

Adventures of a Detective.

MANY years ago, when western rail-road travel was not the safest in the world, and when all monies due from the east in payment for western produce had to be sent in cash by the mails, there occurred, not far from Chicago each time, several accidents in consequence of trains being thrown off the track, during which the mail cars were broken open and the bags robbed to a very large amount. The first of these accidents happened within six miles of the "Garden City," and was caused by the Michigan Southern running into the Illinois Central mail train, if I remember rightly, striking it at right angles, and not only cutting it into two parts, but making a wreck of both trains.

The loss in every way was large, and the conductor and engineer was killed on the spot—the former lying with his face upwards close to the mail car—which it was afterwards discovered, had been forced open and the gold and silver it contained carried off. Mr. Pinkerton, the great Western detective, was then beginning one of the most remarkable and successful careers known to police history, and he discovered upon the face of the dead conductor of the train the imprint of a nail head, such as was usually worn by English laborers in the soles of their heavy boots. He then examined the ground and was lucky enough to find a complete imprint of the sole of the left boot, containing a double row of nails, all of which were exactly like that on the conductor's face. He also made another important discovery—that there were three nails wanting in the impress on the earth, showing that three must be also wanting on the sole of the boot that made it.

Mr. Pinkerton's theory so far, was this—that the robber was in so great a hurry to force open the mail car that he set his left foot upon the face of the dead man without knowing it, and thinking, no doubt, that it rested upon the earth; and that one of the nails—"hob-nails" he called them—having started from the leather, was more prominent than the rest, and so left its mark behind it, and with a secret clue for the detective. Unfortunately, before Pinkerton came on the ground, there had been so many people about that the earth was trodden down hard in the neighborhood of the calamity, and he had no chance of tracing the hob-nailed boot, and discovering its owner.

He had made some important discoveries, however, during this difficult investigation. He had found out that the robber, whoever he was, wore boots nailed with hob-nails in a peculiar form round the soles, with three nails missing; and that the boots were of English make, and the wearer of them, therefore, was probably an Englishman, and that the left boot made the impression on the face of the dead conductor, and on the ground. This was all the clue that he had to the robber; but meagre as it was, he did not despair of hunting down his quarry. He did not believe, however, that the collision of the trains was purposely caused, but that it was an accident, and that the robbery was a sudden evil inspiration on the part of the robber.

Eighteen months passed away, and Pinkerton, although always more or less on the watch, had well nigh forgotten the hob-nailed boots, when one fine morning he received a telegraphic dispatch which summoned him to another accident, which had just happened on the same railroad, within twelve miles of the city of Chicago. On his arrival he found a great concourse of persons, officers and men and passengers about the wreck, and he immediately ordered a rope to be paid out and guarded by the company's servants while he made an examination of the ground, and a search for the hob-nailed boots, if, by any chance, they might figure upon this scene also. He first examined the locality where the obstruction was placed that overthrew the train, and, to his great joy and surprise, there was the old boot mark with the many hob-nails and a full impression also of the right foot.

Of course he said nothing, but began to make detours in all directions to see if he could pick up the retreating trail. He thought it most likely the man would go boldly towards the village after he had laid his trap, and so he hastened on till he came to a bit of grass leading to the main road on the heights above. Here he stumbled upon the footmark once more, and proceeding right and left upon a line with this discovery, he found the advancing foot too. The grass, however, threw him off all further trail, but he had proved that the same man who had a hand in the previous robbery had planned the present disaster also; and, better still, that he came from and returned to the village. Owing to some accident elsewhere this train was late by several hours. It was an early morning train, and the design clearly was to throw it off the line and rob the mails, but it was defeated.

Mr. Pinkerton remained privately in the village, putting up at the chief hotel and passing for a salesman of dry goods, for several weeks, making observations and notes.

He soon knew everybody in the place, and had not been there a week before he began to suspect a man who was then ab-

sent, but who, when in town, stopped at the hotel where he then lodged. A short time afterwards he returned, and Pinkerton found that he was an Englishman, and began to look for his cloven foot. But he did not wear it at the time he was introduced to him, and Pinkerton reasoned that such boots as those hob-nailed ones could only be in requisition in wet or dirty weather, and he began to pray that it might rain. He kept a severe and close watch upon the Englishman, and followed him always when he could do so without detection.

