

OUR SERIAL
STORIES OF THE SECRET SERVICE
BY Capt. Patrick D. Tyrrell

STORY No. 4
The Biebush Band
Being an Account of the Capture and Conviction of That Notorious Band of Counterfeiters of Which Fred Biebush Was the Leader.

to negotiate. Biebush promptly began to examine Gallagher as to his criminal history, and his wide and accurate knowledge of criminals made it possible for him to detect a spurious coin or bill. Gallagher could not pass the rigid examination to which Biebush subjected him, and the old German declined to sell him any "coney," making the excuse that he had none at that time. He evidently believed, however, that Gallagher was a crook who wanted to handle counterfeit money, for he did not appear suspicious of him except when it came to the point of giving himself into his power by personally negotiating a sale of "coney." This was failure number one.



the transaction of their affairs with one another that we were never able to connect them with legal evidence in the case. As soon as I had taken a general view of the task I had before me and had secured all the general information available concerning Biebush, I sent for a man named Thomas Gallagher, with whom I had had some dealings in the pursuit of criminals, and instructed him to try to buy counterfeit money from Biebush. Gallagher was from Seymour, Ind., and had done some good work in the capacity of a stool pigeon or "roper," as we called them in the secret service. Reinhardt Bossee, a countryman of Biebush, ran a saloon known as the Sheridan Exchange, at No. 2724 Franklin avenue, and his place was the headquarters for the Biebush clique. Biebush lived with his wife and children at No. 2733 Stoddard street, a short distance away. Gallagher began work by frequenting the Bossee saloon, drinking, playing cards and gradually ingratiating himself into the confidence of the saloon-keeper and Biebush, who spent much time in the place. After considerable time was expended by him in this process Gallagher thought the time propitious for making a proposition to Biebush to purchase "coney." Claiming to be an ex-convict, he attempted

ite form of crime was "garroting," that is, grabbing a pedestrian by the throat from behind, thrusting his knee into the small of the victim's back and thus pinning him while his assistant relieved the prey of his valuables. But in the form of crime "Hoosier Bill" was not over particular, taking side excursions into the field of burglary, horse stealing and petty acts of knavery. The Chicago police knew him as a West side hold-up man of dangerous character. I listened to his story with deep interest, as it bore directly on the case in hand—the landing of the big fish we were playing for—Fred Biebush. "Hoosier Bill" knew Biebush intimately. He had established this intimacy by presenting proper penitentiary credentials, of which he had plenty. Before he ran afoul of an Illinois sheriff and had been "settled" for driving off the wrong horse, Bridges had operated in St. Louis as a burglar and turned over to Biebush such of his "swag" as was suitable to the latter's purpose, especially the solid silverware. On one occasion he had arrived at the Biebush residence at four o'clock in the morning in a cab, bringing with him a package of silverware. The paper wrapper broke as he was about to ring the door bell, scattering the loot over the porch. The "cabby" helped him gather it up, after which Biebush appeared and took it into the house. I found this "cabby" later and used him as a witness against Biebush. The "swag" brought in by burglars was paid for in "coney," according to Bridges, the thieves favoring this way of dealing because they received larger compensation in representative or counterfeit dollars than they would in genuine money. The silver was melted by Biebush into bars, to be used in the manufacture of silver money. But this was not the most valuable information gleaned from "Hoosier Bill." He let me into the secret of the identity of the more active and important members of the Biebush gang.



DESPERATELY TRYING TO WREST A REVOLVER FROM THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

the reason that no such proofs existed, and Biebush was cunning enough to know genuine proofs from false ones. Here was failure number two. I did not consider myself any shrewder at such work than Kennoch, but it is a universal trait for one to believe he can do a thing better himself than anyone else can do it for him. I determined to see what I could do toward leading the old fox into our trap. I was not known to Biebush. I allowed my beard to grow into a stubble and chose the make-up of a river man. If I may be pardoned the digression I will say that with a few days' growth of beard and rough clothes I could look "tough" enough to satisfy even the fastidious Biebush, to whom the appearance of "toughness" was a strong recommendation. Thus attired I made my debut at Bossee's, where was a card game in progress most of the time, and I "sat in." Biebush and others whom I afterward learned were members of his band played with me. I frequently sat opposite my quarry and studied him closely. Friendly relations were established between us, and I thought matters were progressing favorably until I hinted to "Old Fred" that I would like to handle some of his goods. Then I found that I had made just as much progress as Gallagher and Kennoch had made—and no more. Biebush said he did not object to doing business with me, but that he "had no coney just then." From the way he spoke I knew I was wasting my time and before we landed him behind prison bars we would have to practice deeper and more circuitous methods in "roping." Failure number three.

