

## WHAT A DETECTIVE DID.

IN 1856, on a cold, raw day in December, a boy came to my room with a dispatch from the general office. At the time I was half dozing, half reading on a sofa, thinking how much better off I was in that neat, quiet, well-warmed room than thousands who were out in storm, their faces pelted by the pitiless snow and sleet.

It was my seventh month on the detective force.

During that time I had ridden and walked from one end of Broadway to the other, and run my head into more queer out of the way places than I care to again.

A detective has not so easy a life after all. Once a revolver bullet aimed at me in a stolen-goods cellar where I was looking around for a marked chap, took away the lower edge of my left ear. I heard ringing that time, sure, but the skulk who fired the shot had a more musical time, for he went to Sing Sing, after being led to the Tombs with his right shoulder shattered by a return ball.

One time just as I had arrested a woman on Twenty-third street for lifting a valuable diamond cluster from a Broadway jewelry store—as I was escorting her out of the house for a visit to the station a red haired vixen met us in the doorway and threw a full ounce of cayenne pepper in my eyes. It was what you might call red-hot.

I never saw my diamond-lifter or her timely friend again—nor did I see anybody except a physician for a month.

But this, and all such, has nothing to do with the recital to-night.

I told the boy to come in. It was Bob, the sharp, keen-eyed "boy to all places," who was sent in a hurry on all special errands, with instructions to find his man. He handed me the dispatch, and I read:

4 P. M.

Come quickly. Important counterfeiting case. Out of town be prepared.

—Chief.

I was awake in an instant, nothing like business to call a man's head back to him!

Bob helped me, and I threw on a box overcoat, pulled on a pair of stage boots dropped a six inch Colt into my hip-pocket, settled a slouch hat over my head, and out we went.

A little ways to the street corner, then a cold ride, and we were at the office of the Chief.

"Found him, sir," said Bob, as he kicked the lumps of snow from his boot heels, and stood ready for another order.

"You may go now, but listen for the bell."

"All right, sir."

And Bob glided out as the Chief ordered. He turned to me, and continued:

"Well, Mack, are you ready for a job to-night?"

"Always ready. What's the lay?"

"Somebody has been shoving the queer to-day right lively. Two hundred at the Astor House; ninety at a Bowery exchange office for gold; five hundred for large bills with a railroad agent on Broadway, and a hundred bogus at a book store for three books and a good change."

"What book store?"

"Appleton's. And a hundred at a diamond store up town for a fifty dollar ring, and good change."

"What is the clew?"

"I've told you all I know—except this dispatch from Albany, from the Mayor, just received as I sent for you."

The dispatch was as follows: Somebody has begun flooding us with a new counterfeit on three banks. Have you seen anything new of this kind in New York, and if so on what banks?"

"And this is all?"

"Yes,—except you must find the man."

"All right, sir, I'll try."

"Then you'll get him. Report to me by telegraph if you have him or need help."

I went to the Astor House and inquired who stuck them. The cashier said it was a portly looking Jew, black hair and whiskers, and well dressed.

Then I hastened to the exchange office to find that a woman had been there, but the money was of the same kind. Here was a poser! I hastened to the railroad office to find that the man who made the change there was a slim, dark-haired man who represented himself as a drover from Chicago. He was a pleasant looking gentleman, who wanted to ship a covered buggy, a piano, and some choice household furniture West, and so he took a card telling him how to ship his things,

and quietly went out, drawing a cloth cap over his head as he went out of the door.

At Appleton's it was late. I could not see the man that made the sale, but learned that he bought a gilt-edged prayer book and two handsomely bound volumes suitable for a Christmas gift to a lady. The prayer book was bound in brown velvet—evidently for a middle aged person—a wife or mother.

I went to my boarding house, and ate a light dinner just at dark. I had a job on hand and not much time.—The man was evidently a stranger living out of town. I did not think so from his professed desire to ship a piano, &c., but from the fact that he bought Christmas presents before the time, on such a day. Had he lived in the city, he never would have taken them with him in the storm. And I learned that he did not have his purchases sent to any address.

Did he live at Albany? No—for people, as a general thing, commence their devilry somewhere else except at home. But I would go there and see who had called at the railroad office.

