



STORIES OF THE SECRET SERVICE

BY Capt. Patrick D. Tyrrell

STORY No. 1 THE LINCOLN TOMB ROBBERS

Being an Account of the Attempted Desecration of the Grave of the Martyr President at Springfield in 1876, and the Capture and Conviction of a Gang of Counterfeiters That Preceded It.

By CAPTAIN PATRICK D. TYRRELL

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PART I.—Continued. Before leaving Clinton, Driggs had packed and left for shipment by freight three large boxes and three trunks in the freighthouse at Clinton. After his departure, and late at night, entrance to the freighthouse was gained, the Driggs packages searched, and a complete outfit of presses for printing counterfeit money, inks, papers and minor materials was found. The things were all carefully repacked and the boxes closed, as they had been originally. No attempt was made to stop the shipment of the incriminating money and materials, for any delay in its arrival at Centralia would have been certain to cause inquiry and perhaps alarm on the part of Driggs.

While these events were transpiring Boyd had been preparing to vacate his old stone residence on the bank of the Mississippi and to take his flight to some point unknown to me, where he undoubtedly intended to settle down to a task of plate-cutting in seclusion and far from his partners. In short, there was every indication that the next few months were to be a period of great activity on the part of the gang, if not molested by Uncle Sam.

It was on September 20 that Boyd shipped his household effects to Fulton, Ill., and, with his wife, went there to live till the work he had on hand was done. Both Driggs in Centralia and Boyd in Fulton soon had neighbors of whom they knew nothing but who watched their every move with more interest than even prying neighbors are wont to manifest.

During the eight months that the hide-and-seek game had been going on between the secret service men and this precious lot of criminals daily reports had been forwarded to Washington, as is customary in the department. In these reports the various actors in the play were given fictitious names and, had the reports fallen into the hands of confederates of the counterfeiters, they would have learned little from them. With Driggs settled with the Stadtfeldts in Centralia and Boyd hard at his nefarious work in Fulton I believed the time at hand to close this scene of the play.

My report of the situation brought on from Washington Chief Washburn, Assistant Chief Brooks, E. G. Rathbone, John McDonald and an operative named Hurr, all of the secret treasury division of the United States treasury department. I had arranged for a conference at Lyons, Ia., where, with Chief Washburn, I went over the details of the situation and outlined my plans for the capture. This meeting at Lyons was secret and we were extremely careful not to be seen talking together or even acknowledging any acquaintance. In a secluded spot on the river bank we talked the matter over and decided to make the arrests on the morning of October 21 at nine o'clock.

Chief Washburn had lived in Centralia and knew the city well, so it was decided that he should lead the raid on the Driggs nest. I had carefully reconnoitered the Boyd residence, which he had rented under the name of B. F. Wilson. It was a large, two-story frame structure in Prairie street, standing under the brow of a bluff and easy of surveillance from the high ground above it. The hour of nine was chosen because, from my knowledge of Boyd's habits, I knew he would have had his breakfast and been at work by that time, provided the day was bright. Had it been cloudy the raid would have been postponed, because on a dark day Boyd would not have been engaged in cutting plates on account of poor light. Even with the best machinery this class of work requires a peculiar, bright light, which is obtained by reflection from white screens, and it was reasonably certain that Boyd, with

his crude apparatus, could not work to advantage on a dark day.

It was also arranged that Chief Washburn should not make the raid on the Driggs house until he had secured Boyd. In order to prevent any possibility of a slip by which Driggs might be allowed to escape it was necessary for me to get a secret message to my chief. Even the complicated cipher ordinarily used in the service would not serve the purpose, as it might arouse the curiosity of the operator at Fulton or Centralia and lead to disclosure of our plans. It was therefore arranged that as soon as I had secured Boyd I should send the following message to Washburn: "The captain has arrived with the barges."

