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# The Bloomfield Times.

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## A Shrewd Detective

WAS called down from London to I Ipswich on an errand peculiar to one of my profession. I reached an inn where I was to meet a fellow detective, who had expended both time and patience in attempting to ferret out a mysterious murder. But it appeared to be one of those singular cases that defy human detection, and which are generally abandoned by those appointed to discover the culprit, and left to Divine vengeance.

I met Mr. Croft, who formally resigned in my favor, and after taking a glass of rum punch with him, returned to the city, while I prepared for my journey.

I will now state how the matter stood. Some three and a half miles from Ipswich stood a stone mansion, the property of Charles Simonds, a retired barrister. He had resigned his profession, owing to having bequeathed to him a handsome legacy death ?" by an only brother, who, after amassing a fortune in Australia, took it into his head to die. Charles was his sole heir. Mr. Simonds had practiced law in Ipswich, but his health had never been very robust, and soon after entering into his legacy, he purchased the mansion alluded to, and retired from business, seeking the quiet and rest one in his station so greatly needed.

He married when young, but he made a great mistake in selecting a partner for life. His wife was pretty (the snare that caught him) but wholly devoid of principle ; illiterate and low in her tastes, she became the bane of his life.

She had a brother who occasionally visited her house, and who ingratiated himself in Mr. Simonds' favor by his aimiable manner, genteel address, and the frequent brotherly lectures he read to Mrs. Clara Simonds, his sister.

Morris Opdyke was always well dressed

One day, sometime after the death of his wife, Charles Simonds examined her personal effects, and was surprised to find among them a will, with her signature attached to it. Rather amused at his discovery, he sat down to read it, and found that she had, in case of her death, bequeathed all her real and personal property to her brother, Morris Opdyke. Her property, when she had none to be-

queath? She was as poor as a church mouse (to use a homely but quite forcible phrase), when he married her. Where, then, was this legacy to her brother from her to come from?

Thus reasoned the widower when he read the document, but presently the truth flashed upon his brain. The latter had been made in the expectation that she would survive him, then she and her brother would revel in his wealth, and after her death all would be his.

Was this a conspiracy against him? was his mental question. Had they calculated confidently on his domise? If so, is it not probable that they meditated using means to accomplish the desired object? Horrible thought.

He turned to the will to see the date .--It had been written six months previous to her death ; the witnesses' names were not familiar to him.

He communicated his discovery to his legal adviser, and mentioned the suspicion that had entered his breast. The attorney said it looked remarkably suspicious, yet still they might have meant no harm. The attorney addressed, also said :

"If such a plot did exist it does so no longer ; at least it cannot affect you ; for what would Morris Opdyke gain by your

"True," replied Simonds, "I need not fear anything from him."

Yet in two weeks from this conversation Charles Simonds was found sitting in his chair in the library, stone dead. He had been shot through the heart, the ball entering his back.

He must have been dead many hours before the servant discovered him, and the strangest part of the affair was none of them heard the report of the pistol or gun.

He entered his library after supper, and, as was his usual custom, sat there reading until the hour for retiring, which was eleven o'clock. They discovered his dead body in the morning, and at once gave the alarm.

All these particulars Mr. Croft related to me, and he had little faith in my ability to make more out of the affair than he had done.

I reached the mansion, and at once

viction was a good one. None but a lefthanded person could have made so fatal a shot from the position he must necessarily have occupied at the time, and that he knew how to use the weapon was also manifest, for no chance shot could have been so fatal in a thousand trials. This, then, was conclusive evidence, and though I made the discovery, I communicated it to only one.

The other discovery was no less important. The man who climbed by the spout had but three fingers on the right hand. This was plainly seen by the finger-marks on the metal, the spout was marked but in four places by his right hand-the thumb and three fingers; the index finger was gone.

I gave instructions not to allow any one to meddle with the spout, and deputized a constable to see that my orders were strictly obeyed.

I next questioned the servants of the late Mr. Simonds, four in number, and elicited the following information :

On the evening previous to the finding of the dead body of Mr. Simonds, a female mendicant called at the mansion, and requested permission to stop over night. The woman, a delicate-looking creature, seemed much worn out by her tramp during the day, and the kind-hearted cook bade her stay, at the same time asking her to take a cup of tea and something to eat.

