regrets that while she was in his office that a reporter was not present that could have obtained a more complete history of this strange woman.

Jean, like many other talented city girls that had read dime novels fad gone to the western frontier, had become enamored with the wild life on the western plains and though, during the years that she was among us she converted fluently with our best informed citizens and sat at the table with all the etiquette of city refinement, yet when it came to retire for the night no persuasion could induce her to accept their further hospitality. Wrapping herself in a common quilt, surrounded by her pony and dogs, she lay down on the damp and frozen ground during the most inclement weather, till her frail constitution gave way to the laws of nature. About one year ago Jean, her pony and dogs were taken across the river at Owensboro where the citizens of that part of Indiana became alarmed at what they thought was a wild woman and she was arrested as such and across the river at Rockport, Ind., when she returned to her old haunts in Hancock and Daviess

counties, and from there it appears she wandered to Bardwell Ky., where the citizens of the town awoke to hear the announcement that Jean Audrey was found among them. a frozen corpse.

EDWIN FORBES



**Owensboro Messenger, Owensboro, KY, 11 August 1910, p.1:**



**MYSTERIOUS WOMAN ARRESTED**  
—  
**Held At Hickman For Carrying Re-  
v-olver But Later Is Released**

Hickman, Ky., August 10. – The mysterious woman who has been here for the past week, and who has been in this end of the State for the past year and a half, was arrested by the city officers for carrying concealed weapons. She was carrying a pistol, but upon examination of same, it was found that the hammer was broken, and the officers gave the pistol back to her and let her go. This woman, who gives her name as Jane Aubrey, was supposed to have frozen to death last winter, during the extremely cold weather, in Hickman county. She says that she is going to shoot the man who killed her sister the first time she sees him. She is followed constantly by her six dogs and sleeps in old vacant houses and outbuildings on the outskirts of the city, and attracts a lot of curiosity and attention by her queer life.



**Hartford Herald, Hartford, KY, 16 November 1910, p.7:**



**JANE AUBREY ARRESTED**  
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**—CONSIDERED HARMLESS**

Hickman, Ky., Nov 5 – The poor demented woman known as Jane Aubrey, who for the past two or three years has been in this section of the country, wandering around, leading an aged pony until it died, and then trailing around with eight or ten dogs, over the country, sleeping in the open and begging her living, was taken up this week in Cairo as a vagrant.

This woman, apparently young and well educated, says she is looking for the man who killed her sister, and is always armed. She is considered perfectly harmless.



**Who is she ?**