
"I WISH I WAS DEAD."

Last Words of Charles A. Lombard.

When His Wife Returned to Him He Had
Fired the Fatal Shot.

Despondency Leads to Tragedy at a
Home in the West End.

"I wish I was dead!"

These were the last words that were heard this morning from the lips of Charles A. Lombard, a vegetable pedler, living in the upper flat of hotel Revere, corner of Revere and Anderson sts, who committed suicide in his home, about 10 o'clock, by shooting himself with a 32-caliber revolver.

The act was undoubtedly a premeditated one, caused by despondency. The man has been suffering for the past six weeks from a severe attack of dyspepsia. At times he has acted quite strangely, his wife fearing that he was crazy.

No one heard the fatal shot. His wife, who had finished her washing, had gone up on the shed to hang out the clothes.

When she returned, she noticed the doors were all shut, and the room had a peculiar smell, of something burning. She began to search for fire, and at the same time she heard groans coming from the bedchamber. On opening the door, she saw her husband lying on the bed, the revolver beside him, and the life blood oozing out of a bullet hole in his right temple.

Mrs Lombard immediately alarmed her neighbors, who notified the police, and the ambulance was sent for. Mr Lombard was carried to the Massachusetts general hospital, where he died a few moments after his arrival. The revolver had five chambers, and only one was used.

Lombard, so the neighbors state, was doing a very fair business. At one time he worked for Mayo Bros on Blackstone st. He leaves a wife and a child. A mother and a brother live at 308 Salem st.

Mrs Lombard, in the midst of her grief, said:

"I am all bewildered. They have carried him away. Tell me, is he dead? I can't believe it. It is so sudden. This morning he kept saying to me, 'I wish I was dead.' I told him that there was no need of wishing that, as after a while all would come around all right. But he was so despondent! You see, he had a bad case of dyspepsia and a lot of other things, and sometimes he would act so funny that I thought he was crazy. When he said this morning that he wished he was dead I did not think much about it. I did not know he had a revolver.

revolver.
"We have been married 10 years, and have lived happily together; we never had a quarrel. This is dreadful. He was good and kind to me. I am now all alone, left with my little child."

Charles A. Lombard was a large built man, having black side whiskers, and was better known in the North end than in the West end. He has lived in the West end about three months.

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