Before I took charge of the St. Louis district I had been informed by a deputy warden in the Joliet penitentiary that a certain prisoner in that institution had intimated to him that he had information which might be of value to the secret service. I bethought myself of this and went to see him. He proved to be John Bridges, alias "Hoosier Bill," under sentence for horse stealing. This worthy was an Indiana product and something over 40 years old. He was a congenital criminal, stopping only at murder. His favorite form of crime was "garroting," that is, grabbing a pedestrian by the throat from behind, thrusting his knee into the small of the victim's back and thus pinning him while his assistant relieved the prey of his valuables. But in the form of crime "Hoosier Bill" was not over particular, taking side excursions into the field of burglary, horse stealing and petty acts of knavery. The Chicago police knew him as a West side hold-up man of dangerous character. I listened to his story with deep interest, as it bore directly on the case in hand—the landing of the big fish we were playing for—Fred Biebush. "Hoosier Bill" knew Biebush intimately. He had established this intimacy by presenting proper penitentiary credentials, of which he had plenty. Before he ran afoul of an Illinois sheriff and had been "settled" for driving off the wrong horse, Bridges had operated in St. Louis as a burglar and turned over to Biebush such of his "swag" as was suitable to the latter's purpose, especially the solid silverware. On one occasion he had arrived at the Biebush residence at four o'clock in the morning in a cab, bringing with him a package of silverware. The paper wrapper broke as he was about to ring the door bell, scattering the loot over the porch. The "cabby" helped him gather it up, after which Biebush appeared and took it into the house. I found this "cabby" later and used him as a witness against Biebush. The "swag" brought in by burglars was paid for in "coney," according to Bridges, the thieves favoring this way of dealing because they received larger compensation in representative or counterfeit dollars than they would in genuine money. The silver was melted by Biebush into bars, to be used in the manufacture of silver money. But this was not the most valuable information gleaned from "Hoosier Bill." He let me into the secret of the identity of the more active and important members of the Biebush gang.

THE VETERAN
In Government Service Must be Protected.
A STRONG PROTEST
From "Corporal" Tanner to Congressman Tawney, Against a Bill Now Pending.

Washington, D. C.—"Corporal" Tanner, commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, has written a letter to Representative Tawney, of Minnesota, chairman of the house committee on appropriations, protesting vigorously against the action of Tawney's committee in recommending the enactment of a law reducing the compensation of government clerks after they have attained the age of 65 years. "Corporal" Tanner writes particularly in behalf of his comrades of the civil war, many of whom, now employed in the government service, would be affected seriously by the proposed reduction in compensation. "Corporal" Tanner ventures the assertion to Mr. Tawney that "you won't find a Confederate soldier behind your bill," and incidentally pays a tribute to a Confederate brigadier who refused to permit a single one of the Union veterans to be disturbed when he had the power to remove them. In the course of his letter Mr. Tanner says: "You propose that the alms-house alone shall be the veteran's refuge in life and, perhaps, after you've kicked him out to 'rattle his bones over the stones,' deny him a burial ground and close against him the gates of Arlington. My dear Mr. Chairman, there is a dead line in legislation representing the saviours of the nation as perfectly marked as at Andersonville, beyond which no enemy may go. Let me beg you to pause before you attempt to cross it under the belief that the sentry is asleep, and to have only words of praise for the bridge that many times and oft has carried you to safety."

A PANIC IN THE STEERAGE.
It Was Caused by a Storm and Was Finally Quelled by the Ship's Officers.

New York.—A terrifying experience at sea was reported by the officers of the French line steamer Hudson, which arrived here Tuesday. During the storm which swept the Atlantic last Friday afternoon and evening, the 336 steerage passengers on the steamer became panic-stricken and were quieted only after the captain and first officer had threatened them with revolvers and knives. Both the barometer and thermometer fell rapidly and a terrific gale rolled up great seas. When the storm was at its worst the steerage passengers became panic-stricken and sought to go on deck, insisting that if they must die they wanted to meet death in the open. The stewards and minor officers lost control of the passengers and appealed to the captain for assistance. Capt. Juham and First Officer Mehausas, who were on the bridge, hurried to the steerage quarters and attempted to pacify the terrorized passengers. First they assured them that there was no danger, then threatened them and finally drew revolvers and knives and threatened to use them unless the passengers became quiet. Order finally was restored. Soon afterwards the storm abated.

A WALL OF MOLTEN LAVA.
It Flows Into the Ocean in a Stream Five Miles Long, from Samoan Volcano.