With the details clearly settled Chief Washburn left for Centralia, leaving Brooks, who was afterward chief of the secret service, and McDonald to aid me. With these two I went over the plan of capture, always exercising the greatest caution that no one should learn of the connection between us. To the world we were strangers up to the time we met Boyd's house. Fate favored us in the matter of weather. The day was bright—an ideal one for an engraver of plates—and I felt that nothing could prevent us from catching Ben Boyd "dead to rights." I was to lead, entering the yard by the front gate and going around to the rear of the house. Brooks was to follow 20 feet behind; while McDonald, 100 feet behind Brooks, was to make his way direct to the front door. By this plan I designed to have each man at the right place at exactly the right time. I found the back door open and entered. No sooner had I stepped over the threshold than Mrs. Boyd, her dark eyes blazing, sprang fiercely at me and grasped me by the coat collar.

"Leave this room instantly," she screamed, at the same time tugging me toward the door with the unnatural strength born of frenzied fear. I grappled with her and had her fairly subdued by physical power when Brooks stopped in and took her in cus-



I MET BOYD, IN HIS SHIRT SLEEVES, DESCENDING.

today. We had known that Boyd did his work in a room on the second floor, and I started up the stairs. When half way up I met Boyd, in his shirt sleeves, descending.

"Who are you?" he demanded. "Tyrrell, of the secret service," I answered, "and you are my prisoner." "I have heard of you," he said. Great beads of perspiration started from his face, and he became limp as I placed the handcuffs on him. Strong man as he was, he displayed none of the ferocity of his frail wife, who, in the meantime, had stood, sullen and apparently looking for a chance of escape, in the kitchen. A six-hour search of the house followed the arrest. With Brooks and McDonald in charge of the prisoners I undertook the search, after telegraphing Chief Washburn.

In a loose board in a box in the front room upstairs I found a cleverly mortised cavity containing the plate of the reverse side of the counterfeit \$20 note of the State Bank of Ohio, a note that had been extensively shined by the "coney men," as well as the plate of a \$20 counterfeit bill of the First National bank, of Dayton, O. Mortised into the woodwork of an upholstered ottoman in the parlor were the plates for the \$100 "Lincoln head" treasury note, the concealment in each case being so cleverly accomplished that it required the smashing of the wood almost into splinters to find the plates. In the cleat on another box was found \$7,853 in good currency; while wrapped in some old clothes under a bed were found seven sets of blank plates, one set being of the size used in the counterfeiting of

United States bonds. The counterfeiter's workroom showed him to have been engaged in plate cutting at the time we entered the house. It was learned later that Boyd had set a price of \$8,000 on the "Lincoln head" plate.

Immediately on the receipt of the telegram from Fulton, Chief Washburn and his men moved on the Driggs house in First North street, Centralia, and arrested Nicholas and Barbara Stadtfeldt, Mrs. Nelson Driggs, their daughter, and Charles Stadtfeldt, their son. Driggs, the big prize, was not in the house, but was arrested the same day by Chief Washburn two miles south of Odin, Ill., in company with Nicholas Korn, a nephew of Mrs. Driggs, on whose person was found a large sum of counterfeit money. The day following counterfeit money representing \$117,437 was found hidden in the heavy woods seven miles north of Centralia, where Driggs had concealed it just before being taken into custody.

Ben Boyd was tried before Judge Blodgett in the United States district court, in Chicago, and was defended by Judge Tuley. He was sentenced to ten years in the Joliet penitentiary. Driggs was tried in Springfield before Judge Treat and was sentenced to 15 years in the penitentiary. The counterfeiters' wives were released; Charles Stadtfeldt received an eight-year sentence, Nicholas Lange, a helper on the printing press, was sentenced to four years, and old man Stadtfeldt was released. The "backbone of counterfeiting" in the country was broken.

PART II.