A fortnight passed away, and the Englishman began to exhibit signs of great uneasiness and unrest. He was also going out at night and Pinkerton was always following him, and his face was always turned towards the railroad, upon which he was sure to descend and make examinations of the road for about a mile and a half on both sides of the village. One day he had received some letters from New York, and Pinkerton watched him more closely than usual. About a quarter of a mile from the village was a graveyard on a hill which commanded the railroad, and at dark the Englishman set out toward this wild and romantic spot, and Pinkerton after him. The night was cloudy, but every now and then the moon broke out and lighted up the lovely scenery.

To Pinkerton's amazement, he climbed the fence of the graveyard, and sat there looking towards the village, so that his "shadow" had to hide himself. Presently he jumped on a grave, and strode along towards the middle of the cemetery, with Pinkerton still after him, behind the trees and grave-stones. He could hear him muttering to himself and occasionally talking aloud, and then he stole up to him as near as he dared, and managed at last to creep into a vaulted grave close to him, one of the side slabs of which had fallen down. The dew was heavy and the grass so saturated with it that he was wet through; but he kept on listening, and finally made out that he was reciting a soliloquy from Lord Byron's "Manfred," and occasionally gesticulating wildly to the moon. Was the man mad? What remorse had brought him here to vent itself in the terrible and dreadful lines of Manfred? At length he pulled out his watch and tried to make out the time.

Then he jumped over the fence and ran down to the railroad. He was evidently waiting for somebody. For whom? Time would show perhaps, for Pinkerton still followed him. Once he lost sight of him. Then he fancied he heard voices, and hurried in the direction whence the sounds proceeded—and when he gained upon them he found that his man was returning. So he skulked again, and the man went over to the churchyard. He stopped several times and listened. What had he been doing? Had he laid another trap for the overthrow of another train? It was a dreadful thought; and as it struck him the due train was heard in the distance. On it came, and no one to warn the engineer of the possible danger. In another moment it rushed past them, and went thundering on in the darkness.

Then with all his soul in his ears did the detective listen, expecting a crash every moment. But it was not to be. The man watched it as it fled past and then turned toward the village, and Pinkerton followed him back to the hotel. He was all this time in secret conference with the superintendent of the railroad, who lived near by. The next day, when Pinkerton called on him, he showed him a letter which he had received from some one who said he knew the gang that had thrown the last train over—and that they wanted to get him to join them—their object being to cause more accidents before long. He offered, for a consideration, to join them and become spy upon their actions for the company.

Pinkerton advised the superintendent to employ the man, stipulating that he should be allowed to come to the office while the conference took place, in order that he might see him and be able to identify him hereafter. He had no doubt in his own mind who the man was. He felt sure that he was the same man whom he had followed so often and so long up hill and down dale, and into the very jaws of death. And so it turned out. The man was engaged by the superintendent, and was in correspondence with a clerk in the post office in New York, who informed him whenever large sums were sent from that office west. This is a fact, however, that transpired subsequently when all was over with this very smart man who was so fond of playing the spy. Mr. Pinkerton found that there was another man also in league with the "spy," and that his work kept him chiefly in New York. Pinkerton now expected every day there would be a "smash-up" but under the pretence that the conspiracy called him to New York, the "spy" left the west and was gone so long that Pinkerton returned to Chicago.

About three weeks afterwards he received another dispatch to go immediately to the old station, his expectation being realized in another overthrow and robbery of the mail train. On his arrival he saw the same boot marks as in the former cases, and was now satisfied that he had got the real criminal—for behold! he had returned to the hotel two days before the "accident"

occurred, but he had the cunning to be abed with another person all that night, that he might establish a *chibi* in case he was suspected. But still there was no legal proof against him. The boots never showed themselves upon his legs, and Pinkerton even overhauled his room in search of them, but without effect. He found out, however, that he had a pair of strong and black-grain boots which he wore on rainy days, and Pinkerton resolved to lay a trap for him on the next wet day, which happened during the same week that the "accident" took place.