So I bought a ticket for Albany, and started on the 8 o'clock train. It was a terrible stormy night. The snow was piled on fences, door-knobs, omnibus-tops, and window-ledges.

As was my usual custom, I looked through all the cars to see who I knew or did not know. And, perhaps, I might see a suspicious looking man aboard. But no there were old men, and young men—old women and young women with a few babies on the train.

The train halted at Fishkill, opposite the river from Newburg. I saw a well-dressed man, a little taller than myself, come out of the car next to me, carrying in his hand a small valise or traveling bag. I noticed from the window that he went at once to the corner of the depot where a boy was in waiting with a buggy—got in, took the lines himself, and drove down to the ferry-boat.

What possessed me I cannot tell, but something told me to follow him.—So I hastened out of the car, jumping from the train after it was well under motion. I ran to the omnibus which had started for the Newburg side, and clambered in to the disgust of two ladies both of whose feet were well trodden ere I found a seat.

Arriving at the other side of the river, I sprang out of the bus and asked a boat hand who that was in the carriage.

"That man with a boy?"

"Yes—the one with a boy beside him."

"Why, that is—is—! Pshaw, I know his name—see him most every day, but by thunder, I can't jest speak it now."

"Does he live in Newburg?"

"Yes."

"Did he cross the river this morning?"

"Yes—in the first boat for train east."

"Was the boy with him?"

"Yes."

"Well, I know who it is."

"Who?"

"Judge Edwards!"

"No, sir, that ain't Judge Edwards," replied the boatman as he turned to attend to his duties.

Arriving at the hotel, I took a room and directed that I be called in time for the first train to New York. Then, being weary, I sought a few hour's rest.

Promptly the porter called me, and I arose. The snow was quite deep, and the few people who were out seemed anxious to get back to warm places and good shelter. I went down to the ice crusted ferry boat, but no Judge Edwards was there nor was his horse and boy. I asked the boatman I talked with the night before if the Judge went over every day, when he replied:

"I don't know. But that man you saw last night was not Judge Edwards and I told you so."

"Well, who was he?"

"That was Ned Crampton—I tho't after you went off."

"What does he do?"

"Nothing, I guess, he's a rich New Yorker, and he lives on his money."

"Where does he live?"

"Out near Washington's old headquarters, in the Clinton Cottage."

"Has he a family?"

"Wife, I believe—least wise there is a woman with him there."

"Is he a fast fellow?"

"Lord, no! He goes to church every Sunday, no matter it pours."

"Does his wife go?"

"Yes, most allers."

"What Church?"

The Episcopal, with the other big-

bugg.

"Pretty cold weather for ferry business now, is it not?"

"You try it a few years for thirty-five dollars a month, and see how you like it!"

"No thank you."

"That's what I thought."

And he turned away, while we returned to the hotel for our breakfast. After breakfast I waited awhile and walked slowly to the post office, and from there to Clinton Cottage, a beautiful, home-like place, on a fine rise of ground overlooking the river. I did not know but I might meet Mr. Crampton but did not. So I continued walking till I reached the cottage.

A ring at the door bell was answered by a negro-servant, who looked like a young giant, sharp, keen, trust-worthy.

"Good morning."

"Good morning, sir."

"Is Mr. Crampton through breakfast?"

"How do you know he is at home sir?"

"I know he is—came up from New York with him last night."

"Oh, that's it. But he didn't tell me!"

"It's all right. I'll just step in the parlor. Tell him a friend has called—no to hurry—I'll wait."

"Yes sir."

And the servant retired after showing me to the parlor, which was quite warm, though a morning fire had not yet been kindled in the coal stove, which retained warmth from last night's usage. While I was looking about the room admiring the beautiful furniture, and articles of beauty everywhere, a door opened and in walked Mr. Crampton. He was a tall, quick, nervous, powerful or self-possessed man, about thirty-five years of age. And a finer appearing gentleman it would be hard to find. As he came in, I rose from the easy chair, and said:

"Mr. Crampton, I believe."

"Yes sir. But you have the start of me—I have not the honor of your acquaintance."

"My name is McIntyre. Henry McIntyre, of New York."

"Be seated Mr. McIntyre. May I know the object of your visit?"

"Yes sir, you are my prisoner. I am a detective officer, and arrest you for passing counterfeit money—bank bills."