Honolulu.—The officers of the steamer Sierra, which has arrived here from Sydney, N. S. W., via Samoa, report that the eruption of the volcano on the island of Savaii, of the Samoan group, continues on a large scale. Three villages have been completely destroyed, including Malaeola, where was one of the finest cocoa plantations on the islands. The lava from the volcano is flowing into the ocean in a stream three-quarters of a mile wide and 20 feet deep, at the rate of 20 feet an hour. At night a solid wall of molten lava five miles long can be seen reaching far out into the sea. For some distance ahead the sea water is boiling and the surf breaking over the fiery stream.

Slump in Prices of Traction Stocks.
Chicago, Ill.—Prices of the Chicago traction stocks suffered severely on both the New York and Chicago stock exchanges Tuesday. In New York the price of Union Traction common stock broke almost in half, dropping from 11 1/2 to 7 1/2. The preferred stock, which closed Monday night at 46, declined to 30. West Chicago showed a decline of 15 points and North Chicago was down 23 points.

An Ex-Banker's Sentence.
Buffalo, N. Y.—Fred R. Green, former cashier of the defunct Fredonia national bank, on Tuesday pleaded guilty and was sentenced to six years in Auburn prison. Green was indicted on 25 counts charging embezzlement and false entry in connection with the funds and books of the bank.

Steamer and 12 Lives Lost.
London, England.—The British steamer Colne foundered off the Dutch coast Tuesday. Twelve of her crew were drowned and seven were saved.

PAINS
AMERICAN WOMEN FIND RELIEF
The Case of Miss Irene Crosby Is One of Thousands of Cures Made by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



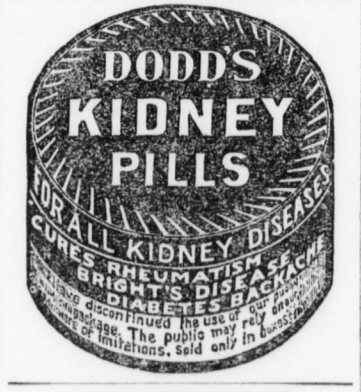
Thousands of American women, however, have found relief from all monthly suffering by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it is the most thorough female regulator known to medical science. It cures the condition which causes so much discomfort and robs these periods of their terrors. Miss Irene Crosby, of 313 Charlton Street, East Savannah, Ga., writes: "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a true friend to woman. It has been of great benefit to me, curing me of irregular and painful periods when everything else had failed, and I gladly recommend it to other suffering women." Women who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, bloating (or flatulence), displacement of organs, inflammation or ulceration, that "bearing-down" feeling, dizziness, faintness, indigestion, nervous prostration or the blues, should take immediate action to ward off the serious consequences, and be restored to perfect health and strength by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and then write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for further free advice. She is daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham and for twenty-five years has been advising women free of charge. Thousands have been cured by so doing.

NEW YORK, FEB. 28, 1906.—The Erie Railroad has placed with the American Locomotive Company an order for 23 locomotives, delivery to begin in March. These are to be exact duplicates of the 19 engines received by the Erie during the past six months, and which have proven so successful in passenger service as to warrant their adoption as a standard type, known all along the line as "the 2,500 class." With their tenders carrying 16 tons of coal and 8500 gallons of water, these large passenger service locomotives ever constructed, weigh 389,750 pounds each, the weight of the locomotive alone being 230,500 pounds.

Used on the through Chicago and Buffalo trains of from 12 to 15 cars, these engines easily keep a schedule time even when hauling these long trains of the heavy coaches now required for up-to-date passenger service. So satisfactory have they proven in making time, during four months' trial in winter service, that the Erie management decided to have a sufficient number on hand for all emergencies in their fast passenger train service.

SAMPLES BY TELEGRAPH.
This Woman Thought She Could Order Her Dress-Goods by the Card.

An official of one of the telegraph companies tells an amusing story of a young woman in a Pennsylvania town, who wished to send a telegram to a New York firm ordering a supply of dress goods. After some inquiries as to whether the line "really and truly" did "connect with New York," relates Success Magazine, the young woman finally decided to afford the company the benefit of her patronage. Opening her handbag she took therefrom various samples which she consulted from time to time as she undertook the task of expressing her wants in the usual "ten words." When she had apparently completed the interesting operation, she attached two of the samples to the telegraph form and handed her message to the man at the window. Her telegram read as follows: "Blank & Co. Send express four yards sample 'A' and six yards 'B.'" Before and After. "Your tickets to the concert last night were complimentary, weren't they?" "I thought they were till I heard the concert."—Cleveland Leader. The man who complains loudest of his hard lot—observe and see if it isn't so—the very one whose office chairs are padded with rose-leaf cushions.



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