His trap was this: He persuaded the superintendent to lay down fine red sand over all the paths to the office, and then to send his spy, hoping that he would come in his hob-nails. They had not long to wait; for, expecting a payment of monies due to him for services not rendered, he came, wrapped up in a big coat, and having on those very boots that had been so long a mystery to the detective. This time there was no mistake. The red sand was pitted all over with the small-pox of those tell-tale boots, and now the reader will think there was nothing more to do but to arrest the man.

But what proof was there against him? Vivid circumstantial proof in abundance—legal proof none at all.

Pinkerton had taken the precaution to make perfect casts and drawings of the impressions in the earth; and if he could get those boots into his possession he might manage to scare the owner into a confession. However, he resolved to get him over to Chicago, under pretence of setting him on the persons suspected of having a share in the late smash-up.

In this he was successful, through the cooperation of the superintendent; and, strange to say, he carried his boots with him on the train. Pinkerton now made up his mind that he would have them by hook or by crook. So at midway station he got the conductor, who knew the "spy," to invite him to take a drink with him; and when they were out together those boots in some quiet way found their way under Pinkerton's carriage seat. On the arrival of the train at Chicago, Pinkerton followed his man until they got into a quiet street, and then arrested him, charging him point blank with throwing over the two trains in question, and also with the robbery of the Michigan Southern train some two years before.

He shook in every limb, turned ghastly pale, and in half an hour had made full confession of his crimes. He owned that he and a friend robbed the mail at the collision between the Illinois Central and Michigan Southern, and said they went to Europe and spent the money in eighteen months, when they returned, designing to make a regular trade of throwing trains off the track and robbing the mails. He was tried, convicted and sentenced to the Jacksonville penitentiary for life, where he died after an imprisonment of ten years.

Such, as near as I can remember the facts, is the story of these infamous transactions. There is not a word exaggerated, although I am pretty sure that I may be inexact in some of the minor details.

And who was the criminal? What was the name of the wretch who could thus harden his heart to destroy his fellow creatures wholesale for the sake of a few thousand dollars? Reader, he was a natural son of Lord Byron, and called himself George Gordon Augustus Byron. His mother is said to have been a Scotch lady, living in Edinburgh at the time of his birth and a Stewart by name. His accomplice was a nephew of Sir Charles Napier.

There is no doubt about the truth of the story. Mr. Pinkerton is well known all over the continent, and in the capitals of Europe, as a sort of Police Napoleon, who never lost any great case he undertook, and whose talents are only equalled by his integrity. It was he who has always recovered the monies stolen from the Adams Express company, and who saved President Lincoln's life during his memorable journey to Washington, and it was the same great detective who, when yet a young man, worked up this Byron case.—N. Y. Evening Post.

A Quarry of Mud Turtles.

A WOOD county, Ohio, paper contains the following account of the discovery of a quarry of Mud Turtles. Recently two men were engaged in the construction of ditch No. 183. The ditch leads through a marshy swamp, which has not probably in the recollection of the oldest inhabitant, been as dry as this year, and even with the present great drouth, the team of horses mired so badly that in some instances they had to dig and pry them out from among the sunken bogs where they became entangled. In one place while plowing, and about 2½ feet below the surface, they came upon a literal patch of huge mud turtles, some of which were as large on the back as the bottom of a Windsor chair, and so firmly imbedded were some of these tough customers, that they obstructed the plow, and threw it out of the furrow the same as a stone or root would do. Five or six of these lusty fellows would sometimes be turned out by a single furrow. They had probably sought this moist spot from some distance as the best place to go into winter quarters.

SUNDAY READING.

No Bible—Then What?