"Arrest me? That is a good joke! Arrest me? Really I am honoured!—Do I resemble a counterfeiter—a sporting man of that stamp?"

"No, sir, you do not. And that is why I arrest you. You were in New York yesterday and bought a diamond ring?"

"No, sir, I did not."

"Were at the Astor House?"

"No, sir, never stop there; was not there yesterday."

"Will you show me the way to your dining room?"

"Certainly, as I am your prisoner, and you are doubtless armed."

"Yes sir, well armed, as you will see. Proceed."

At the table I found his wife, a beautiful young woman, not to exceed twenty years. Her hair was black as jet, and her dress bespoke wealth. On a stand near the window were three books—gilt edge prayer book, brown velvet binding, and two beautiful "Annals," or holiday gifts.

On the floor by the stand was a piece of brown wrapping paper, just from the books.

"You purchased these in New York yesterday at Appleton's?"

"I did, and I paid for them."

His wife at that moment left the room. I looked at my watch. It was fifteen minutes past ten o'clock. I told the sheriff whom I had seen, to come to the house at half past ten if I were not at the hotel by that time. In twenty-five minutes he would be here.

In a few moments his wife returned. I noticed a look of under-meaning pass between them but no one said a word. I was sure I had my man. After his wife had returned, he introduced me to her, and said:

"My dear, is not this ludicrous? This gentleman is from New York—has arrested me for passing counterfeit money! Did you ever hear such nonsense?"

"Never! but you are joking. Arrested you? I'd as soon expect to see my dear father arrested."

Turning to me she continued:

"You have arrested him, have you?"

"Yes madam, he is my prisoner."

"You have no proof?"

"Suspicion, madam. I believe your husband to be a dealer in counterfeit money, and I believe he has a quantity of it in the house. And I request you

not to leave this room, till I have searched the house, or I will be obliged to arrest you too."

"Counterfeit money! The idea is too absurd. You are welcome to look the house over a dozen times. If you can not find it, you will apologize to us and release us—your prisoners."

And she bowed as if in mockery. By this time the sheriff rang at the door and was admitted. Explaining to him in brief and leaving Mr. Crampton in his charge, with the wife to see I took nothing I was not entitled to, I began the search of the house, up stairs and down; in this closet and that; in this room and that.

At last I entered the family bed-room. A perfect boudoir. There were pictures, vases, statues, etc., in endless profusion but no money, or imitation thereof. Then I went into the bath-room, the furniture consisted of two large Kohos clubs for gymnastic practices, a boot-jack, little closet for waste paper, odds and ends. A broom stood in one corner of the room, a large body sponge hung on a nail over the bath tub while from the open window one could look out and down upon the roof of the wood shed.

I hunted everywhere but to no purpose. At last I was reluctantly compelled to give up the search, and with her return to the breakfast room, where the sheriff and my prisoner were waiting.

"Well, sir," asked the prisoner, "you found the object sought, of course?"

"No, sir, I did not."

"Perhaps you had better try another search. I wish you to be thorough. It's humiliating to be thus suspicioned, and insulted in one's own house."

"I admit it, sir; but the innocent must suffer inconvenience, at times or the guilty would never be punished."

"Quite true, sir. But do you intend taking me to New York?"

"Yes sir."

"On what grounds?"

"The books you bought as circumstantial evidence."

"Yes I did buy three books for my wife, not expecting to visit the city again till after the holidays. I bought them while there, and paid for them in gold, as I can prove by three gentlemen who were with me. But go on, sir, I am your prisoner."

And he leaned back in his chair with such a look of injured innocence, that I was tempted at once to apologize and return.

"Excuse me for a moment," said I. Perhaps I have done you injustice. But a good detective has little to guide him, and must loose nothing. I will step up stairs again, and look in a hat box I saw there."

"Certainly—look anywhere."

An idea had struck me. It was my last chance. I felt that I had the right man, but was I justified in making the arrest? The hat box I did not care for but the back room seemed inviting. I entered and looked carefully here and there, then out of the window. Then I took the sponge from the nail, any there I found what I looked for.

The sponge was full as large as a man's head. It had been cut away till it looked like a sort of a cup. In the hollow next the wall, I found over six thousand dollars of counterfeit bills. Putting the bills in my pocket, I took the sponge in my hand, and leisurely walked down stairs.