The poor creature was half starved, and ate ravenously, after satisfying her hunger, she laid down on a bed the cook had prepared on the floor for her, and in a short time fell asleep.

The woman had a small black travelling valise with her, which she placed under her head before lying down. -

Next morning the woman had gone before any one had arisen, and, strange to say, she had left the black valise lying in some bushes in the rear of the house. It was not discovered until after the departure of Mr. Croft, the detective.

I instantly asked to see the valise. It was produced, and I broke the lock without hesitation, hoping I might get some further clue to the perpetrators, presuming that this (probably pretended) mendicant was an accomplice.

The valise contained absolutely nothing -it was empty. I was on the point of throwing it aside, when I felt the rustling of a paper in the lining. I fished it from its hiding-place. It proved to be a letter ; its date was three weeks old. The envelope had no address on it, nor had the letter any signature. It ran thus:

IPSWICH, June 2, 1859. "Call on me, No. 35 Hollings Court, and ask for me. I have a fat job for you and your girl. Call between the hours of nine and ten in the evening. Burn this letter after you have read it."

put the servants to sleep, and her husband, from the outside, committed the dastardly deed. The reason he did not enter the house and do the deed while the servants were rendered insensible, was probably owing to the fact that Mr. Simonda invariably barred the library door when he retired at night. The fact must have been known to the assassin, hence the mode adopted to accomplish his object.

I obtained no further clue; in fact, I thought I had sufficient for my purpose. I came to the following conclusions, and contemplated acting upon them:

Some intelligent person, who desired revenge on Mr. Simonds, had hired another person and his wife to do the deed he probably shrank from. I had every reason to suspect Morris Opdyke as the principal in the affair, and it was my object, first, to find out where he resided in London, and then to take measures to ferret out this left-handed murderer.

The reason I wished to see Morris Opdyke was to discover whether he was minus a finger on the other hand. I forebore questioning the servants on this subject. Probably they might have informed me correctly, but then servants will talk, and my secret would have been thrown to the winds, which might have wafted my suspicions into the cars of the culprit. To avoid these contretemps, I held my tongue, and started for London.

I called upon the apothecary, and, handing him the bottle, I asked him if he recollected to whom he had sold the chloroform. He at once replied in the affirmamative, and gave the name of Opdyke.

I was quite surprised at the information, and could not speak for a moment, so unexpected was it. I had only hoped to get a partial description of the purchaser, and intended to compare it with that of Opdyke, a description of whom I had obtained of the legal adviser of the late Charles Simonds.

"Are you acquainted with Mr. Opdyke?" asked.

" No, sir."

"How, then, do you know it was he who purchased the drug ?"

"Because, just as he paid for it, anothr gentleman entered the shop and called him by name."

I here made the apothecary describe the personal appearance of Opdyke, and it tallied with that given me by Mr. Yates, the attorney at Ipswich.

I had an advertisement inserted in the principal papers, by which means I ascertained the residence of Morris Opdyke. He lived in fine style, and was presumed to be ocation He was gamester by unmar ried, but entertained his acquaintances in a superb manner. He had some half dozen servants to minister to his wishes. I managed to become acquainted with a person who had the entree of his house, and had the satisfaction of accompanying him one day to one of Morris Opdyke's regal entertainments.

saloon of my host, excusing myself for the temporary absence.

According to my instruction, the lad entered the room and handed the envelope to Morris Opdyke. I had written nothing in it. I merely sent a copy. I wanted to see how it affected him.

The ruse was perfectly successful. As soon as he glanced at it he turned pale, and when he concluded it he cast a glance around him, then leisurely sauntering toward the spot where Jarret sat playing cards ; he handed him the note and beckoned him to follow.

Opdyke entered a side door, presently followed by his accomplice.

Now was the period for action. I had some half dozen of the boldest policemen stationed within hearing. I gave the signal, they entered, and in a short time had my birds caged.

It was subsequently ascertained that Mr. Simonds had been robbed of a very large amount of gold and bank notes. So the assassin must have entered the house after dispatching his victim, and added the crime of robbery to that of murder.