I confess for myself, and with all frankness, that the question of the Bible—or rather than deism. Take away the Bible and you take away all the angels. Not a single cherub or seraph; not a single throne or dominion, or principality or power; not a single morning star or Son of God is left. Gabriel vanishes as a phantom, and Michael melts into air, and is seen no more. Take away the Bible, and you take away the elect succession of inspired man. Not a single patriarch or priest or prophet or apostle or evangelist remains to proclaim or record a single superhuman oracle. Moses and his law, Isaiah and his vision, dissolve together. Matthew and his gospel, Paul and his epistles, perish in the same fire. Nay, more, take away the Bible, and you take away the Lord Jesus Christ. No longer need any disputes be had in regard to the nature, person or office of Christ, his history, condition or destiny! All the magnificent apparatus in preparation for his coming is gone! The cross crumbles, and the sepulchre sinks, and the throne symbolized by the rainbow that adorns it, like the rainbow, vanishes away. His pre-existence, his current existence, his whole existence, is nothing. —And so of the Holy Spirit; take away the Bible, and the Spirit becomes a ghost indeed, or rather less than a ghost. Like a meteor it flashes from darkness and falls into the blackness of darkness. And so of the Father; take away the Bible, and the Father retires into an impenetrable seclusion, infidelity more oblivious than was ever imagined before. And then when the earth is exhausted of everything inspired, and Heaven of everything angelic, and the universe of everything divine, what is left? What! is man left? Aha! be it so. But what kind of man is left? A man without a Maker, without a Saviour, and without a purpose, and without an end. The noblest of beings, and yet the meanest and most miserable—all sensibility, sympathy and affection, yet sitting desolate in sackcloth, among the graves of dead friends, full, himself, of living memories, ever mourning for the dead, but without hope of their return, having no hope but that he and his children may like wise die and be no more! And what kind of an earth is left? And what kind of Heaven? And what kind of a universe? Who cares what kind? If a man be a worm, if angels be the spectres of worms, if Father Son and Holy Ghost be mere names without substance—who cares what kind?

A Christian's Feelings.

"O it is just as different as can be!" said one of my young friends. "What is it?" I asked. "Why, being a Christian. Everything is so different from what I expected." "What did you expect?" "When you used to talk with me about being a Christian, I used to say to myself, 'No, I can't now, for I shall have to do so many hard things, and I never can do them.'" "What hard things?" "Oh, I used to think. 'Now if I become a christian, I shall have to walk just so; shall have to go to church and prayer-meeting; shall have to pray, and read the Bible.' It is so different from what I thought." "Why, James, what do you mean?" I exclaimed. "You do go to church and prayer-meeting; you do read the Bible and pray; you do try to walk just right, do you not?" "O, yes," answered James, looking up with a bright smile, but I love to do them. That makes all the difference. I love Jesus, and I love to do as he wishes me to." Yes, love does make all the difference. Love is the fulfilling of the law.

A Turning-Point.

"The turning-point in my life," said a gentleman, "was when I was a boy, not going to a low circus. Some kind of low show and circus came into town, and of course all the boys were dying to go. My mother did not want me to go. I might have stolen off. I had money enough in my pocket, the boys did all they could to persuade me, and, more than all people were going in squads to see it. It is so easy to go with the multitude; it is so hard to make a stand, break away and go the other way. "That is exactly what I did. I mastered the situation." I mastered myself, and did not go. "It was the resolution then called out, and called out perhaps for the first time, which has, under God, served me many a good turn since, and made me what I am."

Mrs. Van Cott says if she had all the money ever paid for liquor she could buy every foot of land in the world. Very likely. And if she had all the money paid by women for back hair she could buy every drop of liquor in the world.

Let the youth who stands with a glass of liquor in his hand consider what he had better throw away—the liquor or himself.

RAILROADS.

Pennsylvania R. R. Time Table.

NEWPORT STATION. On and after Nov. 12th, 1871, Passenger trains will run as follows: EAST. Mail, 6:16 P. M., daily, except Sunday. Harrisburg Accom 12:24 P. M., daily " Sunday. WEST. Three Pass, 4:05 A. M. (flag) daily except Monday. Way Pass, 8:49 A. M., daily, except Sunday. Mail, 1:56 P. M., daily, except Sunday. Mixed 6:31 P. M., daily except Sunday. Cincinnati Ex. (flag) 11:36 P. M., daily, except Saturday. J. R. HILL, A. V. Agent. P. S.—Mail East reaches Philadelphia at 11:19 A. M.

DUNCANNON STATION.