You can well imagine the rest. Explanations were useless. The sheriff went with me to New York that afternoon, and with us went Mr. and Mrs. Crampton, leaving the house locked with the key in the pocket of the Sheriff.

Mr. John Walters alias Mr. Ned Crampton, was an escaped convict from the Moyamensing Prison, and one of a gang of burglars and counterfeiters; while his beautiful wife who was with him, such a regular attendant at church, was Maggie Denver, his mistress, and keeper of a place of dissipation in the city, except when out in the country a few months of the year.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when our party entered the Chief's office. And as I took the bracelets off the delicate wrists of Mr. Crampton, the Chief said:

I knew you would fetch him, Mack, and here is another case to go on right away.

## A Short Romance.

IN the year 1852, there came to a beautiful town of Western Illinois, on the banks of the Mississippi, a gentleman named Hazletine, who informed those with whom he became acquainted that he had left a wife and family in Vermont, for whom he should send as soon as a new home in the West was prepared for their reception. Purchasing choice real estate in the town, he erected upon it a fine residence, and entering largely into profitable business, he was presently ready to be rejoined by those nearest his heart, and rejoiced in the opportunity to send east for them by a gentleman about making a flying visit thither. The expected wife and children however never came. While the husband and father was eagerly looking for them every day, in their stead came a letter whose revelations seem to bow and blight the recipient like a withering disease. What the actual tidings were, Mr. Hazletine's nearest neighbors and friends in the West never knew; but from the moment of reading them, he went about like one broken in every hope of life. At once selecting a legal agent, he, without a word of explanation, conveyed all his property to his wife, provided she appeared on the spot to claim it within fifteen years. In the meantime, the new house was to be rented for the payment of taxes and the agent's commission. Having made this arrangement, with as few words as possible, the stricken man pre-emptorily closed his business in the town, even at a great sacrifice, and disappeared from the West. Eighteen years have passed, and the strangely assigned property, now greatly enhanced in value, is still unclaimed. The period during which the wife's ownership was to hold good having expired, the house and grounds are without a known inheritor, and challenge some Eastern household to solve a family mystery and reclaim a noble estate.

## Cured.

MR. ALEXANDER SIMPSON, of Towanda, is dead. He was bilious, Mr. Alexander Simpson was, and he saw following paragraph from the pen of Doctor Hall.

"If a bilious man wants to get well, and is no special hurry, all that he has to do is to lie down out of doors, between two boards, and lay there until he gets ravenously hungry."

Mr. Simpson followed this advice, and calmly fell asleep with a broad board on top of him. Under ordinary circumstances there would have been no trouble; but there was a Fat Men's Ball in the lager beer saloon next door that day, and the two champion fat men got over the fence, and sat down with a jerk on top of Mr. Alexander Simpson's upper board without knowing he was there. It squelched the breath cut of him at the first blow, and the fat men, you understand, they sat, and sat there, and discussed politics, and the Alabama claims, and the Legal Tender Act, and the weather, and woman's rights, and the Harrison boiler and metaphysics, and they kept on drinking glass after glass of beer, and getting heavier and heavier, until one of them happened to look under the board—and there was Alexander Simpson, as dead as Nebuchadnezzar, and mashed so thin that you could pass him under a closed door without scraping his vest buttons! He does not suffer from bile now. But does anybody know where Doctor Hall lives? Because Mrs. Simpson is making inquiries, and she is anxious to snatch a few silver hairs from his brow, and to necessitate the purchase of a patent glass eye.

A HINT.—Not many miles from town a company of a few friends might have been seen one evening in the parlor of an old couple, spending a few hours in social chat. Time flew rapidly to all, save the "head of the house," who, about nine o'clock got very sleepy. He never stayed out of bed later than that if he could help it. The company, however, talked and talked, and talked to the old lady, who enjoyed her conversation much, whilst her bigger half dozed and nodded and occasionally snored just a little. Finally getting his eyes fully opened, and seeing the clock marked half-past nine, he turned, yawning, toward the partner of his joys and sorrows, and said, "Wife hadn't we better go to bed? These folks want to go home."

A distinguished writer says there is one place in the Bible where the girls are commanded to kiss the men, in proof of which he quotes the words: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."