I could now account for the splendid manner in which Mr. Morris Opdyke lived.

He lived on his blood money. The evidence against the culprits was too strong to admit any doubt of their guilt They were duly arraigned, and their execu-tion followed close upon their conviction. I gained two things by my participation in the affair that Croft had abandoned in

despair. The first was one thousand pounds, which was the reward offered for the apprehension of the assassin. The other was, I gained the reputation of being the shrewdest detective in the entire force, a title Croft envied me not a little.

### LEGITIMACIES OF KISSING.

'HE old Connecticut "blue laws" forbade a man to kiss his wife on Sunday, so they say. But in Indiana it is a question of taste and agreement between the parties when and where the kissing shall be done. The case has been tried and settled in Clark County, and is given as follows in the Jeffersonville Democrat: William W. Lowd, a man of years and of reputed wealth, intermarried with a young and beautiful Miss Hay, of highly respectable parents, of Charleston. The mother objected to the marriage, but it was nevertheless consummated. At first everything went merrily as a marriage bell. Dissatisfaction on the part of the old folks subsequently arose. The wife was ill for several days. The husband sat by her and watched day and night until nature was exhausted, when he left his place to another person and went to bed. When Lowd awoke his wife was gone. Inquiry showed she was at the mother-in-law's. Lowd was denied access to, or communication with her. After diligent watching, the almost frantic husband met her on the street, and approaching her in the kindest, though in a somewhat excited manner, begged to be permitted to kiss her and talk to her. Her father interferred to prevent. The husband persisted in his attempt to prevent him; in doing so, the father laid violent hands on the husband, finally knocked him down. Hay, the father, was indicted in the Clark Co. Criminal Circuit Court for as-sault and battery, and the case came on for trial at the present term. Judge Dunham presiding. There was no evidence that the husband had ever neglected or maltreated his wife, but in everything did the duty of a husband, the only complaint being that he had interdicted from the house persons he believed were attempting to alienate the affections of his wife from him The judge, in his charge, stated that the father had a right to protect his child against all persons whilst the child remained under protection ; but when the child was married, either by consent or without, according to law his right of protection was transferred by both the operation of law and nature to the husband as to him, and that henceforth as against the busband he had no more right to interfere for the child's protection than any other person. Every one has a right to interfere to prevent illegal Every personal violence. The husband has a right to approach and detain his wife, either for conversation or to kiss her, anywhere, without let or hindrance from anybody, so he does it without physical violence, until she is taken from his protection and control by due process of law, and he may resist any interference with this right, even by force, if necessary, repelling force by force, force than is necessary so he uses no more to protect himself in his right. The time and place of such kissing is a matter of taste, which does not concern outsiders nor the courts. A parent would be liable in civil damages if by improper means or per-suasions that parent seduced the wife from her allegiance to the husband and alienated her affections from him. The jury returned a versite finite the defendant one dollar cluded to keep the bottle for the purpose of ascertaining who had purchased it and its contents. I had no doubt now that the subtle drug had been used as a means to stupefy the inimates of the mansion while the iminder was committed. The woman had probably

when he came to the house, and his conduct was unexceptionable, quite in contrast to that of his sister.

What his profession was could not be ascertained by Mr. Simonds. When he asked his wife, she replied she did not know, and he forbore questioning Mr. Opdyke himself, for the reason that the gentleman never spoke of having any business.

All that could be learned was that he resided in London, made periodical visits to Ipswich, and remained there two or three days, then left again, whither, no one could tell, or those who could would not.

When Simonds retired from business and took possession of the mansion, Opdyke came more frequently, and his visits were more prolonged.

In spite of the lectures, he and his sister seemed to agree amazingly well, and, to Mr. Simonds' great satisfaction, she grew more refined, or, more properly speaking, less vulgar every day. Retined she probably never would be ; it was not in her nature to be so ; and she managed, by some means, to render herself less obnoxious to her husband, and he conducted himself toward her accordingly.

Matters stood thus for five years, when Mrs. Clara Simonds contracted a malignant fever, and died in five days after the symptoms manifested themselves. This occurred during the absence of her brother, and she was interred before he knew that she was slok.