On and after Sunday, Nov. 12th, 1871, trains will leave Duncannon, as follows: WESTWARD. Cincinnati Express (flag) 11:05 P. M. Daily. Way Passenger, 7:30 P. M., daily, except Sunday. Mail, 1:56 P. M., daily, except Sunday. Mixed, 5:47 P. M., daily, except Sunday. EASTWARD. Harrisburg Accom 12:09 P. M., daily, except Sunday. Mail, 6:46 P. M., daily, except Sunday. Cincinnati Express 11:36 P. M., daily. W. M. C. KING, Agent.

Northern Central Railway.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

Through and Direct Route to and from Washington, Baltimore, Elmira, Erie, Buffalo, Rochester and Niagara Falls.

ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, November 12th 1871, the trains on the Northern Central Railway will run as follows:

NORTHWARD.

MAIL TRAIN. Leaves Baltimore, 8:30 a. m. | Harrisburg, 1:45 p. m. | Williamsport 7:00 p. m., and arr. at Elmira, 10:45. BUFFALO EXPRESS. Leaves Baltimore, 7:30 p. m. | Harrisburg, 10:40 p. m. | Williamsport, 2:25 a. m. | Elmira, 5:30 a. m. Arrives at Canandaigua at 8:15 a. m. EAST LINE. Leaves Baltimore 12:40 p. m. | Harrisburg, 4:40 p. m. Arr. at Williamsport 8:10 p. m. WESTERN EXPRESS. Leaves Baltimore 10:05 p. m. | Harrisburg, 12:50 a. m. NIAGARA EXPRESS. Lvs. Baltimore 8:10 a. m. | Harrisburg, 10:35 a. m. Arrives at Canandaigua at 8:25 p. m.

SOUTHWARD.

MAIL TRAIN. Leaves Elmira 5:40 a. m. | Williamsport 9:15 a. m. | Harrisburg 2:10 p. m. | Baltimore at 6:50 p. m. BUFFALO EXPRESS. Leaves Canandaigua 6:35 p. m. | Elmira 9:40 p. m. | Williamsport 12:25 a. m. | Harrisburg at 4:05 a. m. Arrives at Baltimore at 7:20 a. m. ERIE EXPRESS. Lvs. Sunbury 9:25 a. m. | Harrisburg 11:20 a. m. | Baltimore 3:00 p. m. PACIFIC EXPRESS. Lvs. Harrisburg 11:45 a. m. | Ar. Baltimore 3:00 p. m. NIAGARA EXPRESS SOUTH. Lvs. Canandaigua 9:10 a. m. | Elmira 12:15 p. m. | Williamsport 3:05 p. m. | Sunbury 4:40 p. m. | Harrisburg 7:00 p. m. | Ar. Baltimore 10:15 p. m. HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION. Lvs. Harrisburg 7:30 a. m. | Ar. Baltimore 12:00 p. m. Mail Train, north and south, Fast Line north, Pacific Express and Erie Express, daily except Sunday. Buffalo Express north and south and Cincinnati Express south, leave daily.

For further information apply at the Ticket office Pennsylvania Railroad, Philadelphia. ALFRED R. FISKE, General Superintendent.

READING RAILROAD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

Monday, Nov. 13th, 1871.

GREAT TRUNK LINE FROM THE NORTH AND THRU WEST for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Pottsville, Tamona, Ashland, Shamokin, Lebanon, Allentown, Easton, Ephrata, Litz, Lancaster, Columbia, &c., &c.