In order to give the actors in the Lincoln tomb robbing plot their proper places before my readers it will be necessary again to wander briefly from the straight path of my story. In the early '70's it was as easy for a secret service operative to find traces of counterfeiters as it is for a fisherman to get a bite in a Wisconsin fish lake. It was sometimes as difficult to land the "koniacker" as it is for the fisherman to land his bass; but the central west teemed with "coney men," more or less known to the secret service. The custom of intermarriage among

counterfeiting families had bound a large number of the most proficient criminals in this line into a league cemented not only by a common purpose and common danger, but by ties of consanguinity. I have told how Pete McCartney married Martha Ann Ackerman, the daughter of an accomplished pair of counterfeiters, and herself an expert. Ben Boyd had married Mrs. McCartney's sister, Almira, also proficient in the printing of bogus currency. The mother of the Ackerman girls, after the death of her first husband, married another counterfeiter, John B. Trout, a desperate "coney man," who at one time was the terror of the secret service men operating in the Mississippi valley. It will be remembered that Nelson Driggs married Gertrude Stadtfeldt, whose father, mother, brother, sister and nephew were all counterfeiters, and who herself was a valuable assistant to her husband.

These marriages are mentioned to set forth the closeness of the ties binding the different bands which, in effect, were one band. There were many other such marriages, but reference to these will suffice.

[To Be Continued.]

Queer Russian Tax.

Russia has probably the most curious tax in the world. It is called the "amusement tax," and was instituted a year or two ago to found an institution for the poor, under the title of the "Emperor Marie Foundation." The tax is laid on every amusement ticket sold, and the managers increase the price accordingly. Already more than 1,000,000 rubles have been raised in that way.

POPULAR SCENIC ROUTE.

Buffalo & Susquehanna Railroad Company.

Condensed Time Table in Effect June 4, 1905.

Table with columns for 'READ DOWN' and 'READ UP', listing stations and times for various routes.

Additional trains leave Galeton at 8:45 a. m. and 6:23 p. m., arriving at Ansonia at 9:21 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Returning leave Ansonia at 9:35 a. m., and 8:39 p. m., arriving at Galeton at 10:00 a. m., and 9:05 p. m.

TIME TABLE No. 17.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY R. R.

Taking effect May 27th, 1905.

Table with columns for 'EASTWARD' and 'WESTWARD', listing stations and times for various routes.

Advertisement for Kinloch Paint, featuring the slogan 'NOW IS THE TIME TO PAINT' and 'Above all, USE GOOD PAINT!'.

Advertisement for C. G. Schmidt's Bakery, featuring 'FRESH BREAD, PIES, FANCY CAKES, ICE CREAM, NUT CONFECTIONERY'.

Advertisement for Serrine Pills, featuring the slogan 'STRONG AGAIN!' and 'WHEN IN DOUBT, TRY Serrine Pills'.

Advertisement for Windsor Hotel, located at 12th and 13th Sts., on Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Advertisement for Patents, featuring 'GASNOW & CO. OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE WASHINGTON, D. C.'

Advertisement for Madam French Female Dean's Pills, a safe, certain relief for suppressed menstruation.

Advertisement for J. F. Parsons, 'The Place to Buy Cheap'.

Large advertisement for Kodol Dyspepsia Cure, 'DIGESTS WHAT YOU EAT'.

Advertisement for R. Seger & Co., 'Who is Your Clothier?'.

Advertisement for R. Seger & Co., 'NEW AND UP-TO-DATE CLOTHING AT POPULAR PRICES.'

Advertisement for Piles, 'A cure guaranteed if you use RUDY'S Suppository'.

Advertisement for Pennyroyal Pills, 'EVERY WOMAN Sometimes needs a reliable monthly regulating medicine.'

Advertisement for Kodol Dyspepsia Cure, 'Digests what you eat.'

Advertisement for Foley's Kidney Cure, 'Foley's Kidney Cure makes kidneys and bladder right.'

Advertisement for Banner Salve, 'the most healing salve in the world.'