When he heard of the sad event, his rage was terrible to behold. He accused Charles Simonds of being the cause of her death, and threatend to have the affair thoroughly investigated.

But ascertaining that his sister died from natural causes, he suddenly disappeared from the neighborhood, and came to visit Charles Simonds no more.

There were no children born to Mr. Simonds, hence, in the event of his death, the estate would fall into the hands of distant relations, who had gone to America years before.

entered upon the business that brought me there. I examined the room where the murder had been committed, and discov-

ered that Mr. Simonds had been sitting with his back toward the window at the time he was shot, and so true had been the aim that the ball sped through the heart, completely severing it in two, as was ascertained by a post-mortem examination.

A broken pane of glass in the library window attested from whence the shot came. The library was on the second floor, and situated in the north wing of the mansion. To gain access to this window-the only one the room contained-the murderer must have encountered great difficulty, unless he used a ladder to reach it. There was one other way, which was to climb to the window by the leaden water-

spout. I examined the ground beneath the window, and could see no sign of a ladder having been placed there; not a trace of footsteps was visible, and I came to the conclusion that recourse was had to the spout.

I procured a ladder and placed it beside the water-spout, and made a careful examination of it from the ground up to the library window.

I was soon assured that the murderer had made use of that means to reach the window. The lead was soft and yielding, and it bore the finger marks of the assassin, each finger having made an impression on the metal.

When I had finished this part of the examination, I sat down and pondered well over the matter. I had made two very important discovaries ; one was, the assassin must have fired the weapon with his left hand, for I was perfectly convinced that no man could have held himself by the waterspout with his left hand so as to enable him to fire at an object in the middle of the room, where Mr. Simonds invariably sat while reading, and where he was found seated when discovered in the morning .-Now, what could I deduct from this circumstance but the fact that the assassin was left-handed? My reason for the con-

This was all the letter contained ; no names were mentioned. It was evident that the request to destroy the note had not been complied with-why, I could only conjecture. Either the recipient meaut to keep it for future use, or it had been lost sight of; for when I found it, it was imbedded within the folds of the coarse linings of the valise in such a manner as almost to escape the notice of, a detective bent upon getting every clue he possibly could to ferret out a murderer. The reader has seen, how even I, came very near throwing away this, perhaps, important document.

I made strict inquiries whether anything had been purloined by this woman, and was answered in the negative; at least, they supposed not, for nothing had been missed.

The kitchen door leading out into the yard, as well as the gate, had been left unfastened by the woman. I followed the path she had probably taken when leaving the mansion, and came upon a clump of bushes where were strewed some scraps of newspaper; these I examined, and saw they were pieces of a London paper.

While mechanically placing the pieces of newspaper in my pocket, I cast my eyes around the spot, and presently they alighted on a square cut glass bottle of about four ounces capacity. I picked it up the cork was in it, and the bottle contained a limpid liquid, perhaps two ounces. A label on it designated that in contained chloroform. I opened its and was soon convinced that such was the case.

The label had on it the business place of an apothecary well known to me. I concluded to keep the bottle for the purpose

To all casual observers, I entered upon the enjoyments of the hour with great zest. but I nevertheless kept a keen eye upon everything that transpired around me.

I soon convinced myself that Opdyke was not left-handed, nor had lost one of his fingers. It was then certain that he was not the actual perpetrator of the deed.

I examined the hands of every guest, but could not discover my man. One, it is true, I took to be left-handed, from the fact that he always took up his glass with that hand; but then, that was nothing, for I knew right-handed folks to do the same thing.

I, however, looked at his right hand. The fingers were all there, or at least, appeared to be, for the man wore kid gloves. Suddenly a bright idea entered my brain and I resolved to carry it out. I provided myself with a pin, and watched for an opportunity when he would lay his hand on a chair or a table. In the meantime, I had been introduced to him, he called himself David Jarret, and was a married man.

The opportunity presented "itself; he rested his right hand on the table, when I directed his attention to a distant part of the room, and while he looked I drove the pin into his index finger, just above the first joint.

He did not move his hand. I withdrew the pin. It came out as easily as it had entered-it was not flesh, but cotton. I beheld the assassin of Charles Simonds ; of