Trains leave Harrisburg for New York, as follows: At 2:45, 8:10, 11:30, &c., and connecting with similar trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and arriving at New York at 9:07 a. m., 3:42, and 9:45 p. m., respectively. Sleeping cars accompany the 2:45 a. m. train without charge. Returning: Leave New York at 9 a. m., 12:30 noon, and 5 p. m. Philadelphia at 7:30, 8:30 a. m., 3:30 p. m. Sleeping cars accompany the 5 p. m. train from New York, without charge. Leave Harrisburg for Reading, Pottsville, Tamona, Minersville, Ashland, Shamokin, Allentown, and Philadelphia, at 8:10 a. m., and 2:00, and 4:05 p. m., stopping at Lebanon and principal way stations; the 4:05 p. m. train connecting for Philadelphia, Pottsville and Columbia only. For Pottsville, Schuylkill Haven and Auburn, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Railroad, leave Harrisburg at 3:40 p. m. East Penna. Railroad trains leave Reading for Allentown, Easton and New York at 3:40, 10:40 a. m., and 4:05 p. m. Returning leave New York at 9:00 a. m., 12:30 noon and 5:00 p. m. and Allentown at 7:50 a. m., 12:25 noon, 2:15, 4:25 and 5:35 p. m. Way passenger train leaves Philadelphia at 7:30 a. m., connecting with similar train on East Penna. Railroad, returning from Reading at 6:20 p. m., stopping at all stations. Leave Pottsville at 6 o'clock in the morning and 2:30 P. M. Herndon at 11:00 o'clock A. M. Shamokin at 5:40 and 11:15 A. M.; Ashland, 7:05 A. M. and 12:43 noon; Mahony City at 7:51 A. M., and 1:20 P. M.; Tamona at 8:25 A. M. and 2:10 P. M. for Philadelphia and New York, Reading, Harrisburg, &c. Leave Pottsville via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Railroad at 8:15 A. M., for Harrisburg, and 11:45 A. M. for Pine Grove and Trenton. Reading accommodation train: leaves Pottsville at 5:40 A. M., passing Reading at 7:30 A. M., arriving at Philadelphia at 10:20 A. M., returning leaves Philadelphia at 4:45 P. M., passing Reading at 7:35 P. M., arriving at Pottsville at 9:20 P. M. Pottstown Accommodation train: Leaves Pottstown at 7:00 A. M., returning, leaves Philadelphia at 4:15 P. M. Columbia Railroad trains leave Reading at 7:20 A. M., and 11:15 P. M. for Ephrata, Litz, Lancaster, Columbia, &c.

Returning, leave Lancaster at 8:30 A. M., and 3:25 P. M., and Columbia at 8:15 P. M., and 3:15 P. M. Perkiomen Railroad trains leave Perkiomen Junction at 7:35, and 9:05 A. M., 3:00 and 5:45 P. M. Returning, leaves Schwenksville at 6:45 A. M., and 8:10 A. M., and 12:20 noon, and 4:45 P. M., connecting with similar trains on Reading Railroad. Colebrookdale Railroad train leaves Pottstown at 9:40 A. M., and 1:15 and 6:30 P. M., returning leave Mt. Pleasant at 7:15, 11:25 A. M., and 2:51 P. M., connecting with similar trains on Reading R. R. Chester Valley Railroad trains leave bridgeport at 8:30 A. M., 2:05 and 5:20 P. M. Returning, leave Downingtown at 6:55 A. M., 12:50, noon, and 5:15 P. M., connecting with trains on Reading Railroad. On Sundays, leave New York at 5 p. m.; Philadelphia at 8 a. m., and 3:15 p. m.; Harrisburg, train running only to Reading; Pottsville 8 a. m.; Harrisburg 2:45 a. m., and 2:00 p. m.; leave Allentown at 8:35 p. m. leave Reading at 7:15 a. m., and 8:30 p. m., for Harrisburg, at 4:24 a. m., for New York 9:40 a. m., and 4:15 p. m., for Philadelphia. Commutation, Mileage, Season, School and Excursion Tickets to and from all points at reduced rates. Baggage checked through, 100 pounds allowed each passenger. J. E. WOOTEN, Asst. Supt. & Eng. Mach'ry. Reading, Pa., Nov. 13, 1871.

ROBINSON HOUSE.

(Formerly kept by Woodruff and Turbett.) New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa. AMOS ROBINSON, Proprietor.

This well known and pleasantly located hotel has been leased for a number of years by the present proprietor, and he will spare no pains to accommodate his guests. The rooms are comfortable, the table well furnished with the best in the market, and the bar stocked with choice liquors. A careful and attentive hostler will be in attendance. A good livery stable will be kept by the proprietor. April 3, 1871, &c.